

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 662.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY APRIL 20, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

Many Topics of Interest Tersely Told for "Progress" Readers.

How the city council will apportion the chairmanships of the various boards for the ensuing year is a matter of interest to a few. Since the old council has been returned in toto it is not to be expected that many changes will take place. Alderman McGoldrick's friends claim that he is entitled to an important chairmanship and feel that the general representative was not treated quite fairly last year. Other aldermen's friends feel something of the same way, so there may be some warm times ahead yet. There is such a thing as some getting too big a head and now that the city has shown such pride in its representatives some of those heads may burst.

Fredericton's Failure.

The financial difficulties of the firm of Black, Bliss & Neale still remains an important subject in the Celestial city and even at this date very little of the truth has been gleaned. There are all kinds of stories afloat about some lady losing so many thousands and another so many hundreds, but when they are traced it all comes back to gossip. That things are not as they should be is quite evident and certainly some steps should be taken to find out how matters stand. A correspondent in the St. John Globe says that Mr. Black used fifty thousand dollars of other people's money. Creditors of Mr. Black are anxious to find out who this correspondent is, for he seems to know more than anybody else and it might be interesting to find out where he got his information. Progress does not believe that the correspondent knows anything more about the affairs than anyone else. This correspondent probably simply represents that part of the human nature that likes to jump on a man when he gets the name of being down, and his surmise of fifty thousand dollars is likely a father to the thought. If it is true that Mr. Black is a defaulter to a large extent or to any extent the facts should be made known. There is no desire for any paper to shield misconduct or at least there shouldn't be, but until that misconduct is shown patience should be shown. There is probably a long story yet to be told not only with regard to Black, Bliss & Neale affairs but also in connection with other failures.

St. John's Female Impersonator.

St. John has sent forth to the world a goodly number of vocalists, who have won fame abroad. She still retains at home a number of artists who would have made their mark upon the operatic stage, if they had not hidden their light under a bushel. A case in point is that of the veteran soprano and female impersonator, "Jim" Mahoney, of the South End. "Jim" accompanied the Harmony Club on their Moncton trip and, after the show was over, was invited to a private house and requested to render one of his famed female impersonations. He disrobed and left off his undercoat, when the song was over "Jim" could not discover the missing articles of apparel. The singer is noted as a serio-chronic individual and had evidently become hypnotized with some of that fluid which is to be found in all Scott Act towns. The strangest part of the whole affair is that he traveled from Moncton to St. John, minus a small coat, on reaching home he found the long-lost shoulder covering, safe and sound. "Jim" is just about now a very sore man. If you wish to cause him anger mention the many and diverse powers of Moncton water.

Newspaper Enterprise.

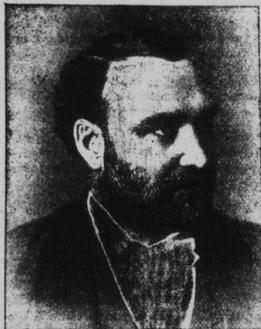
There is one great thing about St. John's daily papers. They have a weakness for persons that will match any papers in this continent or in the world. If you want to make yourself known, just take a trip to Pokio, put it in one of our city papers and it will travel into all the others and come back to the first paper, which will publish it again without knowing that it had published it before. Then again there are several gentlemen who live outside of the city whose business calls them to town perhaps twice a week but every time they come, it is bound to come out that Mr. So and So is at the Royal, or Dufferin or

Victoria. There can be no blame attached to journals keeping type set ahead to fill up space on a pinch but they should use some judgment and not dish up the old thing to often. A patent medicine cut would be a relief sometimes.

ELECTION STORIES.

It Was a Quiet Day, But Some Voted Early and Often.

Like all elections, the contest on Tuesday last has its interesting little episodes to tell. Money was a scarce article as far as the purchasing of votes was concerned,



DR. J. M. SMITH.

Who failed to defeat the Veteran Dr. Christie.

but this did not hinder some old time tricks being resorted to. In one ward an energetic voter is said, for the sake of a glass of beer, to have personated prominent rate-payers no less than four times. As only one party was represented at the polling booth, and the bribed person voted for that party, the vote seems to have come pretty high. At another booth the returning officer is reported to have been kept pretty busy in casting the same man's ballot over and over again. At many of the polls Dr. Smith had no representative, so the doctor can have the consolation of feeling that the votes he received at those polls were unsought and untampered with. On the whole the returning officers found it a very slow day. They had lots to eat, but generosity in certain other quarters was much missed. In one Ward there was as much as an hour and a half difference between votes on one occasion. It was a sleepy day and in one case one of the hired teams in a City



DR. CHRISTIE,

As he appeared on Election Day.

Ward, so far forget about there being a city election, that it travelled all the way to Loch Lomond before it woke up. The whole election had more of a funeral appearance than anything else, and it was a funeral for some.

Sad Death.

The death of Mrs. Emmeron wife of the member for Westmorland, was heard with much regret. Mrs. Emmeron had many friends in different parts of the Province. In Fredericton, she was particularly well-known, having regularly accompanied her husband to the capital during the sessions of the Legislature. Her

demise has cast a gloom over many places. Of loving disposition she had endeared herself to many and passing away in the prime of life, her death is mourned by a large number. To the bereaved husband and family much sympathy is extended.

THE TABLES TURNED.

A Strong Proof That Force Overrules all Manner of Hypnotism.

Everybody in this part of the hemisphere has read or seen the "Professor" of hypnotism, forgetfulness and many other things, who is at present sojourning in this city. The Professor is well up in the art of Svengalizing his subjects, but this week he ran across an unmagnetizable object, in the person of the proprietor of the hall where he was holding his seances.

It was a clear case of Greek meeting Greek, with the odds in favor of the heavy-weight. As a business venture the Professor's stay in this city has not been a very lucrative one. In fact, it is said that the exchequer of the hypnotist had almost reached its level, but still business is business, and the manager of the hall wanted a vision of some of the coin of the realm in return for the use of his premises. The Professor had evidently fell in a trance and forgotten all about his monetary obligations. The muscular cigar dealer-proprietor was not of so forgetful a nature, however, and vainly endeavored to impress upon the showman's mind that he would like to see the color of his money. Persuasive eloquence did not seem of any avail so, it is supposed that the Professor tried to make the husky Institute man an unwilling subject of his hypnotic power.

The sequel came in a rather unexpected manner. Cash, cold, cold cash was instantly demanded by the irate manager of the hall; it was not forthcoming; then threats were used, all to no avail. At last force was brought into play, and, instead of being hypnotized by the professor, the cigar man turned to the tables and did the hypnotizing himself. The amount due was flashed up, the professor changed his quarters in mesmeric manner and saved himself the trouble of taking a journey from a very high window to terra firma. Hypnotism or whatever you like to call it, is a very great power, but a strong arm with a still stronger grievance has no fear of any uncanny power possessed by the average man. Then again it was a case as the pugilists would say 'of a lightweight bucking up against a heavyweight.' Force overrules all manner of hypnotism and if you don't believe it ask the Professor who came to St. John and found out for himself.

An Exciting Time.

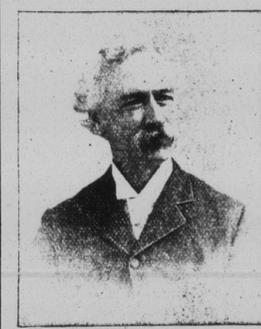
Tuesday was a great day in St. John. Shortly after two o'clock, the new hook and ladder truck, drawn by two spirited horses marched down King street. Crowds

THE LATE CIVIC FIGHT.

All the Old Aldermen Strike an Easy Snap—Dr Christie Again Invincible.

The great interest that citizens of Saint John have in Civic elections is something exceptional. This year 1901 will go down to history as unique. Of the fifteen gentlemen who represented the city during 1900 no less than twelve had the honor of being returned by acclamation this year. Three were opposed or were supposed to be opposed and consequently the community under the present system of electing aldermen was called upon to shoulder the expense of what may be termed a grand election. The result of that contest is already

well known. The three old councillors who were opposed were Mr. Hilyard, Mr. Seaton and Dr. Christie. The two former as aldermen at large, and the latter as alderman of Lansdowne Ward. Why these were opposed remains one of these mysteries that even time will hardly be able to solve. Dr. Smith and Mr. Wilson certainly had the right to offer themselves as candidates, but before they decided upon such a course the public had at least the right to expect that they and their friends sincerely felt that they had some chance of success. Looking at the contest of Tuesday however, from an impartial standpoint, the gentlemen who opposed the old representatives, must have known that they could not possibly have succeeded in their undertaking, or else they were very much deceived by some persons. The defeat that Dr. Smith and Mr. Wilson met with does not reflect to their credit. Both have been candidates before and both have suffered defeat, but those defeats were insignificant compared with the defeats of Tuesday last. Mr. Wilson failed to poll much more than the third of the vote of his lowest opponent and Dr. Smith did no better. It was a clean sweep for the old aldermen and it would have been much better for the taxpayer and all concerned had there been no contest.



JAMES SEATON.

Who was elected one of the Aldermen at large on Tuesday.

As pointed out before the interest in the contest was something wonderful. Of over nine thousand ratepayers in St. John, a little over half did not feel it necessary to pay their taxes in order to qualify to vote and of these four thousand and odd who paid their taxes, not one half took enough interest in the contest to go to the polls. The number who voted for Dr. Christie and Dr. Smith were 2092 but from this it must not be judged that the number cast their ballots. If there is any truth in the stories that are afloat Tuesday's election was little less than a farce. Some of the few who took an interest in the day's proceeding can tell of numerous cases where parties voted four and five times. At many of the polls some of the candidates had no representatives and the contest was simply ridiculous. It is a wonder that there were not many more than two thousand voters. There might have been a thousand legitimate votes but no one would live to vouch for that fact. This is a pretty state of affairs truly. Dr. Smith and Mr. Wilson can feel from the number of votes they received that about one eighteenth of the ratepayers of St. John desire them as aldermen. This proportion is hardly large enough in warranting them in thinking that the public desire their services. Such is the history of Civic elections in St. John for

DEMISE OF A DOG.

An Important Item That Appears in This City's Papers.

Pat, the canine mascot of the Dufferin is fatherless. His sire, who bequeathed his name to his redoubtable son, was a Scotch Irish terrier, and died a few days ago in Sydney.—Telegraph.

Friends of the Dufferin Hotel in the days when E. Le Roi Willis managed it, will all remember Pat—old Pat—the pet Irish terrier who was so friendly to his friends and so much the opposite to those he disliked, and will bear with regret of his too sudden demise which occurred at his new home in Sydney day before yesterday. Commercial travellers especially all over the Dominion knew old Pat, and his son and successor, Pat, jr., who now occupies the Dufferin throne with becoming dignity, has scarcely taken the old dog's place in the travelling man's affections. Pat, jr., is in deep mourning for his illustrious sire.—Sun.

Card of Thanks.

The sincere thanks of Pat Junior, of the Dufferin Hotel, are hereby tendered to his numerous friends, for the great sympathy shown him since the recent death of his beloved father at North Sydney.

Welcomed to St. John.

The Rev. J. D. Freeman comes to St. John warmly welcomed by all. As pastor of Germain street Baptist church, he comes to fill the position in a most important church and the place of a clergyman who was very much beloved by his congregation. That Mr. Freeman will fill the high expectations of his friends, goes without saying. As pastor in Fredericton he displayed the best qualities that go to make up a Minister of the Gospel. He is young, energetic, in manner and a forcible preacher, and Germain Street Baptist is to be congratulated on its admirable choice.

Died in Boston.

News was received here this week of the death in Boston on Sunday last of Mrs. Eliza V. Shephard wife of Mr. Louis Shephard of Rosedale. Decades spent the greater portion of her life in this city and was much loved by a large number of friends. Two sons by a former marriage, Messrs. Charles and James Gerow survive her.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Won by an Automobile—A drawn out duel between two men.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, news of the passing week and other timely topics.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—Pen sketch of Mrs. Nation—Her rise and progress. Tried to abduct a Prince—How New York received royalty in former days.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—First instalment of a beautiful serial entitled "Taken for Granted."
- PAGE 11.—A whole page devoted to reading for the Sabbath.
- PAGE 12.—A Lucky Escape—An interesting short story.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realm of fashion.
- PAGE 14.—Etiquette of Cold Feet—A lively poker story.
- PAGE 16.—The Finger of Fate. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

19, Wm Taul to Beese Cashman.
Inlay McEse to Catherine Mann.
James Park to Jennie Chisholm.
Mr. L. S. Gowe to Kate Munro.
Ernest Black to Blanche Horne.
Harry Howatt to Winnie Sturdy.
Wm Johnson to Mary E. Macgregor.

27, Ezekiah Grant to Terence Sib-
Mar 27, Hauleck Bix to Addie
as, Mar 20, Charles Malone to Edith

27, James Dennison to Maggie
29, Watson Rogers to Florence
Dr Alfred Wiley to Miss Ethel

20, Elbridge Nickerson to Bertina
John A Macdonald to Mary Mac-

April 1st, James E Earl to Jennie
ar 27, Everett Macleod, to Johana

April 1, James Earl to Jennie
ve Mar 27, Abel Garland to Sarah

April 3, Samuel Symmons to Abbie
26, Jerry White to Josephine

ar 27, Robert E Johnstone to Janet-

Won by an Automobile

'I don't know what it is,' said the young man with a fine delicate chin, 'but there's some weird influence about an automobile. That's the only way I can explain what happened down at Atlanta City a month ago. Incidentally I never help a man with a broken down machine. I used to.

'I went down to Atlanta City three months ago and took my automobile with me. There was about the stunningest girl staying at the hotel you ever saw. I knew the minute I laid my eyes on her that we'd take to each other. Less than a week after I got there we were old friends. I used to read to her an hour or two every morning. This was rather rough on the rest of the girls—there was a couple of dozen of them—because I was the only eligible man at the hotel. First I tried her on Austin Dobson and a little Omar Khayyam and then George Meredith, and finally after I'd got my courage up I brought out a few little things of my own. We were soul complements all right and I told her so. I guess she'd been thinking the same thing because she laughed a lot when I told her. We enjoyed this sort of thing for about a week and then one day I thought she was looking rather blue.

'Well I am,' she said, when I asked her about it. 'This place bores me terribly.' 'I don't blame you,' I told her. 'Nothing but droves of gabbling women. You'll have to take some rides with me in my automobile.'

'She sighed and then said: "That would be great fun, but I'm afraid mamma wouldn't approve, and you know there's no room for a chaperon."

'Well, if there's no other way,' I said 'we could read in the afternoon as well as the morning. Then you'd only have to stand the bore evenings.'

'She seemed terribly released at that. She bubbled over so she couldn't speak for a while.

'You're simply a genius, Mr. Williger, she said. How did you ever come to think of anything so clever?'

'Then she laughed again. She was a very happy-hearted girl.

'But after all, nothing came of the idea she thought so clever. She happened to have a headache the next afternoon and the next day was Sunday. And on Monday Bangs arrived. Bangs was a big, coarse-jawed man, whose looks showed what he amounted to. I believe his chief claim to distinction was that he had played on a Yale football team. Ethel—she was the stunning girl, you know—came to me the same afternoon and asked me if I didn't think he was dreadful.

'Oh, he might do for some girls,' I said. 'Yes, I suppose so,' answered Ethel, shuddering. 'Isn't it disgusting?'

The joke of the whole thing was that the poor lad seemed terribly taken with Ethel from the moment he saw her. The first week he was there he followed Ethel about from morning to night. It broke up our reading, but Ethel thought she ought to be polite to him, he being a stranger at the hotel. Pretty soon, however, matters began to get more serious. Two weeks passed, and then three, and still we didn't do any more reading. He began taking Ethel walking, and the walks began to get longer and longer. Every time they started out together and the poor girl got a chance she'd make a face over his shoulder and shake her head despairingly. Finally I caught her alone one day and put it to her straight whether she wasn't letting the chap impose too much on her kindness of heart. She confessed that perhaps she was, and said she'd see whether she couldn't get a hint through the fellow's head.

'But things didn't change, and about a week later I went to her and asked her if she could trust me as a friend. You ought to have seen the look she gave me when she said she hoped so.

'Well, I said, 'I want you to tell me perfectly frankly why you let that fellow continue to drag you off walking when you don't want to go?'

'She looked at me terribly queerly for a minute, and wouldn't tell for a long while. Then finally she said:

'Well, if you must know, I simply can't help myself.'

I smiled sarcastically at that. 'You don't know that man,' she went on, 'I never saw anything like him. I can't tell you how he carries on if I don't put on my hat and go with him, whenever he asks me to.'

'Why,' I asked, 'do you have anything to do with him at all? Why don't you tell him you have a regular engagement to

read with me, and send him about his business?'

'She was so nervous she actually laughed, although you'd better believe it didn't look like a laughing matter.

'Well,' she said finally, 'I'll try it. You're awfully clever. I should never have thought of it myself.'

'A week later I asked her what she had done. You ought to have seen the girl look around. She was actually frightened. At first she didn't want to say a word, but I told her it was her duty to tell me all.

'He says,' she said scarcely able to speak, 'if I don't walk with him whenever he asks me, that he'll do something dreadful, jump into the ocean or burn down the hotel or something like that. I really don't know what to do.'

'I was so indignant that I felt like going out and telling the fellow what I thought of him. But I knew there was no use getting into an altercation with a man of that kind.

'Do I said. Why complain to the proprietor of the hotel or to your mother at once. He's merely taken advantage of your good nature and the thing ought to be put a stop to at once.'

'She sat thinking for a long time. Then she said:

'I'll do it; of course not right away because mamma is not very well and it would upset her. As soon as she is better she shall know all.'

'So the walks went on for a while and all the consolation Ethel and I had was to roast the fellow whenever we got together. Ethel's mother didn't seem to be very bad, but Ethel wanted to be sure about her health before she told her.

'That brings me to the queer part of the story. The fellow was evidently impressed with my automobile and the first thing anybody knew he'd had one of his own sent down. And the next day he took Ethel off riding in it. Now, remember she'd never gone riding with me, because she was afraid her mother wouldn't like it. It shows how the fellow had terrorized her. She came to me for sympathy when they got back. She said it was bad enough to go walking with him, but sitting beside such a lump of clay in a whizzing automobile would surely give her nervous prostration. When I asked her how her mother was she looked grave and said she'd had a bad headache the night before. I tell you I felt sorry for that girl.

'They went automobiling every day for a week. One morning they didn't get back for luncheon and Ethel's mother was terribly worried. So after luncheon I called around with my automobile and started out to see if I could find them. About eight miles out in a lonely side road, I came across them sitting in his automobile alongside of a fence. If ever a girl looked glad to see anybody that girl did. She leaped over her knees and laughed out loud. The poor cad 'himself seemed worried. I pulled up and asked them what was wrong.

'Automobile broke,' said Bangs.

'Yes,' said Ethel, 'and we don't know how we'll get home.'

'Perhaps I can help you,' I said, jumping out.

'No use,' said Bangs. 'It's a bad break; can't be fixed outside of the factory. If you'd just hurry back to the hotel and send out a team we'd be ever so much obliged. It looks like rain.'

'Ethel couldn't help laughing at him. 'You leave Mr. Withger alone,' she said. 'He's an expert on automobiles.'

'With that I got down and looked over the machine's gear. Bangs got down, too, scowling. He didn't seem to like his greenness being shown up before a girl. I saw what the matter was in a minute—not a thing but a loose nut.

'It's a pretty bad break,' I said looking serious, 'but I guess I can fix you out.'

'Well let me get out first,' said Ethel. 'It might upset.'

'No danger of that if you understand the thing,' I said, looking at Bangs. 'But if you and Mr. Bangs are nervous you can get up and sit in my machine. You'll be safe there.'

'They got in and I followed them over to get a wrench I always carried.

'Your starting gear is different from mine,' said Bangs, fooling with the lever. 'How does she work?'

'Before I could answer he pulled the lever and the machine started.

'Ethel screamed.

'How do you stop it?' yelled Bangs.

'Push the lever away from you!' I shouted.

'Instead of doing so the excited fool

pulled the lever toward him as far as it would go and the machine jumped and ran.

'Push it away,' I yelled. 'Push it.' 'Oh, I see now,' he called back. Then, 'I can't—it's stuck, and off they shot about forty miles an hour.

'They'll both be killed,' was the first thing I thought, and ruin my automobile. Then suddenly it occurred to me that they'd carried the wrench with them, and there I was, eight miles from a hotel in the wilds of Jersey with a broken automobile.

That wasn't the worst of it. I worked at the confounded nut for an hour with my hands and then it began to rain. I never saw it rain so hard before. I stayed under the beastly automobile until I was water up to my knees and then I crawled out and

hunted for a farmhouse. I found one about three hours later and the robber who lived in it charged me \$10 to take me to town. My clothes froze on me on the way in.

'When I got to the hotel every soul there was waiting for me down in the office. I believe they cheered when I came in. Ethel and Bangs were there. They said they were terribly sorry about it. Ethel said it was a miracle they hadn't broken their necks, but that Bangs had worked out how to control the machine after a mile or so.

'That night I got her alone in a corner of the parlor. I'd never seen her look so stunning. There was a soft glow on her cheeks and a new light in her eyes.

'Bangs has cut his own throat,' I said to myself. 'My boy, go in.'

'E hel,' I said to her, suppose I hadn't happened along this afternoon? You must hesitate no longer to show that fellow his place.'

'She looked down. Too late,' she said gravely. 'It is too late.'

'What do you mean?' I demanded.

'We—we are enraged.'

'Ethel!' I cried, seizing her hand.

'Just then Bangs came up.

'I've been trying to work the thing out ever since.'

What Worried Her.

The Liverpool Post says that a firm in

Liverpool, being delighted at the idea that one of its employes was called upon to join the reserves, at once volunteered to pay half his wages to his wife in his absence. At the end of the month the woman appeared, and the money was at once given her.

'What?' she said. 'Four pounds?'

'Yes,' replied the senior partner, 'that is exactly half; sorry you are not satisfied.'

'It isn't that I'm not satisfied. Why, for years he has told me he only got 16 shillings altogether, and—and—if the Beers don't kill him I will

Fish That Change Color.

It has been found that certain prawns, common along the coasts of England, change their color at least twice every 24 hours, in order to harmonize with the stronger or weaker light prevailing near the surface or in the deeper water. As evening approaches, these fish lose their distinctive day colors, and all assume a transparent azure hue. The change begins with a reddish glow, followed by a green tinge which gradually melts into blue. The day and night change has become so habitual that specimens kept in perpetual darkness undergo the periodic alternation of color.

'One Foot in the Grave.'—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nerve as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—36

I am afraid that Charley Sretcher isn't going to make a good husband for Sadie. Mand—Why not?

Clara—She tells me that when they came back from their wedding trip he had some money left.

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 30 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: "I think pain has left me forever."—25

Stop the Pain But Destroy the Stomach.—This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable peptic preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs, 60 in a box, 35 cents.—40

Penelope—I've been abroad so long; tell me whom did Jack marry? Gladys—He married Maude Jones, her mother, father, a maiden aunt, and a Maltese cat.

Under the Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—23

A boy of 12, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunt observed, 'Johnny, you appear to eat well.' 'Yes, aunty,' replied the urchin. 'I've been practicing all my life.'

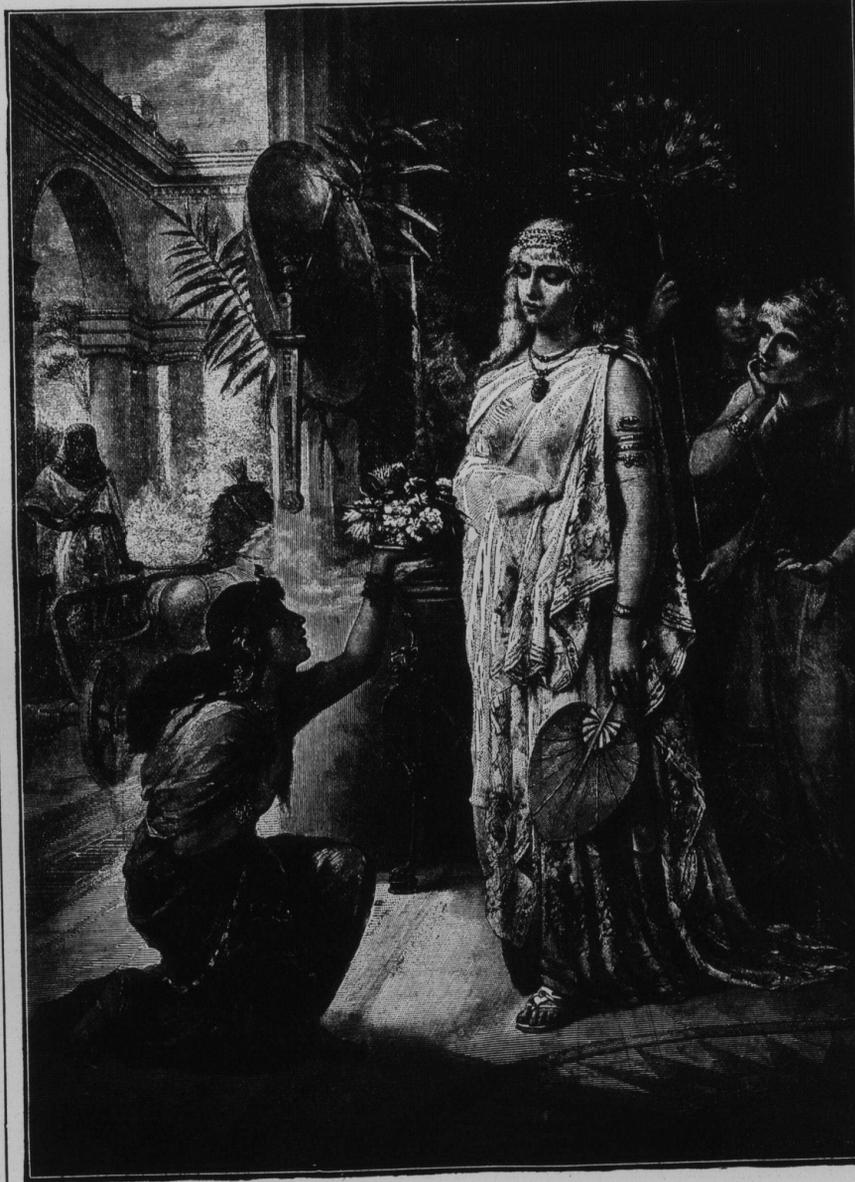
Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—37

Smith—Say, Sappy, what's the trouble between you and Bragg? He says the next time he sees you he'll knock some sense into that head of yours. Sapshead—Huh! He can't do it.

PAIN OVER THE EYES.

Headache and Catarrh. Relieved in 10 Minutes.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of catarrh have been sown, and it is your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the setting of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure. 50 cents.



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHAROHS.

MU...
A great...
patrons of...
sie MacL...
gave a ch...
possibilit...
Maclachlan...
and power...
contralto...
pret the sw...
not only in...
expression...
favorites, a...
concerned...
so insatiab...
The enthu...
Tuesday ni...
to hearty c...
Maclachlan...
Mr. Tom...
feature of...
glad to wel...
hear his gr...
leaving her...
vantages o...
teachers...
a great f...
Mr. Danie...
more popul...
many his...
gem of the...
rendered, ...
voice which...
will probab...
church, Ne...
ed him be...
position ca...
salaries p...
America...
to welcome...
always wa...
future care...
The triu...
in connect...
thing of w...
may well b...
be possess...
on his fir...
gave a m...
auditors...
His wor...
pression r...
there was...
that appea...
The ord...
gramme w...
Miss MacL...
have been...
through w...
flying col...
lowing mo...
which prom...
the city wh...
taken adv...
which he b...
Mr. Rob...
lachlan's...
with skill...
work. Ma...
in his usu...
The con...
ment of F...
gratulated...
A 'Hist...
and will co...
The rec...
Paris, du...
nearly a m...
ceding ye...
'La Cit...
has been...
although...
play the N...
Over fo...
the tomb...
House of...
four days...
Bernard...
which he...
his own...
esting on...
London a...
ity...
For the...
the val...
ments fr...
516. If th...
ready for...
ed, it w...
\$60,000...
TA...
Professo...
Mechanic...
this week...
business...
ly wonder...
The Ha...
the opera...
They, rec...
Manston...
of the rai...
culation in

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONS.

A great treat was enjoyed this week by patrons of the opera house when Miss Jessie MacLachlan the Queen of Scotch song gave a charming demonstration of the possibilities of purely Scottish music.

The enthusiasm was unbounded and on Tuesday night the opera house resounded to hearty cheers as a tribute to Miss MacLachlan's rendition of Rule Britannia.

Mr. Tom Daniel was another special feature of the concert and St. John was glad to welcome him back again and to hear his great pleasant basso voice.

The triumph of Mr. Harry McClaskey in connection with these concerts is something of which every citizen of St. John may well be proud.

His work was characterized by an expression rarely found in an amateur, and there was a depth of feeling and intensity that appealed to all.

The ordeal of appearing on the programme with two such noted singers as Miss MacLachlan and Mr. Daniel must have been a trying ordeal but it was one through which Mr. McClaskey came with flying colors.

Mr. Robert Buchanan was Miss MacLachlan's accompanist a position he filled with skill, giving great pleasure by his work.

The concerts were under the management of F. G. Spencer who is to be congratulated on the result.

"History of Music" is being prepared and will consist of six large volumes.

The receipts of the Grand Opera, in Paris, during the exposition year, were nearly a million more francs than the preceding year.

"La Citta Morta," D'Annunzio's play, has been forbidden by Unlan authorities, although they had a chance of seeing Duse play the Nerone.

Over forty thousand persons filed past the tomb of Verdi, in the crypt of the House of Repose for musicians, during the four days when the public were admitted.

Bernard Shaw's "A Man of Destiny," in which he introduces a Napoleon entirely of his own invention, but none the less interesting on that account, has been tried in London and received with much cordiality.

For the year ending December 31, 1900, the value of the exports of musical instruments from the United States was \$2,112,516.

The Climbers are still a great attraction to New York audiences.

The 230th performance of Sweet Nell of Old Drury took place in London on April 3.

Mr. Murray Carson is soon to produce a new English version of Friend Fritz in a London theatre.

The most interesting theatrical events in London this week was Henry Irving's appearance in Coriolanus.

Annie Russel will close her present tour in 'A Royal Family' May 25c will open next season in the same play in San Francisco.

Lady Windermere's Fan translated into Swedish was recently performed in Stockholm and enthusiastically received by a crowded house.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford has practically completed the new play which he is writing for Sarah Cowell Le Moine.

Julia Marlowe's 100th New York performance of Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood was in Flower," was commemorated by the presentation of Miss Arthurs picture as Mary Tudor.

It is said that Mr. E. S. Willard intends to resume management in London and to build a theatre for himself, theatrical rent is held at a very high rate in London just now.

Grace George is considering the production of a play by Charlotte Thompson a California girl. It is called, 'A Suit of Sable' and has for its heroine a young girl of the New York aristocracy who possesses will and a mind of her own and who finds herself involved in continual trouble because of her ingrained contempt for conventionalities.

Many stories of Maurice Barrymore have been revived recently, and one of the funniest tells of his tilt with Modjeska when he was her leading man.

Mr. F. R. Benson closed his brilliant London season with a performance of Hamlet. A London critic says of his individual impersonation 'It is a Hamlet without the quality of charm.

Mr. Robert Buchanan was Miss MacLachlan's accompanist a position he filled with skill, giving great pleasure by his work.

The action is laid in an imaginary country called Dalmania. The first act takes place in the castle of Baron Festeron.

Mr. Forbes Robertson opens his season at the London Comedy next Saturday with the production of a play called "Count Texma," by a 'Mr. Holmer.'

The first woman to be employed as a passenger agent by any railroad has just been engaged by a Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis road to cover the city of Louisville.

Verily does Francis Charles, Duke of Reichstadt, in his black garb, resemble another dreamer in suit of sable, another hesitating non-doer of planned deeds, and that other certain Hamlet, Denmark;

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

doubt, the revenge, that spelt the murder of his mother's husband, the unhappiness of Francis is almost as naught, but to himself it is none the less real.

Arthur Wing Pinero, the great English playwright, has of late been accused by the carpers of writing exclusively of persons of good social and financial position, and casting aside the dramatic qualities to be found in the lives of the poor.

Mr. Pinero stated that he would get his next drama out of 'the provinces,' which will be a new field with him.

Mr. Maurice Levy, the president of the French Academy of Science, remarked in a recent address that the cannon is one of the most instructive laboratories that science possesses.

Complete Treatment for Every Humour.—CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly relieve itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument and Souvenir.

them by a woman and also by learning at first hand the kind of railroad accommodations that women want.

Don't experiment buy Magnetic Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty five years.

Among the most trustworthy scientific measurements of ocean-waves are those of Lieutenant Paris of the French navy.



Beautiful Skin Soft White Hands Luxuriant Hair Produced by

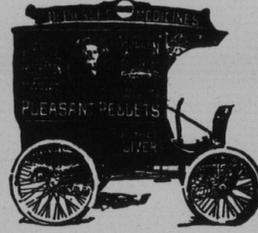
Cuticura SOAP

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and itching, rough hands, for baby rashes, for the relief of chafing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument and Souvenir.



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobiles.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits.

It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public.

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

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

News and Opinions OF National Importance.

The Sun ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$4 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

ain But Destroy the nostrums purporting to cure, patient immensely more harm Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets

been abroad so long; Jack marry? married Maude Jones, her a maiden aunt, and a Mal-

the Nerve Lash.—The ment of the victim of nervous nervous debility no one can who has not been under the these relentless human foes, M. dwich, Ont., was for four years Six bottles of South American a miracle, and his doctor con-

dining at his uncle's, made ner that his aunt observed, appear to eat well.' replied the urchin. I've all my life.'

Rivals cannot turn back demand for Dr. Agnew's marvel. Cheap to buy, but quality—banish nausea, coated brush, pain after eating, sick or gripe, operate pleasantly.

Sappy, what's the trouble and Bragg? He says the sees you he'll knock some head of yours. Uh! He can't do it.

OVER THE EYES.

the and Catarrh.

ved In 10 Minutes.

wretched pain in the head eyes is one of the surest signs of catarrh have been sown, warning to administer the surest treatment to prevent this dreaded malady. Dr. Marshall Powder will stop all minutes, and cure. 50 cents.



AROHIS.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED), EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR AND MANAGER, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. Otherwise, we will not be responsible for the same. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuances.—Remember! at the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes a paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

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

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 20.

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

STUDENT NOTING ABROAD.

The university undergraduate on the continent of Europe takes to rioting all most as naturally as a duck to water. Sometimes, as happened about fifty years ago, he gets in the van of real popular movements against real tyranny, and then there are revolutions which really revolve. More often he breaks out in passionate mutiny on some provocation not clear to the world at large, and then there are a few broken heads, a few arrests, convictions and punishments, and the machinery of government moves on as usual.

Recently there have been simultaneous student outbreaks in Spain, Portugal and Russia. In the first two countries the demonstrations were similar. In both the students chased Jesuits and pelted religious establishments because they stood for an obnoxious influence in politics. But the Latin and Slav are not farther apart in distance than they are in temperament. If there was a common cause for what went on in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and in Madrid and Lisbon, it must be found in student nature or the conditions of student life.

For one thing, student exuberance abroad lacks natural methods of expression. The Russian student does not play football; the Spanish student knows nothing of varsity races. If they did they would have less zeal for politics. The spirit of recklessness, which prompts an American student to no more desperate crime than the stealing of a sign, impels the continental youth to try conclusions with the police.

The dependence of the universities upon the government strengthens this tendency. In American colleges discipline is a matter for the faculty, but in continental Europe there are always the police and perhaps the Cossack in the background. After students have been driven back to their quarters with knotted whips and Moscow, their original antipathy to the existing order is intensified.

What becomes of these student radicals in later life? We look in vain for the revolutionary tendencies which might be expected from the annual infusion of student radicalism in the European populations. Perhaps the reason is that age brings conservatism. The responsibilities of mature life are sobering. At twenty-five, the late Count ANDRASSY made plots and built barricades in the cause of Hungarian liberty; later he served in high office the very government of the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary which had put a price upon his head. Possibly there are ANDRASSYS among the student rioters of today.

CARNEGIE'S LOVE OF BOOKS.

In a recent statement Mr. CARNEGIE explains the reasons of his partiality for libraries, and why he has given so largely to his establishment as follows:

When I was a working boy in Pittsburgh, Colonel ANDERSON of Allegheny—a name I can never speak without feelings of devotional gratitude—opened this little library of 400 books to boys. Every Saturday afternoon he was in attendance at his house to exchange books. No one but he who has felt it can ever know the intense longing with which the arrival of Saturday was awaited, that a new book might be had. My brother and Mr. PHIPPS, who have been my principal business partners through life,

shared with me Colonel ANDERSON'S precious generosity and it was when revealing in the treasurers which he opened to us that I resolved, if ever wealth came to me, that it should be used to establish free libraries, that other poor boys might receive opportunities similar to those for which we were indebted to that noble man."

Pictorial caricatures of public men, usually called "cartoons," play an important part in the political controversies of the day. It has even been asserted—but this is an exaggeration—that by them rather than by the editorial articles does the modern newspaper chiefly mold public opinion. That an occasional exceptionally clever caricature does possess great power cannot be denied. One such has been known to produce an international complication; domestic policies have frequently been influenced by them. The notorious TWEEDE is reported to have said that it was NAST'S pictures, and not what the editors wrote about him, that he really feared. Most public men, here and abroad, now take caricatures good-naturedly. This seems to be especially true of President MCKINLEY; he received recently from a New York publishing firm a book of cartoons, and although he figured prominently in them, he enjoyed the gift. Occasionally a cartoon will wound the feelings of its subject, either by casting ridicule upon earnest aspirations which he regards as worthy, or by an unpleasant exaggeration of some personal defect or weakness. This suggests the line at which caricaturing should stop. Where it gives personal offense and serves no public use it is inexcusable.

A woman prominent in smart society recently purchased a beautiful set of Dresden china coffee-cups, but the next day sent them back to the store as not quite satisfactory. A clerk, returning the fragile things to the cases, touched something sticky. Investigation proved that the cups had been used and washed carelessly. The frequency of such petty frauds calls for protest. Another incident has a pleasant flavor. A young college girl some years ago appeared in a pretty frock of a pattern which had been seen the day before on her richer roommate. A teacher commented aloud on the poor taste of wearing borrowed finery. The girl flushed, but remained silent. At dinner the roommates appeared dressed exactly alike. That time an older woman blushed. The student who had controlled herself has since been honored as one of the first ladies of the land. To scorn to sail under false colors is one thing; to attribute false flags to others, without strong evidence, is quite a different thing.

Primroses are popular in England this week. The primrose is said to have been the favorite flower of the Earl of BACONS-FIELD, who died twenty years ago, April 19, 1891. The Primrose League was formed three years later, in the interest of the Conservative principles with which BACONS-FIELD'S career was identified, and it took his flower as its emblem. "The maintenance of religion, of the constitution of the realm, and of the imperial ascendancy of Great Britain" is the declared purpose of the league, which never forgets to wear its name-flower on the BACONS-FIELD anniversary—or to rush into the forefront of the battle when a general election comes.

A Strange Combat.

A traveller in South Africa tells of a queer combat he once witnessed. He noticed a caterpillar crawling along, followed by hundreds of small ants. Occasionally the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would jump on his back and bite him.

Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite the ant, and thus kill him. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue, and the ants then made a combined attack.

The caterpillar climbed a stalk of grass, tail first, followed by the ants. As each one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk.

The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and the entire force of ants pounced upon the caterpillar, and killed it at once.

Carpets, Curtains and Blankets.

Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Unger's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 858.

"Pa, who went in the ark besides the animals?" "Noah and his three sons and their wives."

"Didn't Joan go, too?" "What Joan?" "Why, Joan of Arc!"

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Sea Otter, Cursed with a skin that charms the eye— All shot with satin sheen, More worth than pearl or lazuli. The pride of King or Queen, A coat that not the equal belt Of mistle gold can buy— He lives to be of his breed, To seek a sanctuary.

A hunted thing, he dreads the shore, And shuns the haunts of men, From Attu to the Cherrubor He dwells without their ken; He harbors where no harbors are, Upon the ocean's breast, On seaward rats of weed and star He smatches troubled rest.

But when the winter tempests lash The sulken northern sea The leaping rips and races thrash And herd him to the lee, Of ranks of surf swept islets trailed Athwart the swirling tides, Where by the huddling mist wreaths veiled, The harried otter hides.

Then to his quest the hunter hastes Upon the dying sea, To speed across the watery wastes Of ridge and vale; Part man, part water imp, and part The otter's next of kin, Who other has the land won art, To take the velvet skin.

In his hidraks, willow ribbed, And wrapped with walrus hide, Lashed water-tight and snugly cribbed, He launches on the life, Toward the snarling reefs rimmed About with milk white surge, Where voiced by swelling waves is hymned His quarry's echoing dirge.

With net or club in stealthy strife, With spear in open war, The crafty Aleut seeks his life By ocean, coast and bay, The clinging billows call to him, Their long drawn arms to him, Where over Saana's frozen rim The burgomaster wheel.

Banned with a coat of glossy hair A Czar may not despise, A shimmering silk without compare The last of princely eyes, Of mandarin and potentate The dearest harem's desire, He only lives to face his fate A shelter to require.

—L. S. Higgs.

The Song of the Truce. [Lord Kitchener has arranged a seven-day truce to prepare for peace in South Africa.] The drums of war are silent, The guns of war are still, The shouts of the On crumpled plain and hill, The battle flags and banners Fly idly in disarray, And the smile of peace makes all things bright, When the bugles sound a truce.

The bugles sing it gladly— They sing with might and main— And the echoes wake from peak to peak To cry the refrain, From camp to camp the message Bids all the warfare cease, And the battle smoke drifts far away, With the bugles singing peace.

And the song of peace sighs softly O'er every smoken mound; It chants in the saddest symphony A requiem profound— It whispers to the dreamers, "Your country loves the best, The gallant ones who die for her," With the bugles singing "Rest."

A truce to the crashing cannon— A halt to the marching feet— For the bugle calms all the wrath of men With its benediction sweet, And war no more may rear its head, Nor death again stalk loose, For the song of peace enthalls us all When the bugles sound a truce.

Five Little Foxes. Among my tender vines I spy A little fox named—By-and-by, Then set upon him quick I say, The swift young hunter—Right away.

Around each tender vine I plant, I find the little fox—'I can't say, Then, fast as ever hunter ran, Chased him with the bold and brave—I can.

No use in trying—lapt and whines This fox among my tender vines, Then drive him low and drive him high With this good hunter, named—I'll try.

Among the vines in my small lot Creeps the young fox—I forgot, Then hunt him out and to his pen With—I not forget again.

A little fox is hidden there Among my vines, named—I don't care, Then let I'm sorry—hunter—true— Chase him afar from vines and you.

The Poppy Dream. I am king where dulcet waters Break upon sympetoc shores, Where the sun in golden glory, Casseless splendor downward pours.

There, beyond the perturbation Of this world of toils and greed, Fate is mine in subjugation, And the gladly serves my need, Fame and fortune are the bangles That I toss within my hand, What this life does out so lothly Do I scorn in poppyland.

Who would deem to be a beggar Who had ever been a king? Who would drop the sacred chalice For the gourd at Marat's spring? Who would journey on the byway 'Mid the highway mobsters? Who would count this old world's trouble When they might so well forget?

The Game That is Worth the Candle. There was never a rose without a thorn, Never a cake that we ate and had, The cow had ever a crumpled horn To lose the maiden all forlorn, Until she was yet more sad,

The apples over the farmer's wall Were probably grafted from Eden's tree, But when we had eaten them after all, Trespassing somewhere about nightfall, They commonly failed to agree.

And love, my Phyllida, love the rose, Love, the apple that tempted Eve?— Because of the thorn that about it grows, Because of the green nest that nothing shows, Apple and rose shall we leave?

No, my Phyllida, come what may, Bleeding lingers or broken hearts, Live and love for our little day, Tear off a corner and eat away, Shields against Cupid's darts!

Others Re-seated Ours, Spirit Perforated, Duet, 17 Waterloo.

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

News of the Passing Week

The Star Line began their service to Fredericton on Wednesday.

Seven new cases of bubonic plague have been reported at Cape Town.

Twenty-six natives were killed by the falling of a cage in a mine near Johannesburg.

His Lordship Bishop Kingdom preached at the church of St. John the Evangelist in Montreal on Sunday.

Mrs. Emmerson, wife of New Brunswick's former premier, died at Dorchester the first of the week.

Miss Maelachlan, the great Scottish singer gave concerts in St. John this week. She received a splendid reception.

Alfred Durant, of Moncton, a member of the first contingent, has received \$1,000 from the Canadian patriotic fund.

A combine of manufacturers of umbrellas has been formed with headquarters at Philadelphia, with a capital of \$1,000,000.

Brother Mulvehill, of the Christian Brothers, Ottawa, is going to Ireland to secure immigrants for the Canadian Northwest.

The London Gazette of April 3rd contains the appointment of C. W. Weldon McLellan of St. John as Lieut-Royal Field Artillery.

The death took place on Tuesday of Rev. J. D. Fulton, formerly pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, and an anti-Roman Catholic preacher.

In Chatham, Tuesday, in the mayoralty contest, Snowball defeated Watt by sixty votes. The aldermen are Wyse, Hocken, Nicol, Murray and Fisher.

Capt. Hanbury, the well known English explorer, has left Montreal for Edmonton by way of Winnipeg on a private tour of investigation in the direction of the north pole.

A. B. McKenzie, for several years clerk of the provincial legislature council, died Tuesday. For the past quarter of century he has conducted a dry-goods business in Charlottetown.

Ichabod Powell, the old man who has been missing from his home in Little River, near Amherst, was found dead in the woods on Monday night. Death was due to exposure and exhaustion.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the Associated Press is authoritatively informed, has bought in London the Gainsborough picture recently recovered in Chicago. The price paid has not been made public.

In a despatch of April 2, Lord Roberts mentions many Canadians for meritorious service, including Cols. Drury and Otter; Lieut.-Cols. Buchan, Evans, Lessarde and Steele, and many other officers and privates.

Sir Alfred Milner, according to the London Daily Chronicle, is coming to England early next month and will remain two months to recruit his health, which has been severely tried by his arduous labors in South Africa.

About 500 persons gathered at the American Horse exchange, New York, Tuesday afternoon to attend the sale at auction of the horses from the estate of the late Geo. F. Gilman, at Black Rock, Conn. The sale was begun under authority of the Bridgeport Trust Co., the administrators. The whole sale brought in a total of \$28,000.

A despatch to the London Times from Middleburg, Transvaal, says: "Operations in the eastern Transvaal have been begun. There is no doubt that acting President Schalkburger, Gen. Botha, Mr. Steyn and Gen. DeWet had a meeting at Ermelo, but their subsequent movements are obscure. Raids on the railway have become less frequent."

George Dixon, the champion lightweight, and his sparring partner, William (Sun) Ash, were arrested at the Casino Theatre, Lawrence, Mass., Tuesday afternoon. They were charged with prompting a boxing exhibition. Theodore Flowers and William Robinson, the managers of the theatre were also placed under arrest.

charged with maintaining a boxing exhibition.

Queen Alexandra has returned to London from Copenhagen.

Korea will build 32 coast fortresses to resist a possible Japanese invasion.

It is said that the government intends asking parliament for a vote to meet the cost of erecting a national museum at Ottawa.

The indemnities claimed from China will reach \$250,000,000, exclusive of the claims of individuals and missions, says a German official.

The estate of Fernando Yznaga, worth \$2,000,000, is left entirely to his sister, the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, says a New York despatch.

All last year's officers were unanimously elected at the annual election of the Tammany society which was held in New York Monday at the big wigwag.

For the nine months ended March 31st Canada's aggregate exports exceeded that for a similar period in the previous fiscal year by \$17,105,276. There was a falling off in imports of \$688,762.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was toasted and Joseph Chamberlain of England denounced at the sixth annual banquet of the Holland Society of Chicago, which was held at the Grand Pacific hotel. About 100 members of the society were present with a number of invited guests.

It is officially announced in London that the Marquis of Headfort and Miss Rosie Boote, the actress, were married April 11, Saltwood, near Folkestone, the witnesses being a villager and Miss Daisy Roche, an actress. They have been staying quietly at the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, for several weeks.

The Boston horse show which for society is the great event of the spring season began at the Mechanics building Monday with considerable gaiety and color at the ringside. The gathering of equines with blue blood pedigrees is remarkably good, fully up to the first show, which has always been referred to as the criterion for judgment.

Henry H. Hawthorne, one of the invalid soldiers in the soldiers' home in Dayton, Ohio, has just received notice that he has been made the beneficiary to the amount of \$200,000 to \$500,000 left him by a woman out of gratitude for having saved her life many years ago. The woman is Mrs. Josephine Fairfax, who recently died in the south of France.

A despatch from Lemberg to the Neues Wiener Journal, Vienna, asserts that further troubles have occurred in Russia and that wholesale arrests have been made in Odessa and other cities. The correspondent says also that 15,000 signatures including merchants and land owners have been secured to a petition to Emperor Nicholas to grant a constitution.

Civic elections were held in St. John, N. B. Tuesday. Mayor Daniel and the majority of the aldermen were re-elected by acclamation. There were only two contests, the most interesting of which was the fight between Dr. William Christie and D. J. M. Smith, old opponents in Lansdowne ward. For the third time Dr. Christie won. He defeated Dr. Smith 3 to 1.

From various parts of Germany come reports of heavy thunder storms. Lightning killed three persons and maimed four others near Frederistoh, Hanover. Heavy snows have fallen in Rudolstadt and throughout the whole of Thuringia, while the rains have caused the Oder to overflow, covering large districts in Silesia. The Rhine is still very high at Cologne and the district of Caub is flooded.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry received a tumultuous welcome in London Monday evening at the Lyceum theatre, where "Coriolanus" was presented with all the wealth of setting and scenery for which Irving is famous. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. The applause which

[Continued on Page Eight.]



In musical interest this week Opera house when Miss J... made her first... people of St. J... actor of a mas... number was g... deed such en... have rarely it... On Tuesday e... ed singing Ru... tans and the... of the parliot... ping and a... Miss MacLa... charming a... her acting a... did. On both... the Scotch pl... in graceful f... deep crimson... pretty and be... ing's perform... cipient of a... roses, sent h... city.

The appear... McCluskey, b... two evening... pectation; an... baso was in... In Sheltere... number, alth... every appear... Mr. Harry... prize to the... seems to be... perance on... echo.

In all the c... joyed. On Tuesda... street, was A... who called... spect to the... she has been... and popular... and the appea... Miss Mabel... dining room... plants. The... George F. S... strong, Miss... In the even... Arand were... indulged in... and until a... tion of the... were served... most delightf...

The At Ho... her residen... noon last wa... ber of ladies... The dining ro... crimson and... ing a pleas... dainty cut g... panned by M... Stone while a... tired lent v... furnishings a... guests.

The lectur... of England... the Explanat... very interest... pious of the... ion of it he... were enter... the presiden... spent in ple... Miss Liches... ice cream, c... hours much...

On Thursd... tained the w... a few other... After a few... play during... was then ind... little affair b...

Miss Gertie... brain on W... B. C. where...

6 FOR ADVERTISERS SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



Look Ahead, Girls.

If young girls would look ahead it would sometimes save them from serious collision with the men they marry.

HALIFAX NOTES. Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the publishers and at the following news stands and centers.

APRIL 17.—The local amateurs who were so successful with the production of the opera "Chimes of Normandy" are thinking seriously of producing the opera in St. John.

St. John's Presbyterian church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday morning last, when Miss May Campbell, daughter of alderman D. H. Campbell, and Mr. Douglas N. Brodie, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Glace Bay, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

The bride was becomingly attired in a beautiful tailor-made travelling costume with rose trimmings and hat to match. She carried a pretty bouquet of bridal roses.

The bridesmaid was Miss Jessie B. Campbell (sister of the bride), and she was prettily attired in a grey costume with blue trimmings, and her bouquet consisted of pink roses and carnations.

Immediately after the ceremony the newly-married couple left on the morning train, accompanied by the congratulations of their friends, on their honeymoon through the province, before going to Glace Bay, where they will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison are enjoying a vacation in the United States. Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Payzant left last week for Washington, where they will spend some weeks.

TO OBTAIN A GOLDEN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce, by letter, free. All womanly confidences are guarded with strict professional privacy.

Monday evening last for her son, Roland who is home on his vacation. Miss Mary Smith has returned to her studies at "Netherwood", Bethesda.

Miss Constance Dickey is in charge of the Strathcona lending library during the absence of Mrs. Wm. DeBlois, who probably will be out of town for several weeks.

Miss Alice Davis who has been in Halifax for several months spent the holidays at her home here. She was accompanied by Miss Pearce of Dartmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Murphy were in Halifax last Wednesday. Miss Nora Blanchard, of Truro, is in town for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Morse spent Sunday with relatives in Lunenburg. Mrs. James A. Gates, of Middleton, spent Sunday in Windsor, the guest of Mrs. Gates.

APRIL 17.—Miss Winnie Burns of Halifax spent a few days in town quite recently. She is now visiting friends in New York.

Falmouth, when his daughter, Miss Alvin McLellan, was united in marriage to Mr. Howard Keith, of C. L. Martin & Co., of Amherst.

YARMOUTH. APRIL 18.—Miss Mildred Abbott who has been on a six months' visit to Philadelphia, returned home per Prince George on Wednesday last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Lewis are among the Yarmouth people who are spending the early spring in the United States.

ANNAPOLIS. APRIL 17.—Cecile Ritchie is rapidly recovering from her recent severe illness.

WINDSOR. Mrs. John Douglas returned to Windsor on Wednesday evening last week accompanied by Mrs. White, of Boston, and her nephew Mr. Douglas McArthur, of St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wiggins and child are at the Victoria. Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Murphy were in Halifax last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Morse spent Sunday with relatives in Lunenburg. Mrs. James A. Gates, of Middleton, spent Sunday in Windsor, the guest of Mrs. Gates.

APRIL 17.—Miss Winnie Burns of Halifax spent a few days in town quite recently. She is now visiting friends in New York.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. March, 1901.

Spring and Summer Catalogue

JUST PUBLISHED. Containing 280 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated. Sent to Any Address in Canada POST FREE.

As a result of extraordinary efforts to cater to the demands of our immense patronage, we have endeavored to so improve our various departments, that we can unhesitatingly state to intending purchasers that they will find, upon comparison, that our prices are the lowest obtainable for first-class goods, and the qualities such as we know will meet with your approval, and give thorough satisfaction.

A Special in Vegetable Seeds.

12 PACKETS FOR 16c. POST PAID.

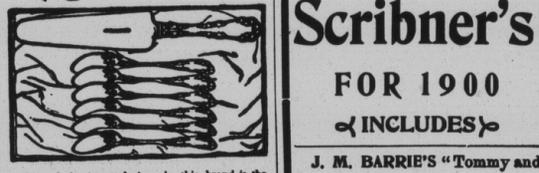
- Beets, Eclipse; Beans, Long Smooth Red; Beans, Dark Red Egyptian Turnip; Cabbage, All Seasons; Cabbage, Early Winterset; Cabbage, Fotters, Imperial Brass-wick; Carrot, Drovers Half Long; Carrot, Ox Heart; Cauliflower, Snow Ball; Celery, Golden Bell Blanching; Corn, Minnesota; Corn, Stowells Evergreen; Cucumbers, Chicago Pickling; Cucumbers, Long Green; Herbs, Mac; Herbs, Savory; Lettuce, Nonpareil; Lettuce, Denver's Market; Musk Melon, Extra Early; Water Melon, Vick's Early; O. Jon, Silverkin; O. Jon, Leaver Yellow Globe; Onion, Large Red, Webersfield; Parsley, Double Curled; Parsley, Hollow; Crown; Peas, First and Best; Peas, Premium Gem; Pepper, Bull Nose; Pumpkin, Large Cheese; Radish, Rosy Gem; Radish, French Breakfast; Radish, Long White; Squash, Vegetable Marrow; Squash, Hubbard; Turnip, Red Top Globe; Tomato, Dwarf Champion; Tomato, Atlantic Prize.

SEND A TRIAL ORDER AND YOU'LL BE CONVINCED. THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

The Identifying Stamp

of the original and genuine "Rogers" Patent Fat Spoons, etc. is "1847" the year the brand was first made. Full trade mark.

"1847 Rogers Bros."



One of the latest designs in this brand is the "Scraper." The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

FAT REDUCTION.

Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat for over 20 years, with the greatest specialists in Europe and America. Over 10,000 grateful patients attest her success. Her treatment is not "Banting," nor starvation diet. She prescribes against the "Fruit Treatment" fraud, so often advertised. Her's is no "Monthly Payment" scheme. Mrs. Dumar's treatment is endorsed by the College of Physicians and by "The United States Health Report." Her total charge is \$1, which pays for prescription, for medicine sold in all first class drug stores, full instructions as to the treatment, and everything necessary to reduce one pound or more a day. No extra charges. No wrinkles and no injury to health.

NOTICE.

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

NOTICE.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, acreage, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 lm ROBERT MARSHALL.

NOTICE.

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

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

Scribner's FOR 1900

(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grisel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES, by

Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK LAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Paris de Chavannes,

by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRILETTO, HENRY MC CARTER, DWIGHT L. HILMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Y CO LIMITED.

March, 1901. Catalogue

Illustrated. Sent to Any Ad-

demands of our immense patron-

ble Seeds.

Musk, Melon, Extra Early Water Melon, Vick's Early Onion, Silver Skin Onion, Leaver Yellow Globe Onion, Large Red, Watersfield Parsley, Double Curled Parsley, Hollow, Crown Peas, First and Best Peas, Premium Green Peas, Bull Nose Pumpkin, Large Cheese Buds, Soy Beans, Radish, French Breakfast Salsify, Long White Cauliflower, Vegetable Marrow, Squash, Hubbard Turnip, Red Top Globe Tomato, Dwarf Champion Tomato, Atlantic Prize.

CONVINCED. Y CO LIMITED. James Street, Montreal.

NOTICE.

ON will be made to Legislature as for the passing of an act to incorporate by the name of THE COLLAGE Limited, for the purpose of acquiring and managing Real Estate, and lands, and the erection of cottages and thereon, with power to lease, mortgage, and with such other powers as may be deemed necessary.

ribner's

OR 1900

INCLUDES

BARRIE'S "Tommy and

DORE ROOSEVELT'S

ARD HARDING DAVIS'S

V NORMAN'S The Russia

es by WALTER A. WY-

author of "The Workers".

T STORIES, by

as Nelson,

y van Dyke,

et Eaton-Thompson,

Wharton,

re Thanet,

am Allen White.

IAL ARTICLES

Paris Exposition.

DERI IRLAND'S article

and exploration.

ARVARD "FIFTY

RS AGO," by Sena-

BAR.

ABLE ART FEATURES

FROM WILL ILLUSTRATED

, by celebrated American

oreign artists.

de Chavannes,

JOHN LAFARGE, illus-

trations in color.

ial illustrative schemes (in

and in black and white) by

ER APPLETON CLARK,

ELIXETTO, HENRY Mo-

RE, DWIGHT L. ELMEN-

and others.

Illustrated Prospectus

to any address.

ES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

Publishers, New York.

Use the genuine MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

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

BRIDGETOWN.

Apr. 16.—Mrs Chas Shafter spent Sunday last with friends in Halifax.

Mrs W E Cann spent the Easter holidays in Yarmouth.

Mrs Dearness has returned from a visit of several weeks in Boston.

Miss Hattie Smith of St John is the guest of J W Peters.

Mrs H B Shaw and child of Middleton, were visiting in town last week.

Miss Dearness assistant at the post office is ill with an attack of rheumatic fever.

Mrs J A Linsard of Middleton spent Easter with her daughter, Mrs W A Stanwhite.

Capt and Mrs John Gessner of Annapolis have been guests of Mrs W Dodds for a few days.

Miss Lena Munro of Halifax, has been spending a few days with her parents at Mt Pleasant farm.

Miss Millet and Mr Amherst of Clementsport, and Mr Tepper of Roundhill are guests of Mrs Beeler.

Mrs Smith of Halifax has been spending the Easter holidays with her parents, Rev E B and Mrs Moore.

Miss Jessie Beckwith and her friend Miss McKee of the Ladies' College Halifax, spent the Easter season here.

Miss Annie Kinney of the Truro Normal school, accompanied by her friend, Miss Sterritt, spent Easter with her parents here.

A pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Statira Hogan, Tipper Grayville, on Tuesday evening the 2nd inst, when her only daughter, Ailie May, was joined in holy wedlock to Mr Frank Cole, of Bridgetown, the Rev E B Moore officiating. The bride was beautifully attired in steel grey trimmed with white silk and lace. She carried a bride rose, and was given away by Mr E P Cole brother of the groom. About fifty guests were present. The bride was the recipient of many very valuable presents, tokens of the esteem in which she was held. Mr and Mrs Cole will spend their honeymoon in New Brunswick at the home of Mr Cole's parents.

Mr and Mrs C L Marsh spent their Easter holidays in Wolfville.

Mrs Arthur MacGregor of Tremont, Kinns Cot and Mr Percy R Saunders of Digby spent Easter with their parents, Mr and Mrs A R Saunders.

TRURO.

Apr. 16.—Rev. G. R. Martelle and Rev Crosswell are among the church clergymen attending the Deanery meeting, this week.

The former is entertained at the Leamington and the latter is a guest of his step-in-law, Mrs J. J. Taylor.

Miss Laura Wetmore is visiting her brother and wife, Mr and Mrs C. V. Wetmore, Sydney, C.B.

The Bachelors' dance, last Wednesday night was a large success and everyone present enjoyed a most delightful evening. The Harpers furnished music and surprised them in their choice selections.

Mrs Randall and Mr C. A. Armstrong are two well-known in their capacities as graceful and capable chaperons to require comment, but both ladies did much to promote the evening's enjoyment. The former lady wore a handsome gown of black peanoe sole, the bodice arranged with vest and fichu of real lace. Mrs Armstrong was in pale yellow silk, with trimmings of yellow and heliotrope chiffon.

The belle of the evening, Miss Mary Heaman Wallace looked lovely in a gown of old blue silk, set with train, with trimmings of narrow black velvet ribbon, the decollete bodice being arranged with falls of white lace.

Miss Cory Schurman looked very charming in a pretty gown of white silk organdie handsome corsage bonnet of pink carnations and smilax.

Miss McKay wore a handsome and effective toilette of black lace over white tulle.

The Misses Blight were in white orerandes.

Among others present were: Mr and Mrs Lovett and Mrs Waddell, Mr and Mrs B. H. McLanehill, Miss Tremaine, Miss Yonston, Miss M. Archibald, Misses McNaughton, Miss Watson, Miss Simpson, New Glasgow, Miss M. Sook, Misses Margaret and Jessie Sook, Misses Heanle and Emma Bielew, Mr and Mrs Fred Fuller.

Messrs. A E Randall, G A Hall, W A Fitch, V Jamieson, R Walker, F J Murray Wilkinson, W M Athens, W P McKay, H Dickie, F Dickie, M Wyman, R Hanton, H Murphy, C Fraser, N Sutherland.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the charming decorations. The hall never looked so well and for the success of their efforts in this direction Messrs M Wyman and R Walker are receiving many congratulations.

Mrs Phillips entertained a few friends very pleasantly last Friday afternoon to tea, in honor of Miss Scummes. Those present were Mrs Stanley, Miss B. McMott, Mrs E M Fallon, Miss Ross and Messrs Davies, Eaton, Cuths and Vincent.

Mrs Davies McKay has returned to Fredericton capital.

Mrs Arthur C. left for home in Boston last week, accompanied by her mother, Mrs Stuart.

Mrs C A McLellan and her son, Charlie are visiting friends in Pictou.

Mrs Learmont is home from St John where she went to accompany her son Jack to school at Beausay.

Mrs J I Hallisey gave a number of Miss Cumman's friends high tea last Monday afternoon, to celebrate her birthday. P.S.

WOLFVILLE.

The young ladies who remained at the Seminary during the Easter recess gave a pleasant reception on Thursday evening of Easter week. Quite a number of their young friends were present and a most delightful evening was spent.

Mr. George Ellis has returned from St. John, where he spent Easter with his parents, Senator and Mrs J V Ellis.

Mrs Burpee Wallace, of Canaan, with her child, spent Easter at her mother's Mrs Geo Fitch.

Mrs White, of Canaan, was in town last week visiting her son Garfield, a member of the senior class of the college, who is quite ill.

Mrs Hatch, who has been ill for several weeks, is recovering.

Fred Haley has returned from Norwich, and is again at his post.

Capt Haliburton and bride have returned from

New York. They are residing at Kent Lodge.

Mrs Murray, of Linden Avenue, gave a reception on Monday evening last to her sister, Mrs L. S. Gow, who with her husband have just returned from their wedding trip. It was a brilliant and most enjoyable affair. The rooms were beautifully decorated and the scene when the guests, to the number of thirty, had assembled, was a most animated one.

Dr and Mrs McKenna have returned from a short visit to Kingston.

Mr and Mrs J Crandall of Malder, Mass, are visiting friends here.

KENTVILLE.

Apr. 16.—A happy event took place at the Methodist parsonage here on April 6 when Miss Grace Bertha, second daughter of the late E. T. Moore, of Kentville, was united in marriage to Mr. Fred Asseltine, son of W. H. Asseltine, of Kingston, Ont.

The bride was becomingly gowned in a travelling costume of dark green cloth, the blouse of which was exceedingly handsome, being of panne velvet with heavy gullipe and pearl trimmings. With the suit was worn a dainty picture hat.

The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Moore, sister of the bride, and Miss Sophie Gault. The ceremony was performed by the Rev Mr Gault. Immediately after the bride and groom drove to Port Williams, where Mr and Mrs Asseltine took the afternoon express for Halifax for a short stay. On their return they will reside in town for the present.

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

PROGRESS JOB PRINT.

DIGBY.

APRIL 19.—Miss Mary Morse of Sandy Cove, was in town yesterday.

Mrs Sabra Ruddleck has returned home from her visit to St Stephen, N.B.

Mrs Kate Lynn, is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Benj Kees, Westville.

Mr John Syds of the firm of Syds & Cousins, has returned home from his trip to Westport.

Mr and Mrs A J Westhaver, who arrived here from Kentville returned home Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs Albert J Lutz and son, of Moncton, who spent Easter with Mr and Mrs G A Vye, Queen street, returned home Tuesday via Halifax.

HARLAND.

APRIL 17.—Miss Georgie Reed was at Benton for Easter.

Miss Clara Griffiths of Kiburn has been visiting Harland friends.

Arthur Richardson of Fort Fairfield was a visitor in town last week.

Miss Etta Alexander has returned from a visit to Moncton and Benton.

Mrs D Keswick of St Leonards, has been visiting Harland friends.

Mrs Harold of Centreville has been visiting her aunt, Mrs Henry Bradley.

Robert Potts and wife of Fredericton are visiting the former sister, Mrs D H Keswick.

Miss Ethelyn Baker of Four Falls spent Easter week with her sister, Miss Isabel Barker, Harland.

Misses Helen and Dorothy Alexander spent Easter with their aunt, Mrs George A Ross at Benton for Easter.

Mrs Gertrude and Miss Beulah Jones of Woodstock spent Easter with Mr and Mrs T M Jones, Harland.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Kindliman—What's the matter, my little man? You seem to be in great pain.

Little Boy (crying bitterly)—No, I ain't but there seems ter be a great pain in me.

Some one asks what is tact. It is that feeling which prompts a woman to dig up a box of a friend who is coming to visit from the bottom bureau drawer and put it on the parlor mantle.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient, it would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you ally the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't kill the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured at any drug-gist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine which has "F. W. Knauman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Had Met His Match.

A Scotch prison chaplain, recently appointed, entered one of the cells on his first round of inspection, and with most composure thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it:

"Well, my man, do you know who I am?"

"No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply.

"Well, I'm your new chaplain."

"Oh, ye are? Then I had heard o' ye before."

"And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity.

"Well, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye will na find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this one."

Strong words by a New York Specialist.

"After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails."

"Tommy," said the teacher, "how did you ever get the idea that natural gas is a vegetable?"

"It always comes up in the spring, don't it?" answered the bright child.



A Delicious Tubbing

and then refreshing sleep—there is nothing better for any baby. Always use the "Albert"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases.

The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., MONTREAL, Manufacturers of the celebrated Albert Toilet Soap.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Supersaturating Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, and Pennyroyal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

100 Cts. Vireland XXX

100 " Tobitt & Co.

100 " Most. Frons.

10 Octaves

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The Hen B R Emmerson which occurred at Dorchester on Sunday was heard with sincere regret throughout the city. Mrs Emmerson was well known and very highly esteemed and respected by people in all grades of life. The interest was made in on Wednesday.

The 'at home' held in St George's church on last Thursday evening was a very pleasant little affair. Quite a number were in attendance and during the evening a splendid musical and literary programme was carried out adding much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Miss Mary McCarthy returned last week from Boston where she has been spending the past few weeks.

Mrs S A Rand, Lutz street, lies seriously ill in Backville, where she went to attend the funeral of her father, Mr W Smith.

The sale in St Paul's school-room Tuesday night of last week was a pleasant affair, and the young ladies netted a little over fifty dollars for their labors.

The marriage took place at Moncton on April 15th, by Rev H A Mehan, of Mr John Sullivan, son of Michael Sullivan to Miss Lena Smith. The bride was attended by Miss Mary Colburn, and the groom was supported by Mr Munro Milton. The presents were costly and numerous. The happy couple leave in a few days for their future home in the west.

Mrs Wm Donald leaves this week with her mother Mrs F B Ferguson for Montserrat Falls Que, where Mr Donald is employed with the Dominion Cotton Co. as master mechanic.

Miss Hazel Lawson of Amherst is in the city the guest of Mrs H L Bass.

Miss Greta McDougall entertained a large number of her young friends to a birthday party at her home on Park street on Tuesday afternoon. A pleasant time was spent and Miss Greta received many nice presents.

WOODSTOCK.

April 17.—Mr and Mrs William R Snow spent Easter at St Andrews.

Mrs D H Nixon, Brighton, was a guest at the Victoria recently.

A B Brown and Mrs Brown, Smyrna, Me, were in town last week.

Miss Beniah Phillips, Bristol, spent Easter here with her friend, Miss Calla Traton.

H Faxon Baird and his daughter, Miss Ethel Baird made a trip to Montreal last week. They returned Tuesday night.

Rev A F and Mrs Baker have been spending some days with Mrs Baker's parents, Mr and Mrs James Sutton.

Mrs C J and Master Elmo Tabor have arrived home after their Easter visit amongst friends in Fairville, St John.

Miss Dibblee of Woodstock has been visiting in Fox, Fairfield, Me.

Miss Nellie Blackie has returned from St John where she has completed a course of shorthand and typewriting at the Currier Business University.

Mr and Mrs W B Jewett and Mr and Mrs Fred Harrison returned from Buffalo, N Y, last week. The two gentlemen named intending a jewelry store at Houlton so we understand. They were both in town on Friday.

Mr and Mrs B W Clark of Butte, Montana, reached here on Wednesday last week. Mr Clark is undecided as to whether he will remain here or after visiting his old home at Lower Walsfield return to Montana.

The home of George Quick, Lansdowne, was the scene of a happy event on Wednesday, April 10th. When his eldest daughter Evelina was married to Howard L Sargent of Bridgewater, Me. The ceremony was performed by Rev A H Hayward.

The bride was becomingly gowned in pale blue cashmere trimmed with white satin and chiffon. About fifty guests were present and a very nice time was spent. The bride received many beautiful and useful presents.

At the annual meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Woodstock golf club held last week, Mrs Sprague was elected president, Mrs B Harry Smith, vice president and Miss Denison, secretary. Mrs Dinmock, Mrs William Dibblee and Miss Rankin were made the committee on golf teas.

The Lady Minstrels from Houlton gave a performance to a crowded house in the opera house last Friday evening. The music was good and sometimes better. The local hits which were never sever, were highly entertaining. A. C. sec' of the show the religious editor says he is in favor of the abolition of the color line. The young lady who sang 'Lady Attica' made a hit, she had a walk over.

NEWCASTLE.

April 18.—Mr and Mrs Layton had a very pleasant gathering of young ladies and gentlemen at their home on Wednesday evening.

Mrs I Chisholm has returned to Dalhousie. Miss Pina Urican of Jack's River, who recently graduated from the U B and was visiting Miss McEvey, returned to her home last week.

Mr M C Morrissey, who was visiting Mrs Quinn, left by last Tuesday's express for his home in Montreal. Mr Morrissey made numerous friends during his brief visit, a number of whom assembled at Mrs Quinn's prior to the departure of the train and spent a pleasant evening.

Mr and Mrs Stables entertained the young people at their home one evening last week.

Mrs Samuel Miller, who has been spending the winter with her daughter at Dorchester, Mass, returned last Thursday night.

Mrs P C Robinson, who was visiting her home in St John has returned.

Miss Aggie Ryan has returned from Boston. Dr and Mrs W H Irvine of Boletown N B, are receiving the congratulations of their many friends over the arrival of a young daughter in their home on the 8th inst.

Dangerous Rapids.

In 'The Yangtze Valley' Mrs. Isabella L. Bishop gives a vivid account of boating in the rapids of the upper Yangtze. The rapids themselves she describes as 'a fall of raging water with a white waterfall at the top, sharp, black rocks pushing their vicious heads through the foam. Forty big junks were waiting their turn to ascend.

My attention was occupied by a big junk dragged by three hundred men, which in two hours made hardly perceptible progress, slipping back constantly, although the drums were frantically beaten and the gangers rushed madly along the lines of struggling-trackers, bringing their bamboo whips down on them with more sound than force.

Suddenly the junk shivered, both tow

ropes snapped, the lines of trackers went down on their faces, and in a moment the big craft was spinning down the rapid; and before she could be recovered by the bow sweep she flew up into the air as if she had exploded, a mass of spars and planks with heads bobbing about in the breakers.

Quick as thought the red life boats were on the spot; and if the drowning wretches did not bless this most efficient of the charities of China, I did most heartily, for of the fourteen souls on board all but the three were saved.

This was one of two fatal disasters that I saw on the Yangtze, but to judge from the enormous quantity of cotton drying at the Yeh-tan and the timbers wedged among the rocks, many a junk must have had a hole knocked in her bottom.

CANNEL COAL AND HICKORY WOOD

Feels That are Used for Luxurious Canal Fires and for Purpose of Utility.

'The best cannal coal,' said a coal dealer, 'still comes from England, though with in the past few years there has been mined American cannal that is pretty nearly as good, and that is a good deal better than the poorer English cannals. The best English cannal sells at retail at \$16 a ton, the best American at \$12 and when you come to count in that considerable difference in the cost there are buyers who prefer the American to the English.

'The cannal coal is largely an article of luxury, though it has uses of utility, too: cannal is used, for instance, as fuel for steam fire engines.

'Notwithstanding the city's increase in population and wealth, the consumption of cannal coal in New York, while it is of course, in the aggregate considerable, is not so great now as it once was. This, of course, is due in very great measure to the introduction of modern methods of heating, the use of steam, of gas logs and so on. The people who buy cannal coal for grate fires nowadays are chiefly of the older New York families who have bought cannal coal of us continuously ever since the firm started business, now more than half a century ago.

'Hickory wood is another fuel that, as used in grate fires, has now long been counted a luxury. It is less used now than formerly, for the same reasons that apply in the case of cannal coal and also in some measure, no doubt, on account of its cost. Seasoned hickory sells now in the city for \$16 a cord, or for \$5 a load, which would be equal to about \$20 a cord. The hickory burned in the city in grate fires still comes from this state. The price tempts some wood choppers occasionally to mix in with the hickory a stick or two of maple or chestnut.

'Only seasoned hickory, of course, is suitable for grate fires; green hickory is used to some extent, however, by meat cures for smoking purposes.'

Getting Persons.

The favorite Scottish method of dealing with sleepers in church was publicly to denounce the delinquents. The Christian Leader tells this story:

When the Rev. Walter Dunlap, minister of a United Presbyterian Church in Dumfries, saw a member of his flock nodding while he was preaching, he stopped suddenly and said:

'I doot some o' ye hae taen ower mony whey porridge the day. Sit up, or I'll name ye oot!'

Another Caledonian preacher, on like provocation, cried out: 'Hold up your heads, my friends, and mind that neither saints nor sinners are sleeping in the next world.'

Then, finding that this general exhortation was insufficient to deter a certain well known member of the church from getting his night's rest forward, the reverend gentleman turned toward the offender and said:

'James Stewart, this is the second time I have stopped to waken ye. If I need to stop a third time, I'll expose ye by name to the whole congregation.'

Draining Greece's Greatest Lake.

Lake Copais, the largest sheet of water in Greece, and one of the natural features of that country, has recently been nearly all drained off by an English company, and its former bed is now being cultivated with gratifying results, the soil being fertile and well suited for cotton, melons, colza, beets and other vegetables. The lake formerly covered about 60 square miles, at low water, in the centre of Boeotia, and now it was one of the ancient oracles of Apollo. It had only subterranean outlets, although all the principal streams of Boeotia fell into it.

Electrical Treatment.

Even the birds are coming in for a share of the benefits of modern science.

An ostrich in the Cincinnati Zoological Gardens was last summer a victim of paralysis. The bird, which is a remarkably fine one, had both legs affected. It occurred to the superintendent to try the

'Wilful Waste' Makes Woeful Want.

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. Health is a priceless possession. You can secure it and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies the blood, cures disease, and invigorates the whole system.

Boils—'I was greatly troubled with boils and bad blood and was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I followed this advice and the benefit I received was so great that I took a second bottle and was cured.' M. L. Pettit, Lyons, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

effect of electricity. A special tackle was arranged, the os, which was placed in it, and the application began.

At first the bird showed no sign of feeling the current, but after a time the good effects became apparent. The ostrich was able to swing first one leg and then another and in less than two weeks was on the road to complete recovery.

A Confusion of Ideas.

Sir Henry Howarth, who was formerly a member of parliament, is a writer of mark, certainly of research, for his 'History of the Mongols' took many years of steady and arduous inquiry.

A good story Sir Henry tells against himself in regard to this work. One evening, while taking in to dinner a lady who had been lightly primed as to his great subject, there was a strange conversation.

'I understand, Sir Henry,' the lady said, 'that you are fond of dogs; so am I!'

'Dogs, madam,' was the reply. 'I really must plead guiltyless; I know nothing at all of them.'

'Indeed! And they told me you had written a famous history of mongrels.'

Wanted to be Sure.

An old woman of undeniable Celtic origin entered a provincial savings bank the other day and walked up to the desk.

'Do you want to withdraw or deposit?' asked the clerk.

'Now oi deant, Oi wants to put some in,' was the reply.

The clerk pushed up the book for her signature, and indicating the place, said, 'Sign on this line, please.'

'Above it or below it?'

'Me whole name it?'

'Yes.'

'Before Oi was married?'

'No, just as it is now.'

'Oi can't write,'—London King.

Thought It Went Without Saying.

The man with the subscription paper stepped into the office of the leading professional man of the place.

'Mr. Hunks,' he said, 'some of our young men are trying to organize a brass band. How much are you willing to subscribe?'

'I'll give \$20,' replied old Mr. Hunks.

'That will please the boys, I know,' rejoined the caller. 'If everybody else does as well they'll soon have their instruments and be ready to begin—'

'Great Scott!' interrupted old Hunks. 'You don't get a cent out of me for any such purpose as that! I thought you were raising money to buy them off!'

Mistress (to the new servant, who has overslept herself)—How about breakfast, Bridget?'

'Bridget'—Ye naden't trouble t' bring me up anything, ma'am; I ain't feeling very hungry this mornin'.

Old friend—And so both of your children are a-dying professions?'

Hostess—Yes, my daughter is in a polytechnic college studying mechanical engineering, and my son is in Paris, learning dressmaking.

Dr. Humphreys.

After fifty years Dr. Humphreys' Specifics enjoy the greatest popularity and largest sale in their history, due to intrinsic merit. THEY CURE THE SICK.

Table with 3 columns: NO., CURES, PRICES. Lists various ailments like Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, etc. with corresponding prices.

Dr. Humphreys' New Pocket Manual of all Diseases mailed free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

NEWS OF THE PASTING WEEK.

(Continued from Page Four.)

Sir Henry's first entrance was greeted lasted fully a minute, while Miss Terry was received with almost equal enthusiasm. In the title role Irving has a part which, in the general opinion, suits him exactly and the critics predict a successful run.

Among the passengers who arrived in New York, Tuesday, per steamer Mexican, from Havana, was Mr. Chamberlain, who is undertaking the task of raising the Maine. Mr. Chamberlain says he will have all his material on hand to commence work within 30 days. He expects to build a brush coffer dam about the sunken craft similar to those used in building the jetties on the Mississippi and put bulkheads across such portions of the hull as the conditions will permit and float them to the new dry dock where they will be put together.

It was announced in New York, Tuesday, that the chances for an international athletic meeting between the athletes of Yale and Harvard on one side and Oxford and Cambridge on the other are particularly bright. An important meeting of the committee from Yale and Harvard was held at the University club, Tuesday night, and it was agreed to have the games take place in this country in September as stipulated by the Englishmen, provided the athletes from Oxford and Cambridge cannot be induced to arrange for an earlier date.

How Butchers Did It.

More than half a century ago a group of merchants, while lunching in a little old-fashioned barroom at the corner of Market and Monroe streets, left their tables to view a parade of prize live stock which was passing by the tavern.

In those days the leading butchers of the city used to advertise their beef during the holiday seasons by marching their selected cattle, just before slaughter, through the city's principal streets. The butcher's advertisement announced that decorated animals would be carved up into juicy steaks on the following day.

Bindid—That man Numskull isn't right, is he?'

Bildad—Why not?'

Bindid—He kept bothering me for books and I gave him the first volume of my encyclopedia.

Bildad—Well?'

Bindid—Well, he brought it back and said he liked the story tip top because it was continued, and wanted the other 29 volumes.'

Her age—How old are you, Frau Fletchinger?'

Has Frau von Wiesinger given her age, your honor?'

Certainly!'

Very well—then put me down as two years younger than she!'



YOUR BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is SURPRISE SOAP. It will give the best service; is always uniform in quality, always satisfactory. You cannot do better than have Surprise Soap always in your house. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

HAVE YOU A GARDEN

OR A FARM? I have a full assortment of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

From the best Growers, in packages, by the ounce or pound. W. C. Rudman Allan, Druggist and Seedman, 87 Charlotte St. Mail orders promptly filled. Tel. 289. Try my Special Mixed Peas, and choice varieties in separate colors.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their 'shopping by post' with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Caution! Algeciras. ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Cutting, consisting of: Blouse Bodice with Velvet revers, prettily trimmed Black tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 73c. 89 cents. Postage 82 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1901.

Pen Sketch of Mrs. Nation

It is unimportant to chronicle the fact that Mrs. Nation was born in Kentucky, and to follow her life as it led her through Missouri and Oklahoma into Kansas. But it is well to note in passing that her first husband, whom she probably married for love and whose wrongs she has never forgotten, died a drunkard. Often these hidden springs in the human heart move with tremendous power. After marrying David Nation she settled down to make a comfortable home for herself and her husband, and to live out her life in the fear of the Lord.

She has but one mental output. For years she has been considering the evils of the liquor traffic. She has acted when Nature would stand the strain no longer in a primitive way—with savage music! In Medicine Lodge she used to get out a hand organ through which perforated paper sheets are passed, and, sitting on a prominent corner of the town, she would grind out dolorous temperance songs to the citizens. In time they came to give her about as much notice as one gives to the waterplug on a corner. Another form of self-relief was to haunt the local jail and constabulary and pray with the prisoners, who usually voted her a nuisance.

She is a deeply pious woman, and has re-read the Bible so many times that Biblical quirks and tropes and metaphors put a wholesome bark on her conversation. She is argumentative and given to much wrangling. Like many persons of limited mental capacity, she is sure of her distinctions between right and wrong. Therefore she has been free to act without restraint. The person who spends valuable time toying with the equities of a circumstance, trying to locate and mark out the boundaries of exact justice before proceeding, is unlikely to follow the strenuous life. With Mrs. Nation, 'Be sure you are right, then go ahead,' translated, means, 'Interpret your Bible then get your hatchet.' This absolute confidence in one's correct reading of the Scriptures generates the faith that stores up courage of great voltage. This faith of a little child sustained John of Arc; it guided Peter the Hermit; it sustained John Brown at Harper's Ferry. It is often misdirected faith; frequently it destroys those who hold it; certainly it is blind, and those who nurse this faith are probably mentally diseased. But some way—perhaps in God's own way—this faith moves mountains, often, mountains that seem to be highly necessary and almost respectable. But when they have moved, in their stead men find still waters and green pastures that are altogether good and lovely.

There is no doubt that the farmers, who compose the majority of the citizens of Kansas, favor the prohibitory law; and yet there is also no question that the law is laxly enforced in many parts of the State. In certain of the larger towns the law is absolutely disregarded, and a system of monthly fines imposed—amounting, in effect, to a license—upon the liquor dealers. On the other hand, again, this is the fact, that less liquor is consumed in Kansas, reckoning by the old 'per capita' method, than in any non-prohibition State. There are, of course, joints of a kind in every Kansas town; but they are sporadic; they move from one livery stable box stall to another, from one abandoned building to another, from one shack to another, as the town officers discover them. No business man frequents them; no young man can afford to be seen in their vicinity. The fixtures are primitive. A cigar box full of salt for the beer; a plug tobacco box full of sawdust to spit in; a limp towel; a number of unwashed, thumb marked tumblers to drink from, and three or four backless, spavined chairs to sit upon. Save in a half dozen of the larger Kansas towns, the 'gilded palace of,' which used to agitate the temperance orator in the blue ribbon days, is extinct, and hundred of young men have grown to manhood in Kansas without ever seeing a Kansas saloon.

This was the condition which confronted Mrs. Nation six months ago, when she left home with her hatchet. She set out to destroy the saloons. In her lexicon, 'to destroy' means 'to smash.' She smashed, and fame discovered her. The

Nations are well-to-do. She can afford the luxury of saloon smashing. She dresses as most elderly ladies dress, and is not entirely devoid of pride in a pleasing personal appearance; for she is not a sexless creature—she is a woman to the core.

So much for this St. Georgiana. Now for her dragon. Commonly he is known as a rum fiend, familiarly as the saloon. The saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon, personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest estate it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generically by the United States supreme court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venial. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure the public health; to dissipate the public wealth in taxes that support the criminal court; to burden our charities; to corrupt the civic morals. The saloon is incarnate calamity. Because its work is slow and indirect, people often fail to see how it kills and maims men and tortures women like a malicious spirit.

In the Kansas towns where the saloon dominated, the citizen who stood for law enforcement stood as powerless as a wooden Indian. And the joint was growing bolder and bolder. It was moving from the little towns, where foreign colonies controlled the public sentiment, to the suburbs of the country seat and it was coming nearer and nearer to the main street. A sort of locomotor ataxia was creeping over the morals of the State. Last spring a dozen towns that had been 'dry' for a generation elected 'wet' city administrations. The saloon infection was spreading. Saloonkeepers became more and more insolent. Brewers from Kansas City and St. Louis began to take an interest in the situation. They slipped in elaborate bar fixtures where they dared. The joint became a saloon, and the devil was having a merry time withal. The whole growth of the evil was incendiary, lawless, riotous. The lawlessness of the Kansas joint bred Mrs. Nation's mob. Kansas planted the joint and reaped the hatchet. When the glass breaking, liquor-spilling, frantic mob laughed at law, the laughter was an echo. The brewers who started the lawless Kansas saloons laughed first at law—always a dangerous and generally an expensive experiment. Between the two outlaws there is little choice. The joint is bad. The mob is bad. As they say at the vaudeville, 'both are equally as worse as each.' When the two negatives met they formed a positive—an object-lesson. It was respect for law, taught probably by some sort of an unconscious reductio ad absurdum.

The local effect in Kansas of the Nation joint smashing was the sudden development of enthusiastic moral courage to demand the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Public sentiment crystallized over night. A law was enacted giving the prosecuting attorney inquisitorial rights. Under this new law he may summon any citizen, who is required to testify whether or not he bought liquor at certain places and of certain persons. There can be no longer the least excuse for officers or citizens winking at violations of the prohibitory law in Kansas. All this the woman with the hatchet has done—by indirection. For she set out to defy the law, and she has strengthened the law.

That much is certain; it may be set down in the balanced book of this hatchet account as net profit. But has not Mrs. Nation made a larger investment, which shall return in a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory? God moves in a mysterious way. This is true, whether one thinks of God as an omnipotent, omniscient personality, even as the orthodox God, or whether one feels that God is only a 'stream of tendency.' But God moves and moves forward. And when one considers what poor sticks of men have carried God's

banner—the insane, the brutal, the ignorant, the lame and the halt and the blind, but always the brave—one pauses before condemning even the most despised of creatures as unfit for the work. Did the savage veneration of the insane arise from the possible fact that too many of those who seemed mad were stoned to death have proved that they were prophets? Are not inflamed nerves supersensitive to waves of feeling that precede great moral changes?

Is it altogether impossible that this frantic bawling, hysterical woman in the Kansas jail, brave, indomitable, consecrated to her God, may be a prophetess, whose signs and wonders shall be read and known of man by the light of another day?

HOW DO YOU CARRY AN UMBRELLA?
Woman's Character Revealed by This, Thinks One Man.

The man who sat nearest the window said he didn't mind the wet weather.

'It gives me a chance to see how people carry their umbrellas,' he said. 'I have such firm faith in my umbrella deductions that I wouldn't be afraid to choose a wife with them for a guide.'

The woman on his left smiled. 'I'm glad I'm not out there in the street she said. You'd be picking out all the kinks in my disposition along with the rest of them.'

'Oh,' said the man, 'I sized you up long ago. You carry your umbrella, when it is furled, just like that woman across the street. You grasp it in the middle and go forging ahead with ends of the handle digging into the unfortunate pedestrians who go before and follow after.'

'And what does that signify?' asked the woman on the left.

'Alertness, activity, selfishness and inconsiderateness.'

'Um-m-m,' said the woman. 'But just look at the third woman in the procession,' said the man. 'I pity the men folks about the house, I'll warrant they have to get their own breakfast about six mornings out of seven. I never yet saw a woman drag her umbrella along so that you could track her by the trail of the tip who wasn't dilatory and shiftless. She never sews on a button or darns, or mends, and her breakfast dishes are seldom washed before 2 o'clock.'

'That other woman who is hustling along holding to the top of the umbrella handle like grim death and pointing the tip down and forward in a kind of south-by-south-westerly direction is altogether different. She would set the world on fire if it wasn't water-logged. I am not sure that I'd want to be married to her, either. She'd be too energetic. She'd push everything before her and when she took a notion to clean things up a mere man would have nowhere to lay his head. What she is good for is serving on committees.'

'That woman in the gray skirt is a yes, and may sort of person. She wants to agree with everybody and follows wherever led. Women who carry their umbrellas with the point backward and downward are always unassertive.'

But just look at that girl who spins along swinging her umbrella around in a circle as if it were a magic wand. I like her. She's jolly and good-natured and gets more pleasure out of life than ten ordinary people. There's a woman carrying her umbrella swung across her shoulder like a shotgun. She's a true soldier of fortune and was never known to say die. I can't talk of anything that would faze her.'

The man paused. 'And what would you say,' asked the woman, 'about that girl who carries her umbrella horizontally across the small of her back and catches either end into the crook of her elbow?'

'Well, admitted the man, 'she is a new one on me. I never met her before, but I wouldn't be afraid to wager that she is conscientious to a degree and has a heart as big as all outdoors. But here, he added comes the most even-tempered woman of the lot. She cuddles her umbrella protectively under her arm as if she doesn't want even it to get hurt in the crowd. That woman is gentle and thoughtful and kind.'

'Henry,' she said, thoughtfully. 'What is it?' responded the worried business man rather shortly.

'I wish you could rearrange your business a little bit.'

'How?' 'So as to be a bear on the Stock Exchange instead of at home.'

Tried to Abduct a Prince

The reported contemplated visit on the Prince of Wales to Canada, and the probable extension of his visit to the United States, revives the memory of his tour through Canada in 1860, when he came to the United States on the invitation of President Buchanan, who had made the acquaintance of the Prince during his term as Minister to the Court of St. James, under the administration of President Pierce, remarks the New York Post. On his way to Washington the Prince accepted the hospitality of the city authorities, and during his stay in New York not only did the Volunteer Fire Department honor him with a grand torchlight parade but a grand parade of all the State militia was arranged in his honor and made an imposing display. The New York Irish regiment, the Sixty-ninth, refused, however to take part in this parade, a course of conduct which made a stir at the time on both sides of the Atlantic, and our city authorities and military authorities regarded the refusal as not only a direct insult to the distinguished visitor but a positive disobedience of orders, for which latter offence the regiment was deprived of its colors and came very near being disbanded.

But the Prince of Wales was not the first member of a royal family who had paid a visit to New York city. Just as the American colonies were fighting their way out of England's control, and while British rule in this city was on its last legs a handsome young English midshipman landed in New York. The midshipman was Prince William, afterward King of England.

Prince William came to New York under the guardianship of Admiral Digby, who travelled with him, and they made their headquarters in the fine old house of Governor Bookman on Hanover Square, then the aristocratic portion of the city. There the Prince gave some elegant dinners. Many young ladies 'set their caps for him, and the admiral had much trouble in nipping in the bud his royal ward's flirtations. Prince William was free and easy in his address, indulged in no airs, became very popular. He repudiated the idea of being attended by a body guard, and insisted upon going about the streets of New York, like any other man or boy, 'all by himself.'

Meanwhile, the news of the Prince's visit to New York and of his freedom of action spread far and wide, and the fact that he was in direct succession to the throne and might, if he lived, be some day the king of Great Britain, led some of the colonists to conceive the idea of getting hold of him and keeping him as a hostage, and so dictate terms of settlement of the colony's affairs with Great Britain. Among the Jerseymen at that time prominent was a gentleman named Ogden, of Irish descent, who held a commission as colonel in the Continental army. This Col Ogden was the originator of the scheme to abduct the Prince. He arranged to have two trustworthy army officers and thirty-nine men to aid him. It was planned to land on a dark night as near as possible to the old Beekman mansion, force the door, seize the Prince, gag and bind his guardian, leave the Admiral a prisoner in his own room, and carry off the Prince to a designated place. It was a bold plan, and its very boldness lay its safety and its likelihood of success. The plot was arranged in all its details. A dark moonless night was chosen, and the participants in the scheme were landed in three boats. An advance was then quietly made on the Beekman mansion; but they did not secure the prince nor the admiral.

'The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-gley,' wrote Burns, and it was true in this instance. Nothing extraordinary had happened, no alarm had been given, yet Col. Ogden's scheme and all the trouble incident to it went for nothing on account of a door-knocker.

They did not indulge in door-bells in those days. Even the most aristocratic door had big knockers on them to announce callers; and on the night on which Ogden and his two officers and thirty-nine men landed to secure the prince, the prince had gone to a party 'out of town'—that is, about as far out of town as present Canal street—and did not think of

starting for his place of residence until late and then returned on foot, because he wanted to indulge in one of his favorite amusements when out on a lark—wrenching off door knockers and door-knobs from the houses he passed, a fad with young English aristocracy.

It was nearly three o'clock in the morning, or about an hour and a half after Ogden and his party had gone back to their boats in disgust, before Admiral Digby and his royal charge were inside their domicile. One of Ogden's men had been chosen to 'shadow' the Prince on the appointed day and night, and it was arranged that no attempt should be made to force the door of the Beekman house until this spy had assured them, at an appointed rendezvous, that the Prince was inside. The man who did the shadowing was faithful to his duty, but when he found that the Prince was on a 'jamboree' and in the company of a dozen or more military officers, he hurriedly made his way to Ogden's party, to advise the colonel of the unexpected situation. Ogden, believing that, under the circumstances, it would be best to defer the arranged programme till a more propitious occasion, retired with his party to their boats. But the propitious moment had gone for ever. An individual residing opposite the Beekman house, having noticed the suspicious movements of Ogden's aids, reported the fact to headquarters the next day, and a guard was thereafter stationed in and around the Beekman mansion.

KING EDWARD'S FAVORITE CLUB.
It was the Marlborough which he Founded as Prince of Wales.

King Edward VII. may like being a King; but he must sigh secretly over some of the good things from which his added dignity cuts him off.

Some unwritten law makes a combination king and clubman an offence against the proprieties, but in the good days when King Edward was Prince of Wales he was one of the most popular clubmen in London, and no ordinary man was more devoted than he to his clubs.

The Royal Yacht Club, the Jockey Club, White's and several others had the Prince among their members; but, of late years, he has been seen most often at the Marlborough Club, of which he was the instigator and in which he was prime mover.

The club has only about six hundred members; and as the Prince himself was chairman of the executive committee and always presided, and one blackball would exclude, there was absolutely no chance of a member whom the Prince of Wales did not like. The membership was not controlled by snobbishness. Monarchs and royal personages like Oscar II., King George of Greece, Leopold of Belgium, the Duke of York, and the Duke of Connaught are among the members; but popular soldiers, sailors, diplomatists and professional men have been welcomed quite as warmly as royalty, and the club represents, perhaps, the best brains as well as best blood of England.

Studied comfort and simplicity are the keynote of the club. Any touch of ostentation is avoided. The lounge, billiard room are models of quiet comfort. The dining room, which may [at a pinch seat seventy, is absolutely unpretentious, the walls being covered with fine old engravings and the mahogany furniture being modelled on the most severe lines. The service is unimpeachable and the cuisine one of the best in London.

It was thoroughly understood that the Prince frequented the club for the sake of absolute freedom from ceremony, and that he would resent any special attention or recognition of his rank. Whenever he was in London he dropped in at the club late in the afternoon and usually after the theatre, and took a cue at billiards or chatted with friends. If he spoke to a club member while passing through a room the man probably looked up, nodded and let it go at last.

Various startling stories have been told about high gaming at the Prince's favorite club, but have been vigorously denied. The rules of the club lay down a limit for card games, and no other of gambling are allowed, although a ticker in the office gives the results of the races and a great many turf and sporting wagers are laid in the clubrooms.



SURPRISE SOAP

BEST FRIEND

On wash day and every other day is

SURPRISE SOAP

It gives the best service; is uniform in quality, always ready.

Cannot do better than have Soap always in your house.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

HAVE YOU A GARDEN OR A FARM?

Have a full assortment of

Field and Flower Seeds.

Growers, in packages, by the ounce or pound.

Rudman Allan,

Seedman, 87 Charlotte St.

promptly filled. Tel. 289.

Special Mixed Peas, and choice varieties.

ALVERT'S

20 per cent.

CARBOLIC SOAP

kills and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.

Strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.

ALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

NOBLE

MADE IN ENGLAND,

Mantlemen in the World.

Globe ladies do their "shopping by mail" and drapery enterprise, it being one of the nearest and most reliable, the nearly equalled elsewhere, both in quality and price, and the firm is so liberal in its terms, and its patrons so loyal, and does give, and does better than any other firm.

BY RETURN OF POST.

NO MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256.

Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat—House Bodice with tulle trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.95; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.

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

JOHN NOBLE

KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Lengths in front, and Prices:

24 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents.

30 33 inches. 78c. 88 cents.

Postage 82 cents.

36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10.

42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34.

Postage 45 cents.

Ordering from or writing to—

NOBLE, LTD.

MADE IN ENGLAND.

A Lucky Escape.

It had been a stiff morning's fight. The dum-dums had worked deadly way with the Baggara horsemen, but yet a good many English went to the last account too. Estcourt recalled being struck down, and then the curtain fell. The next thing he realized was curious in the extreme. He was being lifted up; he heard some one say:

'He is alive.'

Then he was put on a horse in front of a rider, and a long march began.

The hot day, the scene, the desert—all that seemed to go by like a mist; his head swam. It was not till the cool of the evening, when there was a halt, and he and his companion in misfortune, Sergt. Brooke, were placed in a hut, that complete consciousness returned. He saw too, that though his own case might be bad, that of the Sergeant was immeasurably worse; this non-commissioned officer lay there looking up at the roof.

'He will die,' he thought.

When a man in authority looked in and asked in guttural French if he was well, Estcourt entered a protest on behalf of his fellow-prisoner.

'Do something for him,' he said.

The man shrugged his shoulders.

'Mais il va mourir.'

'Qu'il moure donc,' was the brutal reply and he swaggered out of the hut.

The Sergeant was in a delirium a few hours later, imagining himself fighting. Estcourt watched over him. When morning came he appeared appreciably better.

'He was afraid that they would separate them, but though several guards came into the hut at about mid-day they went again without doing more than glance at the letters which had been fastened on the prisoners' wrists and ankles.

In the afternoon Estcourt heard his name called. The Sergeant was lucid, but was nearing the end.

'I am lost,' he said feebly; 'I am lost. Estcourt give me your hand. You have much to wish me ill for.'

'But I don't wish you ill. All that is forgotten. Bygones are bygones for ever.'

'Thanks. What fools we were. How we miss our chances here! Good-bye.'

The Sergeant's head fell back. He was dead. Estcourt laid a cloth over the face and called the sentry who was outside.

'What is it?' he said.

'You see my friend; he is dead.'

The man made a gesture and went out, and a few hours afterward the body was taken away and buried. Later in the day the man who spoke French appeared again.

'Will you join us?' he said.

Estcourt indignantly refused.

'You had better reconsider that,' said the man. 'You would have a post of confidence. You would be at the door of the master.'

'I have considered,' he replied.

'You will not join us?'

'I will not join you.'

'You will at least give your parole?'

'I will not.'

'Triple fool! You cannot escape, and such conduct, such obstinacy, will make your treatment more severe.'

'All the same I am determined. I shall not change.'

'Then you have but yourself to blame for what may occur.'

He gave an impatient shrug of the shoulders and walked out abruptly into the blinding white sunlight which looked so dazzling, so curiously brilliant, viewed from the shadow of the dark hut. Hours went by; he forgot that the Sergeant was dead, that now he might try to escape, that nothing with-held him.

'And yet,' he thought, 'need I have considered him? He made the poor chaps' lives wretched.'

Then he fell to thinking about why he, an Oxford man, had enlisted—a quarrel at home, a fit of pique. Perhaps all that would be forgiven now.

It was all very strange. A feeling of indifference came upon him. It did not much signify, after all, and the past, the old life, the boating party, the piano at night, the remembered words of a song:

'Poor Jim!

How I envied him!

All the old dreams of a vanished summer, with a scene in a lilac-scented garden and an early morning departure before the break of day, with the life in later days, the canteen, the excitement of a military fete at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor—all that came back in a quaint misty way.

What would they be doing in London just then?

'Poor Jim!

How I envied him!

All the old dreams of a vanished summer, with a scene in a lilac-scented garden and an early morning departure before the break of day, with the life in later days, the canteen, the excitement of a military fete at the Victoria Barracks, Windsor—all that came back in a quaint misty way.

What would they be doing in London just then?

And as he lay there, thinking of the old

days and listening to the sounds of the night, the purring flight of a moth, the drowsy chunter of a camel, the confused medley of soft voices and movements, it seemed as if he was being introduced in a dream to a consecutive conversation. It was conducted in that curious chop-stick French he had heard before.

The man who had spoken to him in the afternoon was outside speaking once more. Who was he? Not a Frenchman, although he spoke a little French—Frenchmen did not act like that. Not a Spaniard, despite a soft exclamation in the language of Cervantes, a 'Dios!' in velvety tones.

No, he must be a human compound, a polyglot party, one of the men who have a little of the worst of every southern nation, the born adventurers on the great routes of the world.

And he went on talking; but unfortunately it was mostly in the native tongue—only a few words of which Estcourt could understand.

So far as his chains would allow him, he got up and listened. He made out such words as 'Surprise!'—'will end it all!'—'tomorrow'—and he gathered from it that an attack was to be made.

But then that meant that the English were close by. The voices ceased and all was silent again.

Then the English were near—near to El Fazz—and they were ignorant of the presence of the enemy. They may be defeated, annihilated absolutely. They ought to be warned. But how?

He rose to his feet. Alas! How could

he warn his countrymen? He was fastened by the ankles to a ring bolt in the floor, and his hands were manacled; he sat down again and felt the ring and then rubbed it with the chain which fastened his hands.

Then he stopped suddenly, for the noise he had made frightened him. A shadow seemed to fit across the open doorway of the hut. And out there in the mysteries of the night everything was happening, but there across the vast desert, in other lands on the great sea!

Yet rubbing the bolt would be no good.

'It would take a good twelve months at least,' he thought.

That must be another way—something short of taking the hut with him.

'That poor Sergeant!' he thought. 'I imagined that we should get away together, but we shall not now.'

He rubbed the iron staple for another minute, but he made no impression. Then he took hold of the ring. Why should it not come up? He tried to work it back wards and forwards, but his efforts were at first futile, for the earth of the hut floor had been beaten hard; but at length he found that the ring slightly moved; he jerked it, and it moved more. Then he endeavored to perform one of the movements recommended to those who employ the athletic exercise; he took hold of the chain which fastened his ankles to the ring and threw himself backwards. The ring came up with a run, and he was thrown heavily on the ground on his back, where he lay for a few minutes with a jar running painfully through his spine and partially stunning him.

Somehow, though, the consciousness of what he had to do forced him back to action. He got up, and lifting the chain and staple, walked to the door and looked out. All was silent. He caught sight of the white robe of an Arab sentinel vaulting round the end of the buildings in that encampment, and that he moved quickly across the broad silvery patch of moon-

light into the shade of the other huts. Here he paused again.

It needed no long consideration to realize that he could not advance far, fettered as he was by the chains. He remained in the shadow of the huts, thinking.

Then a movement behind caused him to start forward again. He continued in the shadow as far as possible, but that friendly gloom would have to be left directly, he knew. It was away out there across the desert in the brilliant, unrelieved light that he would find the English. A palm tree ahead to the north looked miles away. He reached the end of the encampment and paused again.

Out of the darkness came an odd assortment of little scenes, native women were talking in whispers. One of the little papooses whimpered, and a camel seemed to be entering a protest.

What it he was seen? It would not mean anything very peaceful for him.

'It is very necessary not to be caught,' he thought.

The duty before him was to escape, and give the alarm, for otherwise the Mahdist hordes might effect a surprise and win, at any rate, a temporary success under its half-breed leaders.

He soon came to the end of the shadow. In case of detection there would be nothing else for it but running.

The white desert stretched ahead like a vast silver sheet with no end to it. He was sure he was going right; he had to take the direction of the north, and there was the Nile away to the right, far distant.

It was difficult to make progress in the soft, yielding sand, and then there was not only the sand. There were the fetters, which rendered walking a feat of skill.

He had been trudging on for some time, when an object caught his attention. The desert is like the sea—there is an absolute unbroken expanse, and then suddenly there appears something quite close, and there

is no ready explanation to the observer as to how it came there.

It had seemed that he was absolutely alone, and then right in his path there lay something dark, a huddled heap. Was it a scout? A patrol was coming. He crouched down, and then lay flat, wriggling into the sand until he was almost buried. The patrol did not observe him, but went by. He started up, and hastened forward as fast as his chains would allow, and very soon he was able to make out what the object was; the white clinging garments of a southern Soudanese warrior, the free lance of the Baggara forces were to be seen. The swarthy son of the wilderness was sleeping there under the stars, his head pillowed by his camel.

Estcourt's heart leaped with excitement. Here was his chance. He must have that camel at any cost. But need it be at the cost of blood?

Then he remembered that his own life was in jeopardy. If the man woke up he would be a certainty attack. Unarmed and in his present condition, what could he do? He remained there a few seconds looking down at his enemy.

Unfortunately he could not steal the camel the man had the bridle wound round his arm.

But there was a knife in the man's girdle. Estcourt softly leaned down and drew it. The sleeper did not move.

With the greatest care Estcourt took hold of the bridle near the camel's head and cut it, and then pulled at the cut off end, ordering the camel to rise.

The animal chattered and complained. Estcourt rubbed his nose and appealed to it as an intelligent quadruped to do as he wished, as he had heard the native drivers do.

The camel abandoned its attitude of absolute unreasoning protest, and began to weigh matters; it ceased to chunter. It

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTEEN.



SISTERLY AFFECTION.

Chat of the Boudoir.

Extravagance and elaboration are the very breath of the mode this season. Each succeeding display of imported costumes serves to establish that statement without any modifications, while each year fashion assumes a greater importance and dress is more carefully considered from every standpoint. Surely there has never before been so much time and money spent on the details and dainty accessories of dress that give it distinction; and from the so-called simple tailor gown through all the gradations to the most gorgeous ball gown, there is endless variety and convincing evidence of lavish expenditure.

The exigencies of the age have brought about this condition of things to meet the pressing need of variety in dress suitable for the various functions which animate these modern days. Our grandmothers would look with wondering astonishment on the extent of the modern fashionable outfit, multiplied so many times beyond their conception of the needs for good dressing; but social requirements have changed and we must keep up the pace or endure the anguish of being out of the fashion.

Tailor gowns of the most ornate description and highly embellished price, stand out as one of the special features of the new modes. They are made by men, and women as well, but they are distinctively tailor made. Taffeta silk gowns strapped and stitched have been worn for some time but to promote the scheme for variety foulard gowns are treated to the craze for stitching and strapping with cloth bands.

Another variation of fashion's fancy in the use of silk bands on nuns' veiling and canvas, the latter forming some of the three-quarter coats as well as gowns, and being strapped all over with Taffeta silk bands of the same color as the canvas.

Some of the glorified tailor gowns have the short bolero jacket cut out in the neck and finished with a broad sailor collar of fine linen batiste decorated with guipure lace. This was shown at one of the recent openings on a tailor gown of dark blue foulard covered with a small design in white. The skirt was striped up and down all around at intervals of three or four inches, with narrow stitched bands of dark blue taffeta, for which cloth can be substituted with an equally stylish effect.

Many uses are found for foulard this season and it figures largely as a trimming on canvas gowns and as a lining for outside wraps, while in costumes we see the plain and figured foulards used in combination. Mohair gowns, always desirable in blue for practical wear in summer, are trimmed with bands of blue and white spotted foulard. Cloth gowns, too, are trimmed with bands and narrow circular frills of foulard.

Foulard in turn is combined with mousseline and net. A pretty imported gown of pale blue and white foulard is a good example of the latter combination, showing a deep shaped flounce made of alternate bands of the silk edged with a narrow frill of valenciennes lace and one row of gold soutache braid and a wider band of cream net patterned in small rings. The net is side plaited with a little space between the plaits. There are five bands of the silk graduating from three to five inches in width and the effect is very smart.

The bodice is a bolero of silk, with one design in the pattern, which is in sort of star shape, cut out and edged around with the gold braid and caught to the under-bodice of the plaited net. Black velvet bows with rhinestone clasps fasten the front and the edge is finished with the narrow frill of lace and the gold braid. The tops of the sleeves also show the cut-out designs and the close fitting undersleeves are of a plaited net.

Another very pretty and more striking model is in white foulard showered over with black spots and combined with white mousseline, on which there are sprays of small roses and leaves made of the silk in raised applique, so much employed, and very often carried out in chiffon. This embroidered mousseline forms a broad collar edged with a little frill of narrow valenciennes.

Black lace in undulating bands, in wheels or in diamonds is extremely effective on the black and white foulards, one of which shows a shaped flounce encircled with two rows of this lace. The gown is made over blue silk showing underneath where the material is cut out. The belt is of lace over blue and the vest is blue chiffon. The bodice is really a finely tucked blouse inset with the insertion, and the upper part of the skirt is tucked in clusters.

One skirt trimming which carries out

the prevailing idea of fluff and fullness around the feet consists of narrow ruffles edged with velvet ribbon alternating with groups of tucks from the knees down. This is shown to advantage in a black taffeta gown which has a tucked bolero finished just above the waist line with a band of stitched velvet and turned back in reverse of flowered pale blue silk covered with fine ecru lace.

A pretty idea for the skirt of a flowered mousseline de soie, which by the way is a very popular material for the garden party gown, is a circular flounce of white net in rather an open strong mesh, trimmed round with rows of narrow black velvet edged on one side with white satin and gathered very slightly. The rows are about an inch apart and the flounce, not more than nine inches wide in front and fourteen at the back, is headed with a row of large diamond-shaped medallions of black lace bordered around with a delicate applique of black velvet. The skirt above this is striped on the seams with a band of inch wide lace insertion edged with the black and white velvet.

Some of the newest features in detail are brought out in skirts, one of which, in nun's veiling, has a narrow gorod front, each seam covered by a narrow tuck which is the beginning of the series of tucks extending over the hips and graduating in length to a few inches just back of the hip, where they lengthen again so rapidly that the middle tucks reach almost to the hem. The sides of the skirt are trimmed with inset bands of lace.

Again, on a dull pink and white foulard we see a skirt trimming of black lace insertion alternated with puffs of cream white mousseline de soie. This may be arranged in various ways as a heading for the flounce in points, or slightly waved lines, or as a part of the flounce itself.

Another variation of fashion's fancy in the use of black and white striped or polka dotted muslin for ruffles on a white muslin gown, each ruffle edged with black lace. Mousseline de soie flounces matching the silk in color are also good style on a taffeta silk gown. A narrow decoration of spangles, rows of ribbon, or ruches may be the finish on the edge. Rows of shirring done in the mousseline form the heading for one flounce with stars embroidered in spangles on the edge.

Bows of black velvet ribbon in graduated widths are one of the modes of decoration prettily exemplified in a black lace where this trimming extends from the hem to the knee. The bodice is a bolero, edged with velvet, opening in front over a tucked white liss and ecru lace vest. It fastens across with black velvet bows and is finished with large tucked collar of liss and lace.

Bands of panne stitched on trim another skirt of veiling. Four or five bands in graduated widths, or one five-inch band with three very narrow bands above are very effective. The bodice may be a bolero or a blouse falling in a puff effect slightly over the wide draped belt of panne.

A distinctly novel idea in skirt building is to cover the shaped flounce with ruffles. Whatever the material of the gown may be the shaped flounce should be of silk and the ruffles, overlapping each other, of the material. This, in most cases, lightens the weight of the skirt.

All sorts of variations are accomplished with the circular flounce by changing the shape at the top, pointing it down in front and up at the sides, or cutting it in curved lines or squares. A pretty skirt for thin materials is made by cutting it out at the hem in scallops or points over a wide plaited flounce of mousseline de soie trimmed with two narrow ruches on the edge. The foundation skirt for this is made with a shaped flounce or a wide plaited flounce rucked on the edge. This sort of skirt is effectively carried out in mohair of a dull, rather gray blue shade, three circular ruffles covering the shaped flounce.

A style of gown which is very striking is made of fine black net, figured with a small pattern and striped around from neck to hem with black taffeta bands graduated slightly in width to and from the waist line. The lower edge of each band is narrowly piped with white and there are spaces of the same width between the bands. It is made over white taffeta and while it is simple in effect shows endless labor and a very distinguished appearance.

Another pretty combination for an evening gown is a black net closely spotted with gold color and made up with cream lace insertion, edged with narrow ruches of black tulle. The belt is of pale blue silk narrow directly in front and at the back and wider at the sides, where it laces together with black velvet ribbon.

Some very pretty summer gowns are made of mohair Swiss, either plain or figured, over a taffeta silk foundation with a plaiting both of taffeta and Swiss around the feet. The upper skirt falls like a tunic

over this, and is cut in points on the edge and finished with cream lace insertion edged with a frill of narrow black Valenciennes.

Despite the lavish use of lace on all kinds and conditions of gowns, nothing else is considered quite so modish for linen, white muslin and batiste gowns as embroidery. The French open work variety is very chic except for the linen gowns, which in the most elegant models show the close overwork exquisitely done by hand. The open work is also done by hand, as well as machine, and some of the most extravagant gowns are liberally covered with hand work.

A very charming embroidered Batiste in the cream tint has a rather unusual skirt which is in sections. Beginning at the waist, where the plain batiste is used, there are five tucks an inch apart extending down several inches from the waist line all around. Joining this to the next section midway between the waist and the knee is a band of embroidery in a scalloped design exactly matching the batiste. Below this band the plain batiste is tucked down a few inches as though it were a flounce, with tucks nearer together than the upper part.

The lower edge of this is joined to a deep embroidered flounce of batiste with another band of the embroidery. Narrow lace edged ruffles of batiste are the narrow finish at the foot. A full, loose hanging bolero of the embroidery with a little square neck of lace, and a wide draped belt of flowered taffets, form the bodice. The sleeves are tucked vertically down to a little below the elbow and finished with an undersleeve of narrow cream Valenciennes alternating with groups of fine tucks like the square yoke and encircling the arm.

One pretty white batiste is made with narrow Valenciennes insertion alternating with scant puffs two inches wide all around the hips and well down toward the knee, where the skirt is finely tucked in vertical lines ending in a flounce midway between the knee and the hem. This is finished with three narrow ruffles edged with narrow lace and three tucks. The bodice is a combination of the tucks and puffing, the latter around the shoulders extending well down over all but, and the vertical tucks filling in between. As this is all hand work the value may be surmised.

Very dainty and youthful is a white batiste gown tucked finely all around the skirt and left to form its own flounce, finished with tucks and a hem joined with crisp stitching. Embroidery in the form of a double row of half moons makes a hip yoke, and a deep yoke for the bodice, which is tucked below. The sleeves are tucked around the entire length and an embroidered cuff finishes the wrist.

The collar bands of all the new gowns are very simple in style, and made as thin and soft as possible, without any lining at all in many cases, and nothing in the way of trimming which can make the neck look large or bunched. Some of the collar bands point down in front, giving a long effect to the throat, which is good style for those to whom it is becoming.

Among the gowns illustrated is one of black chiffon made in a series of folds, with two plaited ruffles around the feet. These are finished with a ruche and decorated with a jetted lace insertion. Velvet ribbon in loops and ends is a trimming down the front. The sleeves are crossed with velvet ribbon with a small nail head of jet at each crossing, and the yoke is of cream lace.

A white chiffon gown shows one of the new ruffled skirts finished with ruchings of black lace, and the bolero is of black and cream lace. Box plaits and lace with tucks around the circular flounce between rows of insertion are the feature of the next gown, while another in pale gray silk poplin is trimmed with velvet and silver braid. A pale blue voile shows a trimming of white cloth in embroidered bands and a vest of white panne.

Something unique in the way of a taffeta silk coat has a fibus effect and puffed sleeves with flowing frill below. A pretty model for a silk or batiste waist is trimmed with embroidery and stitched bands. Silver braid, black velvet and tiny silver nail heads decorate another blouse with bolero fronts made by joining bands of silk with cross stitching.

A blouse of white silk varied by lines of drawn work is especially pretty with a yoke and under sleeves of lace threaded with narrow velvet ribbon. Transparent insertions of lace and velvet bands trim another blouse, which may be made of white or colored glace silk.

One of the new taffeta coats is tucked in diamonds to form a bolero, and trimmed down the fronts, which are faced in white silk, with lace run through with velvet ribbon.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Tan in all its varying shades, from palest biscuit color to the deeper and more use-

ful tones, is the dominating color of the season, not only for gowns, but also for coats and parasols, besides many of the small accessories of dress.

Flowers which merely suggest the kinds they imitate are a striking feature of the new millinery, yet they are beautiful beyond description, especially the crepe and chiffon roses.

Wash silk parasols are one of the useful variations of this much trimmed article of dress, and have a companion in parasols of linen batiste, prettily lined with a color. The plain silk parasols with striped silk border are also very useful and good style.

The newest flowers for use on evening gowns are made of tissue with gauze leaves.

Wash silks in variegated colors, arranged in stripes, are one of the novelty materials for shirtwaists. The tones are soft and prettily blended and the cost is \$1 a yard.

White taffeta petticoats are shown in great variety this season and are in the best of taste, except those which match the gowns. Tucked ruffles with a hem joined by a cross-stitching of gold thread, trim one pretty model, while another has plaitings of white chiffon with a tiny ruche on the edges. Black chiffon is also used for the ruffles, and again there is a detachable flounce made of white mull, lace insertion and edging which can be laundered.

Chiffon sashes finished all around the edge with a tiny ruche or narrow knife plaiting are a pretty feature of the white gowns.

One of the most useful and chic of all the garments in the children's department of dress is the black taffeta silk coat with a broad collar of pale blue or cream white silk trimmed with cream applique lace. The coat is fairly long, showing the dress about four inches below it and sometimes is made with half inch tucks all around the waist, from the neck to an inch or two below the waist line and these are stitched in with silk matching the color of the collar.

Dainty little boleros of embroidered batiste decorate many a bodice among the thin gowns of foulard and veiling.

A trimming of black lace on which cretonne designs are applique is one of the novelties of the season. The lace may be in the form of an insertion with cretonne flowers embroidered in at intervals.

The latest bolero is short at both ends, being cut out in the neck and finished with a broad collar which gives the broad shoulder effect.

White pearl buttons so tiny that they are a mere speck are much used for trimming.

WANTED A MENDING BUREAU.

Suggestions for Some Girl Wondering How to Make a Living.

'I wish,' said Miranda, sitting down before a pile of stockings, white garments, dress skirts and waists for her quarterly mending bout, 'that girls had more get up and go about them, more originality in the things they did to make a living.'

Her roommate looked up from the letter she was writing.

'But what are such girls to do?' she asked, dropping her pen and swinging around in her chair.

'I heard of a woman the other day,' responded Miranda, 'who found out what to do. She had sense and energy and not an atom of false pride. She was a rich woman, and she suddenly lost everything she had. She didn't aspire to be a companion or a nursery governess. She sat down and counted over her accomplishments and concluded that she hadn't a single marketable one. But salted almonds she could make so they'd melt in your mouth.'

'There was her chance, and she had genuine enough to know it. She interested some of her friends in what she trying to do, and they gave her orders. She managed to show a letter of introduction to one of the largest grocery firms in the city and persuaded one of those high in authority to give her almonds a trial. Well, they were so perfectly delicious and so daintily put up in boxes lined with silver and tied with ribbon that the firm was delighted and gave her a big standing order. Now she has two or three assistants and is kept as busy

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nishol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 799 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Hood's Pills

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

Rouse the Liver

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

as she can be making her salted almonds. They are quite a feature at well luncheons and as private orders always bring her 80 cents a pound, her profit is pretty good, you see.

'Then I know of two college friends who started a model laundry in Boston. They're running it on strictly hygienic principles. Clothes of different families are washed separately. The workmen and women have ideally arranged workrooms, with all the modern improvements, and the two girls are making the venture pay.

'There's a woman out in Chicago who is running a bootblacking establishment and making money hand over fist. Women don't like to black their own shoes, but they can hardly go into a saloon to get them done or perch up in one of the boot-black chairs in the street. This girl was clever enough to see all that and to meet the need of a boot-blacking establishment which provides a separate place for women.'

'But how many girls would want to turn bootblacks?' asked the roommate.

'Why, she didn't black boots herself,' was Miranda's answer. 'She had other people do it for her.'

'Oh,' murmured her room mate. 'Yes,' said Miranda, warming up to her subject, 'that's the sort of thing I mean. Find a need that no one else is filling and meet it. If you can't find one, create it. That's the first law of business.'

'Will you tell me,' asked her room mate, a trifle impatiently, 'what started you this subject? Are you going to organize an employment bureau or have you founded a working girls' aid society or what?'

Miranda pointed to the pile of un-mended garments on her couch.

'That started it,' she said. 'I want some one to mend my clothes.'

'Why don't you get some one to do it then?' was the other's answer.

'It's the hardest thing to find in New York,' returned Miranda. 'You can get dressmakers by the score. But you might as well hunt for a needle in a haystack as a sewing woman.'

'Well,' ejaculated her roommate, 'what do you want?'

'A mending bureau.'

'A what?'

'A mending bureau,' repeated Miranda. It ought to mean the financial salvation of some poor girl of refinement thrown on the mercy of a hardhearted world. She could collect all the garments from her patrons just as a laundry boy does soiled linen. Then she could return them mended a few days afterward. My dear she couldn't help customers. Think what bliss it would be to bundle up all the garments that needed mending, the waists with hooks off, the gloves with fish mount fingers, the skirts frayed at the bottom and have them come back to you all whole and ready to wear!

Lots of girls would be glad to give her work. I think it's a fine scheme for some one. I wish I knew of a mending bureau now,' she sighed, looking at her un-mended clothes gloomily and then out at the brilliant sunshine. 'I'd do my part toward advertising the girl who started it.'

'I would, too,' said her roommate, turning around to her desk again, 'if only to keep you from talking while I write letters.'

'All the same I wish somebody would try my mending bureau,' was the murmured reply as Miranda took up a silk waist and surveyed the big, round hole in the elbow hopelessly.

'This is not so dusty,' said the gentle breeze of Spring as it winter along Sherbrooke street and found the melting snow-drifts. 'But maybe I'll come summer along in June and cause a rise in real estate,' said the west end. 'Oh, you dry cuss; we never fall foul of each other,' gurgled the little watering cart.

'All the same I wish somebody would try my mending bureau,' was the murmured reply as Miranda took up a silk waist and surveyed the big, round hole in the elbow hopelessly.

'This is not so dusty,' said the gentle breeze of Spring as it winter along Sherbrooke street and found the melting snow-drifts. 'But maybe I'll come summer along in June and cause a rise in real estate,' said the west end. 'Oh, you dry cuss; we never fall foul of each other,' gurgled the little watering cart.

Deafness of 12 Years' Standing.—Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—33

'This is not so dusty,' said the gentle breeze of Spring as it winter along Sherbrooke street and found the melting snow-drifts. 'But maybe I'll come summer along in June and cause a rise in real estate,' said the west end. 'Oh, you dry cuss; we never fall foul of each other,' gurgled the little watering cart.

Sciatica put him on Crutches.—Jas. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: 'My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man to-day, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit. It's a marvel.—34

Etiquette of Cold Feet.

'Some rainy afternoon, when I've got nothing to do but sit indoors and wait for people to come and hand me money, I'm going to write a treatise to be entitled "Poker Cold Feet, from a Pathological and Psychological Point of View," said "Doc" Ladd of the Cherokee Nation at an uptown hotel the other night. "Not that I cherish the belief that the grisly symptoms of cold feet in poker are not fully apprehended by the whole community of poker players; but it seems to me that the nature and character of cold feet in poker, together with some general tips as to how and when to get the same, and perhaps a map of the United States showing by shaded sections those parts of the country where it isn't healthful for a man who's a big winner suddenly to acquire a case of frigid pedals in a game of draw, would be a good thing, and that it ought to sell pretty well. We're all subject to sudden attacks of trappé underpinnings when we're way to the good in a game of draw, but all of us don't just exactly know how to get away with the proposition. The work of some of us when we get that way is pretty coarse: we're not convincing enough to make it stick; and it occasionally happens that we have real difficulty, or embarrassment at the least, in breaking out into the open with the goods on us. That's why I think a brochure on the subject ought to make a hit.

'I once sat in a game with three sheep men out in Idaho. I didn't know any of them very well. From the beginning of the soiree I couldn't lose. I was due to take the midnight train on the U. P. for a town in Oregon, but I hadn't said anything about that before sitting in the game. And when I went right out and got their money in gobs, I didn't feel that it would be exactly dead wise on my part to mention it. At 11 o'clock, after three hours' play, I had \$1,850 of their money, and still going easy, yanking down three pots out of five. In another hour I had to make that train, and I knew that I could never do it with all that gilt of those sheep men on me. Said I to myself, "Five hundred's a good enough winning; so I'll just slough off all but \$500 of this bunch, and by that time it'll be midnight, and I can do a sudden cash-in, and maybe they'll let me go away with it."

'So I began to bluff 'em out of their boots. I raised it before the draw and stood pat on king high, and they cussed and laid down; I drew to three-card flushes and filled 'em; I'd hold out a dead one to a pair, and draw two more just like the dead one; and it seemed to be simply impossible for me to push any portion of that \$1,850 over to them. On the contrary inside of another half hour I was \$600 more to the good of them, making me, \$2,450 winner. I knew that I couldn't get away with all that—not with sheep men on the other side of the table; and I didn't want 'em to render me porous and leaky with the forty-five that they had strapped in plain view around their waists. Neither did I want to do any backing and filling and crawling. I'd got their money on the level, and it was mine; and if I couldn't lose it back to them decently and in order at the same game at which I'd got it away from them, then it was up to me to do something else. The tempers of the three sheep men were pretty craggy by this time, and I didn't know what to expect of them; but ten minutes before the train was due, just after I'd hauled in another jackpot worth \$150, I pushed back my chair, stretched my arms, yawned quite cavernously and got up.

'My friends,' said I hanging on tight so as not to permit my voice to tremble, 'this concludes my portion of the entertainment. They all leaned back in their chairs and looked up at me, and they looked darned ugly, at that.

'The devil you say I said one of them. 'Yes,' said I, still fighting that tendency of my voice to wobble on critical occasions 'this is where I pass out. I'm going to—'

'Feel a draft on your feet, yeh I said the ugliest of the sheep men, surveying meardonically. 'Subject to chilblains, are you? Look a here, podner, that may go all right down in the Cherokee country, but up this way such conduct is viewed with distavor, if not with suspicion; and, anyhow, you're not well acquainted enough around this neck o' sage brush to do a jack rabble scramble of that sort. You've got to know—'

I don't think there was a quaver in my pipes then, on account of my neglectful-ness. I neglected to state, when I sat into this game, that I'm booked for the west-bound train that creeps in here at midnight o'clock that's lived up to in this section, it's probably not up to me to make that announcement now, when I'm way to the good and expect to hike with my winnings. It's coming to me to state, however, that I'm a square man, and that I got this bunch in strictly on the level play. But the business that I'm embarking on this midnight train for is of a whole lot more importance to me than any poker winnings and I'm not trying to butt the hinges off any unwritten poker rules or notions that may prevail up this way. Therefore, for the sake of being agreeable, I'll just cash in the hundred dollars' worth of chips that I bought when I sat in, and you gentlemen may make whatever division of my winnings that best suits you.'

'The three sheep men listened attentively to that spiel. It was the only way I knew to get out of the predicament. As I tell it now, it may look as if I showed the milk white plume; but they were three against one, and I never went a hunting for that kind of bother. When I got through they looked at each other. Then they all got up.

'Cash in your hundred, nothing,' said the ugliest of the three, looking me straight in the eye, and right then I figured that when the shooting began it would be best for me to drop suddenly to the floor and try to crawl to one of the windows. 'You don't cash in no hundred here. You cash in every damned chip in your stack, and you get away with it, too. We ain't no hogs out this-a-way, and we don't do the baby act when the game doesn't run our way—not out here in Idaho, we don't, and when a man hands me, for one, a proper talk like that one you've just put up, he gets all that's-a-coming to him, and no trouble to follow. You cash in and you take a drink with us, and we'll put you on the train, and if you ever happen back this-a-way, it's all right. That's me.'

'Same here,' said the other two in chorus. 'That's how I got out of Idaho with \$2,600 of three sheep men's money, when the best I was looking for was a chance to jump out of the window and take the sash along with me. But I was just lucky enough to be up against three square men, and I've seen an exactly similar situation come out altogether differently. This happened in Tucson, about eight years ago. George McAlpin, an ex soldier of the cavalry, regular army, was the man who got the cold feet. McAlpine had cleaned up all the money drawn from the government by three troops of cavalry during his five year enlistment, and when he got his discharge he was several thousand dollars to the good, so that he didn't want any more soldiering in his'n. He played cards around Arizona and New Mexico played square when the people on the other side of the table were doing the same, and poney when he knew that he was in that kind of a game. On this occasion McAlpin, who was a big, sinewy, courageous man, got into a game in a small room over a Tucson saloon with three California prospectors who had struck a silver lode in old Mexico, and who were in Tucson enjoying themselves. I looked on at the game, along with four or five other chaps who didn't feel like playing. McAlpine knew that he was with men that didn't manipulate the deck themselves nor stand for anybody else doing it, and he played fair. But the way he got the money of those silver men was a caution. He didn't have to bluff. He got the cards. He was over \$8,000 ahead of the game after two hours' play, and still winning. He shoved over all but one stack of chips then, saying to the banker:

'Just turn some of this jink into gilt. It obstructs my view.

'The banker cashed the checks, and then McAlpin shoved the remaining stack in front of him into a jackpot and lost. He got up.

'I've got a date with myself at a honka-tonk down the way a bit,' he said.

'The three prospectors became fierce all together. They knew that McAlpin was a professional gambler, and they weren't altogether sure that he had got their money on the square. At any rate they didn't intend to permit him to get a sudden case of the polar prope when he was into them over a thousand each, and the shank of the evening not yet arrived, and their hands went right straight back to where their

guns protruded. 'Then McAlpin did precisely what this detective fellow Sherlock Holmes does in the play when he's collared in that gruesome gas cellar. He had his hand on the back of his chair. The light was furnished by a coal-oil lamp in the middle of the poker table. McAlpin gave the chair a lightning swing, and down it came on the lamp. After the crash the room was black dark, and it's a miracle that some of us weren't punctured in the shooting that followed. McAlpin was wise. The three prospectors figured that he'd take the door, and they shot in that direction. But he took the window for his, dropped fifteen feet to the ground, and was off and away before a match could be struck. It was sudden work, but McAlpin was a sudden man. When Tucson heard the story Tucson notified the three prospectors that the town didn't feel like extending hospitality to people who couldn't stand for little poker losses without gun-plays that put the place in jeopardy of being burnt up, and they took themselves back to their lode in old Mexico.

'I have also known of some occasions when the desire of a man who was a good winner to quit the game was improperly diagnosed by the other players as a case of cold feet. I sat into a four-handed game in a hotel room in Denver one night a few years ago. I knew two of the players, but the other one was a stranger to all three of us. We'd been introduced to him by somebody or other in the corridor of the hotel, and when we said we were going upstairs to have a little draw fun he asked to be allowed to butt in. He was a guileless sort of a young fellow, and was the manager of a big wholesale grocery in Denver. For all the young man's guilelessness, he was an almighty good poker player, and he had us all the run from the first jump. He went right out in the lead, and won steadily. We hadn't started the game until after midnight, and before we knew it the light of dawn began to sneak in at the window, and the young man who managed the wholesale grocery had stuck us each up for something like \$500. When we saw the daylight creeping in, he announced that it was pretty near all off as far as he was concerned, but we jollied him out of that notion, and he played on, winning right along. At 9 o'clock in the morning he gave a quick look at his watch pushed back his chair, and said that he guessed he'd cash.

'Quite without justification, we all three set up the cold feet wall.

'You won't do,' we said to him. 'You're a quarter horse, and you can't go the distance. Can't you interview your chiroprapist about those cold feet later on in the day? Here it is just just—'

'The young man gazed at us helplessly, and then he broke out with:

'Damn it all, I'm going to be married at 11 o'clock this morning, and I've got to go home and jump into my duds haven't I?'

'Of course we had to apologize for accusing him of being a victim of frozen liver extremities, and I guess he started to homekeep with that \$1,500 he took away from us.

'On another occasion I felt resentment in my soul over the desire of a man to quit a wholesale winner and was just about to suggest the hot water cure for his pedals when I was tipped off as to the situation in the nick of time. I got into a game with a Sheriff I knew in a little town in Southwestern Colorado, and after we were well under way a dark skinned chap, with a lot of Mexican in him, stuck his head in at the door of the Sheriff's office, inside the jail, where we were playing.

'Come on in, Jim,' said the Sheriff. 'Want to break into this?'

'The man the sheriff addressed as Jim didn't mind, and he went out for a minute and returned with a sizable sack filled with gold coins. He bought a hundred dollars worth, and the cards began to filter his way for the go-off. I was sorry the sheriff had invited the chap in before an hour was over, for he had more than \$200 of my pieces of eight, and it didn't look like Jim knew how to loose at poker—anyway, he or we played it. He got into the sheriff just as hard as he did me, and the longer we played the more he won. Along about 2 o'clock in the morning Jim looked up at the clock and said that he guessed he'd pass out—that he had a few letters to write. I felt like being real rude to Jim, and I was just about to tell him that 2 o'clock was a pretty untoward hour for a man to pry himself loose from a game in which he was such a big winner, when the sheriff gave me a kick on the leg under the table. So I didn't say anything while Jim cashed in, and when he took me by the hand and bade me good by with quite a whole lot more fervor than seemed to be called for under the circumstances, I wondered a heap just what kind of a proposition Jim was, anyhow. He packed his winnings into the bag he'd brought into the room and went out.

'Huh!' said I to my friend the sheriff, 'you took that good and easy, pal, didn't you? It's a wonder you wouldn't let out one roar, any-much of your good dough in his gunny-sack.'

'My friend the sheriff spat at the stove, and grunted dreamily.

'Well, maybe I would ha', said he, 'only I'm goin' to hang Jim at halfpast 7 this mornin' and I guess he wants to get ready for his little parade across the border.'

'Jim was hanged on schedule time, all right and as he swung into the circum-ambient I couldn't help but feel sort o' guilty for thinking that he'd had cold feet when he drew out of that game.'

MASTERMINDS

Their Record in the Past Century—Marvellous Strides in Medical Science.

Achievements of Dr. Chase in Relieving Suffering and Simplifying Medical Treatment.

His Famous Receipt Book, the Consulting Physicians in Scores of Thousands of Homes.

There has been great men in all departments of human endeavor, great statesmen, great artists, great writers; but it is by his scientific achievements that the past century will be marked. In the healing of disease and the alleviation of suffering the century just closed has been the century of centuries.

It may well be doubted if any one man has been instrumental in accomplishing more in this respect than Dr. A. W. Chase, who, through his well-known household remedies and famous Receipt Book, has succeeded in simplifying medical treatment, and given to every person the power to become their own physician.

Dr. Chase's last and complete Receipt Book and Household physician gives in plain, simple language the cause, symptoms and treatment of nearly every disease which afflicts suffering humanity. It also treats of the diseases of horses, cattle, poultry and domestic animals; contains valuable cooking recipes and a mass of miscellaneous household information of inestimable worth in every home.

The medical department of Dr. Chase's Receipt Book is alone worth many times the cost of the entire book, for besides treating of all diseases and enabling mothers to successfully doctor their children and save large doctor's bills it devotes a whole department to nursing and midwifery and the ill peculiar to women. It saves the cost and unpleasantness of consulting a doctor, and the advice of Dr. Chase is far superior to that which any ordinary doctor can give, as his experience of nearly half a century, with an enormous practice, is such as few doctors acquire.

Dr. Chase's Receipt Book is not for sale at any book store, and can only be obtained direct from these offices, or from our agents. To anyone desiring pleasant and profitable employment there is no opening more inviting than an agency for this world famous Receipt Book. It is the easiest book in the world to sell, first because it is the most useful book that can be introduced into a home, and, secondly, because it is so largely advertised. Everybody knows of Dr. Chase, his great family medicines and famous Receipt Book. Whether you want a single book or wish to become an agent write direct to Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto, for full particulars.

The Author of "Spartacus."

One who had visited any school on any 'declamation day' anywhere between the years 1860 and 1880, would have been reasonably certain to hear two 'pieces' spoken. Millicent Jane Hopkins, the girl who was just approaching the sentimental age, would have purred and twittered her way through 'The Death of the Flower.' John Henry Richardson—who was less impressive than he should have been because his voice had begun to change—bellowed in bass and lamented in treble, and fitted eloquent gestures to the 'Supposed Speech of Spartacus to the Gladiators.'

Possibly this declamation—which the maturer judgment of manhood approves as a sincere and forcible production—began its surprising vogue earlier than 1860. When questioned on that point the author, the late Rev. Elijah Kellogg, used to smile and shake his head. He did not quite like to talk about it, or about that other school-boy's standby, the 'Supposed Speech of Regulus to the Carthaginians,' of which he was also the author. Modest man though he was, he knew he had accomplished greater things.

His father was a Congregational minister in Maine—a man of keen wit and independent spirit, who ruled his people with a rod of iron and was respected and beloved by them. Elijah, the son, was born in Portland, Maine, May 20, 1818; followed the sea, as a youth, for several years; was graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 1840, and from Andover Theological seminary three years later; and in 1844 became the pastor of the Congregational church at Harpswell, Maine.

The town of Harpswell is said to have more seacoast than any state on the Atlantic coast except the state of Maine itself, and Mr. Kellogg, who loved the sea and the sailor, felt very much at home. He pursued a pleasure as well as a duty, therefore, when in 1855 he went to a wider field, as chaplain of the Boston Seaman's Friend society, a ministry to sailors, like that of Father Taylor.

And in his Boston Bethel he labored happily and successfully until in 1866 the call to use his pen as well as his voice had become too strong to be resisted. Then he returned to his old church in Harpswell, and there he remained until his death on March 17, 1801, at the age of eighty seven.

Probably nobody knows how many thousand copies have been sold of the stories Mr. Kellogg wrote about the Elm Island boys—Elm Island is near Harpswell—and about Bowdoin, his alma mater. His books number thirty or more, most of them dealing with 'down east' life, many of them with its pioneer phases. They are natural, simple, wholesome stories, and they deserve the honorable place they hold as favorites of two generations of American boys.

It was a good deal of an event in the Portland churches when Mr. Kellogg could be lured to the city for a Sunday. Bowdoin boys liked to go over from Brunswick to hear his sermons, and summer residents at Harpswell were very fond of him. His talents qualified him to fill a larger place in the world than that which he occupied seemed to be. But the modest man was modestly content, and the boys whom he loved, and for whom he labored, may take him as an ideal type of the sincere, unassuming, thoughtful and helpful gentleman.

Many Uses Of Salt.

Salt is such a common article in the household that many of us do not sufficiently appreciate its high medicinal value. Many and various things are the remedial uses to which it is put.

As a dentifrice common salt may be relied on. By its judicious use the teeth are kept white, the gums hard and the breath sweet. When the gums are spongy the mouth should be washed out twice a day with salt and water.

Warm salt and water held in the mouth will sometimes banish toothache and at least make affliction lighter.

Again, equal parts of alum and salt, or even salt alone, placed on a piece of cotton wool and inserted in the hollow of an aching tooth will often give relief when other means have failed.

To allay neuralgic pains in the head and face take a small bag of flannel, fill with salt, heat thoroughly and apply to the affected part.

A bag of salt applied hot to the feet or any portion of the body is better for giving and keeping warmth than is the conventional brick or hot water bottle.

Salt placed on the gum when a tooth has been extracted will prevent profuse bleeding at such a time.

An excellent gargle for the throat is simple salt and water. Many serious cases of throat affection might be cured by the use of this alone if taken in time, gargling every hour or every half hour, as the need warrants.

A flannel cloth wrung out of salt water is also an excellent remedy for simple sore throat.

Salt in tepid water is a handy emetic. As an antidote for the poison of silver nitrate or lunar caustic give salt and water freely.

For poisoning by alcohol an emetic of warm salt and water should be given and repeated often.

FREE SAMPLES! FREE SAMPLES!

Send for Free Sample of Ocatarrhona, guaranteed to Cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Hay Fever.

In order that every sufferer in Canada may test the marvellous properties of Ocatarrhona we will mail free to any address, a twenty days trial, sufficient often to cure. Enclose 10c. for package and boxing, and address, Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Teacher—New, Willie, just own up and tell me who broke that window.

Willie—I cannot tell a lie, I never.

Teacher—Who did it, then?

Willie (with an inspiration)—Sir, it would be dishonorable in me to tell tales of my young companion. (Aside.) And also Tom can lick me.

Teacher—Nobly said. I will not ask you to reveal me his name. You may return to your youthful gambols, and a by the way, tell the boy who broke the window I want to see him.

Willie—Yes, sir.

And Willie wonders how the teacher found out that Thomas was the guilty person, and whaled him without further enquiry.

Corn Sowing

Is a process excited by vanity, backed up by good tight boots—you may lack the vanity but you have the good tight boots—yes you may want any nice boots you please up to three times the small; if you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists call it.

swell is said to have any state on the Atlantic coast of Maine itself, who loved the sea and much at home. He as well as a duty, there- went to a wider at the Boston Seaman's ministry to sailors, like or.

on Bethel he labored fully until in 1866 the as well as his voice had to be resisted. Then old church in Harpa- remained until his death, at the age of eighty

ody knows how many have been sold of the Island is near Harpa- wardin, his alma mater. thirty or more, most of 'down east' life, many pioneer phases. They ple, wholesome stories, the honorable place they of two generations of

deal of an event in the when Mr. Kellogg could y for a Sunday. Bow- go over from Brunswick ns, and summer residents very fond of him. His him to fill a larger place that which he occupied But the modest man was t, and the boys whom he whom he labored, may deal type of the sincere, ical and helpful gentle-

ty Uses Of Salt.

a common article in the many of us do not sufficient- its high medicinal value. us things are the remedial is put.

the common salt may be re- judicious use the teeth the gums hard and the When the gums are spongy id be washed out twice a and water.

and water held in the mouth banish toothache and at iction lighter.

l parts of alum and salt, or placed on a piece of cotton ted in the hollow of an ach- often give relief when other led.

aralgic pains in the head and small bag of flannel, fill with roughly and apply to the af-

it applied hot to the feet or the body is better for giving warmth than is the convention- water bottle.

on the gum when a tooth has id prevent profuse bleed- ing.

ent gargle for the throat is and water. Many serious cases- tion might be cured by the one if taken in time, gargling every half hour, as the need-

cloth wrung out of salt water colicent remedy for simple sore

pid water is a handy emetic. te for the poison of silver ni- caustic give salt and water

ining by alcohol an emetic of and water should be given and en.

MPLES! FREE SAMPLES!

Sample of Catarrh, guar- Cure Catarrh, Bronchitis, thma and Hay Fever.

that every sufferer in Canada the marvellous properties of Ca- we will mail free to any ad- enty days trial, sufficient often enclose 10c. for package and address, Polson & Co., King-

New, Willie, just own up and broke that window.

I cannot tell a lie. I never.

Who did it, then?

(with an inspiration)—Sir, it dishonorable in me to tell talar- sump companion. (Aside.) And can lick me.

Nobly said. I will not ask you ne his name. You may return uthful gambols, and a by the he boy who broke the window I e him.

Yes, sir.

Willie wonders how the teacher that Thomas was the guilty per- whaled him without further en-

Corn Sowing.

es excited by vanity, backed up- ight boots—you may lack the t you have the good tight boots. y wear any nice boots you please- e sizes the small, if you use Pat- less Corn and Wart Extractor- e sell it.

(CONTINUED FROM TWENTY PAGE.)

'I won't let you think of my brother as a stranger, you tiresome girl! I will show you his photo—you have never seen it— and then I shall expect you to fall in love with him immediately.'

She fetched a large album from a distant table, and turned its leaves over till she came to the likeness of a very handsome young man.

'There he is!' she said, as she placed it in front of Githa. 'Now tell me what you think of him.'

'Why, he is exactly like you!' exclaimed Githa. 'I never saw such a marvellous likeness!'

'That is what everyone says,' laughed Honour. 'And now you will make up your mind to like him, won't you, dear? Everybody does, and I think he deserves it,' she went on enthusiastically. 'The servants almost adore him, and—'

'Dear me! what a wonderful fellow he must be,' interrupted a laughing voice from the open window.

Honour rushed at the intruder with outstretched arms.

'Why, Roy, my dear old boy!' she cried.

'My dearest Honour!' And brother and sister were clasped in a close embrace.

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself to come like that, you bad fellow, frightening us almost to death.' Honour said presently, as she released herself. 'Now, come in and behave like a Christian.'

Then she introduced him and Githa to each other.

She was very glad to see the latter, after a moment's hesitation and one swift glance at his face, offered him her hand.

'I hope you will forgive me for interrupting such an interesting and instructive conversation, Miss Rothsay,' Roy Fortescue said whimsically, as they shook hands. 'They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, but I think I have had tolerable proof that the old saying is not always correct.'

'Well, it does seem as if an exception had been made in your favour, Mr. Fortescue,' Githa admitted demurely.

'Yes; only, unfortunately, the good I heard was not true, or shall I be conceited and say only that it was exaggerated! But seriously, Miss Rothsay, I must warn you not to believe half this very silly sister of mine says of me; she would make you believe me quite a rara avis, whereas the fact is I am a very ordinary mortal indeed.'

'Githa will find out all about you for herself, sir,' broke in Honour saucily; 'you need not paint yourself blacker than you are, or she will be quite alarmed, and I have set my heart on you two being really good friends.'

'I shall be delighted to perform my part in such a pleasant programme, my dear Honour,' returned Roy; 'but what Miss Rothsay will say to it I don't know. Are you willing to humour this spoilt girl?' he continued, turning to Githa.

'I think I may at least promise to try, Mr. Fortescue,' Githa answered slowly, as she looked into the handsome face bending toward her.

'You are a darling!' cried Honour impetuously, jumping up and kissing her. 'And now, Roy,' she continued, 'tell us how it is that you came home so soon. I had only just received the letter in which you said you would not arrive till the end of the week.'

CHAPTER V.

As time went on, the intimacy between the two families became closer, and Honour was almost as much at the farm as she had been in her school-room days.

She had grown very fond of Mrs. Rothsay and Githa, and it was always a pleasure to her to be with them.

If the pleasure was a trifle less keen when she did not happen to see Clive also, she did not realize that it was because he had become dearer to her than anyone else in the world—that, in fact, she loved him.

This knowledge was, however, to be forced on her in a most painful way.

'I have made such an extraordinary discovery about Mr. Rothsay, my dear Miss Fortescue; and, really, as you are so intimate with the family, I think you ought to know it—he is married!'

The speaker was a Miss Leblanc Jones, a little old maid, of most gossiping tendencies, who was paying Honour a call.

'I stayed here this afternoon on purpose till Mrs. Mervin and Mrs. Banks had gone, my dear. I thought it would be better to tell you when we were quite alone,' she added, in a tone of peculiar significance which irritated Honour greatly.

'I am sorry you should have inconvenienced yourself, Miss Leblanc Jones,' she said coldly. 'It really did not matter to me when you spoke of it. And you must have been misinformed. Mr. Rothsay is not married; there are no ladies at the farm except his mother and sister.'

'You have not seen any, perhaps, my dear,' the gossip answered, with a meaning nod. 'But when a man is ashamed of his wife, he naturally tries to keep her out of sight; though perhaps I ought not to say "ashamed" in this case, as there is another reason for excluding her.'

'You must have been deceived by some village scandal,' Honour remarked calmly. 'She felt as if someone had dealt her a violent blow in the face, but she would not show it.'

'Oh, no, Miss Fortescue; indeed, to the best of my belief, the village knows nothing about it. If it had, I think I must of heard it before.'

Honour still kept up a show of indifference.

'Well, in any case, it does not concern us, Miss Leblanc Jones made this astounding statement with an aplomb that at any other time would have amused her hearer.

'But this is quite different,' she went on. 'You are young and have no mother, and he is a very attractive man. But there, I see you understand what I mean, so I need not say anymore about that.'

Honour did understand, and it was her look of indignation which had checked her visitor's impertinence.

Still, Miss Leblanc Jones meant to tell all she had found out.

'There is no doubt that he is married, and that his wife is mad,' she continued. 'I learned it all quite accidentally. Harris had gone to settle the weekly account of milk and butter; and while she was waiting for the receipt, a tall, foreign looking woman came out of the back door, and went into the orchard. She had an attendant—a nurse, evidently—with her, who seemed annoyed when she saw Harris.'

'Harris asked the dairywoman who she was; but all she would say was that she was a lady staying there. Harris thought it was strange, so he questioned the girl who helps in the kitchen, and got it all out of her; but she begged Harris not to tell anyone, as Mr. Rothsay had told her she would be discharged if she chattered about anything that went on in the house, so it is certain he wants it kept secret. Of course no one could blame him for taking every care of his wife. The girl said she was quite violent sometimes; but I do think it is a wicked thing to pass himself off as a single man.'

'As they see so few people, I do not see how it can matter, even supposing you have been correctly informed,' Honour replied coolly. 'Oh! by the way, I had almost forgotten,' she went on, speaking as if a thought had just occurred to her. 'I am getting up a little subscription for the man who was injured in the gravel pits last week, I hope I may put your name down?'

'I would give me great pleasure, my dear Miss Fortescue, but positively I cannot afford it, as I have so many calls on my purse already. And I must say good-bye now. I have paid you an unconscionably long visit; but I do so want you to know about those people. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye to Miss Leblanc Jones, who loved her money as much as she did gossip, bowed herself out, leaving Honour grimly satisfied at the success of the ruse she had practised to get rid of her.

She was not inclined to believe the tale she had just heard; yet it made her vaguely uncomfortable—why, she did not yet understand.

Githa was confined to the house with a bad cold, and in the evening Honour went over to the farm to see her.

As she drew near she was surprised to hear sounds as of a violent scuffle, and a turn of the path revealed to her Clive Rothsay and a nurse in uniform, both endeavoring to overpower a tall, dark, handsome woman, who was struggling with the ferocity of a wild beast.

As Honour stood there, too much horrified to move, she heard Clive say—

'Be quiet, Valerie; if you will not, I cannot help hurting you.'

To which the woman replied, in fierce, excited tones—

'I won't go! I hate you, Clive Rothsay! and some day I will kill you!'

But in spite of her frantic struggles she was at last obliged to yield to his superior strength, and then the nurse led her away. Clive watched them for a moment, and then turned slowly round to find Honour gazing at him as if fascinated.

EUGENIE'S SLEEPING ROOM.

A Habit Which the Former Empress Brought From the Tuileries.

The ex-Empress Eugenie clings pathetically to many of the traditions of the Tuileries, among them one which was due to a whim of Napoleon III.

The Emperor detested the conventional dining room and flatly refused to eat in one. He insisted that he couldn't see any reason why the room where one took one's meals should be paneled, leather hung, dark and gloomy as a mortuary chamber, and that he would not eat solemnly and classically.

The Salon Louis XIV., one of the brightest and gayest rooms in the Tuileries, was used for the Emperor's dining room. Gay screens were brought in at meal time to hide the doors and serving tables. These serving tables were also brought in for each occasion. After the meal was finished all of its appointments were carried away and the room bore no hint of a dining room. Of course, all this made endless trouble and inconvenience for the servants, but that doesn't enter into royal calculations.

The Empress follows the old plan and has her meals served wherever she happens to be when she is on the veranda, the terrace in the Salon, in her boudoir. The servants of an ex-Empress, not being so humble as the servants of an Emperor, do a deal of grumbling, but their mistress has always followed her own whims, save when fate interfered, and fate seems to place no embargo on the shifting of dining rooms.

Bailey's Posters.

At one time James A. Bailey was Barnum's most formidable rival in the circus business, says the New York Mail and Express. A short time ago before opening hostilities began between them, one of Mr. Bailey's large female elephants gave birth to a baby. This was the first baby elephant ever born in captivity. It proved an immense card for Bailey. The birth of the animal was chronicled far and wide. Mr. Barnum, quick to see the advantage of having so important an attraction as a live American Baby elephant, telegraphed to Mr. Bailey as follows: 'Will give for your baby elephant \$100,000.' Mr. Bailey wired an answer: 'Will not sell at any

price.'

This seemed a daring thing to do, for \$100,000 was an enormous sum to offer for a tiny little beast. But refuse he did, and bustled with his show to meet the great Phineas T. Barnum on his own ground, meanwhile pondering in his fertile brain a coup, which was to land Barnum a captive on his back. By the time Mr. Bailey reached the region where the Barnum show was exhibiting the whole country was billed with huge posters, on which was most conspicuously printed in flaming type. 'What Barnum Thinks of the Baby Elephant,' and underneath the heading was printed Barnum's telegram to Mr. Bailey, offering the big sum. This poster greeted Mr. Barnum wherever he went and worried him. He was not used to being beaten. However, the fact was before him; he was a defeated showman. The world knew it. It was now a matter of history. He was far too sagacious not to desire to make of such a redoubtable foe and rival as Mr. Bailey an ally, and accordingly, at the end of that year, negotiations were entered into, which resulted in the combination of the two great exhibitions into what, in literal truth, became the greatest show on earth.

Permanently Cured
AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF GREAT SUFFERING.

Mr. Hamilton Waters, of Ridgeville, Tells of His Relief From Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Stomach Trouble Through the Agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

For years Mr Hamilton Waters, the well-known cattle buyer of Ridgeville, Ont., was an acute sufferer from neuralgia which was later complicated with rheumatism and stomach trouble. But now thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he is enjoying the best of health. Speaking of his illness and subsequent cure, Mr. Waters said:—

'For seven years I suffered great agony from neuralgia, the pains were of a darting excruciating nature, and for days at a time would be so great that I feared I would lose my reason. To increase my misery, I was attacked with rheumatism, and this was closely followed by stomach trouble. My joints and limbs became swollen and I was almost helpless. I suffered from nausea and a decided loathing for food. I became very thin, and was constantly troubled with cold sweats. At different times I was treated by three physicians without receiving anything in the way of permanent benefit. I grew dependent and began to think that I would always be a sufferer, when one day my druggist advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said that within his knowledge there was not a case where the pills had been used but what benefit had followed, and he added: "That is saying a lot in their favor, for I have sold over five thousand boxes, and have not had a complaint from anyone." Following his advice, I procured a supply of the pills, and after a few weeks I could note an improvement in my condition. By the time I had taken eight boxes of the pills the neuralgia and rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and my stomach was once more in a healthy condition. My appetite improved, and I gained in weight and strength. It is now over two years since I discontinued the use of the pills, and all that time I have enjoyed the best of health and haven't felt an ache or pain, so that I think that I am safe in saying that my cure is permanent. In fact, eight boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills accomplished what three doctors had failed to do, and I feel I am justified in warmly recommending them to others.'

A very high medical authority has said that "neuralgia is a cry of the nerves for better blood." Rheumatism is also recognized as a disease of the blood, and all things a blood making and blood enriching medicine, they so speedily cure these troubles. But you must get the genuine, with full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People printed on the wrapper around the box. If in doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and the pills will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

A Noble Gift.

One of the most striking features of modern American life is the accumulation of immense fortunes in the hands of individuals. In place of the millionaire we have that awkwardly named but potent personage, the "multimillionaire." It is not surprising that his development is regarded with some concern. Great wealth is great power; and it makes a vast difference to the community whether it is used for the public good or wholly for selfish ends.

One thing at least may be said by way of relieving solicitude upon this matter: that if Americans have acquired the art of getting great fortunes, not a few of them have learned to give generously from their abundance. The American endowments of colleges, libraries, hospitals and other institutions for the material, intellectual and moral improvement of the people mount up every year to a total which amazes observers in other countries, where such enterprises grow more slowly.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who holds to the principle that it is a disgrace for a man to

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIFOLD.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

die rich, signalized his recent retirement from active business by creating a fund of five million dollars for the benefit of his former workmen. The income of one fifth is to be devoted to the support of libraries which he had established among them. The income of the remainder is to be used for aiding the injured, pensioning the aged, and relieving the families of those who are killed by accidents.

Mr Carnegie did not make this gift as act of charity. In his letter announcing it he described it as a recognition 'of the deep debt which, he owed to the workmen who had contributed to his success.' This is a form of debt which, unhappily, not all successful business men and industrial leaders recognize; but just so far as it is acknowledge and frankly met, as in Mr. Carnegie's gift, social problems are greatly simplified.

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.
Fleets of Mines and Precious Stones, but the Industry Languishes.

While the diamond mines at Kimberley have been producing about \$18,000,000, 000 worth of gems a year, the industry in Brazil, formerly the most important diamond producing country in the world, has fallen to a low ebb. It is now carried on only by individuals or small associations working in a crude manner. The yield was never much over \$1,000,000 in any year, and the product is worth annually less than \$200,000, and yet the quality of the Brazil stones averages higher than that of the Kimberley output.

The reason for the decline of the Brazil industry is partly because it is carried on in a shiftless sort of a way, but mostly on account of the immense output of Kimberley, which has glutted the market and practically crowded the Brazil mines to the wall. Brazil gems rarely leave the country until they are ready for the jewelers, for they are cut either at Diamantina Gouvea or Rio de Janeiro; while the Kimberley stones are sent to the London market in March every year, and are then distributed to the diamond cutters of Holland and Belgium.

Brazil, however, has practically a monopoly of the carbonado or black diamond which is used in diamond drills and for other abrasive purposes. It is found to be sure in Cape Colony and some other places, but nearly all the gems that reach Europe comes from the famous Kimberley formation.

There is a marked difference between the conditions under which the diamond is found in South Africa and in Brazil. At Kimberley most of the gems are taken from the thick strata of a rottenrock forming blue clay through which the rough gems are scattered and the mining is carried on simply by digging up this blue clay and passing it through washing machines which separate the gems from the earth. Diamonds are also found in the bed of the Vaal river and two or three other places, but nearly all the gems that reach Europe comes from the famous Kimberley formation.

On the other hand, the Brazil diamonds are scattered over a large part of the central region of the great archaic formation which is spread over nearly the whole area of the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Enormous quantities of the precious stones are doubtless imbedded in this hard rock, but the diamonds had been worked very little outside the alluvial lands to which they have been carried in the beds of streams from the ancient formation in which they originated. Thus they are found in the stream beds of Minas Geraes (many mines), Bahia, Goyaz and Mato Grosso. The diggings now in operation are chiefly in the State of Bahia, where during the dry season, the little water remaining in one or another small stream is turned out of its channel and the gravel is sifted for the gems it may contain. The work goes on without much method or energy until the rains come, when the diamond digger takes a vacation and work is not resumed until the next dry season.

In 150 years of mining operations Brazil has yielded about \$100,000,000 worth of

gems or a total output, which is equalled every six or seven years by the conduct of the Kimberley mines. The African diamonds are commonly admitted to be less beautiful than those from Brazil, but their total sale already exceeds by millions the value of all the gems Brazil has produced, though African diamond mining has been carried on only about thirty years.

What one Woman Thinks.

The most self-reliant women are apt to become faint-hearted when confronted with the intricacies of a long journey.

Nine-tenths of American women are absolutely ignorant of the history of their own country while they glibly discuss the scandals of European courts.

The comfort derived from the various walks of life largely depends on the condition of the feet.

The remedy of tomorrow is too late for the evil of today.

Very few women realize the amount of money expended on them by famous youths who insist on supper after the play.

A man seldom becomes weary of life; he only becomes weary of himself.

A housekeeper who is too industrious is always in a state of uneasiness and one would prefer to find her more peaceful.

In regard to lovmaking, when people are old enough to have learned the game properly they are too old to want to play at it.

Where Medical Science Fails.

to cure rheumatism, and all the time you suffer dreadfully, why don't you get a bottle of Polson's Nervine and try that? Rub it into your stiff joints, and sore arms, lame back, bent shoulders—wherever the pain is. Nervine has cured plenty of people in this way, and that ought to be proof enough that it will cure you too. It is an unusually strong liniment that cures rheumatism in unusually quick time. Best household liniment known. 25 cents.

Ice-Breakers on Lake Baikal.

The engineers constructing the trans-Siberian railway have had much trouble with Lake Baikal, which lies exactly on their track and is very deep and stormy, while in winter it is covered with ice. The lake is about 400 miles long and 60 broad, and its shores, for a long distance from the water-line, are marshy and difficult to traverse. The boats carrying the cars and passengers have sometimes been prevented from landing for from 25 to 40 hours. At present large ice-breaking steamers, built on the American plan, are employed to clear the way as well as to tow the barges.

A pupil in the juvenile department astonished his teacher recently by describing a circle as 'A straight line that's crooked all the way round.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Dr. J. C. Carter
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR BILLOWING, FOR THE COMPLETE CURE SICK HEADACHE.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Finger of Fate.

I was very much in love. There could not be the slightest doubt about it. All my friends remarked the signs and deploring the fact. I suppose I was really very bad company.

They called her a flirt. My beautiful Gertrude a flirt! And I could not but acknowledge that they were not altogether wrong. But then Gertrude Dixon is fascinating, with a pair of sparkling brown eyes an apple-blossom complexion, and the voice of a song bird. Are they not sufficient attributes to the pastime of flirting?

And throughout it all I felt that she really cared for me. True, she flirted, but sometimes in a serious vein. Always however, she laughed me off when I approached her with my heart in my hand. And I went away more dejected than ever.

My best friend, Phil Mason, admonished me; but in vain. 'Can't you see she's a flirt, old man?' said he.

I only smiled. 'I feel kind of responsible, too,' he added. 'I hadn't introduced you to her, there would have been none of this bother.'

'My dear Phil,' said I, 'that was the best thing you ever did for me.'

He shrugged his shoulders and muttered something inaudibly. 'I hate to see a man fooled by a woman,' said he.

'You misjudge her, Phil,' I answered quickly. 'I know her better than you do. Well my mother has asked her down to Woodley, and as you are coming with me, perhaps things may happen. Perhaps!'

Phil was very much my friend, and was almost too eager to help me. I picked up my small Gladstone and began measuring it.

'Whatever are you doing?' asked Phil. Miss Dixon admires this very much, so I am going to buy her one just like it,' I answered.

'You waste a lot of money,' he laughed. He went out with me, however, and we succeeded in purchasing a bag identical with my own.

It was a week later that Miss Dixon and we two travelled down to Woodley together. My suit had scarcely prospered meanwhile. She encouraged me without seeming to, but with the utmost dexterity avoided anything approaching a proposal.

Phil said she played on me more than ever. There was no doubt she flirted with others, too. I knew it, even while I felt, and she almost let me know, that I was the favored one.

She had accepted the bag I bought for her with a 'So good of you, Harry,' and had it now with her. For me to buy it seemed as natural as for her to accept it. I meant nothing.

In the railway carriage Phil was sarcastic, almost rude. 'Hal has the blues,' he said to her, nodding at me. 'Why don't you cure him?'

'I'm not a doctor,' she laughed. 'But you know the cure,' he persisted. 'What is it?' she asked.

'A fitting reward,' he said. 'You are really obscure,' she said. 'Then you will not take up the case?' he jests.

'You are evidently familiar with it and should be the doctor,' she retorted. She had the best of it, and I smiled at her victory.

'He will not take my advice,' said Phil. 'Then you must leave him to Fate.'

'I will,' he smiled, 'but I think I'll retain a finger.' And he kept his word. At the station Phil took charge of our two bags and his own, and we walked down to Woodley together.

About an hour later I was sitting alone in the shrubbery when I heard a footstep, and Miss Dixon came up to me. 'I've been looking for you,' she said, quietly.

'I wish I had known,' I answered. 'And then I noticed that she looked very serious.'

'Is there anything the matter? Can I help you?' I asked. 'Can you ask?' she said, almost scornfully.

'I should consider it a privilege,' I said. 'Indeed!' She laughed. 'Miss Dixon,' I began, 'we have known each other a long while—'

'But little, it seems,' she interrupted. 'It may be,' I retorted, quickly, 'that I know little of you, but I have loved you for all I am worth.'

'Really!' she said, sarcastically. 'I do not understand.' I stammered. 'Why do you speak like that?'

'Ah, why? Of course I have no right.' 'Miss Dixon—Gertrude,' I burst out. 'Sir!' she said, sharply.

I waited to hear no more, and looked at her face, where a tear lingered on her eyelids. 'I had thought,' she said, 'that there was one man who was truthful and honest. I had—ah! but what does it matter?'

Her lip trembled. I caught her hand in mine, but she quickly withdrew it. 'Gertrude!' I whispered. 'And you still pretend,' she said, haughtily, 'that you care for me?'

'On my honor.' 'Your honor!' she laughed. 'I like that. Ah! And I believed in you.'

She did really care for me, then. I was at her side in an instant. 'No, sir.' She waved my arm away. 'You may keep your honor. Perhaps you can reconcile it with this,' and she handed me a small packet.

'For me?' I muttered. 'I put the paper around them,' she said. She stood looking at me while I undid the packet, which contained the photograph of a pretty girl and several letters. 'I don't understand why you have given these to me,' I said at last.

'No?' she queried, 'I didn't expect you would.'

'Then why—' 'Why have I done so?' 'Yes.' 'I admit it was foolish,' she said, 'I suppose I could hardly expect you to accept them honestly.'

'Accept them? They are not mine. I know nothing about them.'

'Ha!' she laughed. 'I knew you would say that.'

I waited, wondering. 'After all, I can't say that your taste is so very bad,' she continued.

'What do you mean?' 'You appear to be dense. But it's rather a good photo.'

'But,' I started, 'I assure you—' 'I should think she has fair hair, hasn't she?'

I began to be slightly nettled, and did not answer. 'And you always said you liked black best,' she continued.

'I said what I meant,' I answered somewhat surlily. 'But your opinion has changed since?'

'Maybe.' 'Why should I not retort? I could not be more in the dark than I already was.'

'Ten her nose somewhat retrouse?' she asked. 'I think it adds piquancy to the face, don't you?'

'Oh, I don't doubt you are right,' she said, almost sneeringly. 'There's just a suspicion of a dimple, too,' I suggested, looking well at the photo.

'Really?' 'It is a good addition to pleasant features, don't you think?'

'Really could not offer my judgment against yours,' she said curtly. 'But as I seemed to have nothing to lose, I determined to get my own back.'

'And she has bright, lively eyes?' 'You know best,' she retorted. 'Of course,' I laughed. 'I know best. I had quite forgotten that.'

She bridled somewhat. 'You apparently find the subject humorous?'

'Yes, in't it meant to be?' 'Perhaps it doesn't suggest itself to you that your present conduct is the reverse of gentlemanly?'

'I must say,' I admitted. 'I am somewhat in doubt as to a good many things.'

'I'm glad you admit something.' 'For example,' I continued, 'the meaning of your attack on me.'

'Are you going to continue to flog a dead horse?'

'My density must be my excuse.' 'Well,' she said, 'I must give you credit for playing the game so well.'

'You are generous,' I smiled, cynically. 'But you have still something to learn in the technique.'

'Yes?' 'A good actor is liable to cut a poor figure if the stage effects go against him.'

'I suppose so.' She turned as if to leave me. 'By the way,' she added, 'I must apologize for opening your bag.'

'You begin to see now, perhaps?' I nodded a negative. 'Well,' she said, 'I didn't think it of you. It was a mistake, though, to put them right on top.'

'Do you mean,' I said, the facts suddenly bursting upon me, 'that you found this photograph with the letters, in my bag?'

'Your intelligence is marvellous,' she replied. 'But how—?' I started. 'How did I happen to open your bag?'

It was put in my room by mistake, I suppose.' 'I see,' I said, lamely. 'It's bad having two bags exactly alike. I had opened yours before I noticed your initials.'

'And you found these things inside?' I asked again. 'Yes, yes, a hundred times,' she said, angrily. 'On my honor I know nothing about them. I have never seen the lady whom this photograph represents.'

'You still persist?' she asked. 'I speak the truth.'

'Then there is no more to be said. You will consider our acquaintances at an end.'

She turned to go as Phil approached. He looked at us and lifted his eyebrows. 'Do I intrude?' he asked.

'I'm just going,' said Miss Dixon, and, turning to me. 'Will you see that my bag is sent to my room?'

'Isn't it there?' I asked Phil. 'There has been a mistake,' I said. 'Miss Dixon has opened my bag instead of her own.'

'Oh!' he said. 'Did you—' and he stopped. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'I slipped a photograph inside at the station,' he replied. 'I found your bag was unlocked, and—'

'But why did you put it in there?' I said quickly. 'Well,' he smiled, 'a finger of Fate has to do something to justify its existence.'

Miss Dixon turned to him sharply. 'So you,' she said, 'sent the wrong bag to my room?'

He bowed, smiling. 'A finger of Fate!' he repeated. 'I hate you,' she said, and went. He turned to me.

'Well, aren't you going to thank me, old man?' he asked. 'Thank you?' I ejaculated. 'It seems to me a dirty trick.'

'Don't be a fool, Hal,' he laughed. 'Don't you see the mere fact of her bringing you the photo shows she cares for you?'

'I knew that before,' I retorted. 'And now?'

Well, that tear, the quivering lips and our recent conversation had told their tale, and I did not answer for I was more than sure.

'She hates you,' I said. 'She always did,' he laughed. 'And you think you have helped me?'

'I know you're not a fool, Hal.'

'Well,' I said, 'I'll go and see about the bag.'

'You may keep the photo,' he called after me. 'I did, till the next day, when I burnt it before Gertrude.'

'I thought,' she said, 'that it could not be so easily parted from you.'

She had said something else before, so I did not suggest that her manner on the previous day had belied her.

'And what about Phil?' I murmured. 'I don't know,' she queried. 'I suppose we must bow before Fate.'

'But it has done a lot,' she whispered. And I agreed.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.

took into consideration the fact that the owner was a hard, ill-tempered man with a heart of a nigger driver. Then it seemed to say something like this.

'Dash my patterns if I don't come!' It slowly and laboriously rose, and the head of its late master rolled back on to the seat sand. How some people can sleep! The dark featured man lay there, his mouth half open, his breathing stertorous, his eyes closed.

As it got up Estcourt got onto his back, and managed to keep his seat whilst the animal pitched its equilibrium. Then he urged it forward, and the friend in adversity set off at a slow dignified rate across the desert. It hardly made a sound except for a slight crunch, crunch of the sand.

Estcourt glanced round several times to see if the man had roused up; but he had not stirred, and at last he ceased to take any further interest in the matter, while the camel went steadily forward, bearing him towards friends and liberty.

But he was not to get away without any incident. There was suddenly a shout behind; he turned—the owner of the camel had woken up and was now running—quite a little figure—calling on Djalmu to stop and on Heaven to shower vengeance on the iniquitous gnaou who had stolen his camel.

What was worse, he seemed thoroughly disinclined to let Heaven have any monopoly of vengeance, for he was brandishing a gun, a sort of gingai, and with this he stopped and took aim.

Estcourt heard the bullet whizz past; it went just over the camel's head, but the animal did not seem to care to any considerable extent, and simply went straight on.

The man was running again hard on after him, the pat, pat of his bare feet being audible; but unless late was particularly indulgent to him, he stood a poor chance of overtaking his enemy or his camel. He soon fired again; this time Estcourt felt a stinging pain in his arm; the bullet had imbedded itself in the fleshy part just above the elbow.

But though the wound began to smart and ache for the rider took but little notice of it; he managed to keep the camel up to a steady swinging trot—one of those trots which continue mechanically, and during which the camel seems to be thinking of something quite different.

Without giving much attention to it Estcourt noticed ahead of him, towards the river, a palm tree looking as regular, as artificial as a toy tree in the Lowther Arcade, and on the top was a curious object which seemed to be bobbing up and down.

It looked like a balloon. Sometimes it rose quite above the palm, and then later it set behind it.

But it came so far away. A dreamy calm to him as the camel trotted on; for the time nothing seemed to particularly signify. Then the dull, inert sensation came to an end suddenly; it was not merely because his wound commenced to thro; there was another sound behind.

He glanced back. Yes, he was being pursued by other enemies besides the owner of his mount, and they were not on foot. He made out distinctly a company of white-robed Sou-danese. But even then the horror of capture was not fully realized. It is a mistake to realize everything; time enough for the crucial moment comes.

The camel was making straight for the palm tree—that much was evident. Sometimes he came back to a perfect comprehension of things, with a curious nervous start; the present was vivid. The next moment he was far away in sensation, forgetting all that was actually happening at the living moment.

It seemed like a race. Would he get to the palm tree before his pursuers? And if he did, what then? He could not save himself by climbing up the palm.

Still instinctively he guided his course toward the tree, where the great circle was sojly rising and falling like a big soap bubble. If salvation was to be found there it would not come any too soon, for though he did not look back any more the shouts of those who were in hot pursuit became louder and louder.

Bullets whizzed by him, but he was not hit again. Then as the noise of the pursuit seemed quite near, the palm tree was reached. He glanced up as the camel came to a dead stop, and saw that sure enough, it was a balloon floating up there—a military balloon with the small car favored by military experts.

He dismounted and the camel began to sniff round the foot of the tree; but a second later it fell to the earth; Estcourt gave an ejaculation of sorrow and rage as the poor beast turned his head and looked up at him as if to say, 'Well you can't deny I did my share,' and then fell over and died.

It was quick enough work to realize that the balloon was one from the expeditionary corps in the neighborhood; the corps could not be far away. But his pursuers were nearer; he had not a second to lose.

If he could free the escaped balloon and save himself in it! He began to climb up the tree, and then seized hold of the car; the ropes only were entangled in the tree, and as the night wind freshened the vessel of the air was tugging desperately in its efforts to get away and to soar into the heavens.

He made one violent effort, and succeeded in getting into the car, despite the impediment of his letters; the balloon swayed outward from the tree.

With the knife he had taken from the Baggara, and which he had kept unconsciously, he cut away the trailing ropes, but he had to cut through three before he severed the one which was keeping the balloon captive.

Then, just as bullets began to patter with the sound of thunder rain amidst the palm branches, and as the pursuers came within twenty yards of the tree, the balloon gave a sideways sweep, clearing the palm, the car brushing the topmost branches like an omnibus does a tree by the side of the route, and was sailing away into the ether, far, far above the gesticulating crowd.

Estcourt glanced over the car edge and for a moment felt dizzy, but that sensation passed off.

He was free. He leaned back a moment in the bottom of the car, trying to collect his thoughts; then he looked out once more on that wonderful panorama of dreams, the silvery desert, so sad, so silent, so vast, and far away to the right the sinuous line of the great water which sweeps out of the heart of Africa to the sea.

After the first extreme feeling had gone he began to think of his mission; he had to give warning to those of the small English expedition that the Baggara had been in the immediate vicinity, and was contemplating an attack in force.

But how was he to find them? After the violent sensations of the day he felt less keenly. Even if he did not find them, what then? It could not be helped.

And all through the long night the balloon sailed on now going higher and descending; the moon set; there was a period of darkness, and then a faint shadowy light came in the east, which gradually became pink and orange with the dawn.

Estcourt saw that he was just over the great river; he dimly descried brown sail ed boats, and on the right bank there were tents.

From down there came a bugle call. It was the English camp down there. Estcourt looked over the edge of the car and shuddered, but his words were born away as lightly as if they had been seed carriers.

Then he struggled up and seized the cord which opened the valve, and the balloon began to descend.

He had come down very swiftly, for the car bumped heavily, and he was thrown out. When he came to himself an officer of the Gloucestershires was looking down at him, and a big, burly, bearded pioneer was taking the letters.

'The enemy is at El Farz,' he said. 'Great Scott, man! You are sure?'

'I have just come from there.' Another officer came up at that moment, and heard what was said.

'You have brought news which will make you,' he exclaimed. 'And so it proved, for Estcourt was given a commission; but what he valued more even than that reward was the letter of reconciliation from home which was waiting for him at the base.'

BORN.

Windsor, Apr. 6, to the wife of R. Curry, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of B. Fader, a son. Sheldiac, Apr. 7, to the wife of A. Dolron, a son.

Amherst, Apr. 2, to the wife of S. Jenks, a son. Moncton, Apr. 10, to the wife of J. Moore, a son. Digby, Apr. 7, to the wife of N. Bell, a daughter.

Landisdow, Mar. 26, to the wife of R. Smith, a son. Paines, Apr. 7, to the wife of J. Bourgeois, a son. Antigonish, Apr. 5, to the wife of H. Crerar, a son. Hantsport, Apr. 1, to the wife of D. Fullerton, a son.

Yarmouth, Apr. 7, to the wife of Ernest Ferroit, a son. Hampton, Apr. 7, to the wife of Henry Chute, a son.

Farrington, Apr. 6, to the wife of John Cameron, a son. New York, Mar. 23, to the wife of C. Laidlaw, a son.

Paradise West, Apr. 3, to the wife of C. Daniels, a son. Granville, Apr. 6, to the wife of F. Walker, a daughter.

Windsor, Apr. 6, to the wife of W. Eville, a daughter. Wolfville, Apr. 2, to the wife of Geo. Ellis, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Apr. 2, to the wife of D. McGowan, a daughter. Moncton, Apr. 4, to the wife of Harry Graves, a daughter.

Digby, Apr. 7, to the wife of H. Churchill, a son. Hantsport, Apr. 1, to the wife of Fred Pentz, a daughter.

Scotch Village, Apr. 3, to the wife of C. Norrish, a daughter. Mount Denison, Mar. 29, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Waltham, Mass., April 3, James W. Cahill to Alice A. Halimora.

Berwick, Mar. 26, by Rev. Mr. Gaetz, L. S. Howe to Kate Burton.

Falmouth, April 4, by Rev. Mr. Spidle, B. Keith to Iry McLellan.

Pictou, April 9, by Rev. Geo. S. Carson, Daniel Rae to Ida Jane Crowe.

Oxford, N. S., Mar. 23, by Rev. A. F. Baker, George A. March to Ella R. Guy.

Charlottetown, April 8, by Rev. W. J. Howard, John Cullen to Maude Thomas.

Glasville, April 9, by Rev. J. K. Bealro, Moody Hallett to Essie Norman.

Windsor, April 3, by Rev. Dr. Gates, W. B. Congdon to Sarah Mabelle Wood.

Granville, April 2, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Frank H. Cole to Eliza May Horsch.

Bridgewater, April 2, by Rev. C. Freeman, James A. Meister to Ida A. Baker.

Halifax, April 10, by Rev. Dr. M. McMillan, Andrew Stron to Mary Ellen L. Lyle.

Bridgewater, Mar. 25, by Rev. C. Lindred, David Wagner to Cassandra E. Hamer.

Hants Co., April 3, by Rev. L. H. Crandall, Freeman Connor to South G. Lawrence.

St. Martins, Mar. 27, by Rev. S. H. Cornwall, Albert Skelton to Annie May McIntyre.

Windsor, April 3, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Frank J. Mahoney to Laura Francis Main.

Amherst, April 10, by Rev. W. E. Bates, William A. Howler to Frances Irene Milton.

Charlottetown, Mar. 31, by Rev. Father Sault. Everett Robert to Noite Melan.

North Ydney, April 5, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Alex. Nicholson to Maria Jennie Shepard.

DIED.

Kentville, Apr. 6, A. C. Moore-Norborne, Apr. 4, Mary Bell, 82.

Tignish, Apr. 6, Jerome Bute, 72. Kemp Road, Apr. 2, John Rae, 92.

Kentville, Apr. 6, A. J. Moore, 31. Truro, Apr. 1, Richard Christie, 81.

Somersville, Mass., Gould Norton. Chatham, Apr. 6, Katie Gaudin, 19.

Rose Valley, Apr. 1, Isabella McLeod. Bridgewater, Apr. 8, Solomon Rauey.

Bridgewater, Apr. 4, Greta Walker, 6. Hants, Apr. 2, Wilfred Odce, 2 mo.

Moncton, Apr. 5, Maud Smith, 25. Aylesford, Mar. 26, Hattie P. Luce, 17.

Arlington, Mass., Mrs. J. J. P. Field. Parrsboro, Apr. 3, Wm. Brown, 58.

Windsor, Apr. 6, J. B. Wooty, 80. Shediac, Apr. 6, Annie Redmond, 17.

Bedford, Apr. 8, Herbert Godwin, 31. Lunenburg, Apr. 6, A. L. Thirion, 16.

Canton, Mass., Apr. 1, Mrs. E. Law, 67. San Francisco, Apr. 3, J. A. Mosher, 31.

Parrsboro, Mar. 26, Theo. Hillgrove, 55. Parrsboro, Mar. 30, Theo. Hillgrove, 65.

Rosbury, Mass., Mar. 31, Ann Hayden. Yarmouth, Apr. 5, Mrs. James Scott, 63.

Calais Maine, Mar. 29, Clement Eaton, 77. New Glasgow, Apr. 8, Violet Snook, 20.

Parrsboro, Apr. 5, Mrs. H. H. White, 27. Campbellton, Apr. 10, Mrs. Wm. Smith.

Lower Stewiacke, Apr. 7, Joseph Baker, 60. Chatham, Mass., Mar. 18, Mrs. Chas. Neil.

Windsor, Mar. 30, Mrs. Hugh Jenkins, 83. Colchester, Apr. 8, Mrs. W. Marshall, 13.

Barrasois, Colchester, Mar. 25, Miss Ros. Joggins Bidde, Mar. 29, John Cosset, 82.

St. John, Apr. 9, Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, 23. Yarmouth, Apr. 7, Mrs. Thomas Baker, 60.

Charlottetown, Apr. 3, John A. Thorne, 33. Clifton, Kings Co., Deborah F. Welling, 83.

Bridgewater, Apr. 8, Lawrence Wagner, 82. Tignish, Apr. 4, Mrs. Beaumont McCalm.

Pictou, Mar. 26, Charles E. Kendrick, 69. Hall, Que., Apr. 8, Fredrick Wainwright, 18.

Annapolis county, Mar. 29, Mrs. A. Dares, 58. St. Peter's Bay, April, 9, Duncan MacLaren, 79.

Charlottetown, Apr. 11, Catherine McQuaid, 21. West Glassville, Apr. 1, Mrs. George Loeze, 51.

Clementon, Mar. 30, Mrs. Alonzo Merritt, 58. Winslow Road, Apr. 7, Mrs. James Diamond, 70.

Dorchester, Apr. 14, Mrs. H. R. Emmeron, 46. Clementville, N. S., Mar. 23, Joshua Stanford, 69.

Clifton, Mass., Mar. 23, Ralph Hutchinson, 4 wks. Middle Mill, Apr. Mrs. Alice A. Vanstritree, 55.

Northville, Hants Co., Apr. 8, George Henskar, 79.

Newport, Hants Co., Mar. 21, Clementine Cochran, 77.

Belmont, Colchester, Mar. 30, Anthony Lightbody, 64.

Elmira, Lot 47, Mar. 30, Benjamin Macoscher, 100. Upper Musquodobb, Apr. 11, Mrs. Jennie Pearson, 64.

RAILROADS.