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ND COLOR MAKERS,
St. Montreal.

6 Main St., North

If you want good reliable
Knives or Scissors buy
WALTER'S POPULAR
TRUE BRAND
CUTLERY.

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RAILROADS.

ANADIAN
PACIFIC RY.

A Canadian Pacific
Tourist Car is similar in
general appointment to this
Company's Palace Sleep-
ers. It is large, airy,
perfectly ventilated, hand-
somerly finished in light
wood and upholstered in
leather or corduroy.

Portable section parti-
tions which firmly lock in
place at night, make an
interior with no obstructing berth
ends by night.

Tourist Car leaves Montreal for
every Thursday at 11:00 a. m. Berth
herein to Winnipeg, \$2.00; Calgary,
Revelstoke, \$7.00; Vancouver and
Seattle, \$8.00. Each berth will accommodate
one passenger.

Any Ticket Agent will gladly give you
particulars and secure you accommo-
dation in one of these cars.

NOTMAN, A.G.P.A., St. John, N.B.

Union Atlantic R'y.

after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the
and Train service of this railway will
be:

Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
John at 1:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:00 a. m.,
at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 5:45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted)

ax 6:30 a. m., arr. Digby 12:30 p. m.,
y 1:00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 8:30 p. m.
month 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 1:45 a. m.,
y 11:45 a. m., arr. Halifax 6:45 p. m.
on Monday 7:30 a. m., Monday, Thursday and
y Digby 8:00 a. m.,
y 8:30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and
y Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

Prince George.

BOSTON SERVICE.

e finest and fastest steamer plying out
eves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday
ay, immediately on arrival of the Ke-
arriving in Boston early next morn-
ing leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every
nd Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. Unques-
on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steam-
line Car Express Trains.

connections with trains on Digby-
ale at City Office, 114 Prince William
e what office, 17 from the pier or
om whom time-tables and all informa-
obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. B.

Colonial Railway

Monday, the 3rd October, 1899
s of this Railway will
Sunday excepted, as follows:

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Campbellton, Peggwash, Elton
Hills, New Glasgow and
Halifax, New Glasgow and
Quebec, Montreal, 12.00
Sussex, 16.30
ation for Montreal, 16.40
line, 22.10

ing car will be attached to the train leav-
at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-
at 12:30 o'clock for Quebec and Mon-

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

from Sussex, 8.30
from Halifax, Quebec and Mon-
from Halifax, Quebec and Mon-
from Ft. du Chene and Mon-
from Montreal, 11.25
from Montreal, 12.45

are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
114 Prince William
St. John, N. B.

If you wish to be up-to-date
you can read no better literature
than Munsey, McClure's and Cos-
mopolitan which we are giving you
as a combined premium. Read ad.

PROGRESS.

We would like to know
a lot of you people are
about—can't you see the
in our premium offer?

VOL. XII., NO. 573.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 6 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY ARE BOUGHT HERE

ALL KINDS OF LOTTERY TICKETS
MAY BE PURCHASED.

The Sale Largely Increased Since the Big
Prize was won by the Syndicate—Montreal
Trying to get rid of the Tremendous Evil—
Mr. Mowatt's Remarks.

It is quite likely that some attention will
be paid to the unrestricted sale of lottery
tickets here in the near future. At present
they are sold openly and the authorities do
not object, though it is contrary to the law.
The demand for the tickets of the Hon-
duras or "Louisiana" as it used to be call-
ed has been simply tremendous since one
of the tickets held by the "syndicate" here
a few months ago drew \$15,000. The re-
sult has been that thousands of dollars go
out of the city every month on the chance
of winning something in this, or the Mexi-
can or Montreal lotteries. The Mexican is
not patronized here to the same ex-
tent but its New York and Boston
agents are well aware that there is
such a place as St. John and that the pro-
portion of gullible people who live here is
quite as large as in other cities.

The newspapers dare not publish the ad-
vertisements of these concerns. They could
get the business readily enough if they
would take the risk but after the law passed
by Sir John Thompson came in force the
only paper in New Brunswick who took the
risk had to drop the announcement from its
columns.

In this city there has been a question of
lotteries at church fairs and in one or two
instances they have been frowned upon.
Commercial schemes connected with some-
thing that might be construed as a lottery
have had to be abandoned but the sale of
Honduras, Hamburg and Mexican lotteries
to say nothing of the cheaper Quebec games
of chance goes on merrily just the same.
Everybody who wants to get a ticket can
get one. They do not come in the mails
but by express. The United States would
allow their mails to be used for such a
purpose but an express parcel can con-
tain almost anything. The lists with the
prize winners do not arrive until the tickets
for the next month come. Several large
prizes have come to St. John. A young
man named Foster who was at that time in
the Bank of New Brunswick drew \$15,000
one day. Two of his fellow bank clerks who
also held tickets were invited to pool the
result and divide even a few days before
the drawing but they refused. They might
have had \$5,000 each had they done so.

Rev. Mr. Mowatt, the well-known Pres-
byterian minister who used to preach in
Fredericton and often in St. John but who
is now in Montreal has joined in the cru-
sades against the gambling spirit in Mon-
treal. He pictures the evil as it is and his
words will give PROGRESS readers a good
idea of how the chance business has grown.
He says that attention is being called to it
as never before in the history of the city,
and the public conscience is being quickened
and aroused to the extent and enormity of
the evil. "Let us hail it as the dawn of a
brighter day for the city's moral and spiri-
tual health, when our leading dailies are
throwing all the weight of their influence
into the fight with the gigantic evil. The
horrible octopus, that, with its long arms,
is dragging down to perdition so much
promise and hope and throwing its inky
blackness all around where it lurks and
works. Montreal has this unenviable re-
putation, that to-day there are more species
of gambling tolerated here than anywhere
on the continent of America, and these
dens of vice in many cases hold city char-
ters. We have seven gambling institutions
in the shape of lotteries and policy estab-
lishments, and they take out of the pockets
of the people more than two million dol-
lars annually, and their returns to those
who patronize them, in the end, are
wrecked fortunes, ruined prospects, blast-
ed hopes, lost souls. We are proud of
our educational institutions, and the very
cream of the youth of the Dominion
are attracted to our city. Our pub-
lic-spirited wealthy men, moved by
high and holy impulses, are put-
ting their millions into the glorious work
of education, and they cannot do better for
their country. But alongside of these
noble endowments of their benevolence,
are these other institutions, and the educa-
tion received there is of a very different
character. And the very fact that there
are so many of them in full blast, only
goes to show how well patronized they are.
Students as a rule are here on short allow-
ance, barely enough to get them through,

and the temptation is great to try to double
or triple the little they have by the turn of
a wheel, or the throw of the dice, or the
drawing of a lucky number. But in the
end it is ruination, infamy, reputation
gone, plucked for ever.

"Tell me not I am painting too black a
picture. It is all too true. I know some-
thing of it from my own knowledge. Let
me quote in brief words what others say:
"A greater source of mischief than drink,"
says Justice Will. "A gambler," says
Sims, "will let his wife and children starve
he will starve himself, and still risk his last
coin on the hazard of the dice, the turn of
a card, or the speed of a horse."

"Investigation in Montreal has revealed
the undeniable fact that the lotteries prey
upon the most defenceless members of the
community. It is the youth with little
knowledge of the world who imagines that
there are run for his advantage lotteries
and gaming houses, where he can really
get a fortune for a trifle, if he be so fortun-
ate as to choose the right members; and
that his chances for doing this are consid-
erable. Consequently the young clerk,
the raw country lad, the stranger, the
friendless girl, even the errand boy and
domestic, are drawn into the net of the
gambling establishment, and there are de-
prived of money they keenly need. If it
were possible to tell the full story of the
losses suffered in one large gambling
house, it would be a chapter in real life
more dramatic and more tragic than ro-
mance ever dreamed of. It would tell of
terrible falls, positions lost, wrong and
ruin."

"Some of these places are run in the
name and in the interests of Art, others
the name and interests of Benevolence, others
the name and interests of Religion.
Think of this. A gambling den was raided.
The keeper put forward in his defence a
letter from a rural priest who asserted that
the concern was run for the benefit of his
parish and that he received the money.
"Think of Paul" getting money out of the
black art business of old Ephesus, and
thus sparing the concern the fire! And
yet that wicked thing is done here in our
city in the name of religion, in the name of
the Holy Ghost. But it is of the devil. Kind-
le a fire here in Montreal as vander in
Ephesus, and burn up the evil business
root and branch.

"It is pleasing to know that lotteries are
now no longer legal in any part of the
United States. The Supreme Court of
that country has put itself on record that
lotteries are demoralizing in their effects,
no matter how carefully regulated. The
court declares, further, that they disturb
the checks and balances of a well ordered
community, that society built on such a
foundation would almost of necessity bring
forth a population of speculators and gam-
blers."

"And so the evil thing has been driven
out of the land. Is it not full time that
this country rise in its might, and declare
through its legislative hall and law courts
that lotteries are only evil, and that they
must go forever? If lotteries are bad for
New York and Boston and Chicago, they
ought to be as bad for Montreal. Let the
pulpit and the pew awake, let the Holy
Ghost so fill and burn in us, that we will
not rest till the vice of gambling is cast out.
Think of thousands of our young men in
one way or other drawn into it. It seems
incredible, but so it is said by those who
have been behind the scenes and know.
What a future for this country, with a gen-
eration of gamblers to make its laws, do its
business, manage its finances, develop its
resources, build its cities! O, Holy Ghost,
come in thy power to this city, and to this
country, and so reveal to us this sin, and
all sin, that we will rise in thy might and
cast it from us! Open our eyes that we may
see the peril our sons and daughters are
in with this terrible vice facing them in all
its attractiveness and at every corner, and
let the aggressive movement that seems to
have begun, go on and deepen and widen,
till it is cast out from our midst."

Mr. Geo. F. Baird's Death.
The death of Geo. F. Baird, last Satur-
day removes an enterprising young man
from our midst. Coming so soon after
the death of Mr. Piffard the loss to the
community is emphasized. Both of these
gentlemen did much to help the city along.
Their private enterprises were for the
good of the public and some time may
elapse before their places can be filled.
Mr. Baird had been a public man and
through his connection with the Star Line
S. S. Company was still before the public

a great deal. He was popular with his
business associates and with those
who knew him socially. His death
was probably the result of over work
and coming as it did when he was
able to enjoy the good things of life it was
a greater shock to his wife and only son
Frank, a young man who will be able to
assume some of his father's duties and re-
sponsibilities.

AN INTERESTING AUCTION SALE

The Last of the Furlong Liqueur Business—
An 811 Lot Sale.

The auction sale Tuesday at the old
liquor store of Thomas Furlong—but more
recently of Mr. McWilliams—was interest-
ing inasmuch as this was one of the oldest
and best known saloons in the city. At one
time there was no bar so handsome, none
in which the fittings were of so elaborate a
character. There was apparatus of all
kinds there suited to the business, and the
number of liquor men who gathered at the
sale expected to find something that would
be useful to them.

Many of them did. There were some
bargains but in the main the most of the
stuff sold at a fair valuation. Champagne
that had seen many days and perhaps in
some cases lost a little of its sparkling effe-
rescence was captured by an enterprising
Israelite at 32 cents a bottle. A well known
citizen bought eleven dozen of English
soda for \$2. Perhaps the most interesting
thing put up was a handsome punch bowl
that had evidently cost a good deal of
money. Auctioneer Lantaul explained that
it was the punch bowl of the first St.
Patrick society formed in St. John but in
spite of that fact the bowl sold for seven or
eight dollars.

This closes as it were, the liquor busi-
ness of the Furlongs, in St. John. Al-
though Mr. Furlong has not been con-
nected with this business for some time
still the fact that his old employees were
conducting it on their own account always
made it seem the same to the hundreds of
patrons all over the country who regarded
the place as a familiar landmark where
they had spent many a dollar and made
new acquaintances.

Messrs. Crowley and McWilliams se-
cured the business from the Furlong
trustees. The first named did when he was
approaching the goal of success. Mr.
McWilliams's brother took his place but he
too died a short time ago. Now Mr.
Doherty of Woodstock has secured the
premises. He did not buy any of the
stock but a good many of the fixtures and
glassware. Woodstock is a Scott Act
town and fines are frequent and Mr.
Doherty prefers to pay the heavy rent and
license charges in St. John. He will be
open in a few days.

A BAD QUARTER OF AN HOUR.

A Groom Carried Montreal Time and kept
his Bride Waiting.

Every man who has gone through the
ordal of the marriage ceremony will not
doubt remember the one or two trying
minutes during which he had to stand at
the altar waiting for the lady who was to be-
come his bride. But in Fredericton the
other day they reversed the order of
things. A gentleman from Mon-
treal went to the Capital to
espouse one of his fair daughters. The
day and hour were set for the ceremony,
and a very large number of friends, of the
bride more particularly, assembled in one
of the large churches there to witness the
ceremony. The bride arrived promptly
accompanied by her relatives and friends
and of course proceeded at once to the
altar, but the groom was not there. The
wait was a painful one. One, two, three
minutes past and still he did not come.
When the time had reached five minutes it
seemed to the audience as if it was an hour,
but how long must it have seemed to the
bride? The limit of endurance was passed
when ten minutes had gone, and
still no happy expectant groom ap-
peared. Then several energetic friends
of the lady went out looking for him.
Of course they knew there must be
some mistake they could not tell what
caused the delay. They discovered him in
the office of his hotel. He was taking
things easy. He had, as the thought,
twenty minutes to spare and naturally did
not want to arrive too soon to be stared
at by a crowd of curious people. But
what kept him? He carried Montreal
time.

Chairs Re-seated, Cane Splint, Perfora-
ted, Duval, 17 Water-lod.

MONDAY AFTER SUNDAY

PRIZE FIGHTS MONDAY BUT NO
SODA WATER SUNDAY.

The Attentive Police Give an Air of Law
and Order to a Gathering in the Institute
to see a few Fights—The Difference Fe-
tween St. John and American Cities.

If a stranger had gone to the McCharles
Institute on Monday night he would never
have imagined that St. John was a town
where he could not buy a cigar or a glass
of soda water on Sunday.

There were more than a thousand people
in the old historic building and they sat in
the same seats as men and women did when
they went once to hear a famous preacher,
to see a popular and charming actress,
or to hear a lecturer of world wide fame.
But there was no sermon preached Monday
nights neither was there a lecture or a pl-y,
but—a fight, called by courtesy a boxing
tournament.

If the stranger had come from some
wicked American city where even stic
meetings are barred he would naturally have
supposed that when a captain of police
and an officer stood at the door and acted as
ticket takers that the affair was going to be
of the very mildest character and if when he
looked about the audience and especially
in the galleries, and heard the row that was
being made he felt a little doubtful, even
that must have been set at rest when he
saw the chief of police in all his glory stride
down the aisle and make his way to the
wings around if they were wanted. They
must have been on duty all day because
with the present scarcity of men on the
force so many could not have been spared
from the night force.

A Boston man told PROGRESS that such
a gathering was a revelation to him. He
is an enthusiast and will talk fight all day,
but they were not able in Boston to go
and see what they can in St. John.

The reason for the gathering was, ostensibly
a ten round fight between Fenton, a
Boston man, and Littlejohn of this city.
There were other things thrown in of
course to amuse the crowd and the first at-
traction was a "set to" between a pair of
youngsters. Then others a little older fol-
lowed and then after some scientific work
on the part of two aspirants for honors in
the prize ring and a good deal of delay the
main event was brought on.

The referee was Jack Powers and he
made a speech before the fight began. He
told the crowd which had been noisy that
the chief of police was there, and he had all
to say about whether the bout would go on
or not. If they made a noise the fight would
stop. So by means of threats of this kind
he kept the crowd in fair order. One man
began to hiss at something and the referee
insinuated that any one who used that sort
of an argument wouldn't pay his way in.
That wasn't anything to the calling down
he gave the crowd in the gallery when they
began their shouts about fouls and such
like. Powers got mad and he leaned over
the ropes and told them he thought they
"were a rotten lot of mugs." That settled
the noise. The gang kept quiet. They
might have had an idea that they had gone
the limit with the good natured referee and
that he might take a notion to make a trip
to the gallery.

The bout, or fight, ended in a draw and
the big crowd dispersed glad to get a
breath of fresh air.
If the legislators who made the Sunday
law in Fredericton this year could have
managed to be present at the interesting
event described above—and then compar-
ed it with the pleasant health giving recrea-
tion and rest of a Sunday excursion river
trip they might have concluded that a law
for Monday was needed worse than one
for Sunday observance.

WHERE TO FIND THEM.

People who Want Their Friends to Know
Where They are.

Monday was moving day and a pretty
lively day it was thought, it is said that a
smaller number of families changed their
habitation this year than usual. The fol-
lowing names were handed to PROGRESS
for publication by persons who wish their
friends to know just where to find them.

Chas. Bailey, from Orange to corner
Sewell and Dorchester.

Dr. McAlpine, from 161 Charlotte to 133
Princes.

Geo. A. Reicker, from Main street to
51 Harrison street.

J. O. M. Peterson, from Haymarket
Square to 290 Brussels.

Geo. G. Hastings, from 136 Carmarthen
to N. E.

Elijah Toole, from Queen to St. James.
Isaac Northrup, from 17 Horsheld to
145 Duke.

Mrs. H. A. Pardy, from 120 Union to
Greenwich, Kings Co.

Miss Crookshank, from 36 St. James to
Duke street.

Mrs. J. Colby, from 75 Duke to 183
Princes.

George Richardson from Adelaide st. to
73 Hilyard St.

Geo. Holder from Main to Main.
J. T. Carpenter from Main to Mill.

Mrs. Gowland from 269 Germain to 141
Leinster St.

Mrs. Kerr from Germain to 152 Duke.
Geo. Gerow from 43 Duke to 70 Sewell
St.

Mr. Seeley from Wright to 20g King
St. East.

Walter Higgins from City Road to 11
Summer St.

Mrs. Griffiths from 22 Brussels to 7
Richmond St.

W. L. Hamm from 76 Sydney to 13
Wellington Row.

J. N. Golding from 43 Sewell to 262
Union Street.

F. A. McAndrews from Queen St. to
Hampton N. B.

Dr. Canby Hatheway from 156 Germain
to 36 Sydney St.

Mrs. Wiggins from City Road to 11
Summer St.

Mrs. Morris from F'ion to 138 Carmar-
then St.

D. B. Laskey from Golden to 99 Brusg
sells.

John F. Morrison from Horsefield to
Coburg.

J. N. Golding Jr. from 30 Crown to
29 Hammond St.

Mrs. Adams from Elliot Row to 272
King St. East.

Mrs. Roberts from Horsefield to Sydney
St.

WILL MAKE AN INQUIRY.

The Kings County Almshouse Commission
Met on Monday in Norton.

The Kings County Almshouse Commis-
sioners met on Monday morning at Norton.
There is likely to be some inquiries into the
statements made by a correspondent and
printed in PROGRESS two or three weeks
ago. In the last issue of the paper, these
statements were denied by Councillor Gil-
liland, who is Chairman of the committee,
but he will not be satisfied with that and
proposes on Monday to make some sort
of an inquiry into the matter.
Councillor Moore has already stated in
the Sussex Record that the statements
were false. The language which he used
towards the writer of them was certainly
quite vigorous and enough to bring forth
any additional facts if that is possible.
PROGRESS can only say that the statements
as printed came from a reputable resident
of Norton, and were accepted in good
faith.

If the correspondent in question has any
further information or facts it seems to us
that he should produce them. Everything
has not gone along smoothly in connection
with the Kings County Almshouse, but
that of course it is to be expected in all public
institutions. One of the commissioners is a
lady, Dr. Mary McLeod she lives in St.
John and it seems that there is an
impression among her friends, that
being a doctor, she should have charge of
the medical work connected with the in-
stitution. It did not seem to the commit-
tee however, that one of the Almshouse
commissioners could be employed by
them in that capacity, so instructions were
given at one time that if medical atten-
dence was needed, Dr. Colwell, who lived
near at hand, should be called in.

Last year however, the committee de-
cided to ask for tenders for medical atten-
dence, and the contract for supplying the
patients with advice, pills and anything
in the way of medicine that was necessary
was awarded to Dr. McLean for the very
reasonable sum of \$59 a year. When it
is considered that the doctor supplies his
own drugs the conclusion must be arrived
at that Kings County people—even the
Almshouse people—are a very healthy
lot.

This is a Great Offer.
Any person sending a new subscription
to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain
PROGRESS for one year, and the Cosmo-
opolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for
the same period with only one condition,—
all of them must be sent to the same ad-
dress.

SOME STRANGE FANCIES

A HOME FOR DELUDED AND HYSTERICAL WOMEN.

The Various Fancies Which Affect Their Nerves—Hysteria Considered as a Disease—Its Causes—Love and Matrimony.

In the heart of fashionable London there is a certain large, beautifully furnished mansion which although externally conveying the impression that it is just an ordinary expensive dwelling, is one of the most interesting houses the searcher after novelty can visit.

Some of its windows are barred—a precaution observed for the benefit of patients who are prone to violence—but there is such an air of luxury about the place that a stranger entering it for the first time would have no suspicion of what the institution really was.

'Hysteria,' remarked the lady superintendent when the writer called upon her, 'is one of the most extraordinary yet interesting complaints known to the doctors. As a rule, it only attacks the leisured classes—those who have nothing particular to do.

'The word 'hysteria' practically signifies loss of self-control. Ladies who are victims of the disease periodically fly into the most frightful passions. Storming and raging like hy-poc-less maniacs, some of them destroy everything within reach. I have seen an hysterical patient bite her lips till the blood positively flowed from them, and for no legitimate reason whatsoever.

'It is an ailment that is nearly always accompanied by delusions of a most extravagant nature. Most of my present patients imagine that they are in love and that they are shortly to be married. They have no grounds for this belief.

'It is an astonishing phase of life. Our method of treatment consists in being very firm, very kind, and giving the patients plenty to do. Every case is, of course, dealt with on its merits, but generally speaking we affect to ignore the delusions altogether.

'You may scarcely credit it, but nevertheless it is a fact that I once had under my charge a lady who, imagining that somebody was in love with her, wrote love-letters to herself. Immediately they arrived by post she used to fly to her room and go into raptures over them.

'No, that would never do. They are variably accompanied by a nurse. You are evidently not aware that some of these affectionate souls have a habit of thinking that every masculine mortal they meet is over head and ears in love with them.

'There is no doubt that a number of these women get their ideas of love from the shilling shocker. A sensational story of romance seizes upon their imaginations, and they assume the roles of heroines.

'The average hysterical patient is exceedingly cunning. She possesses the gift of being able to color a story in such a masterly way as to convey an utterly false impression without actually overstepping the bounds of truth, if you understand what I mean.

Hysterical girls are extremely self-conscious, and have a perfect passion for notoriety. As long as they can gain publicity they don't care what happens.

'I have known girls to make the most elaborate preparations for the recital of an 'adventure.' Some of them, when they intend to spread a report that they have been waylaid and attacked, will go to a particular spot and disturb things here and there and beat down the ground, and perhaps leave behind them some article by which they can be identified.

'Hysteria has countless peculiarities, and a sufferer from it can imitate almost any kind of ailment with astounding exactitude. I remember a patient who for a moment induced people to believe that she was paralyzed in every limb. It is contagious, too.

'It can be very dangerous, and leads to fearful fits of depression. I recollect that a young lady who got it into her head that a gentleman ought to have married her. The man in question was a stranger to her—nevertheless, she drowned herself.

'The pet delusion, however, as I have said, concerns love and matrimony. After that comes beauty. It is truly pathetic to see a very plain and very hysterical lady getting herself up for effect.

'Where?' exclaimed the Sergeant. 'The Episcopal church,' said the dutiful citizen.

'In a couple of minutes the five policemen who constitute the reserve were blinking and rubbing their eyes before the Sergeant's desk and receiving their instructions. Then they broke out into the night with the zealous citizen and started on a steepchase toward the episcopal church.

'An inquest was held at Fleetwood on a child named Mary Mason, daughter of a local sailmaker, who died on the previous evening under singular circumstances. The deceased fell at school about a month ago and grazed her knee. When she got home, without telling her parents she ap-

plied a piece of postage stamp paper to the wound. On the following day she complained of pains, but continued to go to school. Blood poisoning, superinduced by pneumonia, however, set in, and the child died. Dr. Prenton spoke of the danger of applying stamp-paper to wounds. The coroner hoped it would be a warning to people.

SING OF THE COLD CHISEL.

Five Sleepy Policemen and a Sexton Surround a Bath Beach Church.

This is a story of the Episcopal Church at Bath Beach, an over zealous citizen five sleepy policemen, a sexton, and a church robbery that turned out to be something else.

The over zealous citizen was returning to his quiet little home—twelve rooms, modern improvements, view of the bay, and two minutes' walk from the trolley car—at 2 A. M. the other morning after spending the early part of the night with a sick friend in some indefinite part of New York.

The sexton lived only a couple of blocks away it would be better to have him come and quietly unlock the door, so that they could capture the marauders with a rush, leaving the church surrounded, the policeman went away and rang up the sexton, and all the while the burglar hammered unsuspectingly with his cold chisel. Presently the messenger returned with a man in a night cap, bathrobe and carpet slippers, who proceeded to unlock the door.

'Hist!' said the leading policeman, 'they are in the basement. Come and show us the way downstairs.'

'You go ahead,' said one of the policemen, 'and open the door.' 'Not if I know it!' said the sexton. 'I'm no rough rider and this church has no pension fund that I'm aware of.'

While this whispered conversation was going on the two policemen and the sexton were huddled against the basement door listening to the chink! chink! chink! chink! of the burglar's chisel!



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

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stationed themselves at the corners of the church while the fifth went to try the door. The zealous citizen in the meantime went and stood on the opposite side of the street finding the door securely locked, the policeman consulted with the two nearest corner men, and it was decided that the sexton lived only a couple of blocks away it would be better to have him come and quietly unlock the door, so that they could capture the marauders with a rush, leaving the church surrounded, the policeman went away and rang up the sexton, and all the while the burglar hammered unsuspectingly with his cold chisel.

'Now, wait a second,' said the profane police man, 'and I'll tell you what we'll do. Let the sexton open the door and stand out of the way. I've got a match in my pocket, and when I strike it you rush in and cover the burglars with your revolver and I'll do the same.'

The sexton opened the door softly, the match crackled, and the heroic policeman made a rush. The basement was as empty as a drum, but the phantom cold chisel still continued its scintillating work. Before the match had spluttered out the sexton had turned on the light and then he began to growl.

'Where's your burglar and house-breakers?' he demanded. 'That's no cold chisel that you've been listening to. It's just the hot water in the radiator communicating with itself as it's cooling off. There was a prayer meeting here last night and I turned on the heat. Say, you policemen make me tired.' Adjusting his nightcap at an angle of defiance, the sexton turned out the light and stalked home.

Obviously, the basement of a church was no place in which to do justice to such a situation, so the policemen kept silent until they had reached the middle of the street and called their friends from the back corners of the church. They then found that the light that they had noticed was reflected from a gas lamp on the other side of the church, and their language for some moments afterward was lofty and ritualistic. Suddenly the leading cop remembered something.

'Where is that meddlesome suburban goat that came and wakened us up? Why didn't the blame fool know that it was a steam heater he was listening to? A man that didn't know that ought to be run in to have his wheels examined, and even if the church hasn't been robbed we've been robbed of a couple of hours of sleep. Let's run him in.'

But the over zealous citizen had adjourned sine die and the disgruntled cops went back to the station house to report and swear.—N. Y. Sun.

Pauper Animals. A Calcutta paper contains an account of the workhouse or asylum for aged and infirm beasts and birds that was established some thirteen years ago by a society of influential Hindus. It is near the Sodepur station, about ten miles from Calcutta, and is under the control of a manager, with a staff of eighty servants, and an experienced veterinary surgeon. In the place at present there are 972 paupers—to wit 129 bulls, 307 cows, 171 calves, 72 horses, 13 water buffaloes, 59 sheep, 15 goats, 241 pigeons, 44 cocks and hens, 4 cats 3 monkeys and 5 dogs. This remarkable asylum is described as being most systematically and mercifully managed. The cow paupers have especially a good time of it, inasmuch as, on the occasion of the 'twela' natives go from far and near to decorate and worship them.

Carbolic Acid Poisoning. Deaths from carbolic acid poisoning are unpleasantly frequent. Sometimes the taking of the poison is accidental, and it is important to know that there is at hand in every house a simple remedy that may save life. An Ardwick doctor (Dr. R. C. Smith) states that milk taken at once in copious draughts will produce vomiting and counteract the effects of the carbolic acid. He has proved this himself, and therefore advises the use of milk in an extreme case. Had Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, the well-known writer, who partook of carbolic acid in mistake for a sleeping draught a few days ago, and died from the effects of the poison, known of the remedy, the sacrifice of his life might have been avoided.

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LOT FOR SALE. LOT ADJOINING 55 Elbert Row. Front 40 x 125 feet deep. For particulars inquire of Mrs. J. A. Emery on premises.

RESIDENCE at Bothessay for sale or to rent. Pleasantly situated house known as the 'Tine' property about one and a half miles from Bothessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebocock. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fosdy, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 6-11

Many of Our Students

Purchase a 12 month's certificate covering both Business and Short-hand courses. As the average time for either is 6 months, students who are intelligent and energetic, should have both diplomas at the end of 12 months. Remember, our Short-hand is the Isaac Pitman, and our Business Practice the latest and best, and we hold the right for the exclusive use.

Catalogues to any address. S. KEER & SON.

Music

Homer Lind, principal baritone of opera company, arrived in London last week. American, has been in London for about ten years. Vanoni has made a debut at the Alhambra several years. She is an old song.

Virginia Duncan, only woman in the voice, is introducing a new song 'The New Song'.

During the summer, and who proved to be Countdown, will be hours. She has been and Johnson's company.

A decree of divorce was granted on Friday, at Sea-brooks from her husband, Sea-brooks.

Leonora Jackson, played before King, Norway, in Paris, and highly complimented.

Louis Maurice composed music for Julia A. Romeo and Juliet.

The anniversary of the York's London debut last week when in companies sent to London ward, received at the Casino, selected were felicitously in Parsce, whereunto a new ballad are added. London Shafterbury, Merril Osborne under the 'Belle' and Am Arthur J. Ballour on Edna Wallace Hopland where she will be several weeks duration.

TALK OF THE

The Edwin Mann performance has been given excellent though the organization what handsooped this of one or two impostors given this week. Leava Man, Nevada, Pymalion and Gal of last weeks successes usual matinee this afternoon.

Archie Boyd has been next season the title-Blacksmith.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio work upon a new million and Zicooni.

Edmond Rostand, be insane, is in exclusively engaged upon Bernhard will soon produce.

E. E. Sothorn has Charles Henry Mel Hazpman's The Sun-cum theatre N. Y. in

Ada Rehan has den has been asked to chris Shamrock, which will be a cup next summer.

Marie George will in the new Morton-K produced in London.

Katherine Florene season as leading lady letter, who will present Theatre, in New York arrangement 'The Adv Holmes.'

Hermann Suderman

ECZEMA

For Nine Years. Cure After Five Days.

I have suffered for nine years. A first-class doctor that would soon pass away treat me for nose trouble, husband decided that I get treated. The nose, eye, and throat told worst form, and I must stay in bed. I did not know so my husband sent for me. I was home, I decided to die. I got CURICURA 5 months, and CURICURA surprised to find it was but nose was all well. Mrs. Point of View

CURICURA RESOLVE part of the fluid of HENRI'S Glands, which warm bath with CURICURA with CURICURA treatment of crusts and scales, stay in bed, and this soothes and cures. Sold throughout the world. Sole Proprietors, Boston. How to SAVE YOUR SKIN

Advertisement for Progress, Munsey, McClure, and Cosmopolitan magazines. Text: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, -and those popular magazines- Munsey, McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon re-newing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

When a Boy Enters

is school he is not given a text-book... with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the... way, but he is put at once to doing... business as it is done in the outside world.

Maurice Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

Now, wait a second," said the profane policeman, "and I'll tell you what we'll do... the sexton open the door and stand... of the way. I've got a match in my... and when I strike it you rush in... cover the burglars with your revolver... I'll do the same."

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

Homer Lind, who was for some time principal baritone of the Royal Carl Rosa opera company, arrived in New York from London last week. Mr. Lind, who is an American, has been in Germany and England for about ten years.

Vanoni has made her appearance in London at the Alhambra after an absence of several years. She is singing the same old songs.

Virginia Duncan, who claims to be the only woman in the world with a pure tenor voice, is introducing a specialty which she calls 'The New Songs and the Old.'

During the summer interim Edna Alexander, who proved so pleasing with A Trip to Coontown, will play the vaudeville house. She has been re-engaged for Cole and Johnson's company.

A decree of divorce was signed in New York on Friday, separating Elvia Croix Seabrooke from her husband, Thomas Q. Seabrooke.

Leonora Jackson, the American violinist played before King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, in Paris, on April 17, and was highly complimented by his Majesty.

Louie Maurice composed the incidental music for Julia Arthur's production of Romeo and Juliet.

The anniversary of The Belle of New York's London debut was duly celebrated last week when the American Casino companies sent congratulatory cables Londonward, receiving thankful replies.

At the Casino, selections from the 'Belle' were felicitously interpolated in In Gay Paree, whereunto a new third act and a new ballad are added attractions.

Edna Wallace Hopper has sailed for England where she will spend a holiday of several weeks duration.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Edwin Maynard company close their engagement here this evening. The performances have been well attended and have given excellent satisfaction as a whole, though the organization has been somewhat handicapped this week by the illness of one or two important members.

Archie Boyd has been engaged to play next season the title-role in The Village Blacksmith.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio is in Cortu at work upon a new military tragedy for Duse and Zucconi.

Edmond Rostand, reported last week to be insane, is in excellent health and is busily engaged upon a new play. Sarah Bernhardt will soon produce his Samaritan.

E. H. Sothorn has arranged to present Charles Henry Melzer's adaptation of Harpman's The Sunken Bell, at the Lyceum theatre N. Y. in the autumn.

Ada Rehan has denied a rumor that she has been asked to christen the new yacht Shamrock, which will race for the America's cup next summer.

Marie George will have a leading part in the new Morton-Kerker review to be produced in London.

Katherine Florence will appear next season as leading lady with William Gillette, who will present at the Garrick Theatre, in New York his dramatic arrangement 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.'

Hermann Sudermann has been taken to

SISTER: Why Do You Suffer?

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Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Dear Friend:—It is a duty and a pleasure for me to inform you that your box of pastilles has completely cured me of general weakness and dyspepsia. Some time ago I read an advertisement in the paper about your treatment and I was riveted to read it, with a desire to try it. I am now suffering from any of the ailments and weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I recommend your treatment. You are at liberty to publish this letter and my name. Your sincere friend, MRS. NOEL TARTE.

MY BOOK AND ADVICE ARE ENTIRELY FREE. MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P. O. Box 996, MONTREAL.

a hospital in Berlin, being seriously ill with pneumonia.

May Irwin's son, Harry, has been admitted as a cadet in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Charles Hawtrey will make an American tour next season, it is announced, under management of George W. Lederer.

Louis James will appear next season as Bob Acres in a revival of The Rivals, to be undertaken by Wagenhals and Komper and their stellar triumvirate.

Alma Whittell has been engaged to play the role of Miledi in Paul Gilmore's production of The Musketeers.

Mary Manning was the guest of the New England Woman's Press Association, in Boston, on April 21. Among the professionals present were William Courtleigh Charles W. Butler, Henry Woodruff, and Jameson Lee Finney.

Max Figman is negotiating with London managers for the production of a play which he controls. He intends to leave for London in about a month, and says that the play will probably be produced there next season.

Arthur Burchard will soon produce in London a new drama, The Gamblers, adapted from the French by Harman Merivale.

Ogla Natherole will sail for London May 31, to play a short season in that city.

Madeleine Lucette Ryley will sail for Europe on the New York-to-morrow (Wednesday), to superintend the production of her play, The Mysterious Mr. Bagle, in London on May 18.

A horse employed in The Great Raby at Daly's Theatre, New York, fell through a trap in the stage during the performance last Tuesday evening, but was uninjured. The performance was delayed for about five minutes.

One of the members of the English company, which is to present A Little Ruy of Sunshine in America next season, under the management of Smyth and Rice, will be Farren Soutar, son of Nellie Farren. Mr. Soutar is the author of a musical farce, Justice Nell, that will be presented at the Lydia Thompson benefit in London May 2, with Nellie Farren in the title part.

Marie Wainwright was discharged in bankruptcy in New York last week.

Go-Won-Go Mohawk, the Indian actress was seriously injured at Fort Lee, N. J., April 19, in a runaway. Charles Charles, her husband, also was hurt severely.

Paul Wiltsch, upon the conclusion of Richard Mansfield's tour, will go to England for the summer.

Harrington Reynolds, at the conclusion of his engagement with Henry Miller in Heartsease and Hamlet, will play leading business with T. Daniel Frawley, opening in Milwaukee, June 5.

Emanuel Lederer has come out victorious in his contest with McKee Rankin, who played Magda without authority. A decree by consent was granted to Mr. Lederer by Judge Thompson of the United States Court, restraining Mr. Rankin from performing the play and declaring Mr. Lederer to be the owner of all copyright title in the play.

An agreement had been made previously whereby Mr. Rankin acknowledged Mr. Lederer's rights, arranged a settlement for the expenses of the litigation and secured a license for Nance O'Neill to give performances of the play.

During the present engagement of the Edwin Maynard company in this city Mr. John E. Turton, the leading juvenile, has become so great a favorite both through his excellent dramatic work, and his singing, which is a special feature of the performances, that a little bit of his personal history would doubtless be read with deep interest. Mr. Turton was born and educated in Montreal and is a son of Thomas H. Turton of Her Majesty's Customs in the

city. His inclinations induced him to adopt the professional stage in 1891, and for two seasons he was connected with professional minstrelsy. His health however made a less exciting and exciting life necessary, and in 1893 Mr. Turton returned to his native Canada where he lived until last year. In the intervening time he was employed as a western representative for a well known bicycle tire concern, his duties bringing him through the maritime provinces continually. During that time his bright, up to date business methods, and genial, happy disposition won for him the friendship of many citizens of St. John, and it is doubtful if any young man who ever visited this city is more popular than "Jack" Turton. When the Bicycle and Athletic club gave their annual show last year Mr. Turton volunteered his services, and journeyed all the way from Toronto to take part in the performances. In consequence of this the boys of the club have a warm regard for "Jack" and during the engagement of the Maynard company have not been slow to show their appreciation of his kindness. This is Mr. Turton's first season in legitimate dramatic work and he gives pleasing promise of a successful future in his chosen profession. Mr. Turton is the possessor of a magnificently powerful and melodious baritone voice and the numerous recalls he receives nightly are the best evidence of his popularity here.

Regarding the play in which Margaret Anglin appeared in its first production and its subsequent troubles, the Dramatic Mirror has the following to say:

"The newspaper censure of Charles Coghlan for his course toward the management of Citizen Pierre, resulting in the sudden closing of that play at the fifth Avenue on Monday last week, appears unwarranted to those having knowledge of the facts. At all events the actors of the company approved his course, and were personally blameable that would not be the case, particularly as they had rehearsed four weeks and given six performances without receiving a dollar of compensation.

Mr. Coghlan's position was this: Manager Reed took Citizen Pierre on a royalty and engaged the author to star in the leading role, the terms being an allowance to cover personal expenses and one half interest in the profits. Mr. Reed represented that he had ample capital to pay for the elaborate production, and Mr. Coghlan presumed that the manager was in a position to meet all obligations incurred in such a venture.

In the first place, Mr. Reed did not complete the payments for the scenery and the artists, self protection, took a bill of sale for it before delivery. Mr. Evans, who made the costumes, was not paid for them. And it was under these conditions that the play was produced. On the first night insufficient scene rehearsals were used in tolerably long entrances, and this militated seriously against Citizen Pierre's chances.

When Monday came Mr. Coghlan found that the supers had not been paid and that Mr. Reed had no funds to meet salaries the following day. He realized that the company would refuse to continue for more than the Monday performance and he decided—in order that there should be no possible doubt as to where the responsibility rested—to take radical action himself. He demanded the royalties due for the first week of the production. Mr. Reed was unable to pay them and Mr. Coghlan refused to go on.

Members of the company sided with the star and expressed their willingness to embark in another trial of the play if he would personally guarantee them. In the circumstances Mr. Coghlan seems to have acted for the best interests of all concerned and the blame cast upon him is quite misdirected. He says that Mr. Reed has forfeited Citizen Pierre and he will take it on tour himself next season. Meanwhile Mr. Coghlan and his family have gone to

their home at Souris, Prince Edward Island for the summer.

John E. Kelder will sail for Europe on May 9, returning late in July. He will be featured with Madame Moczka next season. The repertoire will include Macbeth, Much Ado About Nothing, Mary Stuart, and a new play.

Louis Freear, who has become a London favorite through her clever impersonations of slavery types, made her American debut last week at New York in The Man in the Moon.

Mrs. Clara Tapsfield, of Lewis Morrison's Faust, was granted a divorce from Selby Tapsfield, at Galveston, Texas, on March 25. She will retain the name of Tapsfield for professional purposes. Mrs. Tapsfield will play Martha next season in Mr. Morrison's Faust.

Says the Dramatic Mirror of a child actress who has played several engagements in this city: "Baby Vavene played the title-role in Little Lord Fauntleroy with the Thanhouser and Hatch Stock company recently, with great success. So boyishly did she play the part that many people would not believe that she really was a girl."

Horace Mitchell, who met with considerable success this season, playing the title-role in The Little Minister, has declined a re-engagement for the part next season.

John Drew, E. Hel Barrymore, William Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Zian, Kitty Abbey, and Mrs. Cushing, will sail for Europe on May 10.

Piaero's new comedy The Gay Lord Inex by John Herr has scored a great success in London notwithstanding the fact that it was denounced by numerous clerical personages, bishops and such like. Mr. Piaero has an unusual method of writing his plays. His working day does not begin till that of the average City man is over. In the morning he goes out preferably on his bicycle, returning in time for early dinner. Then he has a comfortable sleep and on waking up late in the afternoon he prepares for business. After a cup of tea he goes to his desk, and remains working at his play till far into the night. He writes and re-writes, and is never satisfied with anything but what he himself feels to be his best.

MAINE INDIANS OF WEALTH. The Survivor Fifty Years Hence Likely to Be the Wealthiest Man.

If the members of the so called old tribe of Abenaki Indians take their case before the next session of the Maine Legislature and gain their point the richest man living in Maine fifty years hence is likely to be an Indian.

The trouble between the old tribe is of long standing. It arose from the strong infusion of white blood that was added to this tribe every year. As a rule the men are contented to wed women of their own color. The squaws are more ambitious, and prefer a Yankee or a Frenchman. Such is their fondness for Caucasians that they will cheerfully accept repeated whippings from white husbands, while if an Indian raises his hand against his copper-hued spouse he is likely to spend from three to six months in Bangor jail. The tribe was split ten or twelve years ago over a proposition to admit to membership only persons whose blood was at least half Indian. It was then that the division into the old and the new tribe occurred.

For a time things prospered with the new tribe. Through the sale of Indian townships Nos. 1 and 2 the State of Maine deposited \$160,000 worth of 6 per cent. bonds to the credit of the Abenakis in the State Treasury. In addition the State appropriated about \$4,000 a year for bounties on crops raised by the Indians. The sale of wood and grass and the rental of shore frontage on the 300 fertile islands which the Indians own between Old Town and Mattawamkeag yielded them from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year, so that between freedom from taxation and half-fare rates over all Maine railroads the 300 or 400 high and low grade Indians of central Maine were doing fairly well and living in luxury without being compelled to labor. As soon as the shiftless lumberman learned how matters stood, squaws were in great demand in the matrimonial market. Whenever a poor white man was fortunate enough to wed a squaw, he was taken over to the island, where the State provided a home for him and kept him in food and clothing for the remainder of his days. In six years the population of Indian Island went up from 326 to more than 500.

A Maine Indian is very slow at arithmetic as it is learned from books, but when figures are applied to bread and butter and blankets he is a quick as anybody. Though the members of the new tribe were growing in numbers rapidly and having an easier time than any other community in New England, the per capita share of tea, tobacco, wollen sweaters and moccasins dealt out by the Indian agent

A GRAND DISPLAY

MILLINERY!!

A magnificent display of Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

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A large variety of Sailor Hats and Walking Hats from \$25. upwards. Corsets a specialty. Prices moderate, inspection invited.

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

grew smaller. Thus, instead of six plags of tobacco a week, the allowance was reduced to four. Later a similar defect in clothing and groceries was apparent. Still there was no general uprising of the tribe until several of the squaws who had acquired white husbands had died. After a half dozen white widowers had drawn State bounty for a year or more, the new tribe held a great powwow to decide their fate. The meeting lasted three days, in which time a number of fervent orators were taken home attended by sergeants. The final vote resulted in a victory for white husbands, who have been a opted into the tribe. No sooner had the discussion been reached than nearly one half of the new tribe seceded from their associated and joined the old tribe, until it could easily control the island.

Since then the two factions have been at odds. A few of the transplanted whites have been evicted by force, though most of them continue to draw State bounty. As a final resort the old tribe proposes to appeal to the Maine Legislature and have the interlopers expelled by law. Should the old tribe secure the legislation it desires the Abenaki tribe will probably cease to exist in less than 100 years, the numbers are now kept up by an infusion of white blood. When the whites and all below half breed are barred out, the early death of the tribe seems inevitable. Meantime the 300 islands in Penobscot Bay which belong to the Indians are constantly gaining in value. The tribe today consists of 520 members, who own land valued at a million dollars. By weeding out such as have less than 50 per cent of Indian blood the number will be reduced to less than 150. The average loss in Indian colonies that are kept to themselves is between 3 and 4 per cent a year, and thus at the end of forty or fifty years, by which time the islands will be worth \$4,000,000 or \$5,000,000, the last Indian is likely to be the richest man in Maine. Upon his death the whole property will probably escheat to the State.

Cycling in a Lion's Den.

For a wager of 3,000, a very dangerous bicycle ride was undertaken by Maurice Bertin, a professional, in Agen. He made a bet with a certain Jean Patrice that he would dare to enter any lion's cage and ride round the beast on his wheel. The manager of Himm, in Agen, was selected as the place for the daring deed, and an enormous crowd gathered to witness this extraordinary performance. The owner of the animals accompanied Bertin into the cage, where the reckless wheelman without heed, jumped on his wheel and made one quick circle of the cage. There were two lions and one lioness in the inclosure at the time. The animals at first gazed at the unaccustomed sight. Later, however, one of the males drew himself up in a posture ready to make a leap on the moving cyclist. The keeper was equal to the occasion, and with his whip managed to curb his temper, thus allowing Bertin to safely make the agreed number of rounds, and thus win the bet that he had made.

Obsets to Intellectual Parents.

'Katherine, what made you laugh when I was reading my club paper on 'Architecture?'

'Pardon me, Nancy—I could not help it, you looked so funny with your hat on crooked.'

A Point of Remembrance.

'I think golf is more or less like the piano.'

'How?'

'It is played by a number of people who don't know much about it.'

MY STOCK

—OF—

SPRING SEEDS

Have arrived. They are the very best procurable, and carefully selected varieties. My mixed Sweet Peas are something choice. Also choicest colors by the ounce or package.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

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Mail orders forwarded by return mail. Telephone 230.

Pauper Animals. Calcutta paper contains an account of workhouse or asylum for aged and infirm beasts and birds that was established thirteen years ago by a society of industrial Hindus. It is near the Sodepur, about ten miles from Calcutta, under the control of a manager, a staff of eighty servants, and an excellent veterinary surgeon. In the place there are 972 paupers—to wit 159 cows, 307 calves, 72 horses, 13 buffaloes, 59 sheep, 15 goats, 241 pigs, 44 cocks and hens, 4 cats 3 monkeys and 5 dogs. This remarkable asylum is managed as being most systematically and fully managed. The cow paupers especially a good time of it, inasmuch as the occasion of the 'mela' natives go far and near to decorate and worship

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FOR SALE. LOT ADJOINING 88 St. John St. For particulars inquire of Mrs. J. S. on premises.

ADVICE at Rotherham for sale or to rent for the summer months. That only situated house known as the Titus proposition and a half miles from Rotherham. Rent within two minutes walk of the Rotherham station. Apply to H. G. Fenwick, Solicitor-Law, Fagley Buildings, 24 25 26.

any of our Students have a 12 month's certificate covering both as and shorthand courses. The average time for either is 6 months. Those who are intelligent and energetic, should obtain diplomas at the end of 12 months. Member, our shorthand is the Isaac Pitman's Business Practice the latest and best, and the right for the exclusive use.

Catalogues to any address. S. KEEB & SON.

ECZEMA ON NOSE

For Nine Years. Cured by CUTICURA After Five Doctors Failed.

I have suffered for nine years with sores in my nose. A first-class doctor told me it was fever sore that would soon pass away. I had four doctors treat me for nose trouble, without any good. My husband decided that I should go to N. Y. City and get treated. The best doctor in the city for nose, eye, and throat told me I had eczema in the worst form, and I must stay and get treated three times a week. I did not seem to get any relief, so my husband sent for me to come home. While I was home, I decided to try CUTICURA ointment. I got CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and I was surprised to find it was but a short time when my nose was all well. Mrs. C. B. VAN POSTERLAND, Point of Woods, Bay Shore, L. I.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT purifies the blood and stimulates the glands of the nose, and thus removes the cause, while warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP and gentle applications with CUTICURA OINTMENT cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, relieve itching, burning, and inflammation, and thus soothe and heal every form of humor. Sold throughout the world. For Sale by Dr. J. C. O'Connell, Sole Proprietor, Boston. "How to Cure Every Humour," free. SAVE YOUR SKIN. Hands and Hair by using CUTICURA SOAP.

BAKING POWDER

appointed apartment, green again be the prevailing color. Here one almost...
is called to be on some first-class...
yacht, for the room is designed so...
has a certain amount of nautical ap...
pearance.

the pantry and kitchen are really mar...
of careful planning and forethought;...
all the fittings and many of the culi...
naries were specially made for railway...
use. Besides a luxurious bathroom...
car boasts no fewer than three snug...
bedrooms, the bunk of which are...
slightly larger six than usually to be...
found in an ordinary sleeping car.

P. H. Dudley is a well-known railre...
man in America and for over twenty...
years he and his wife have lived in a...
rail-car home. Mr Dudley's business is...
that he has to spend much of his time...
travelling about the country from one...
rail-car to another, which explains his...
choice of a home. The interior of...
the car is divided off into a cosy parlour...
dining room, library, kitchen, office, and a...
small machinery hall on a small scale.

Mr. Dudley works and makes his...
travelling men. The whole structure is of...
iron plate, and altogether...
no less than £17,000 to build and...
equip.

Some readers, possibly have heard of...
the numerous lines of trains running on...
the newly-opened Trans-Siberian Railway...
passengers have to make their...
travelling for several days at a time. Each...
of these trains is fitted with bath-rooms...
dining saloon, a library, a barber's shop...
and a room for the use of amateur photog...
raphers, to say nothing of minor comforts...
and luxuries.

Queer Mineral Discoveries.
Natural soap mine and a paint mine...
of the latest discoveries in the...
west. Several soda lakes have been...
found in the foothills near Ashcroft, B. C.

bottoms and shores are encrusted...
with a natural washing compound, con...
sisting of borax and soda. No two an...
agree exactly as to the composition...
of the mineral. A New York analysis...
shows 26 per cent borax, while a Mon...
treal chemist, from the same sample, gives...
18 per cent borax. An Ottawa analy...
sis showed only a trace of borax. Tests...
of the substance to be equal to the...
best washing powders in common use for...
household purposes. Trials by blacksmiths...
and workmen show that it will remove...
scale and dirt quicker than soap. After...
such tests a syndicate of British Col...
ombians have been formed to put the...
mineral on the market. One of the mem...
bers now in New York for that pur...
pose. About two hundred and seventy...
tons of the compound have been cut...
up into one lakh. It is handled...
like ice in bulk. The blocks are...
more than nine inches in thickness, are...
in blocks five inches, and weigh...
pounds each. It is estimated that...
the province contains twenty thousand...
tons of the mineral, which will reach propo...
rtions of 100,000 tons.

"To What Base Used?"
The Duke of Lancaster's Own...
regiment were once awaiting inspection...
at Southport on a military manoeuvre...
the commanding officer put his...
rough a series of drills.

"I expect to see every man's sword...
on its scabbard."
The order was given, and every sword...
was sheathed except one. This being...
noticed, the order was repeated, with the...
exception.

The order was given for them to be...
dressed, the angered officer would have...
repeated the matter but for the arrival...
of a noble inspector, who rode round and...
inspected the men on their general...
appearance. He then gave the...
order 'Draw swords!' which ended with...
the result.

Noticing this, his lordship ordered...
them to the front, and requested an ex...
planation.

reply came: 'If yer please, yer...
brother wor diggin' some taters...
t'other day an' broke it, an' I...
it an' it insult to Queen an' conthry...
on'y half a one.'

A Very Rare Find.
We find in the shape of a man's egg...
made in a mining district in cen...
tral Canada. There was a fall of earth in...
a mining claim, and presently the huge egg...
was floating uninjured in the water.

Discovery is the more interesting from...
the fact that this is the second perfect...
egg that has ever been found. The...
first specimen was unearthed by a...
miner digging in the alluvial soil at...
a mountain in the early sixties.

The egg, which was 9 in. in length and 7 in...
in diameter, was taken to England and sold...
for £100. Some idea of these eggs may...
be obtained from the fact that a man's hat...
is an excellent egg-cup for them.



Misses Emma and Ida Marsh who have been en...
gaged in nursing in New York for some time were...
called here this week by the sudden death of their...
mother, Mrs. George Marsh which occurred on...
Sunday evening. Mrs. Marsh had been in ill health...
for a long time but the end came with almost start...
ling suddenness. Besides a husband she leaves a...
large family of daughters, two of whom are in Eng...
land, all of whom have much sympathy in their sad...
bereavement.

Miss Thomson has been in Yarmouth for a week...
or two visiting Mr. and Mrs. Guest.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osmann were in the city over...
Sunday on their way home to Hillsboro from...
Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Tins left the first of the...
week for the United States where Mr. Tins will...
pursue his musical studies for a year.

Miss Kate Greany returned Monday from a...
month's visit to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hamilton and child of...
Moncton passed through St. John this week on...
their way west. Mr. Hamilton has been practicing...
the legal profession in Moncton but will make...
his future home in British Columbia.

Mrs. Ida L. Potts of this city has entered the...
Homeopathic hospital at Boston for a course of...
treatment.

Mr. James C. McGeogor of New Glasgow spent...
a day or two here lately.

Mr. Blanchard Fowler left Monday for Boston...
where he expects to remain for some time.

Miss Alice Kennedy of Monmouth Mass is spend...
ing the month of May with Carleton relatives.

Mrs. Roger Hunter who was taken suddenly ill...
at her husband's place of business on Monday is...
very much improved.

Mr. Walter F. Fenety left Monday to spend a...
week or two in Boston and vicinity, where his...
parents Mr. and Mrs. George E. Fenety of Frederic...
ton, have been spending a few months.

Mr. Frank Jones came over from Digby for a...
few days lately.

Miss Annie Nelson of Warwick N. H. is the guest...
of North End friends and relatives for a few weeks...
going in to Fredericton for a month's visit.

Mrs. B. N. Staw left this week for a short visit...
to Halifax.

Rev. Father Morrissey's friends were glad to see...
him in town this week after his recent severe illness...
of several weeks.

Mr. W. Fish of Miramichi spent Tuesday and...
Wednesday of this week in the city.

Mr. W. E. Raymond who has been confined to...
his home on Dorchester street for several weeks...
was out for a short time this week.

Rev. Dr. Black and Mrs. Black of Halifax spent...
last Sunday in the city, the Rev. Doctor occupying...
the pulpit of St. Andrew's church on that day.

Mrs. E. G. Blacklee left last Saturday on a six...
week visit to friends in New York.

An event which created an unusual amount of in...
terest in this city and other parts of the province...
was the marriage of Edwin Leonard Beer to Miss...
Isabel Margaret Dunlop, second daughter of Mr.

Joseph K. Dunlop of this city, which took place...
on Saturday afternoon last. If the old adage holds...
good the fair bride will have an ideally happy mar...
ried life for all day long the sun shone with a...
brightness undimmed by even the slightest cloud.

The ceremony which was performed by Rev. L. G. Macmillan took place at the home of the bride's...
parents, a large number of friends being present to...
witness it. The handsome home on Coburg street...
was elegantly decorated with all the floral beauty...
that could be procured, and looked exceedingly...
beautiful with its wealth of cut flowers, palms and...
other tall graceful plants.

Shortly before two o'clock Miss Dunlop entered...
with her father, followed by Miss Olive Stone, and...
the bride's little niece Miss Eileen Cushing, who...
made a dainty, frivole little figure in scottish...
linen white muslin dress over white silk, with...
large white hat and a gracefully arranged basket...
of maraschinos.

The bride's gown was of white satin, exquisitely...
trimmed with rich lace, chiffon and ribbons of the...
valley, with which delicately her long bridal veil was...
caught at intervals. Her shower bouquet was com...
posed of carnations, lily of the valley and maiden...
hair fern.

Miss Stone looked extremely pretty in Nile silk...
profusely trimmed with white chiffon. Her large...
white picture hat which was most becoming, was...
trimmed with large drooping plumes, and she car...
ried a bouquet of carnations and lily of the valley.

The groom was supported through the trying ordeal...
by his friend Mr. Blake E. Barrill of Yarmouth, N. S.

As the bridal party entered the parlors Harri...
son's orchestra played the wedding march, and dur...
ing the luncheon which followed discoursed sweet...
music appropriate to the occasion.

Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Beer left by the...
Pacific express for Montreal, their intention being...
to visit the latter Canadian and American cities be...
fore going to their home in Kaslo. They were the...
recipients of many handsome remembrances from...
their friends, most of the gifts consisting of cut glass...
and silver. The groom presented the bride with a...
beautiful pearl necklace, while the groom's memento...
of the happy event was a breastpin all over the...
provinces whose hearty good wishes for happiness...
and prosperity will follow her to her new home.

On Saturday evening the death occurred of Mr. George F. Baird after a long and tedious illness...
during which every remedy and expedient known to...
medical science was brought into requisition; but...
without avail. The funeral took place on Tues...
day morning at Wickham where sleep four genera...
tions of the family. The steamer Victoria carried...
the remains up river, and also took up a large party...
of sympathizing friends of the family. The floral...
offerings were especially numerous and beautiful...
few of them being as follows: a large anchor of red...
roses, carnations, smilax and ferns, C. P. B. F. B.

Brannan; cresset of cream and white roses, purple...
spires, smilax and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. E. Le Roy...
Willis; cresset of roses, lilies, carnations, smilax...
sprays and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Elkin; bou...
quet of pink and white roses, sprays and smilax, Mr.

Boyd; star on easel, composed of white roses, lily...
of valley, carnations, ferns and smilax, Star Line...
Company; a cresset of pink and white roses, carna...
tions, swansons and ferns, Capt. and Mrs. Chas. Taylor; bouquet of pink and white roses and lilies, Miss Or...
chard; an anchor of white roses with base of...
crimson roses, D. W. McCormack and family; a...
handsome pillow with the word "Father" in...
violets. There were also quantities of cut flowers.

A quiet and pretty home wedding took place on...
Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Moody, 200 Waterloo street, when their only daughter Annie, was united in marriage...
with Mr. W. H. Stirling, of Cattle St. The bride...
wore a becoming toilet of cream cloth trimmed...
with silk and cream satin ribbon and carried a...
shower bouquet of cream roses. The maid of honor...
Miss Daisy Leonard wore a pretty dress of pale...
blue veiling trimmed with satin ribbon and...
carried a bouquet of pink roses; and carna...
tions. The groom was supported by Mr. Geo. Seely and the ceremony was performed by Rev. John...
Read of Centenary. After congratulations and...
supper Mr. and Mrs. Stirling drove to Miss...
Earle's, Horwell street, where they will reside...
until their home is ready for occupancy. They...
appeared out in Centenary church on Sunday...
morning and in the evening attended St. Stephen's.

And on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week Mrs. Stirling received her visitors assisted, by Miss Leonard and Miss Munro.

His Lordship the Bishop of Fredericton and Mrs. Kingston are spending a day or two in the city.

The Misses Carleton of Etard street left this week for New York where they will reside. A number of friends assembled at the pier to see them off.

Mr. Guy McLeod son of E. D. McLeod left Friday for the Northwest, a number of young people assembling at the depot to wish him a pleasant and safe journey and good luck.

Capt. and Mrs. Hiley arrived Wednesday from the west on a visit to friends in Carleton.

Mrs. E. L. Simonds and daughter left on Wednesday on a visit to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Eamesman left Tuesday for a...
three months trip abroad leaving New York to-day.

They will visit during their absence, Italy, France, Switzerland, Austria, Germany and the British Isles.

Rev. H. E. and Mrs. Dibble of Oromoco spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. R. E. Rodney and Mrs. Rodney of Brooklyn were among the passengers in town during the week.

Capt. and Mrs. James L. Bain arrived in the city this week from Portland Me., on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Wallace are receiving many expressions of sympathy upon the death of their bright little eight year old daughter Josephine which occurred Wednesday of this week after a very brief illness.

The death took place on Wednesday evening of Mr. George F. Lyman, after a severe illness of ten days. Mr. Lyman was at one time deputy clerk of the country market and in that capacity became very well known. The surviving members of his family have full sympathy in their sorrow.

As an altar cross a beautiful design will be presented to Trinity church shortly by the ladies Bible Class in memory of the late Aeneas Charles Briscoe. At a largely attended meeting held this week Mrs. Briscoe agreed upon this tribute to the deceased rector.

Miss Jessie Nichols left Monday on a visit to friends in the city.

Mr. A. E. Prince is confined to his residence through serious illness.

Mrs. W. D. Acona of Annapolis, N. S., was here for a short time in the early part of the week.

The appointment of Mr. Fred H. Blair as organist of the Cathedral at Fredericton, which position was given to him by the resignation of F. O. Bristow, gives much satisfaction to his friends in this city.

Mr. Blair is an acknowledged thorough musician a pupil of famous European masters and will without doubt fill his new position with more than ordinary satisfaction.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall removed this week to Fredericton, the latter's home, where Mr. Hall has long resided. During his residence here Mrs. Hall made many warm friends who will regret the family's removal from the city.

Professor Graham Bell of telegraphic fame and his parents were in the city this week enroute to the Professor's magnificent summer home in Cape Breton.

Mrs. Margaret McLean who has been visiting friends here since she returned to her home in Windsor, Ont., this week was obliged to defer her journey owing to a severe attack of grip.

Miss Alice Halsey of Montreal spent last week with friends here, on her way to Amherst in which town she will spend the summer with friends.

The following account of a marriage which took place recently in Portland Me., has been received and will be read with interest in various parts of the province where the bride is very well known. The bride is a sister of Mrs. George H. O'Connell of Moncton, and has many friends in this city. The Eastern Argus thus describes the event:

"The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Robertson, No. 115 Clark street, was the scene last evening of a quiet but very pleasant home wedding ceremony which united in the bonds of matrimony their daughter Miss Edith D. Robertson, one of the best known and most popular of Portland's musical set to Mr. O. Geo. Jones, clerk for John E. Greene, the shoe dealer. The ceremony which occurred at 8 o'clock was attended by a small number of relatives and the most intimate friends of the bride and groom. The bridal party formed up stairs and came down to the front parlor to the strains of the wedding march brilliantly executed by Miss Mary G. Jordan. First came the ushers, Messrs. Harold Danham and Lloyd Libby of this city, and Dr. Hatch and Mr. Wm. Fink of Brighton, Mass. Next came the maid of honor, Miss Mabel McKelley of Wollaston, Mass., and last the tall and stately bride clad in a beautiful wedding gown of figured satin and wearing a flowing bridal veil. The bride was accompanied by her father. As they entered the room by the rear door the groom attended by his best man, Mr. Frank M. Low of this city, entered by the side door and the two parties met in the front of the room where under a beautiful wedding bell the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. M. Kimmell, pastor for the church of the Messiah.

From 8:30 until 10 o'clock the house was filled by the many friends of the bride who attended the delightful reception which was held after the ceremony. Refreshments were served in the hall and in the dining-room. Miss Henrietta Bennett Rice presided at the punch bowl as assisted by Ole Cole of Falmouth Foreside, Miss Taylor of this city and Miss Katherine Wood of Augusta. Sherbert was served by Mrs. Fred A. Meller and ice cream by Miss Martha F. B. Hawes. They were assisted by Miss Gertrude Goodridge and Misses Alice and Bertha Gilson.

In an upper room there was a tempting array of wedding presents including a dazzling display of table silver, cut glass and art works. At a late hour the bride and groom departed amid a shower of rice and old shoes to commence a life of wedded bliss which all of their many friends hope will be long and prosperous. Among guests from out of town were, Mrs. C. J. Hatch, Brighton, Mass Mrs. R. J. Hatch, Brighton, Mass. Mrs. Geo. E. Cochran and son, Mountjoy, N. B., Mrs. H. H. Chase, Minot Corner, Me., Mrs. Samuel Mackay, Wollaston, Mass. Mrs. C. N. Skinner gave an afternoon tea last Friday at which was present quite a large number of guests who found the affair an exceedingly pleasant one. Several young ladies assisted the hostess in dispensing hospitality.

\$100.00 for SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Welcome Soap Co., of St. John, N. B., Manufacturers of the Famous Welcome Soap, will present \$100.00 cash to the School Children, viz:—

- 1 First Present of \$25.00
1 Second " 15.00
1 Third " 10.00
5 Presents of \$5.00 Each, 25.00
10 " 2.50 " 25.00
\$100.00

For the best Essay, not to exceed 1000 words, subject, "SOAP," to be written by regular school attendants, either boys or girls, under 16 years of age, all essays to be sent in to us before May 31st, 1899, when they will be submitted to a committee of three disinterested leading teachers upon whose decision the presents will be awarded as above.

CONDITIONS:—Essays to be written plainly with pen and ink, signed with name and address, also statement of age of writer and that the Essay is his (or her) original work, name and grade of school attended, and name of teacher, this statement to be certified to by one parent or teacher.

All Essays must be accompanied by 50 Welcome Soap Wrappers.

The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

THE BEST READING
-AT A BARGAIN-
The Offer of Progress
To send New Subscribers to it
-Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines, All for Four Dollars.
It is being taken advantage of by huns.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
(The Queen of Fashion)
For 1899.
Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.
ONLY 50c. A YEAR.
And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.
No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

When You Order.....
Pele Island Wines
.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.
Four Crown Scotch Whiskey
will soon be the Leading Brand on the market. As it is 15 Years Old one trial will convince you.
E. G. SCOVIL | 62 Union Street.

THE BEST OBTAINABLE at the LOWEST PRICES
SUCH ARE THE
Canadian King of Scorchers and the Renowned Empire
28 or 30 inch wheels, \$35.00. at \$37.50 and \$40.00.
E. C. HILL & CO., Toronto.

Wild Excuse on a Bad Field.
O'er all the field the roses grow,
In pretence, summer trevillions,
And give their balmy scents to bless
All winds that blow.
Of the dark lilies that ebb and flow
In angry battle's wild excess,
Little their shining leaves confess,
Little they know.
Beneath, joyfully, they grow—
Symbol of love and tenderness;
In this glad beauty none could guess
The graves below.
And Heaven withstood the angry press
Of mortal combat, bale and woe—
The field is won—the roses show
God's gentleness.
—The Whipple, Youth's Companion.

"Menu for To-Day."
"What do I want for breakfast, dear?
My wants are a little milk and coffee;
Tea—with your mother's molasses sally,
And a pretty dress, my thoughts to beguile;
By certain to give me those, all these,
And anything else that you can or please."
"and what for tea? Have I any choice?
Yes, dear, the sound of your gentle voice,
And your gracious presence—
So when you are planning out tonight tea,
We'll special thought in your heart for me,
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or please."

FOR ADDRESS: SOCIETY NEWS, THE FIFTH AND SEVENTH STREETS.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Monroe & Co., Barrington street. Clapperton Street, Cor. George & Stanville Sts. CANADA NEWS CO., Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth St. B. C. OSBORN, Bookstore, 111 Brunswick St.

Surprise parties are much in vogue just now. One evening last week about twenty five fair ladies and a goodly number of the sterner sex considerably astonished a lady at the south end as she and her husband were settling themselves for a quiet night among the magnolias.

The oculist consulted by J. C. MacLennan, at New York respects his eyes after a careful examination, makes a report which is full of encouragement.

Rev. A. Braine, pastor of the congregationalist church at Milton, and Mrs. Braine are spending a few days in the city. They are guests at the Carlton House.

Capt. Hall, formerly of 5th. A. G. A. left last week for Louisburg, where he takes command of star Newfoundland, which proceeds to Picton to take a cargo to Conception Bay.

Capt. Harrison, Furness Line, returned last Saturday morning from London in the Halifax City with his wife and children.

Amherst Gazette—Miss Townshend of Halifax was in town last week on her way to Fredericton to attend the marriage of her cousin Elythe Georgia, daughter of the late Charles O'Dell to E. G. Witt of Monreal which event took place on the 23rd inst. in Christ's cathedral.

Mr. F. B. Wade, Bridgewater, will reside with his family in the city and is fitting up an office in McManus, bullfinch, Hollis street.

The many friends of Mrs. (Senator) Primrose, says the Picton Advocate, will learn with regret of an unfortunate accident which which she met last night. While on West's street and near the corner of St. Andrew's (Battery Hill) she was struck by a vintage car, and as a result from the blow, tripped and fell, breaking her arm at the elbow and dislocating her shoulder. She was assisted home and medical aid was immediately summoned. Her sufferings Friday were intense.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

MAY 3.—Mr. H. C. C. Yellie, of Blainville, Bentley & Co., left town this morning for New Glasgow, where he takes charge of the Finn branch store. Mr. Yellie has a large circle of friends, who whilst glad of his preference, and this special mark of esteem to a valued employee, from the members of his firm regret, very much, his removal from their midst.

The dance of last Thursday evening was a complete success, and everyone's regret concludes, this short series of pleasant evenings.

Mrs. E. P. Wetmore and Mrs. E. Phillips chaperoned to everyone's satisfaction. The former lady wore a handsome gown of in quise blue satin, the corsage a raged with white silk lace and pearl embroidery. Mrs. Phillips was very much admired in a toilette of black mousseline de soie over black silk, with long black sash trimmed with pink ribbon. The music, harp and violin, lent nothing to be desired.

Among the large number present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Archibald Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummins, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Halliday, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Fulton, the latter in a charming gown of yellow crepon trimmed with black velvet. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLellan, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Bligh, Mrs. Bligh, Mrs. John Hanson, Kentville, Mrs. J. A. Hanon. Miss May Dimock wore an artistic gown of black tulle over black taffeta silk, the bodice arranged with white.

Miss Eva Murray, was lovely in white silk, the bodice arranged with beautiful white lace and pink roses.

Miss Mollie Black, Springhill, also looked well in white.

Others present were: Miss M. McKenzie, Miss Louie McNaughton, Miss McLeod, Miss Ethel Leckie, in an eminently becoming gown of white silk; the bodice arranged with old lace and pink silk. Miss Florence Leckie, Miss Egan, Miss McDonald, Miss Archibald, Miss McCurdy, Miss Lawson, Miss Tupper.

Messrs. G. A. Hall, J. Stanfield, J. W. Murray, W. P. McKay, H. F. Wetmore, F. Webster, L. Sutherland, A. McKenzie, F. C. Cotton, H. Fowler, R. Hanson, W. A. Fitch, G. Smith, H. C. McDonald, E. Conrad, J. Hay, W. A. Butcher, H. C. Yellie, E. Phillips, F. Edwards, J. Jamieson, J. Jamieson, E. V. V. V. Gundry, H. V. Bigelow.

Mrs. Stark who has been a guest at the Learmont during the past winter, left yesterday for Halifax, where she will in future reside.

Mr. E. R. Stewart's rooms were crowded to their utmost capacity, on the occasion of his recent last



Stolen Kisses.

Young men do not try to steal kisses from girls who are tall and slender and healthy. There is a book containing over a thousand pages and over three hundred illustrations, that every young man and every mother of young daughters should read. It tells in plain, every day language that anyone can understand, many vital truths that every maid, wife and mother should know. It tells the untold suffering and agony that women endure who enter upon the important duties of wifehood and motherhood without seeing to it that they are strong and well in a womanly way.

It tells about a wonderful medicine for women. A medicine that fits for wifehood and motherhood. A marvelous medicine that gives strength, vigor, vitality and elasticity to the delicate and important feminine organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It contains the names, addresses and photographs of many hundreds of women who were weak, sickly, nervous, fretful, childless wives, but who are now healthy, happy, amiable wives and mothers, through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That book is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It used to cost \$1.50, now it is free. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, for a paper-covered copy. Fine French cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"During the fall and winter of 1894 I was engaged in teaching at Public School No. 31, in Smith Co., near Tyler, Texas," writes Mrs. E. Speed, of Owen, Texas. "During this time my wife was badly afflicted with female weakness. We tried three of the best physicians in the county without benefit to my wife's health, but at great expense. My wife grew weaker and we gave up in despair. She could not get in and out of doors without help. She was not able to stand on her feet long at a time, and complained of dragging down pains in the abdomen. Nothing but an untimely death seemed awaiting her. I wrote to Dr. Pierce for his advice. My wife took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and in six months was completely cured, at a cost of less than one month's treatment by the best physician we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce."

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of W. H. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. Is Calais at U. P. Treat's.]

MAY—A very pleasant dance was given in Red Men's Hall in Calais on May night, by a number of young people from both towns.

Miss Mabel Clarke arrived from Boston on Monday. During her stay she was the guest of her aunt Mrs. Melick in Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Susie Prescott of Fenfield, in the guest of her sister Mrs. Wilfred L. Eaton.

Mrs. Benjamin Killey accompanied by her daughter Mrs. Walter Osborne, arrived here this week and will remain during the summer occupying their home on Hickley Hill in Calais.

Mrs. G. H. Blair, who has spent the winter in Ottawa, is now in Jersey City, New Jersey, the guest of her cousin Mrs. Sarah Moody.

Mrs. Fredric Newham of Casco, Nova Scotia, expects to spend several weeks in Milltown, with her sister Mrs. S. M. Deacon.

Mr. Charles Pike has gone to New York City to spend ten days or more.

Miss Bertha Smith leaves tomorrow for Montreal to spend a month in the city with her friend Mrs. William Hall.

Miss Beatrice Vroom is expected home from Boston this week. Miss Vroom has been absent since last September receiving medical treatment, and returns much improved in health, and is most warmly received by her numerous friends. Miss Gertrude Vroom also returns after a visit of a month in Boston.

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Mr. W. F. Todd, M. P. P., and Hon. George F. Hill, arrived from Fredericton on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Frank N. Davis entertained the members of the No Name club at her home on Monday evening.

Miss Grace Carter spent Sunday in town with her sister Miss May Car. Mrs. John F. Grant arrived from Vancouver today, after an absence of six months which she spent with her sister Mrs. William Vaughan. Mrs. Grant is most cordially welcomed home after her long absence.

Mr. Charles W. Young returned from a business trip to the state of Nebraska on Friday, after an absence of more than a month.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson left today for Halifax to visit her sister Mrs. W. E. Torrance. Mr. and Mrs. William Pettigall of Machias are registered at the St. Croix Exchange this week. Mrs. Charles F. Beard returned from Boston last week after a visit of two weeks in the city. Mr. Frank V. Lee is again at home after a brief visit in Boston.

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Miss Woodworth is visiting Mrs. Cass at River Beach.

Capt. Nordby's many friends are glad to see him out again after a painful illness.

Mrs. Atkinson went to Halifax on Saturday where Dr. Atkinson who has just returned from London and Vienna has begun practice.

Widespread regret and deep sympathy for the family are felt at the death of Mrs. John Smith a highly respected and useful member of the community.

Mr. Charles McCabe has returned from spending the winter in Washington.

Rev. H. K. McLean attended the convocation of Dalhousie College.

Mr. N. Morris MacKenzie who took a B. A. degree at Dalhousie and also had the honor of winning the university medal is at home for the summer.

Mrs. Harry Corbett has returned from Quebec. Miss May Jenks has been visiting her sister Mrs. Black at Amherst.

Mr. Green has returned to St. John's N.B.

Mrs. Parsons and Master Fred lately spent a day or two at Springhill.

Mr. Allison Speers, Parvboro's clever cartoonist has gone to spend the summer in Halifax.

Mr. H. W. McKenna and J. F. O'Neil attended the County Court at Amherst. Mrs. McKenna also went to Amherst.

Mr. McDougal of the Halifax Herald, has been here for some days on a business trip.

Rev. I. J. Butler, P. P., returned on Tuesday from a short jaunt and has since been confined to the house with a gripple.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

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Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most ample book of their magnificent line of

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We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

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Canada's Great Wall Paper Store
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MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Dartmouth, England.

Rev. F. B. Rice of the Union church was summoned to Boston during the past week owing to the illness of his father.

Mrs. Arthur Evans of Woodstock is visiting friends in Calais.

Mr. Harry Fethick visited St. Andrews on Sunday.

Mr. Nebemah Marks one of our most prominent citizens is quite ill and confined to his residence.

Mrs. W. T. King of Portland is expected in Calais at an early date and will spend the summer with her daughter Mrs. Jed F. Durea.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]

MAY 3.—In looking over my letter of last week I regret to find that my account of the very pleasant party at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Bristowe where the musical club held their last meet for the season had been left on altogether. Prof. and Mrs. Bristowe who are universal favorites in musical circles extended to their guests a cordial welcome. Mrs. Bristowe was very handsomely gowned in a becoming costume of pink and black brocade with bodice of pink and black chiffon.

The closing year has been generally considered the successful and enjoyable of the club existence. It is the intention of the club to hold a grand reunion the first week in November. A very delicious supper was served about midnight when a pleasant hour of bright conversation was enjoyed and at the conclusion of the program all joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne". The program consisted of: 1st. Trio for pianoforte—"William Tell"—Beyer Prof. Bristowe, M. S. Bristowe, Miss Carman. 2nd. A Little Secret..... Dudley Stafford Mrs. Jeffrey. Piano duet, overture to Coriolan..... Bethoven. Prof. Bristowe, Miss Carman. Paper on Berlin..... Mrs. Risk Song—"Cupid"..... Toxt. Song—"Talking dialogue"..... Nicolini Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety. Song—"Aak Nothing More"..... Marjals Miss Clowes.

Reading—"Climbing"..... Mrs. S. A. R. McDonald Canon Roberts. Song—"The King of Love my Shepherd is"..... Gounod..... Mr. Wilton Lesma Song—"Afterwards"..... Mullen Miss Gertrude Fenety. Reading..... Beethoven Miss Violet Sewell. Song—"The Pleasures of Home"..... Schuman Prof. Bristowe. Piano solo—"Aglata"..... Thome Miss Carman.

Auld Lang Syne and God Save the Queen. Mrs. Downing wife of Prof. Downing returned to Philadelphia on Friday.

Mrs. Tweedie and daughter Miss Tweedie left for Chatham on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Key of Fort Williams N. S., are welcoming a baby daughter to their home Mrs. O'Key was formerly Miss Inez Ross of Fredericton.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (over 2 volumes published), edited by GEORGE CURTIS.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans," "The Katochineses"—illustrated by Everett.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Ant Mirey Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Commo-serial essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

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PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease.

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

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at All Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Figs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in casks and Tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

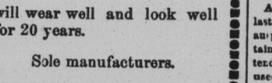
THOS. L. BOURKE

Buotouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buotouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Better Sure Than Sorry.

It always pays to buy the best silver plated knives, forks and spoons that you can get.

It may cost you a little more at first but you'll find that anything bearing this trade mark



will wear well and look well for 20 years.

Sole manufacturers.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A. and Montreal, Canada.

Monday evening. Mr. Stuart is being congratulated on all sides on the success of his evening. The superior work of his pupils recommending to his and their own credit. Mrs. H. F. Wetmore who was in splendid voice, sang three selections to every one's delight.

The "Smiley" entertainment, last evening attracted a fairly large and appreciative audience, who enjoyed an evening of unequalled pleasure, in the first class entertainment provided for them.

PARRBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Parrboro Bookstore.]

MAY 3.—The members of Loomis Lodge, I. O. O. F. celebrated in this will on Wednesday evening. They first marched in full regalia to Grace Methodist church and listened to an interesting and appropriate sermon by Rev. W. G. Lane. Then followed a sumptuous supper at Hotel Alpha to which ample justice was done and afterwards the lodge members and their guests repaired to Old Fellows hall to listen to speeches by Rev. Robert Johnson, W. G. Lane and Mr. McQuarrie, Dr. Hayes and Clary, Messrs. S. L. Gove, and C. Conneller, interspersed with music selections by the metatodist choir, Mr. Hillcoat presiding at the organ.

Miss Ayora McLeod who has been very ill at her uncle's at Wolfville for many weeks was by night home in the Evangeline on Saturday and seems to be not any worse after the journey. Her mother who has been with her during her illness returned

with her, also her father who went to Wolfville a few days ago.

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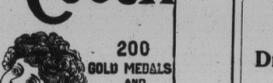
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FRY'S pure concentrated COCOA

"No flaw in its claim to be ABSOLUTELY PURE"



200 GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS

STRONGEST AND BEST

It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma. 25c. a Bottle.

THE HALIFAX MEDICINE CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

Children Like Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE

It does not nauseate—cures Colds, Coughs and Asthma. 25c. a Bottle.

THE HALIFAX MEDICINE CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

CHILDREN

A Family of Eleven

It is not an anecdote some five hundred years of it was a sturdy high on the side of and by the capital withstanding the bolts stretched at length of sound wood and for shade. The proof, so a couple of shade in it.

They did not but soon for it, even on feet across. The cheeks—that is, nut tree trunks. For a covering skins of women it is how they served in large est.

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J. PARKIN,

107 Union Street,

BOURBON.

ON HAND
Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

S. L. BOURKE

Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels of Bouchotte Bar Oysters, first of the Spring catch, and 23 King Square.

TURNER.

Mrs. Phelps of Brockton is spending a few days here a guest of Windor Hall.

The large tea party given at "Lang Synce cottage" by Mrs. Phelps on Thursday was quite the event of the week. The guests were all ladies, Mrs. Phelps had the assistance of the Misses Crookbank and the Misses Tabor in serving the guests while Miss Phelps poured tea. Wait was supplied all evening, the prizes were both first and were awarded to Mrs. Ketchum and Mrs. McIn Shaw.

Miss Maria Neale of Boston, sister of Mr. Egbert Neale is visiting friends here.
The B. and N. West Co. met last Friday evening with Miss Phelps at "Seaside" and held their last meet of the season. A delightful evening was spent, at which 9 tables, working for the prizes which were finally won by Miss Agnes Tabor and Mr. Webster carrying off the first prize while Miss Lillian Beckwith and Mr. J. J. Fraser Winslow were awarded the consolation.

After supper a pleasant programme of dances ended the evening.
Mr. and Mrs. Hall of St. John, are being warmly welcomed as residents of the Cabotville where Mr. Hall has gone into business with Mr. M. S. Hall.
The Cycling and Boat Club have opened up their pretty little Coteau Club house for the season and will this year, as of former years, arrange one night each month as ladies' night which is much appreciated by the fair maidens of the district.
(Owing to the fact that Frederickton correspondence was delayed in transit last week, and was not received at this office until Friday morning it was necessary to cut out many valuable items.)

RIBBONS.

Mar 2-Judge Wells and Mr. J. D. Welch of Moncton were in town last week.
Rev. Arthur H. Meek was in Ectonville on Sunday.
Mr. C. J. Fay is able to be out again after being confined to the house three gh illness the greater part of the past year.
Mr. Richard O'Leary returned on Wednesday last from a trip to Boston.
Rev. Father Bazan has gone to Montreal for a visit of ten days.
Mr. E. P. Brumer of Montreal was in town on Saturday for a few hours.
Mr. Tom T. zee of Newcastle was called to Kingston on Saturday through the serious illness of his brother Dr. F. W. T. zee. The many friends of Dr. T. zee regret to learn that he was conveyed to New York yesterday to his home and before his recovery is assured will undergo an operation in the M. O. t. General Hospital, where he will be taken in the latter part of this week. His friends in this vicinity hope for a speedy recovery and return to our midst.
Dr. W. A. Ferguson came from Moncton on Monday to see his friend Dr. F. W. T. zee, returning again on Tuesday.
Rev. Father Richard Rogerville was in town on Thursday last.
Contra's lions are in order to Mr. and Mrs. Basil E. Johnson a little daughter is an addition to her household.

THINGS OF VALUE.

About 1,500,000 persons are employed in the coal mines of the world.
Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills which flesh is heir to-the very nature of man curatives being such that were the gods of other and differently suited diseases to end in the action of the Panacea-what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the faintest systems are led into consciousness 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 dependency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep-imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthens the animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result of strengthening the frame, and giving life to the dispirited organs, which naturally demand increased lymph of Quinine Wine, given to the public their superior Quinine Wine, at the usual rate, and, as judged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches in every respect perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

A cycle christening is reported from Belgium. The father took the infant to church on the machine followed by other members of the party on the bicycles.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints usually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons etc., and many persons are debilitated from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Gold-filled teeth have been found in the jaws of skeletons exhumed at Pomey.

Tea is very cheap in China; in one province of the empire good tea is sold at 14¢ a pound.

Tell the Deaf.-Mr. J. F. Kellogg, Druggist, Perth, writes: 'A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. THOMAS' ELY'S EAR CURE, wrote to me to tell me he had cured three of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Mexico, I rec'd. it this week.'

Blind persons acquire so great a delicacy of touch at the tips of their fingers that they may really be said to see with their hands.
By far the greatest number of flowers have in smell at all. Only about ten per cent of the 4000 species of flowers in Europe give forth any odor.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

IN NATURE'S PROVISIONS THERE ARE CURES.-Medical experiment has shown conclusively that there are medicinal virtues in even ordinary plants growing up around us which give them a value that cannot be estimated. It is held by some that Nature provides a cure for every disease which respect and ignorance have visited upon man. However, this may be, it is well known that Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, distilled from roots and herbs, are a sovereign remedy in curing all disorders of the digestion.

CHILDREN BORN IN A TREE.

A Family of Eleven Brought Up in a Tree Trunk in Tennessee.

It is not an ancestral mansion, though it has been some five hundred years in building. The best thing of it was a sturdy sapling, standing in a tiny cove high on the side of an east Tennessee mountain. By and by the sapling became a big hollow tree. Notwithstanding the hollow was so big a tall man could be stretched at length in it there was an outer shell of sound wood and plenty of vigorous limbs boughs for shade. The hollow itself was rain and storm proof, so a couple of the mountain folk took up their abode in it.

They did not bother about furniture. There was no room for it, even in a hollow tree measuring several feet across. The man put down a floor of puncheon-that is, rough slabs split from smaller tree trunks. For a bed they had dry leaves, and for covering the sides of various animals round about. The woman knew how to dress them Indian fashion, so they served in large part for clothes as well as coverings.

How Japanese Catarrh Cure Cures Nasal Catarrh.

Japanese Catarrh Cure is a penetrating, soothing, and healing pomade, which is inserted into the nostrils by a small camel's hair pencil. The heat of the body melts this pomade and the patient breathes the soothing medication through the nostrils, and the nasal passages open up. The stuffed-up condition is the head aches, and the person can breathe naturally through the nose. The dull pain across the forehead ceases. Continual use for a short time soothes the mucous membrane until the soreness and inflammation are all gone. The bad odor of the breath passes away, by the best means of small and delicate tubes. The dripping in the throat is permanently checked, and the nose does not grow less and less, and finally stops altogether. It does not drive the disease into the throat or lungs or into the ears, as so often is done by the washes, douches, and the temporary relief catarrh powders and snuffs which coat in cocaine and other irritating substances. Japanese Catarrh Cure is a thorough antiseptic, is cleansing and healing in its action, and the mucous membrane applied six boxes are absolutely guaranteed to cure any case of nasal catarrh, or money will be refunded. For more details, send for a circular. Price 50 cents a box. Sold by all druggists. Write for circular to The Japanese Catarrh Cure Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

An axe is a bullet proof, a powder horn, a hunting knife, an iron pot, a war pail, a jug, two or three for big guards, a bread tray and a meal bag summed up the family's movable possessions. Cooking was done gipsy fashion at a log fire some little way off the entrance to the tree. Generally the pot sat beside the fire, simmering and steaming. The only bread was an cake. For drinking there was a choice of saffron tea, unswetened and moonshine whiskey.

The man of course was a moonshiner. He was also a dead shot-particularly in the case of a revenue officer. He was able thus to feed his family by working about half the time. His wife worked for the clothing, exchanging articles of poultry twice a year for coarse cloth, salt and such of the nearest storehouse store, fifteen miles away. Eleven children were born in the hollow or tree and grew up into strapping men and women. One of the boys stood 6 feet 9 inches-when he could be persuaded to stand at all. Usually he carried himself in rather the shape of a crescent. Each of the eleven was credited in the half of a smaller hollow tree, smoothed out inside with the axe and bedded with leaves. It did not need rockers, jacking itself at the slightest touch. As the big tree became crowded, hollow logs were notched out for each child, chopped to convenient lengths and dragged close about the fire. Into their open ends the big red child came, nest form of the nest, their heads to the fire and feet snug through all sorts of wicker. Of course the logs were open at the rear and the rear end never so much as heard of hygiene. The whole brood grew up innocent of contact with doctors, ministers, or schoolmasters. At the close of a summer cottage down the valley said upon discovering them: 'You're all here, they don't know each other even to be sick.'

GERMANY IN NEW GUINEA.

The German New Guinea Company will no longer rule the country.
The German New Guinea Company has given up the arduous task of governing the large territory confided to it and Emperor William's Government will now administer the affairs of the country itself. The New Guinea Company had exercised such control over the region as the East Indies Company once possessed over a large part of India. It has had trouble with the natives. It is now to be relieved of the responsibility of maintaining order and will devote itself to its commercial interests.

New Guinea is the largest island in the world. The western half of it, as far as the meridian, 141 degrees East, belongs to the Dutch. The southern half of the remainder is British New Guinea, and the northern half belongs to Germany, and is known as Kaiser Wilhelm Land. Hamburg is the headquarters of the New Guinea Company, and the products it has been raising, particularly New Guinea tobacco, have often been advertised in the German press.

The company has also done much to explore the coast mountain ranges and has ascended some of the rivers for a considerable distance. It was on the Kaiserin Augusta River that its explorers reported the natives as having splendidly developed arms, while their legs had rather less than normal strength, and they attributed this to the fact that the natives were almost incessantly on the water plying the paddle in their canoes, and giving their arms a great deal of exercise at the expense of their legs. Some of the most important efforts of the company the country have been centered at Astrolabe Bay which is one of their chief ports. This bay will always be historic as the place where the Russian ethnologist Dr. M. Kluchko Macley, was put on shore from a schooner about five or six years ago to study the natives. No white man had ever been there, and he expected to live there alone for a long time. The schooner sailed away in darkness, leaving him on the beach, and when the natives saw him there next morning they thought the strange object had dropped from the sky. They nearly killed him in their experiments to determine whether he was a god. They imprisoned him in a hut and watched him day and night. They nearly starved him because a god should not require food. They tied him to a tree and shot arrows close to his head and neck, because if he were a god he should not be frightened.

Two of the arrows inflicted a severe flesh wound upon the helpless captive.

Then they pressed their spears against his teeth to make him open his mouth, and in many other savage ways sorely tested his temper, courage and strength. At last they decided that he had dropped from the moon, and that he was not a god because his wounds bled and he needed food, but they voted him a good fellow and grew daily more and more fond of him because he was always cheerful however much they annoyed him, and many of their sick soon recovered under his skillful care.

For two years Dr. Macley lived among these savages, feeling amply repaid for all his terrible sacrifices by the wealth of scientific facts he was able to collect. Money could not have tempted him to jeopardize his life and give up every civilized comfort. But the facts he gathered were needed to complete his long studies among the races of the western Pacific, and, with the ardor of the born devotee of science, he was eager to make any sacrifice that would yield him the knowledge he sought.-New York Sun.

A SECTION FOREMAN

HIS LIFE ONE OF EXPOSURE AND MUCH HARDSHIP.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result-One who has been a Great sufferer speaks for it to Benefit of Others. From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

Wm. McKendry, a gentleman of 52 years of age, has for 28 years been a respected resident of Fenelon Falls, Ont. For twenty-two years he has held the position of section foreman for the G. T. R., which position he fills to-day, and judging from his present robust appearance will be capable of doing so for many years to come. During his residence at Fenelon Falls Mr. McKendry has taken an active part in educational matters, being an efficient member of the school board on different occasions. Many times he has been nominated as councillor, but owing to the position he held with an outside corporation felt it his duty to withdraw, although much against the wishes of the representative ratepayers. As the public well know the duties devolving on a railway section foreman expose him to all kinds of inclement weather, and it takes a man with a strong constitution to successfully fill the position. Mr. McKendry had no illness until about 3 years ago, when, to use his own words, he says: "I was taken down with severe rheumatic pains in the right knee and the muscles of the right leg I could not sleep or rest night or day. I could not begin to tell you what I suffered. I took many remedies, both internal and external prescribed by doctors and friends, but instead of improving I was steadily going from bad to worse. One day while reading the Presbyterian Review I read of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of a man who had not been expected to recover and this prompted me to give this medicine a trial. The action in my case did not seem to be speedy and I was using my fifth box before any decided improvement was noted but by the time I had used eight boxes I was a thoroughly well man. Since that time my general health has been the very best and I have no signs of the old trouble. I make this statement voluntarily, because I think it the duty of those cured to put others in the possession of the means of obtaining renewed health and I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do all that is claimed for them if given a trial.

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine just as good. See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$250, by addressing the Dr. Williams' medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Scherestady New York.

A Family Driven Mad. An extraordinary case of madness, in which all the members of a family, consisting of father, mother, and four children, were simultaneously affected, has occurred at Stavelot. A party of strolling gipsies, who undertook to tell the father's fortune by means of cards, declared that he would be killed while serving in the army, and this prediction so impressed him and his family, that in the course of the same day they all developed signs of wavering reason, and before long had to be put under restraint. The gipsies, who were the source of the trouble, were arrested by the German police when crossing the frontier from Belgium.

SO CURS A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Luxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Ring and the Rope.

A ring and a rope, Jean-a velvet dress- And I love you no more, and I love you no less; But still, in the light of a candle I'll, I can hold your white hand while I'm going your way.

Are there all that life has to brighten and bless- A ring and a rope and a velvet dress?

A ring and a rope! 'T is a wonderful thing! If we shackled Love's liberty, dear, with a ring! If he walked the unvarying pathway he knows For the sake of a soft dress-the kiss of a rose! I love you a million times, I love you no less. For a ring, and a rope, and a velvet dress.

See, how the stars beckon! That way, dear, lies fame- The stars are high but a wreath and a name! And how easy I win them, if 'neath the bright skies I'll find you in the light of your eyes!

Oh, yet for a moment from the stars above! And shall it be fame, Jean or shall it be love?

I fear for the answer! Nay let your eyes dawn- Would the light in them fade if my lips were withdrawn!

If I gazed too far summit in splendor of light, Would a woman's heart miss me and dwell with dream?

Would I still it my bosom in memory press A ring, and a rope, and a velvet dress?

Hold fast to my hand, Jean! It's love that is true: Hold fast to my hand-I am going with you! I am going to tram up all else in the dust Save your love-I believe it-I your beautiful

With my finger a sign, or the mist of a tear, I am giving the world and its wealth for you, dear!

Hold fast to my hand, Jean! Though humble the way, It shall lead us at last to a lovelier day; We shall face the far skies with their blackness and blue, And if hearts may be won, I shall win them with you!

There are tears of the years on the wreath 'round a name: It is love, dear, that lives o'er the ashes of Fame!

Little Light Moccasins. Little Light Moccasins swings in her basket, Why a by willow and time of deer, Bowed by the breeze and nursed by the pine tree, Wonderful things are to see and to hear.

Wide is the sky from the top of the mountain, Blue is the canyon from glare of the sun, Ere she is wearied of leaning the change, Little Light Moccasins flits the sun down.

Brown is her skin as the bark of the birches, Light as a feather as the feet of a fawn, By the dusky chamber of man an' mountain, Little Light Moccasins walks the dawn.

All of the treasures of summer-time canons, These are she plucks the sun in mid knows, Berry time, blusom time, birds call and butter- flies, Columbine trumpet, and west brier roses.

Bear meat and deer meat, with pine nuts and scores, Handful of honey-crook dripping with sweet, These are she plucks the sun in mid knows, Bells of wild hyacinth, pleasant to eat.

Here in the rocks for the wild-bee's hive is, Leaping of trout in the sun dappled pool, Down dropping cones of the broad spreading pine tree, Piping of quail when the moraines are cool.

When on the mead the meadow lark stooping, Folds her brown wings on the safe hidden nest, Hearing the boot of the oviest at twilight, Little Light Moccasins goes to her rest.

C. utting the stars through the chinks of the wicket- up, Watch the flames of the campfire leap, Hearing the song of the wind in the pine tree, Little Light Moccasins falls fast asleep. -Mary Aust.

When Girls Were Calico. There was a time, 'twixt the days Of lissy woggles, straight and prim, And these when made, with delect ways, Leads every country girl to him, Yet not a hundred years ago, When girls were swayed in calico.

Within the barn, by lantern light, Through an ivy arched window that feet, The boys and maidens danced at night To fiddle measure, shrilly sweet; And every rowdy's head, though tough The girls were gawped in calico.

Across the flooring rough and gray The gold of scattered chaff was spread, And in an ecstatic glow they lay, And it is said from that time ahead, Swung scented rines to and fro O'er pretty girls in calico.

They used to do a-Maying then, The blossom of the spring to seek In sunny glades and shadowy glen, Unweighed by fashion's latest freak; And Robin fell in love, I know, With May in her calico.

A tuck, a frill, a bias fold, A hat covered over every wise, And beads of coral and of gold, And rosy cheeks and merry eyes, Made ladies in the long ago, Look on a ring in their calico.

The modern knight who loves a maid Of gracious air and gentle grace, And finds her oftentimes arrayed In silken silk and priceless lace, Would love her just as well, I know, In pink and lilac calico.

It. 'If I were a man,' the woman said, 'I'd love my mark one I was dead; I'd lead the world with a but-cry, And I'd be famous ever I should die - If I were a man.'

'If I were a youth,' the old man cried, 'I'd see as all chances, I'd go with the tide; I'd win my way to the highest place, and strike to honor' and I'd seek his grace - If I were a youth.'

'If I were rich,' the poor man thrice, 'I'd give my all for the poor's support; I'd open my door, and I'd open my ear, And I'd give a hand and I would never part - If I were rich.'

And lo! if all these things came true, The woman a man, the man a youth, The poor man rich-then in all such, This world would be, when we got through, Just as it is. -James Oppenheim.

The Earth. With gathering years the earth has not grown lame In man's firm clasp a more luminous ball, Though conquering feet have trodden nearly all, And even the uncharted seas received a name; There still from noisome deservings of man's aim; Forgetting him still he beyond his trail; The silent Polar doors hee at his will, And inmost tropic wilds he scarce dare claim.

Yet, when at last the globe is mastered quite, And prying man has left no inch unmeasured, He still must pass before earth's moor of might That lifts the sea and toss the desert sand, That sets the dread volcano's torch alight, And send strange terrors through the startled land. -Meredith Nicholson.

Now. I leave with God to-morrow's where and how, And do concern myself but with the now, For this is the word, 'to-day' has but one length; Well used, holds twice its meaning and its strength.

Like one blinded, groping out his way, I will not try to touch beyond to-day, Since all the future is concealed from sight, I need but strive to make the next step right.

That done, the next I do so on, till I find, perchance, some day I am no longer blind; And, lo! as I behold a track half mine's length, I do say: 'Rest now, for you have reached the end.' -Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



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COURTLY DEFINITIONS.
Some Words That Have Cost Pretty Big Fortunes.

There are words in the English vocabulary—simple words, of the meaning of which one would be excused for thinking there could be no two interpretations—which have, nevertheless, been defined at law at the cost of hundreds of thousands of pounds. The law is at all times an expensive machine to set in motion, but when it has a definition to give, it is little short of a gold-crushing machine.

One can hardly conceive how much harmless-sounding words as 'cruelty,' 'domestic,' 'lien,' 'accident,' 'hotel,' could lead to protracted litigation, but the fact remains that in company with some hundred modestly euphonious fellow-words, they have cost huge fortunes to unfortunate litigants whose cases turned upon the legal definition of the words.

We all remember the long discussion over the poor little word 'place,' as used in the famous Gaming Act. For a legal definition of this word, the parties to the various actions which were resultant from it have paid an aggregate sum of more than £20,000; and yet it is doubtful whether the existing definition would long be upheld if anyone with adequate funds dared to contend against it. In fact, it is thought that the word has so many pitfalls to offer for lawyers that it would be as well to pass a special Act permanently defining 'place.' But such a course is hardly likely to be adopted.

In the matrimonial suit of Russell v. Russell the word 'cruelty' led to prodigious litigation and consequent expense. Some contended that 'cruelty' must be inflicted upon the body to fill the requirements of the Act, and others said that in some circumstances it could be inflicted upon the mind; that there was mental ill-health and suffering more acute than physical ill-health and suffering; and so the word 'cruelty' was fought up and up till it reached the House of Lords. In other cases, also, the word has caused a lot of trouble.

Since the time when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was instituted the word 'domestic' has put fortunes into lawyers' pockets. Under the rule it is an offence to ill-treat a 'domestic animal,' and the word 'domestic' excruciates anyone ill-using an animal other than 'domestic.' Hence, there has been endless legal discussions upon the question of what is a 'domestic animal.' Some people wanted to set down for living truth that a tame bear was a domestic animal. They failed. Others sought to show that a caged hawk was not a domestic animal, because it had been born wild, and being caged was not in its natural state. They failed. Yet the two cases were on very much the same grounds—on all fours, we might say in compliment to the bear. The law argues that a bear or a lion is not 'domestic' so long as he is necessarily caged, and common sense suggests quite the opposite.

Under the Wills Act, all words 'apparent' in testamentary documents are held to be part of the will; and this has led to much litigation, costing thousands of pounds. What is 'apparent'? If you make a will and you erase some words they are 'apparent' only if they can be read without unusual difficulty. If they are quite faint, and it was obviously your intention to erase them completely, they may still be 'apparent.' If you stick paper over them to hide them, they may even then be 'apparent' to the satisfaction of the law. If the covered words cannot be read without the paper over them being moistened or scraped thin, the words are not 'apparent.' But if the words can be read through the paper by the document being held up to the light, they are 'apparent.'

What is an accident? A mishap it would be unreasonable to expect, our lay mind suggests. But it took a court of law something like a fortnight to decide whether a bee-sting was an accident. A man died from the effects of a bee-sting, and his wife claimed heavy insurance. But the insurance company declined to pay on the grounds that a bee-sting was not an accident in the true sense of the word. So the law was requested to decide. The company suggested that a bee-sting if not deliberately come by—a quaint proviso—was a misadventure, but not an accident. The widow claimed that a misadventure was an accident unless resultant from negligence and she won.

'Outward bound' is an expression which like 'homeward bound,' has led to long discussion in Admiralty action. When is a vessel 'outward bound'? When she has thrown off her moorings and started her machinery, or when she has left the dock, or the port, or the mouth of the river, or what? If she is outward bound when she has been boarded by her crew and passengers, and shipped her cargo, and started down the river, would she be 'outward bound' if she intended to stop at the mouth

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degraas Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Pills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

of the river to coal or take another hand or passenger aboard? No. She is 'outward bound' only when she has actually started from her dock, and is proceeding on her journey, with no intention of stopping before her first port of call. She is not 'outward bound' until all the passengers, coal and cargo, etc., she intended to carry are aboard.

'Dresden china' has caused a great deal of hair-splitting recently. So has 'linen,' 'fancy bread,' or 'Swiss bread,' while the word 'necessaries' is thrashed out again and again every week in county courts. 'Cattle,' 'burglar,' 'gambling,' 'hotel,' 'income,' 'land,' are a few more words the legal meanings of which have been decided at the cost of tens of thousands of pounds. To illustrate the exquisite fineness with which the law makes its distinctions, we may add that it is a tradesman's assistant accepted a shilling from a customer on behalf of his employer and put it in his pocket for his own use he would be guilty of embezzlement. But if he accepted the shilling, dropped it into the till, and then put it into his pocket for his own use, he would be guilty of the lesser offence of larceny.—Tid Bits.

JOHN BULL BANKRUPT.

The British Government is Once Unable to Pay its Debts.

'John Bull bankrupt' sounds strange to-day, and the chancellor can afford to smile at the idea as he reckons up the nation's balance sheet for 1899; but it was not always so. Once indeed—102 years ago—the Bank of England virtually declared the British government bankrupt!

It came about in this way: Five years before the eighteenth century closed France declared war against Great Britain and Holland, and there was a great drain on the gold of the country. The most anxious man in Britain was Pitt, the Minister of finance, whose resources were strained to the utmost.

For months Pitt had only obtained accommodation from the Bank of England by bringing great and constant pressure to bear upon that institution, but nobody was more astonished than Pitt when the 'Old Lady of Threadneedle street' took it into her head to threaten England with bankruptcy.

A year or two before the bank had refused the paper of a private banking firm, and compelled it thereby to stop payment the next day for a million sterling, and in the universal sensation and confusion which overwhelmed the financial world a hundred country banks suspended payment. Then the government stepped in and saved the situation.

But now the government itself was in peril. The treasury had sent bills to the bank for payment amounting to over £200,000, and there not being sufficient gold in the country the bank resolved on a coup d'etat to save the situation.

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By consulting this book you can doctor yourself and your family successfully; it can be found at all drug stores or is mailed free on request.

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The court of chartered money changers met in Threadneedle street, and resolved that the bills should not be discharged unless money was sent down for the purpose. The meaning of such a resolution, as those versed in the way of financiers will not need to be told, was nothing more or less than that the government could not meet its liabilities.

Pitt trembled when the news was brought to him, and everybody, from the king on the throne to the man in the street, talked of this and nothing else. How, people asked of one another, could the government get along without money?

The bank, of course, had promised to pay gold for its notes when demanded, and by refusing to do so it had broken its promise. But for the government to have pressed the bank would have intensified the trouble a hundredfold, as the government owed the bank an enormous debt.

The king and the ministers were summoned to town on Sunday morning; a privy council was held at Whitehall and a meeting of ministers in Downing street, both of which the king attended. There was only one course by which the country could be saved, and, daring as it was, it had to be taken.

The government threw itself between the bank and its creditors, and commanded the bank to withhold all cash from the public until parliament had met and come to some decision. The prohibition was ordered to remain in force for six months after parliament met, and during that period small bank notes were issued, and were generally accepted as cash everywhere.

Matters in this way righted themselves, and the wheels of government went round again.

NEW CANAL IN GERMANY.

The Great Waterway That is to Run East and West Through the Country.

The Germans attribute their rapid commercial progress in part to the advanced development of their internal means of communication by rail, river and canal. They are not able, for instance, to mine coal quite so cheaply as it is done in England, but they can carry their product to the iron mines for smelting purposes on the State railroads, at so small a figure that it equals matters, and they accordingly manufacture pig iron as cheaply as is done in England. They are now at work at what is known as the Midland Canal, which is to run east and west, cutting through the territory between the Elbe and Rhine, permitting not only the direct passage of ships from one to the other without unloading, but also allowing Rhine boats to carry cargoes gathered in the harbors of the North Sea to places far inland.

The canal will also connect with other canal systems penetrating to the Oler and Vistula, so that all parts of the country may be reached by water direct from the North Sea. Side canals are run to Omsbruck Hildersheim, Pline, Brunswick, Magdeburg, and perhaps to Nienburg. The cost of the work is estimated at \$38,556,000.

Nature has traced the course of this canal, and the work presents so few difficulties that it is hard to understand why it has not been built before, considering the importance of the region between the Ems, Weser and Elbe as a means of internal communication. The Dortmund Canal, already in operation, will be a part of the system. The canal will be dug from Bevergern, on the Dortmund Canal, to the Ems, will reach the Weser at Minden the Leine near Hanover, and will finally join the Elbe at Heinrichsburg, a little below Magdeburg. This stretch of canal will be about 200 miles long. The region is very flat, and over half the canal will be at an altitude of about 150 feet and seventy miles at an elevation of 175 feet. There will be only six locks. The canal will be 110 feet wide at the surface, 60 feet wide at the bottom, and 10 feet deep.

As the great ditch will run through a region of extensive marshes, the canal will be of much importance not only for commerce but also as a regulator of the drainage and water supply. In the eastern part of its course the iron industries are highly developed. It is also expected that large quantities of fertilizers will be transported by the canal for the improvement of the poor, sandy soil in this part of the low German plain, and it is thought the result will be a considerable increase in the density of population.

Canalization is of much importance in a country like Germany, and the results thus far obtained have more than justified the expenditure. Emperor William recently said that the empire's future is on the water, and he has done much to encourage canal building. Last month he approved the plans for the projected ship canal between Stettin and Berlin, by means of which vessels of heavy tonnage will be able to load and discharge cargoes direct at Berlin.

Human eye Fast Than the Foot.
'You read a thousand miles,' is the calculation of a clever individual fond of details. The eyes of the average busy man in reading alone, travel 1,000 miles which is equivalent to an 'ocular trip' a third of the distance across our continent. Even the busiest man probably travels with his eyes nineteen miles of type yearly, and

THAT SNOWY WHITENESS
to which all housewives aspire can be secured most surely, most easily, and most economically by the use of "SURPRISE" Soap.
It takes all the dirt out of the fabrics, and leaves them white as snow—clean, sweet and free from streaks or discolorations.
A large cake costs but 5 cents. Remember the name—
"SURPRISE".



there are doubtless many readers who travel six times the distance. If you read a yellow backed novel your eyes have traversed from a mile to a mile and a half of type. The business man cannot keep up with this pace. With ordinary use, your eyes have not travelled over two miles during an average lifetime. Perhaps a Kipling or a Zola, if he lives to be 60 or thereabouts, has journeyed 120 miles with his pen; that is, he has not travelled as far as from New York to Albany.

What her Heart Said.

Miss Mabella St. Percy: 'Mamma, dearest, I have something to tell you.'
Mamma (anxiously): 'Yes darling.'
'Yes, mamma. Mr. Moneybags proposed to me last night.'

'And what did my little girl say?'
'I didn't give him a definite answer. Mamma I wanted to talk to you about it first.'

'And what does your heart say, dear?'
'Oh, mamma, it says—it says—Oh, mamma, is it really true that Mr. Moneybags will have £10,000 a year at his father's death?'
'Quite true, my child, and—and—the old gentleman is very feeble.'

'And I should be sole mistress of Moneybags Hall, in Scotland?'
'Yes, darling, and a beautiful house at Brighton.'

'And I should probably go to town for the London season?'
'I have no doubt of it, my dear daughter. And—and—I don't want to influence you in the least, my child. No one shall say that my child was not left to follow the leadings of her own heart in the choice of a husband; but—but—you have heard about the Moneybags's diamonds?'
'Yes, mamma.'

'They are superb! I have seen most of them when Mr. Moneybags's mother was alive, and they are all his own.'

'Oh, mamma!'
'And now what does my dear child's heart say?'
'Oh, mamma it says—yes!'

'My own dear child! I have always wanted to see you married to the man of your choice, to the man you loved and honored. Bless you, my darling, and may you be as happy as you deserve.'

What the Doctor Might do.

'You will have to be very careful for a long time,' said the doctor.
'I suppose so,' replied the patient.
'If you expect to entirely recover from this you must obey my instructions implicitly.'

'Then I shall have to ask you to make them very explicit.'
The doctor bowed gravely, and that far-away look came into his eyes that denotes in a doctor an occasion of great moment, when his vast learning is to be brought to bear on a serious problem.
'You mustn't smoke,' he said.
'Great mackerel!' cried the patient.
'You mustn't drink.'

'When?'
'You mustn't over exert yourself at any kind of work or exercise.'
'Not so bad.'
'You mustn't be out in the evening.'
'Now, look here, doc!'
'You mustn't eat rich food.'
'I won't.'

'You mustn't have any excitement.'
'All right.'
'No cards or billiards, or—'
'Oh, doc, go easy.'
'You mustn't—'
'I say doc!' interrupted the patient.
'Well?'

'Aren't you making unnecessary work for yourself?'
'How do you mean?'
'Wouldn't it be easier for you to specify what I can do?'

However, this isn't the only doctor who has seemed to begin at the wrong end.

The Wrong Scout.

At a recent missionary meeting a young minister named Gibbs was called upon to give an address.
Mr. Gibbs's style is remarkably flowery, but those 'purple patches' with which he frequently adorns his speeches are highly distasteful to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a plain practical old preacher, who happened on the present occasion to be sitting on the platform.

'Methinks brethren,' exclaimed Mr. Gibbs, in the course of his oration, 'during which he had surveyed mankind from

China to Peru—Methinks I can hear the clash of the cymbals in the great procession of Juggernaut; I can scent the spicy breezes of Ceylon wafted—'

'No, Mr. Gibbs,' interrupted Mr. Wilson, very solemnly; 'it's the broken gas-pipe you can smell—the man hasn't mended it yet!'

Mr. Gibbs's speech came to an abrupt conclusion amid the laughter of the audience.

An Imported Snake Story.

American inventors of snake stories must look to their laurel; the educated Bengali has entered into competition, and judging from the sample given in good faith by a native paper at Calcutta, he will be hard to beat. Some time back the lovely daughter of wealthy Z-mindar was bitten by a cobra and died in the course of a few hours.

As her remains were being conveyed to the Ganges for sepulture a passing patriarch of revered men proposed that she should be allowed to experiment with resuscitation. As he bore a high reputation as a professor of occult science the scrawling relatives heartily consented. The stg; then obtained three crows, and after praying very energetically threw the shells on the ground. Instantly one disappeared and the spectators were wondering what had become of it when a huge cobra burst out of the adjacent jungle, bearing the missing cowrie on its forehead. It must have been a humble sort of reptile, for when ordered by the sage to suck the wound on the deceased lady, it at once complied, and then died to save further trouble. Within an hour its human victim had quite recovered and went on merrily with her husband and relatives, none the worse for her little adventure.

'Such was the marvelous treatment,' says the narrator, 'of the peasant Moulvi Buz, professor of the occult science, which, with the spread of the so-called Western civilization, had almost died out of the land.'

V Nice Lit to Wait.

'I am looking for Mr. Adams, the book-keeper,' said the caller, a portly, dignified gentleman of majestic appearance.
'He is not in,' replied the young man on the three-legged stool. 'He's—'
'I see he's not in,' interrupted the visitor. This is about the hour he has been in the habit usually of coming in, isn't it?'
'Yes sir, but—'
'Thanks, I'll wait.'

He sat down, picked up a newspaper, slowly unfolded it, and proceeded with leisurely dignity to read.
The young man on the three-legged stool wrote away in silence.
Thus passed half an hour.
The caller grew restive.
'By the way,' he said, how—er long will it be before Mr. Adams comes in?'
'I don't know,' said the young man on the stool. 'He went out about three weeks ago to another firm.'

A Much Malted Beverage.

'Death in the teapot.' Well, cheap tea—steeped in hot water—causes death. Good tea properly drawn, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but it's not good, as, for instance, Tolly's Elephant Brand Indo-Ceylon Tea.

The average woman's a firm believer in home rule.

The ruler might be cited as an example of some for nothing.

Life is spent in learning to live, and, having learned, to die.

The loafers idea of happiness is nothing to do and lots of time to do it in.

What this country needs is a few converted heathen to do a little missionary work in our large cities.

Tell a man that you have a good joke on him, and he is confirmed in the opinion he has always entertained that you have no sense.

When a woman can't explain a thing she can always explain why she can't explain it.

When a young man gives his steady a two-dollar present, and she honestly believes it cost eight or nine dollars, that settles it; she loves him.

After a girl can play two or three pieces on the piano her mother begins to snuff with disdain every time she reads praise of Paderewski.

Every woman has had at some time a scheme for buying pigs or chickens and turning them over to some colored person living in the suburbs, to be raised on shares.

And as soon as a woman buys a pig corn goes up and pork down.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1899.

SPEAKING OF SWIMMERS.

A MAINE SAILOR'S TALK ABOUT ONE DAN FISH.

The cheerful person who acted like a lunatic, was picked up off the Danish Coast, was lost at sea and turned up in New York all serene.

'Speaking of swimmers,' said a retired Maine sailor, 'in the year '56, when I was before the mast on the American bark Andrew Todd, I met Dan Fish. Curious thing that the dullest swimmer I ever heard tell of should be named fish. But so it was. Names come that way once in a while. Once I knew a fellow named Barnes that was a hostler. A fellow named Ketchum was a deputy sheriff once in the town where I was brought up. But he never did.'

'Well, about Fish. We went up the Baltic on that trip. On the way out we run pretty well in toward the Danish coast. One day we saw a fellow on a lonesome cape making signs. He was just a working hisself into spasms with the signs that he was making. Old man happened to be on deck at the time, and said: 'Wonder what that blamed jumping-jack is trying to make out to do?'

'Mate said he thought man must be having fits. Cap'n allowed 'warn't th't. Thought he must want to say something to us. Cap'n didn't want to stop, but thought it might be something he ought to know, and so he hung up head to the wind, and sent a boat ashore. Boat came back with the fellow aboard. He clum over the rail. 'What kin I do for ye?' asked the old man.

'Goin' to New York?' asked the fellow. 'Yep. Started for there. 'Was, all right then, I want to go along.' 'You do, hey? Wal, the ship's no omnibus. We ain't running a stage coach. We ain't advertising for passengers.'

'Exactly; but I don't want to be a passenger. I want to work. I want to get to New York, and I'm an A. B. bodied; and you got your mate's name in mind, did you?'

'Wal, it so chanced that the old man was short the right kind of a second mate. So he thought the thing over and asked the stranger if he understood things well enough to take the berth. Man said that was j-ust the lay he was strong on. So the old man took him below.

'It come so that he was in the skipper's watch. Old man usually hung round on deck till about nine and then he dropped below for forty winks. He allus left word that he was to be called if breez piped up any. Things went on frust rate for a few days. We got down pretty well into the mouth of the channel. Got so that we could see our way clear to go whoopin' down into the deep water. Weather began to look a little more nasty. Old man would warn the second mate every night more up and stiff about calling him up if the thing come on to blow any in partikier.

'One night I was at the wheel. Heard all the conversation. Old man got down so that only his head was above the companionway. Said he to the mate: 'Locks sort of muddy around the aides to-night.'

'Sure, Mike,' says the mate. 'Old man didn't like for a cent the familiar way the mate had, and he jawed him by the acre about it.

'Say, don't you talk to me like that any more,' he yelled to the mate.

'Not on your life, Pete,' the mate said, so cheerful like and sincere and all that, you couldn't get mad at him.

'The old man looked at him for a minute as though he would like to eat both his ears off without pepper or salt. Then his head went down the companionway and out of sight. In a moment it came up again.

'Say P he yelled.

'Aye, aye, sir,' shouted back the mate, still with that cheerful grin on.

'If she come on to blow up any be sure to rouse me out.'

'Sure Mi—pb, aye, aye, sir! But bless your soul. Cap'n, I can handle her like a book. Don't you worrit. Sleep the sleep of the angels.'

'Well, if it comes on to blow and you don't rout me out,' said the old man, 'you'll be an'fangel. You can sure Mike that all right?'

'I warn't long before the wind begun to pipe. I had to wrassele summat hard with that old wheel to keep'er up. But the mate pndlemised up and down the deck whistling, and never said a word about taking in a stitch of sail. Pretty soon she began to wopse around so that the old man stuck his head out. The wind caught up his hair and it strung it up into the night like a flag of truce. 'Say, ye ought to take in your royals there,' yelled the old man.

''s all right, 's all right,' just as cheerfully answered the mate, as though they had been talking about the hay crop. 'We might just as well keep'er on. We shall get there sooner. There ain't no danger at all. She ain't got a mite more sail than she can lug. Go right down and go to sleep, Cap'n.'

'The old man didn't like the looks of things, but the mate acted so confident like that he gave a few snuffs and then bobbed down out of sight.

'In another half an hour he was up once more. The mate was whistling a tune and looking at the stars. The old crib was lurching down into the sea like a gentleman jag going downstairs.

'Take in them royals,' screamed the old man.

'Nothin' but a puff, Cap'n; nothin' but a puff,' said the mate.

'Just then there was a mighty r'p and whoop of the wind and the upper sails went out of the eyelets like smoke. The mate was standing looking at the rags scudding off on the wind when the old man came stomping up behind him. The old man hit him one clip behind the ear and over the rail he went right into the smother.

'Shall I put 'bout ship?' I cried, for thing sort of stunned me.

'Put 'bout nothin' I said the Cap'n. I ought to have done that long ago. He was a hoodoo, that's what he was. I don't want an loonytics on board the Todd.' And he ordered the watch to turn out and fur.

'It made the men feel sort o' blue for a few days to lose a man in that way. And do you know, we all sort o' liked the cuss. He allus had cheerful ways with him. And we thought the old man was a little mite ha'it to knock him overboard the way he did and then to slip away and leave him. But the feeling wore away and almost before we knew it we were sloshing on our way up New York harbor.

'Say, now I'm going to surprise you. I'm afraid you'll think I'm not telling the truth. But, so help me the Great Crawfish if the man who came running down to the wharf to take the bow hawser wasn't Dan Fish. There he was just as large as life. Old man looked at him as he would at a ghost. Thought he really was a spook. So did all of us. But spooks don't lug lines as a general thing and smoke clay pipes while doing it. There didn't seem to be no doubt that this was Dan himself in the flesh, smile and all.

'You here?' at last grasped the old man.

'Sure, Mike,' said Dan. 'Warn't you drowned?' 'Not so that knowed it.' 'Wal, how'd ye get here before us?' 'Swum. I've been here j-ust nine days waiting for you. I want to collect the pay that is due me.'

'He come aboard and the old man counted out his money. Every ten seconds the skipper would say: 'Ye say ye swum?' And Dan would answer every time: 'Sure, Mike. I'm the champion swimmer of Yirrup, Yirrup and Amerikee. I kin outswim everything except the great Kechookibus whale, and I kin give him quite a sweat in a long run.'

'And that was all he could get out of him. Ain't no need of going into the details,' said he. 'That warn't no great trick. If I couldn't beat this old tub of yours by two weeks in a straightway swim across the Atlantic I'd never kick a fin 'g'ust salt water again.'

'But if you swim like that I kin make your fortune for you,' said the old man.

'Wal, go ahead and make it,' says Dan.

'It happened about the time that a museum was advertising the greatest swimmer of the world. Oh, he could outswim anything, so the bills said. Cracked him away up. Jest as soon as he could get things stowed all right and the stevedores at work the old man hustled off up the street and hunted up the manager of the great swimmer. Old man said that he was interested in swimming himself. Manager began to brag on what the swimmer could do. Old man said that warn't nothin' much. He knew a feller that could take the rag off'a that. Then the manager bigger. And the old man would chip in with the same old grind about that warn't nothin' much to run up a fig about. Pretty soon the man got gorrammed mad.

'Who is this feller that you are talkin' so about?' he yelled out at last. 'What's his name?' 'I never heard of him.'

'Name's Fish,' calmly, said the old man. 'Fish that's his name.'

'Thought I k'dly, sneered the manager. 'Name's coffin or catfish or mackerel eh? Oh, you think you're a joker, don't ye?'

'No sir, I mean Dan Fish,' said the old man. He ain't no salt mackerel. I'll bet him against your man for all you want to stake. Bring on your dough. He's only a sailor' but he can outswim any man in creation.

The manager thought he had struck a cinch. He asked the old man if he wanted to put up more than 50 cents. Finally the old man said he would bet his share in the Todd and cargo against \$5,000; but he said he supposed the manager was too poor to raise so much. That made the manager mad, and in less than ten minutes the money was up.

'For the next two days the old man wouldn't let Dan out of his sight. He kept asking him if he really was all the kinds of a swimmer he made himself out to be. Dan would say: 'Old man, you jest hang on to your boarding tackle and see if I ain't.'

When the day came there was quite a crowd on the beach where the swimming contest was to take place. The great swimmer was there on the ground first, under the charge of the manager. The swimmer was all dressed up in rubber clothes, and had a paddle and a little flag to fly at his feet when he was in the water. He was a slick-looking chap. Looked as though he could go through the water like a pickerel.

Manager began to scout around, and finally went up to the old man and asked him where his swimmer was. Said his own man couldn't be standing around there much longer in the cold. Old man pointed up the street.

Dan Fish was coming down. He had on three hats, one a straw, one a plug on top of it, and tied on to the plug was a fur cap with ear lappers. Dan had on two overcoats, and on his back he had strapped a big hamper. He walked down to the edge of the water and stood there.

'Wal, get ready,' said the manager. 'Get ready your own man,' said Dan. 'I've been gittin' ready for twenty four hours. It takes time to get things together and packed away in small space same as I have. Why, I've got four months' provisions in that hamper.'

'Wh-wh wh what, well what are you trying to do any way?' finally stammered the manager.

'Do?' shouted Dan. 'Do? why, I'm goin' to take a swim. It that there guy in the nursing tube suit is a-goin' along o'm he'd better take his grub. He won't get none of mine. He'd better take along some extra clothes. My notion now is that I will strike right for the east coast of Greenland and cruise around in that section for a time. If we get up there and you have the shivers you needn't think you can borrow my extra overcoat. I give ye fair warning now. Fact, it ye want to stock up for a four to six months' cruise.'

'Why,' says the feller in the rubber tube suit, 'my idea was that we were to have an exhibition. Just swim over here and show what we can do for tricks, you know.'

'Call that swimming?' asks Dan. 'Why, a monkey can slosh around in a puddle and do tricks. This is swimming and that I do. If you want to swim come along.' And he waded out to his neck. Then he faced around with that assorted variety of hats rising above the water.

'There was a live argument on shore. Finally the man in the rubber suit said that he wasn't going to trust himself out in the water with a lunatic, and he put his paddle over his shoulder and struck off up the road with the manager trailing along behind, asking and begging him to come back. That's all there was to it.

'That is to say, only that the old man went up and pulled in the stakes, and gave up a blow out on board.'

FUN WITH PAPA.

How He Helped Jamie's Bank Along on the Boy's Birthday.

When materfamilias gets ahead of paterfamilias there is everlasting fun in the family, and the 'old man' usually acknowledges the corn as gracefully as possible. The little son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. had one of these banks that open when \$10 in dimes is deposited in one side and \$5 in nickels in the other. Papa came home one night with a load of coins, announcing that as Jamie's birthday was at hand he would advance enough to withdraw the \$15 and give the whole to the boy as a present. After dropping into the boy's several dollars' worth of specie he remarked: 'I thought you had more money in this thing. It doesn't seem to open. Here goes my seventh dollar, and neither side moves.' The good wife, overhearing the remark, said, demurely: 'Why, George, dear, there were thirteen and a half dollars, for I counted them.' 'How could you count them?' Because this sister noon I put in a dollar and a half and the bank opened.' George gasped. Then he hic-coughed. Then he went to the buffet and made a large cocktail. Then he sat behind the evening paper and reflected.

He was \$7 out, but Jamie and his sister had their \$15 all right, thanks to mamma, and their bank half filled again.—N. Y. Press.

SHE DRIVES A MOUNTAIN STAGE.

A California Girl of 20 Years Handles Her Four Horses Like a Veteran.

With the firm hand and easy manner of a veteran whip a frail young woman of the California mountains drives the four-horse stage coach between Mesa Grande and Ramona, fifty miles back of San Diego, in Southern California. There are steep grades there and sharp ticklish turns in the winding road and narrow stretches along the beetling edges of the canon as the path skirts up and down the mountain-side. It is a man's work to handle the ribbons of such a team and one requiring a man's quick judgment and cool nerve. But these are characteristics of this brave mountain girl. Almost every day she makes the long trip with her four-in-hand down the mountain from Ramona to Mesa Grande and back, with passengers and mail.

Alice Westover, the pretty driver is 20 years old and the daughter of T. M. Westover, a well-known ranger of Mesa Grande who has the contract for carrying the mails in that region. Mr. Westover is a very busy man, and having no sons to help him, he was almost on the point of giving up his mail contract when Alice one day asked to be allowed to drive the stage to Ramona and back.

'What!' exclaimed her father. 'Those leaders would whack you off the box before you could say Jack Robinson. You would never reach Santa Isabel Creek, much less Ramona.'

'I should like to try, anything,' was Alice's reply. 'Unless you absolutely forbid me to make the attempt I will drive the stage down to-morrow.'

The next morning Alice, in a becoming skirt, hitched up the four horses and was ready to start out with the coach before her father knew what was going on.

Miss Westover has driven the four-broncos down the mountain many times since then, but she will never forget the first trip to Ramona, eighteen miles over the rough road grades, and the return trip later in the day. Over the crest of the bump which hides Mesa Grande Post Office from the top of the grade the stage lumbered, the horses in high spirits and anxious for a gallop. There were no passengers in the stage that morning.

The road takes a winding course down the grade, and there are sharp turns to be made to avoid the trees and an occasional boulder. It makes a particular sharp descent in passing Lace Falls, where the water from the mountain falls a sheet 100 feet and runs down the canon to Santa Isabel Creek. The creeking brake and chattering hoots of the horses had caused an early traveller on the grade to make a wide turn out from the road at a convenient point even before he saw the stage coming. He started in a unfeigned surprise when he saw nobody but a young lady on the box, the horses completely under her control, though rattling along at a lively rate with the swaying stage.

The end of the nine-mile grade down Mesa Grande ends at Black Mountain canon, where Miss Westover drew up the horses at a farmhouse known as Sutherland Post Office and took on another mail bag. It was not long after that before the stage was crawling up the dangerous Graves canon road, where even lighter vehicles have to be managed with great care to avoid accidents at the abrupt turns among the trees. But the stage was taken through safely, and better time was made on the road leading through Hatfield canon.

The arrival of Miss Westover with the stage at Ramona was an event the people thereabouts haven't ceased talking about yet.

Since that first trip with the four-horse stage last summer Miss Westover has made the trip almost daily.

Fortunately, Miss Westover has had no serious accidents on the road and very few minor ones, though she was frequently alone both going and returning. One of the small mishaps was when one of the leaders kicked a trace loose. The plucky passenger to her assistance, put on the brake lightly, and, after wrapping the lines around the brake bar, dismounted and hitched up the animal before the passenger knew why she had stopped.

At Ramona, where the stage horses are usually shod, Miss Westover supervises the operation at the blacksmith shop, having her own ideas as to how such an important piece of work should be done. On the road she has become expert with the whip and can flick a fly from the back of the off-leader with the skill of an experienced Jehu.

Miss Westover is always interesting to the passengers. She can sit upon the box and point out all the places where her predecessor was held up by the leading road agent's when such pastimes were popular in the wild West.

WINTERING IN THE ANTARCTIC.

The Facts That are Known About the Place Where Borzhgrevink Is in Camp.

It is now early winter in the Antarctic regions. The explorers of the Borzhgrevink party are spending the first winter ever passed by any human being, as far as is known, in camp on the Antarctic coast. They have reared their huts on the southern land yet discovered in south polar waters. A few facts contained in the narrative of Sir James Ross, written over a half century ago, and the report of Mr. Borzhgrevink of his visit to the same region in 1895, give us a very fair idea of the place where he is spending the winter. Borzhgrevink, with his ten men and equipment, including seventy-five dogs, were landed late in February last at the spot he had selected for his winter camp. This was on the Beach of Victoria Land at Cape Adare. It is situated in 71° 23 S. lat. and 169° 56 E. long., and fronts to the north. The coast line here extends for about 100 miles in a northwest and northeast direction, and the camp is in a bay on the northwest side of Cape Adare, which is the only conspicuous promontory on this stretch of the Victoria Land coast. This is the place where Borzhgrevink landed in 1895. Sir James Ross did not land on the mainland when he visited it over fifty-eight years ago, though he planted the British flag on Possession Island, near the coast and further south.

The camp is on a long, flat beach strewn with pebbles, and the little bay on which it fronts is protected from the sea by a small promontory which seems to have been formed by a great landslide from the towering heights of Cape Adare behind it. The beach itself appears to be a part of the same landslide. The promontory is about seventy acres in extent and is covered with guano. For penguins resort there are great numbers to breed, and thousands of their primitive nests, which they make of pebbles, are scattered over the guano deposits. On the rocks were found, in 1895, quite a number of specimens of cryptogamic vegetation, and the nests of the penguins were traced up the sides of Cape Adare to a height of 1,000 feet.

The surroundings of the camp are of the wildest and most rugged description. In the neighboring waters are many enormous icebergs. They are probably grounded and may remain there for a long time until they are wasted so far that they are able to float off. Behind the camp is a low range of hills, a large, square basaltic rock, with sides for the most part perpendicular. It rises to a height of 1,779 feet above the sea. The edge of plateau is crowned by the Admiralty Range, which is over 100 miles long and rises to a height of 10,000 to 12,000 feet. Through rifts in these mountains great glaciers, led by the inland ice, descend to the sea. As many as twenty of these glaciers may be counted from the camp. One of them in 1895 seemed covered with lava and another layer of lava appeared to be imbedded in it. A neighboring volcanic peak, 8,000 feet high, had undoubtedly been in eruption a short time.

Another advantage of the site selected for the camp is that good facilities are near at hand for gaining access to the top of the plateau where a sledge journey toward the South Pole over the inland ice is to be undertaken in the coming southern spring. Several spurs that may be ascended without great difficulty lead up from the beach to the summit of the cape, and from there a gentle slope conducts to the great, ice-covered plateau of Victoria Land. The leader of the expedition derived the impression in 1895, from the presence of the penquin colony, their undisturbed old nests; the vegetation on the rocks and the flat top of the cape that sterna nature in Antarctica does not exert the whole severity of her powers at this point. He believed that the situation was a desirable one for the houses, tents and supplies of an exploring party, and he announced four years ago that if he should lead an expedition to Victoria Land he would choose Cape Adare as the centre of operations. He has been so fortunate as to reach the spot he selected for a camp, and it is so to be hoped that it is meeting all his expectations.

A Galling Beatrix.

'Did Mrs. Hoyden obtain that divorce she sued for?' asked Koedick.

'Yes; she obtained a decree, but with restrictions,' replied Foadick.

'She was forbidden to marry again, I suppose?'

'That wasn't it.'

'What was the restriction?'

'She was forbidden to go on the stage.'



An Imported Snake Story.

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An Imported Snake Story.

American inventors of snake stories look to their laurel; the educated man has entered into competition, and...

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TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

(Continued.) The action was reverent though masterful. Madge knew of no other man who would have dared to touch her so, and she was not angry. She was frightened, not so much of him, but of the moment that was ever coming nearer, when she would have to face, and grapple with, an awful temptation. She tried to close her eyes to it. She was drifting; but she was dead to the roar of the whirlpool close at hand. "Spare me a moment or so," he said. "There are many things I would talk to you about, and we are for ever being interrupted."

CHAPTER XXXII. That night Shirley was awakened from her first deep sweet sleep, by someone moving in her room. She started up to find Madge, candlestick in hand, standing by the bedside. "I did not mean to wake you," she said. "I thought it possible you were not sleeping; the men—at least Henry and one or two others—are still downstairs smoking."

Shirley sat on the edge of the bed, her long brown hair hanging down her back. Shirley was rubbing her eyes heavily wondering what her sister had come for. It was so unlike Madge to appear in this way—so very unlike her, that, as the younger girl became wide awake, she inquired if anything was wrong. "Wrong! Madge repeated with a miserable laugh. 'Everything is wrong. I think we are cursed. Bad luck follows us. Look what you have gone through; but it is nothing—nothing to what lies before me.'

There was no sleep left in Shirley's eyes. They were wide with horrified astonishment. "What is it?" she cried. "Oh, Madge, what has happened?" "Only this—Lady Ayerst stood up, and put down the candlestick—Henry has lost everything. We are beggars; we shall not have a sou left. Mother cannot even remain at Fairfield. What is to become of us? I—I think I shall go mad!"

She clasped her hands to her head, and paced the floor. Shirley sprang out of her warm, white bed, and ran to her. "You are dreaming!" she cried, with a sobbing in her voice. "Henry is so very, very rich. He has lost some money, it would not matter very much."

"He has lost all—all—all!" Madge repeated, as if deriving some fierce pleasure from the reiteration. "Any moment now we may hear we are penniless. There is no hope, absolutely none. We shall be jeered at, and shunned, by the very people who now tarry to us. Oh! Shirley, could it be considered a sin to escape such a fate—at all costs? Would you despise and hate me if I did wrong to save not only myself, but you and mother? I haven't always been kind to you; I'm sorry, now. If I had always been very kind and sympathetic, you would find it easier to think well of me, whatever I did."

Shirley had her slender arms around her; she did not understand in the least the thoughts that were torturing her sister. She only vaguely comprehended that some great catastrophe was about to befall them, and that Madge, whom she had never known other than placid and serene, was in desperate grief. "Whatever you did I should believe was for the best," she declared. "I could never do anything but look up to you, and love you. I'll do anything for you, Madge. I'll marry Captain Kemp, if you like."

Lady Ayerst laid a small, hot hand on Shirley's shoulder. "I don't know what to advise," she said helplessly. "For your sake—for poor

mother's—and yet, if you married him, and then all you had married him for, was swept away and you had only him left! No, no! I think I would rather see you dead than going through what I am now. I wish I were dead—I wish I had died when father died."

She flung herself on a couch, and sobbed in a miserable, helpless way. Shirley, kneeling beside her, tried to comfort her, but all in vain. Madge was scarcely conscious of the long, soothing voice or caressing hands.

After a while she sat up, flinging back the long, loose hair that had fallen over her shoulders. "I am frightening you to death," she said remorsefully. "But I think I should have gone mad had I not come to you. Don't think too much about what I have said. I shall be all right."

She bent down and kissed Shirley more tenderly than she had ever done before, then glided from the room. The next morning everyone was electrified by the intelligence that Dorrien had been discovered.

Captain Kemp, so the story ran, had been the first to find the missing man, lying in the most awful condition in a cave. He had at once given notice to the police, and Dorrien had been removed to the infirmary.

He was delirious, and quite unable to give an account of himself. Amidst the general excitement caused by this news, Shirley's rather guilty and embarrassed manner escaped observation.

She had been one of the last to appear at the breakfast table—not because she slept late, but because she experienced a strange dread of meeting Madge. She pictured her pale, worn and red-eyed, trying to appear as usual, and to take an interest in the buzz of conversation, which would be going on round the table.

It was almost a shock to her, when at length she made her tardy appearance, to find Madge exactly the same as usual, her eyes so bright that it was difficult to believe tears had ever dimmed them.

Shirley herself looked like a ghost. Her face had no color in it, and there were shadows beneath her eyes, which made them look twice their usual size. "Dorrien has been found," half a dozen voices exclaimed, as she took her place.

"He was almost starved to death," "Evidently hiding from justice," "Now Vivian West's name may be cleared."

Everybody had something to say. Sir Henry was quite excited, and talked more than anyone else; and, immediately he had finished his breakfast, which consisted of a brandy-and-soda and a dry biscuit, he started off to the police-station to hear the real facts of the case.

Later in the day Captain Kemp arrived. He was the lion of the hour, and was questioned and cross-questioned until he began to get hopelessly muddled, and finally beat a hasty retreat.

He was not a clever man, and the story of the discovery had cost him some trouble to invent; however, he was rewarded for his pains by meeting Shirley as he was riding away.

He sprang from the saddle, and greeted her with outstretched hand. "Have I managed satisfactorily?" he asked, eagerly. "I went straight to the cave after leaving you, and I have given out that I put the food and things there before going to the police-station. It is all right; no one suspects anything. It is a good thing you let me manage it, or it might have been very unpleasant if he had been discovered with your hankerchief clutched in his hand. May I keep it as a reward for the little I have been able to do?"

"I must have dropped it," she said. "I don't want it if it pleases you to keep it." "If it pleases me!" he cried. "It will be my dearest possession."

"I am going home," she said. "It is just luncheon time. Good bye, and thank you very much." He kept the fingers she had given him in a detaining clasp.

"Shirley," he pleaded, "cannot you say 'Yes' to what I asked you yesterday? I should have given up all hope long ago had it not been for your sister; she gave me a little encouragement. She said you cared for no one else."

"She made a mistake," Shirley replied, quietly. "Is that so?" he said, hoarsely. "I wish I had known. Is it Rodgers, or Delmore, or—"

"It is no one here," she said, interrupting him. "It is all quite hopeless. It is all over; only, I can never care for any man again. It is better and kinder to tell you the truth, is it not?"

"Yes, I suppose so," he answered, rather jerkily. "Only it comes rather rough on a fellow when he hasn't expected anything of the sort."

He patted his horse's head without being conscious of the action, then he said—"I must give up all hope then."

She thought of Madge, not as she had seen her to-day, but as she had been last night. "She thought of her mother when the crash should come."

He wondered why she hesitated. Was it because there was a chance for him? He thought so, and eagerly pressed his suit. "I love you so well, I would be content with very little in return, if I could feel that some day you would be mine. I would be very patient, I swear I would. I would be perfectly happy if I could call you my wife, and know that no other fellow could come near you."

"You wouldn't be content," Shirley said, her blue eyes looking straight at his, "if I married you because you are rich."

"I should bless the money that had bought you."

"You would despise me."

She regarded him in questioning surprise. "Men are so strange," she said, reflectively. She had no idea of how naturally fascinating she was, or how lovely she looked muffled warmly in soft fur—a picture charming enough to turn any man's head.

"There is nothing strange in loving you," he declared. "I shall love you till I die."

She gave a little derisive laugh. "You do not believe in me; time alone can prove my words. I only know that I have never cared for anyone as I care for you; and if, as you say, that other affair is hopeless, give me the chance of making you happy."

"I wish you had the power," she cried with a ring of passionate yearning in her voice. "It is so long since I was happy—'I don't think it possible I can ever be happy again; but, if you really want me knowing that I do not care for you—well I will try and make up my mind to marry you some day. Wait—as he made a hasty step forward. 'I want to be quite honest, so that you may never think I tried to deceive you. My sister told me last night that Sir Henry's affairs have gone wrong in some way. They may lose all their money; it would be a terrible thing for them, and for my mother, because nearly all her income comes from them.'

She stopped short. Through the drifting smoke a tall, dark figure was coming—coming slowly towards where she stood.

The light was growing dim; she could not see his face, but the outline of the broad shoulder, the proud pose of the head, the easy graceful walk—all were terribly familiar.

She longed to turn and run away, yet she remained, as if rooted to the spot. And ever nearer he came, until he stood before her—the man she loved with every nerve of her being, the man she was ever thinking of—Vivian West.

He lifted his cap with grave courtesy. "It is strange that I should meet you here," he said, and the low tone of his voice fell on the girl's ear with a pleasure that was akin to pain. "I came to take a last look at the place where I had known some happy days. I did not expect to see any of my old friends."

He spoke without any bitterness. If he felt it he hid it. "I could not believe it was you," Shirley said with a faint wonder at her power to utter so commonplace a remark when every nerve in her body seemed throbbing with a terrible mixture of joy and misery.

"I am glad to have met you," he went on. "For I am leaving England in a few days' time."

"You are going abroad?" "I am going with my mother to Australia." It was true, then—the idle gossip she had heard at dinner. She picked a dead twig, and snapped it in half.

"I hope you will be happy," she said. "I hope so."

"And Cora?" "She wishes to come also."

"You will marry out there?" "That is an impossible thing to foretell. I heard of your engagement."

"Of mine! There was a slight accent of surprise in his tone; then he added: "I heard of yours to-day. May I offer my congratulations?"

"They will be the first I have received," she said, with a hard laugh; "I was not aware that anyone knew of it."

"I happened to see Captain Kemp at the station. I suppose he wished me to hear the news, for he confided it to a friend in a particularly loud voice. I hope your life with him will be all contentment. Now I must say good-bye. I just came up here for the sake of old memories."

She tried to speak, but in the wild havoc of her thoughts only one idea stood prominent. He was going from her—going for ever. The wide sea would flow between them; and, far away, in a foreign land, he and Cora would dwell together!

"Wait," she cried imploringly. "I—there seems so much that I would say. I would like to hear of you sometimes," she said, desperately "to hear that you are well and happy, and making a great name out there."

"You are very kind," he said coldly. The scorching colour leapt to her face. "You think I am asking too much!" "I think my rise or fall can have no interest for you. I do not suppose that I shall ever return to England. There are no ties to bind me to it, there is no one for me to return to. The only one left me to love and care for will make her home out there with me."

It was Cora he spoke of—Cora he thought of. She felt faint and dizzy. "There is also your mother," she said. "I mean my mother," he answered. "Who else is there?"

"Cora." "Poor girl," he said, gently. "She has been a very true friend to us. She is lonely and homeless. She is welcome to share ours, wherever it may be."

"But you love her too!" Shirley's voice was only a hoarse whisper. "Love her!" he repeated, quietly. "No; I wish I did. I wish I could change as easily as you. Is it to her that you heard I was engaged?"

She made a gesture of assent. "And you believed it? Did you not marvel at any girl being brave enough to defy the world and cast in her lot with mine?"

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

MRS. GEO. SMALL, MT. FOREST, ONT., Considers Laxa-Liver Pills the best remedy for Biliousness. One after another is coming forward and speaking a word in favor of the new family medicine—Laxa-Liver Pills. Mrs. Geo. Small, 5140 St. George Street, Montreal, writes: 'I have tried many of the pills that are advertised, but they all express themselves as "Laxa-Liver Pills are the best remedy I ever took for biliousness; and as a general family cathartic, they are far superior to anything in the market for that purpose." Laxa-Liver Pills are mild in action, harmless in effect, and do not weaken the system. They act promptly on the Liver, tone up the digestive organs, remove unhealthy accumulations and cut short the progress of disease. Price 25c. Dr. Wood's cures the severest coughs and colds of young or old quicker than any other remedy. Price 25c.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured at home; no cure, no fee. For Canadian testimonials & 25-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE CO., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

SUNDAY... A grey cloud came... The sparks of a... A white thread... The shadows were... Where sunshine... And pitting vapor... Unroll out over... A dimness was... An sadness over... The sun was a... And we find the... But I know that... However the sh... But I know that... The peaceful sta... O clouds of sorrow... My life's brief... But I know that... The face of my... Nathan... There are en... in the most ec... the very best o... itself received... Rutherford. A... and imminent d... he would sit to... reading the Mo... the time the M... by his study d... and meditating... Micah at the ve... knocking at his... books and put... when Moses ar... station. I sup... to him," said P... replied Nathan... and finding th... Scripture said... the town of w... was?" And th... ion between... about Bethlehe... was just the fr... if it had been... bates that wou... all his discrep... judices. But... open-air, pract... debating genius... all Nathanael's... discrepancies up... see," he said... he said. "The... Moses and the... me," he said... Come and see... then Nathanae... parchment Mic... then and there... thing about Nat... lite indeed in... A splendid... the humility, to the simplicity... sincerity of Nat... blessed testimon... and significant... "An Israelite ind... name any man o... have named upon... our Lord carries... spot to the rie... carries him back... great forefath... "An Israelite, w... ories of prayer... tion. Nathanae... brakes of the Ja... anael his son, m... presence and u... had said to Jaco... shall be called... of our Lord, ev... of strictest tru... always a certai... his goodness. E... to fear him, a... and remembrance... here also, the g... Jesus of Nazare...

stopped short.
ough the drifting smoke a tall, dark
was coming—coming slowly towards
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light was growing dim; she could
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shoulders, the proud pose of the
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Sunday Reading

FOURTH.
A grey cloud comes up out of the east,
A grey fog creeps in over the sea,
The sparkle of oak from the briny yeast,
A white shroud at flits each shivering tree.

Nathanael the Israelite.

There are snares set for our souls even
in the most secluded spots, and even in
the very best of books. The very Bible
itself deceived the Pharisees, says Samuel
Rutherford. And Nathanael's great snare
and imminent danger of deception was that
he would sit too much under the fig tree
reading the Messianic prophecies, while all
the time the Messiah himself was passing
by his study door. Nathanael was reading
and meditating on the fifth chapter of
Micah at the very moment when Philip was
knocking at his door. 'Put away your
books and put on your shoes, for he of
whom Moses and Micah and them all did
write is waiting till I return and bring you
to him,' said Philip. 'Jesus of Nazareth?'
replied Nathanael, turning up the page
and finding the place. 'Hath not the
Scripture said that Christ cometh out of
the town of Bethlehem, where David
was?' And there was almost a division
between Philip and Nathanael about
Bethlehem and Nazareth. There was
just the first unfortunate word spoken,
if it had been left rest, of one of those de-
bates that would have rooted Nathanael in
all his discrepancies and in all his prej-
udices. But Philip was a man of an open-
air, practical mind; and with the true
debating genius of an old stroke he plucked
all Nathanael's prejudices and prophetic
discrepancies up by the roots. 'Come and
see,' he said. 'I am not a man of books,'
he said. 'There are many things in
Moses and the prophets far too deep for
me,' he said. 'But come you and see.
Come and see for yourself.' And it was
then Nathanael left his fig tree and his
parchment Micah and came to see; it was
then and there that Jesus said this fine
thing about Nathanael: 'Behold an Israel-
ite indeed in whom there is no guile!'
A splendid testimony it was to the
humility, to the teachableness
to the simplicity and to the transparent
sincerity of Nathanael's mind and heart. A
blessed testimony, but conveyed in deep,
and significant, and severely truthful words.
'An Israelite indeed,' was the very clearest
name any man of that land and nation could
have named upon him. The salutation of
our Lord carries Nathanael back on the
spot to the rise of his accepted race. It
carries him back to the best day of all his
great forefather's life. The whole name,
'an Israelite,' was still fragrant with mem-
ories of prayer, and pardon, and benedic-
tion. Nathanael coming forth from the cane
brakes of the Jabbok. Jacob, and Nath-
anael his son, met and became one in his
presence and under his benediction, who
had said to Jacob so long ago: 'Thy name
shall be called Israel.' But all the words
of our Lord, even at their best are words
of strictest truth and soberness. There is
always a certain severity, indeed, with all
his goodness. His best saints have cause
to fear him, and to praise him at the re-
membrance of his holiness. And, behold,
here also, the goodness and severity of
Jesus of Nazareth! To Jacob so full

of guile, severity; and to Nathanael good-
ness. Our Lord, after his manner, says
a great deal in few and well chosen words.
'An Israelite indeed,' he says. As much as
to say, 'Thou hast been no supplanter.
Thou hast not stolen thy brother's birth-
right. Thy hands are clean of thy first
father's wrong-going. Thou art a prince
indeed with God, and thou art welcome to
my discipleship.' And there was this in it
also; that Nathanael had not taken his
stand, even on Holy Scripture, against the
personal testimony of Philip and against
the claim of Christ standing at his door.
Nathanael did not throw in Philip's face
things of the prophets that Philip could
not answer or explain. He did not silence
and beat off Philip by saying: 'When the
Christ is born, not in Nazareth, where
David never dwelt, but in Bethlehem,
David's city to this day' then come and call
for me.' No. With all his sacred books,
and with all his serious difficulties out
of them, and with all his incipient prejudices
and pride, Nathanael was an Israelite in-
deed! And at that day, as his reward, he
was enrolled among the lifelong disciples
of our Lord.

There was nothing in this world that de-
lighted and captivated our Lord like this
same spontaneity and alacrity of faith that
Nathanael exhibited. Our Lord was al-
ways on the lookout for such faith. He
was always praising it. He was always
rewarding it. He was always making
greater and greater promises and expecta-
tions to it. 'Because I said unto thee I
saw thee under the fig tree, believest thou?
Thou shalt see greater things than these.'
Nothing in this world ever surprised,
and cheered, and refreshed our Lord like
Nathanael's so willing mind and so surren-
dered heart; and the same mind and heart
in some other men. And you may be
quite sure that there was some good and
sufficient reason for this. And that good
and sufficient reason was this: We easily
believe what we love. We at once leave
all and go out to meet that we have long
been leaning toward and looking for. My
heart every day instructs my understand-
ing; my heart every day makes me willing
in the day of its power. You will
easily find sufficient proof to me of the thing
I am secretly hungering for. And it is the
same thing that you see every day differ-
entiating and dividing to men of equal
strength and keenness and scrupulousness
of mind. It is this that make the greatest
dialectician and natural skeptic of the two
a humble minded, penitent, prayerful man;
while the other man passes over into care-
lessness about divine things, and then into
dislike and scoffing at them.

Waiter not for wonder nor for sign,
Believe, because it loves, a right,—
Shall see things greater, things divine.

A Missionary Church.
If each individual church member realized
fully that he must do his part toward evan-
gelizing the world, how soon would every
church in the land become indeed a mis-
sionary church! Lukewarmness, that subtle
foe to any successful enterprise, is the
great drawback toward speeding the day
when all nations shall come to a knowledge
of the Saviour. We are told that 'faith
cometh by hearing'; how, then, shall those
who have never been told of the glory of
the Lord get that faith unless the good
news of salvation is carried to them?

It would seem that since the time when
Christ sent out the first missionaries, bid-
ding them go and preach the Gospel to
every creature, that the whole world to its
remotest corner should be now under the
influence of Christian sentiment and con-
viction; but yet, we know there are still
vast continents shrouded in darkness, igno-
rant of that love which gave itself for them.
Where does the responsibility lie? We can
but answer, at the door of the Church, for
the Church comprises the laborers whom
God expects to be reapers in the fields that
are waiting to yield an abundant harvest.
Speaking on this subject and the slowness
with which the Church is aiding in extend-
ing God's kingdom, Rev. Arthur Pierson
says: 'It is time that the Church awoke to
her responsibility. We have been acting
too much as though we had an eternity be-
fore us in which to do the work, and the
people whom we seek to reach an eternity
on earth in which to be reached.'

One cause of indifference toward mis-
sions is from lack of personal knowledge.
Once interest is aroused in any subject,
either religious or secular, enthusiasm is
quicken and the desire grows to learn
more about it. The political or social
affairs of other nations and countries than
our own attract our attention, and we
keep ourselves informed concerning them
by reading or personal intelligence; and
this is a good rule to follow in regard to
missions. When we come to know a mis-
sionary personally, or to read about them
frequently, we soon become anxious to
learn more, our zeal is stimulated, and we
begin to feel the power of this pressing
claim. The missionary spirit will over-

take all who sincerely wish to be loyal to
the Master. It has been said that igno-
rance in respect to the condition of foreign
missions is in direct disobedience to the
command of Christ, 'Lift up your heads
and look on the fields, for they are white
to the harvest'; and the church which does
not believe in missionary work, or does it
only in a half hearted way, is not fully and
conscientiously practicing the Christianity
instituted by the Saviour.

The Miracle.
Jesus, taking the loaves and fishes, gave
thanks. We ought to give thanks to God
for our food, and, indeed, for every mercy
for all cometh to us from his hand. Though
our provision may be coarse and scanty,
though it may not be over plentiful nor
over dainty, yet we must give thanks to God
for what we have. After giving thanks,
the food was distributed from the hands of
Christ by the hands of his disciples. All
our comforts and blessings come to us
originally from the hand of Christ. O how
may bring them, but it is he that sends
them. The feast was enjoyed with perfect
satisfaction. They did not every one take
a little, but all had as much as they would.
It was not a short allowance, but a full
and satisfactory meal. And considering
how long they had fasted, and
with what an appetite they sat
down, this miraculous food must have been
uncommonly agreeable, for it was not a
little that served them, when they ate at
they would, and at free cost. Those
whom Christ feeds with the bread of life
he does not stint. So to-day, as on that
memorable day, Jesus lifts up his eyes and
beholds a great company of weary, hungry
souls, hungering and thirsting for the bread
of life, and to drink of the water of life,
and his heart yearns toward them. He
could not rest while the weary, anxious,
dusty thousands waited to be healed of
their diseases and comforted in their
sorrows. He forgot his weariness and
hunger in the supreme effort to bless and
save them. So every child of God may,
and should be, a minister of good to
others.

When they—the multitude—were filled,
and every man had within him a sensible
witness to the truth of the miracle, Jesus
said to his disciples, 'Gather up the
fragments.' We have no right to waste
any of God's good creatures. The Jews
were very careful not to lose any bread
or let it fall to be trodden upon. It was
a common saying among them, 'He who
despises bread falls into the depth of pov-
erty.' Though Christ could command sup-
plies whenever he pleased, yet he would
have the fragments gathered up. When
we are filled ourselves, we must not for-
get that there are others who want. Those
who would have wherewith to help others
must not be wasteful. Neither should an
increase of God's bounty induce us to un-
due prodigality, or incite us to luxury.
The fragments when gathered filled twelve
baskets. Here was an evidence not only
of the truth of the miracle, but that they
fed, not with fancy, but with the real food.
How large is the divide bounty! It not
only fills the cup, but it makes it to run
over. The fragments filled twelve baskets,
one for each disciple.

Preciousness of the Word.
Although the Bible, the law of God, is
no longer a lost book, yet endless good
things lie hidden and undiscovered in it.
Its pages teem with instructions with need-
ed help in every emergency of life, and
with comfortings in all the trials and sor-
rows of this life. These it is our duty and
our privilege to find and to treasure up for
our benefit. If we take up these oracles
of God in a proper frame and a seeking
heart, we shall find them constantly un-
folding before us. We shall be continually

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.
Shattered Nerves and Weak-
ened Heart—A St. John Lady
Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30
Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: 'Some
time ago I was attacked by a severe cold,
which ended up in a bad attack of La
Grippe. Since that time I have never
regained my health, being weak, nervous
and run down.
'I suffered very much from indigestion,
accumulation of gas in the stomach, and
was in almost constant distress. I
doctored with some of the best physicians
in this city, but got no relief until I
began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills, and am pleased to say that they
have completely cured me.
'My appetite is restored; my nervous
system has been toned up to its old-time
condition, and I have no more trouble
from the indigestion and can eat any-
thing I choose.
'I am only too glad to testify to the
merits of such a marvellous remedy as
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the
cure of nervousness, heart trouble, indig-
estion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all
druggists.'

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee
'Seal Brand' Java & Mocha
Best Coffee grown in the World.
Perfection of Strength and Flavor
Look for the seal as a Guarantee of Purity.

finding new truths, or a fuller expanding
of truths we have already grasped. Its
wisdom and its teachings, its comforting
and its blessings, can never be exhausted
by us. A promise we have read a hun-
dred times takes on a new meaning, which
transfigures and glorifies it. A precept
which we have unconsciously neglected
strikes home in a way never to be forgot-
ten, or it may be that some words of God
speak to us so audibly that we feel as if
we almost heard them coming from his lips.
Wonderful book! and blessed the dis-
coveries to be found in its pages! There-
fore, it is declared, 'every scribe which is
instructed into the Kingdom of Heaven, is
like unto a man that is an householder,
which bringeth forth out of his treasure,
things new and old.'

A Pocket Cure.
Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are
put up in neat compact form, convenient
for the pocket. They're the newest and
best known aid to digestion and a cure for
Dyspepsia and all kindred stomach
troubles. Carry them with you and you'll
never be at the mercy of stomach troubles,
incipient, acute, or chronic. One Tablet
gives quick relief. 35 cents.

FAT CLAMS.
Of Brigadier's Island Nearly Extermina-
by the Cold Weather.
Searsport (Maine) Cor. New York Sun:
The famous breed of fat clams which dwell
in the sandy flats on the east and south
shores of Brigadier's island was nearly ex-
terminated by anchor ice during the cold
snap in February. When J. Montgomery
Sears of Boston, the owner of the island,
was informed of the fact he engaged an ex-
pert in clam culture and sent him to the
island with orders to restock the flats at
any price.

Brigadier's island has been owned by the
Sears family since 1742, when David Sears
received it as a reward for services ren-
dered to the British colonies prior to the
great war which drove France from the
new world. Sears awoke for the island be-
cause he knew it produced the biggest and
sweetest clams that could be found on the
Atlantic coast. Every year since the grant
was made, fifty barrels of the fattest clams
that grew on the island have been sent to
Boston as tribute. Almost every distin-
guished man who has lived in America for
the past 150 years has had a barrel of
clams from Brigadier's island. The records
show that George Washington had ten
barrels while he was president, and two
supplementary barrels after his retirement
to Mount Vernon.

John Adams seems to have been a great
favorite with the Sears family of his day.
He was president only four years, yet in
that time they gave him twenty-three bar-
rels of clams. For some reason Jefferson
got only three barrels during his eight
years of office. Madison and Monroe had
eight barrels each. Jackson had four bar-
rels, but John Quincy Adams received
thirty-seven barrels while he was president,
and seemed to like them, because he sent
several letters of thanks. After Taylor
was elected president the clam tribute to
the white house came at the rate of a bar-
rel a year, the goods reaching Washington
during Lent. Last week a barrel was
sent to President McKinley, the third he
has received since he was inaugurated.
The blizzard which visited Maine in the
middle of February coated the clam flats
six inches deep in anchor ice, soldering up
the pores in the sand and smothering all
the shellfish. When the anchor ice thawed
more than 2,000 barrels of dead clams
were lying upon the flats, which were
haunted by crows and sea birds for days.
The poultry keeps at Searsport and Stock-
ton hauled away more than 1,000 barrels
of clam shells and ground them up for
feed. The average output of clams from
Brigadier's island flats has been from
1,000 to 1,500 barrels a year. Five or
six years must elapse before the beds can
be restocked.

When Letters Were Sent G. O. D.
Free delivery by carriers was begun in
1863. Before that date the postmen used
to collect a cent on each letter for deliver-
ing it. In 1863 free delivery was put into

operation at sixty-six offices, with 450
carriers, at an annual payroll of \$317,000.
To-day we have 627 free delivery offices,
12,931 carriers, and it costs Uncle Sam
\$13,000,000. Any place having a popula-
tion of 10,000 or a revenue of \$10,000 a
year from its postoffice, can demand free
delivery. Nearly one-third of the people
of the United States have their mail
brought to their doors; the other two-
thirds have to go to the postoffice. Car-
riers are paid from \$600 to 1,000 a year,
and have fifteen days' vacation, with full
pay. They must be citizens of the United
States.

Receptive.
Mr. Gladstone once had a conversation
with a well-known M. P. at a public dinner
in London, when the ex-Premier asked all
sorts of questions on matters pertaining to
Methodism. A man who happened to sit
exactly opposite, wishing to divert the con-
versation into another channel, asked—
'Do you know Chester Mr. Gladstone?'
'Yes, a little,' was the answer, an
ominous smile playing about the mouth.
'Do you know Chester, Mr.—?'
'Not very well,' said the unwary questi-
oner.

'Well, if you go to the city of Chester,'
continued the G. O. M., 'you will find a
confectioner's shop in such a street, giving
the number; go into the shop, and you
can buy a hot mutton pie, deliciously hot,'
(and here Mr. Gladstone screwed up his
eyes, and his face beamed with delight as
he recalled the taste and smell of those
savory pies), 'and all for threepence.'
Then turning to the M. P., in deep,
earnest tones, he said, 'Let us resume
where we left off.'
Needless to say, there was no further
interburb from the opposite side of the
table.

WHEN HOPE'S GONE.
Liz's net worth the living, South American
Nervine Restores Hope and Perfect
Health.
Four years ago Annie Patterson, of Sack-
ville, N. B., had a very severe attack of La
Grippe, which left her with a very acute
form of stomach trouble. She had about
given up hope of a permanent cure when
South American Nervine was recommended
to her. She procured it, and in a very
short time experienced wonderful relief.
After taking six bottles she was absolutely
cured. She says: 'I believe it to be the
most effective remedy for stomach trouble
in the market.' Sold by E. C. Brown and
all druggists.

Tells Against Phrenology.
A brain specialist has made some rather
scceptical references to phrenology.
'The supposed relationship existing be-
tween mental qualities and certain portions
of the brain,' he said, 'are, in my opinion,
quite unproved.
'It is not possible to judge of the brain
by the exterior of the head. Even the size
of the brain cavity within is not always a
safe guide as to the amount of brain matter
it contains. Except in rare cases, the brain
does not fit the skull. It is surrounded by
three membranes and a quantity of fluid.
'As to the delusion that a large brain
indicates great mental capacity, I will
quote only one instance (out of many) to
the contrary. The brain of Gambetta, the
statesman one of the leading minds of
Europe, weighed less than that of an aver-
age seven-year-old boy!
'Another popular error is that fitness
and folds, or convolutions, of the brain in-
dicate superior powers. Yet the beaver,
whose habits betoken high intelligence and
constructive skill, has a brain entirely
without convolutions.
'If the weight and size of a man's brain
reveal anything at all, they indicate his
nationality more certainly than his mental
gifts. Cold northern countries produce
bigger brains than more temperate climates.
The largest brains are in Scotland.'

A Corn Photographed by X Rays
Shows a small hard kernel, covered by
layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes
keen pain. The only sure means of ex-
tracting it, without pain, in a day, is Put-
nam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure?
Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes,
indeed? Try it.
The root of all evil is the cause of much
digging.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
BILIOUSNESS
HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia,
Indigestion and Too Heartily Eating. A per-
fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsi-
ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue
in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They
regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.
No fraud of the day.
You get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
No mistake and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00
Our new '99 models early,
we will, for the next 30
days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to ad-
dress upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer
splendid chance to a good agent in each
town. You have your choice of Cash, or
outright gift of one or more wheels, ac-
cording to nature of work done for us.
INTRODUCTION PRICES
FLYER—17 in. Tubing, Flush Joint, 1
piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires,
\$15.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 22-59;
fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$20.00.
Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22
and 24 in. Frame, any gear.
Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$2.00
to \$5.00.
Price List Free. Secure Agency at once.
T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

American Brains in London.

BY ROBERT BARR.

London is a huge magnet which attracts and always has attracted, authors from the four quarters of the English-speaking world. Metro-pol and-moth relationship, were the smile not so wide and insatiable.

One summer evening I was dining on the upper balcony of a hotel facing the Moselle River in Germany. For many days I had dined thus out of doors, and the view over the placid river to the dark, castle-crowned heights opposite was pleasant. But this particular evening there came trouble in the shape of large, pure white moths, so numerous that the scene resembled a snow-storm. The moths tumbled into everything, and made life unbearable.

"It is all right," said the hotel keeper soothingly, "they will be all cleared away in a few hours."

The villagers were piling up a huge heap of brush wood at the edge of the river, and in a short time fire was set to it to illuminate the hills and throw a red glare on the mirror of the river of the water.

The events that followed bristled script-ion. Down the valley and up the valley came two dense clouds of moths meeting and dissolving in the flames. Out of the darkness, east and west, they poured in one continuous torrent, so incessant in number that the beating of their wings sounded like the roar of railway train.

Before long the replenishers of the fire carrying brushwood, had to plow their way knee deep through quivering drifts of moths, and by midnight there was not a living moth in Moselle Valley for similar fires had been lighted all the way from Treves to Coblenz.

It seemed frightfully cruel, but it was perhaps necessary, although how Nature restored the balance thus thrown off its pivot by such wholesale destruction I must leave naturalists to determine. All next day the peasants were shoveling the moths into the river, and floating fishes were leaping up into the air through the floating masses. This Moselle bonfire seemed to me typical of London; but the great city consumes continually, and not for one night only.

I have often tried to discover the secret of the charm of London to the writer. Perhaps the moth doesn't know why it rushes into the bonfire, and perhaps the unknown author would be puzzled to give a sane reason for his incursion to the metropolis.

In any one point except mere size, London is hopelessly beaten by other capitals. Its Parliament buildings have nothing of the stately grandeur of the Capitol at Washington; Saint Paul's is overshadowed both in bulk and beauty by Saint Peter's at Rome; its courts of justice do not compare in site or structure with new buildings of a like nature in Brussels; no opera house it possesses can touch those of Paris or Vienna; it has no city hall like that of Philadelphia; and Hyde Park is a croquet lawn beside the romantic beauty of Fairmount; it has no streets of palaces like Fifth Avenue, and no majestic vista like the Champs-Élysées.

Its streets are, as a rule, so row, so narrow, so dirty and muddy; its climate is so moist, so detestable. An American speculator, if permitted, would put up one building with half a dozen elevators that would house every office at present bordering Fleet Street and the Strand; yet London is London, and its fascination is as real as the secret of it is elusive.

"Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," says in plain letters, an inscription on a plain stone slab in one of the quiet courts of the Temple, and here, to my mind, lies at least part of the secret of London's enchantment.

It is not the busy metropolis we go to see; it is the City of Gigantic Ghosts. In the possession of one house London is supreme,—the silent, narrow house of the grave. The ancient Abbey is the beautiful carved tombstone of many; the shrines of the patron saints of the successful. The equal, three-story house in Brooke Street, on the other hand, may be taken as one of the numerous shrines of the patron saint of the defeat-d, for in its miserable attic Chatterton, not yet eighteen years of age, hurried starvation with arsenic. He was one of the singed moths who, nevertheless, left an immortal record behind him.

"I still live" were the last words of Webster; and so, in effect, might all the great dead say. It is not the material London that casts its spell over us,—it is the London of the imagination; the London made vivid for us by Charles Dickens, so that when we come upon it in reality it is like visiting an old home, a place in which our spirit has walked before our actual footsteps echoed on its real pavements; the London of Charles Lamb; the London of Oliver Goldsmith; the London of Doctor Johnson. I never meet a fat man coming up Fleet Street but I think of burly Samuel Johnson, dictatorial, positive, browbeating, usually wrong, as he was about the American Revolution.

The gambler going from Nice to Monte Carlo, always takes a return ticket, no matter how much money he possesses, so that he may at least get home again; indeed on the train that Iaves Nice about noon the ticket-seller never thinks of supplying a single ticket, but will quite automatically throw you out a return as soon as you mention Monte Carlo.

If, then, the American has a return ticket over the ocean, I will tell him how cheaply it is possible to live in London. At the municipal boarding-houses he can get a room and bed, both as small as possible, but the latter with clean sheets, for eight cents a night. This includes the right to a hot or cold bath, the use of a large reading-room, and the privilege of cooking a maker of bacon or herring on the municipal stove.

It is, in fact, a sort of club; the company may not be as select as at the Reform or the Carlton, but you will meet more characters out of Dickens' novels there at the West end institutions I have named. You may cook your own breakfast in the morning, but if you are proud and haughty wishing to go it and hang the expense, you can have a chunk of bread and a can of coffee at Lockhart's for two cents which is filling and satisfying. The Lockhart coffee houses are all over London.

For a mid day meal there is nothing so succulent as a 'savoy' which is sausage and mashed potatoes. This can be bought anywhere for from four to six cents. As a heavy meal at night is not to be recommended, four hot baked potatoes, with a dash of salt thrown in, can be had for two cents. Thus you may live in London on eighteen cents a day. Of course it may be done cheaper than that, but I am taking it for granted that you want to live well.

The next step below the Municipal Lodging Establishment is the Salvation Army shelters, and the next again is the Doss House, where beds in a common room, mattresses on the floor, costs from two cents a night upward. But rock is reached by sleeping under an archway, or on the Thames Embankment, or in the parks, but there you are apt to have broken rest on account of dodging the policemen who will rouse you up and make you move on.

A night or two on the Embankment has come to be looked upon as part of the education of a literary man in London,—The Hotel of the Beautiful Star, as David Christie Murray calls it,—and I deeply regret that it is impossible for me to give an account of its airy accommodation from personal experience. Murray spent four nights there, and went four days hungry. He tells about meeting four distinguished men of letters in the Savage Club, all of whom confessed to having been guests of the Beautiful Star.

I was dining one night with a literary coterie in London when the talk turned toward early hardships, and I felt quite out of the game, as nearly everyone present recounted incidents of crawling under bushes before the parks were closed at night, and huddling close to avoid pokes from sticks that the police thrusts through the thickets to discover any concealed tenants. I put down on a table before me a golden half sovereign and said:

"Gentlemen, I believe these thrilling recitals are largely brag; nevertheless, while we are here revelling in luxury there is no doubt that many poor wretches are now on the benches of the Embankment. I propose, therefore that each man change half sovereign into ten shillings; that we appoint a treasurer to whom the fund is to be delivered; and if there are one among us who can write he be chosen secretary; that we proceed now to the Embankment and give every person there a shilling on the sole condition that he tells his name to the secretary; that the secretary write these names down, and these names be placed in the archives of this club, and referred to at a similar dinner five years from to-night, to see if we have shingled a Shakespeare."

"It is a bit too late," said one of the members, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said another, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a tenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eleventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twelfth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fourteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventeenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a nineteenth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twentieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a twenty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirtieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a thirty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fortieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a forty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fiftieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a fifty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixtieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a sixty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a seventy-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eightieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said an eighty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninetieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a ninety-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundredth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and one, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and two, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and three, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and four, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and five, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and six, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seven, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eight, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and nine, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and ten, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eleven, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twelve, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fourteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventeen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and nineteen, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twentieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and twenty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirtieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and thirty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fortieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and forty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fiftieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and fifty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixtieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and sixty-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-eighth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and seventy-ninth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eightieth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-first, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-second, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-third, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-fourth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-fifth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-sixth, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-seventh, "but I will do it." "I will do it," said a hundred and eighty-eighth, "but I will do it." 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...ing at length within an hour of receiving...

...then sentiment swelled to telegraphic... the love burdened one usually... the sweets on a form and intrusts... second person (preferably of tender... for despatch. On two or three occa... a little boy presented a form filled... endearing words, and signed Tom... questioned, he replied that Tom was... Evidently prodigality was one... hero's distinguishing traits, for his... generally cast him about one-and...

Too Many Cooks.

O'Hara—"O! hear Mrs. Kelly left husband because he nivr had an appe..."

O'Hara—"That's no reason!"

O'Hara—"It is when your husband... placeman, Mrs. O'Hara."—Fack.

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...ockingham People Have Known It for... Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills a... Perfect Mine of Health—They Cure... all Kidney Diseases.

...KINGHAM, N. S., May 1st—(By tel...) The rich mine recently discovered... oldest traveler in Nova Scotia, Mr... Ireland, of Halifax, is said to have... known to the citizens of this town... years ago. An old resident states that... saw a new lease of life from the mine... at four years ago. Others have made... claims.

...Ireland says he cares not how many... use the mine. He has named it the... Health mine, and says that this is... best suitable title for it, as Good... is enjoyed by all who use its output... Dodd's Kidney Pills.

...There is no doubt about the genuineness... Ireland's cure. All his friends... has hundreds of them—have remark... improvement, and congratulated... on it. To each inquirer he has re... that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him... w days.

...reputation enjoyed by Dodd's Kidney... in this section of Nova Scotia, is in... proud one. It is safe to say they... ed in every household. And in every... which they have been tried a com... and lasting cure has followed. A... number of cases of Bright's disease... and Dropsy have been cured by... here, and the cases of Rheumatism,... go, Lame back, Sciatica, Gravel... in the Bladder, Blood Impurities... es of Women and all Urinary Dis... that have been cured by them are... unaccountable.

...Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all... lists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes... or will be sent on receipt of price... e Dadds Medicine Co., Limited, ...to, Ont.

Chat to... Boys and Girls.

Since the bright spring weather has come, I have been frequently asked for some out-of-door games for my young people, and I am very much pleased to give them the best I can think of, for I am a firm believer in good healthful, out-door exercises for boys and girls, and when you are tired of the more active and noisy games we will try and "think up" some that may be enjoyed while resting on the verandah, under a tree or even on the back stairs, which is often a favorite place or resort for taking breath.

The game called "Buttons" reminds me of "fiddledy winks" which was so much played in fashionable circles at one time. "Buttons" is a simple game and one which involves no expense—a shallow hole is dug in the ground, and each player stands twelve feet away, and tosses a button towards the hole. When all have tossed, the player whose button is nearest to the hole has first chance to put the other buttons in the hole by striking them with his thumb. All buttons thus placed belong to the player, but as soon as he misses, the person who was next best in the first tossing takes his turn; an account is kept and of course he or she who succeeds in putting the largest number of buttons in the hole, wins the game. In striking the button the hand is held stiffly, the thumb being extended, and the motion being made with the whole hand.

"Wolf" is a great favorite with some of my juvenile friends—perhaps you know it, but as any number may play it, and it is a fine running game for driving away "the blues" which is the worst wolf that can attack a boy or girl, I will tell you how we play it in our yard—Of course the game is commenced by what is called "counting out" and for this, as you know, some very queer rhymes are used as for instance:

"One is-oh, two is-oh sign-sol son
Bobtail, vizegag, tickle ard tan;
Harun-scarum, virgin-maram,
We, wo, wack!"

And another says:

"One-ary two-ery, dickery, d'verry
Halibone, crack-bone tenery l'v'ery,
Disco't r'm, American pine
Humbley, bumbl'ey, twenty nine."

And the person to whom the last word comes, is declared to be the wolf who must then hide, while the other players remain by the goal, which is usually a tree, a stone or some other large object. About a minute is allowed for the wolf to hide, and when the time is up those at the goal call out "Coming, say nothing" if the wolf is not ready he says "No" and a little more time is allowed him. The players then commence a search for him and whoever is successful calls out "Wolf, wolf" whereupon all run for the goal. The wolf dashes from his hiding place and tries to touch any of the players, as they hurry towards the goal—if he succeeds the person or persons touched also become wolves and hide with him. The object of the game is to avoid being made a wolf. The play continues till all are made wolves; and the first one caught must be wolf in next game. The wolf need not wait to be found, but may run out and attack the players, whenever he thinks there is a chance to touch one of them, if he can reach the goal before any of them, he can frequently touch a number of them as they come up. The wolves may all hide in one den if they wish.

And now while you are resting, sit in a circle or line if you please and try a game of "comsey come"—one is chosen for beginner and she says "comsey come" the others asking "what do you come by?" She will then give the initials of some object which

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And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 23 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

can be seen, and whoever guesses first the correct object corresponding to the initials, then takes his turn. This is really a parlor game, but may be played out of doors—for instance I say I come by C. L. meaning clothes-line or G. G. which might be "green grass" or "garden gate" and so on—any object in sight of all may be chosen, and it is wonderful how puzzling the initials sometimes are.

I am sure you have all played "Ball" and enjoyed it too, but I was not very well able to run in my young days, so I know nothing of any such game, except "string ball" which perhaps you do not know, so I will tell you how it is played:—

A rubber ball is suspended from the limb of a tree, or if that is not convenient, from the end of a stick projecting from a window. The string should be about twelve feet long, and the ball should hang about four feet from the ground. The players stand in a circle around the ball, and the game is commenced by the leader striking the ball with his hand. If one of the players does not catch the ball, before it swings back to its original position, the leader scores one point and is allowed another stroke. The leader remains "at the bat" so to speak until the ball is caught, and his aim is obviously to send the ball in the direction least expected by the other players. The person catching the ball takes the leader's place; and the score of each player is carefully kept, and the one having the highest is of course declared the winner.

I have had a good deal of fun over this game and I love to look back over the happy school-days so long ago past; but do you know my boys and girls that the days upon which I lost my temper over any game, or did the least unkind thing, stand out in my memory to this hour like an ugly black mark on a pretty picture, and the remembrance has so often grieved me, that I here confess it to you in "hope my experience may warn you to strive for the mastery over jealousy, quick temper and every other evil, that is so prone to rise up in the play-ground and spoil the games." Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love in honor preferring one another" is an excellent motto for us all.

Frills of Fashion.

Among the small accessories of dress shown in the shops, neckware has a very conspicuous place. From the simple bow of tulle to the elaborate fichu there is a wide range of styles and materials, something for everyone and for every gown. Both colored and white tulle bows are worn, and there are colored and white gauze scarfs with frilled ends and gauze stock collars with a short bow in front, finished on the ends with a tiny ruche. Lace stock with a fold of colored velvet around the upper edge and a sailor's knot or tied bow are among the prettiest of all the array; but dainty things are also made of mousseline de soie, with lace corners at the back and applique lace sewn on the ends. One pretty idea is a stock and fichu combined made of fine gauze laid in folds around the neck, crossing at the back, and forming revers which have the effect of a fichu, pointing downward to the belt. Pretty fichus are made of chiffon with the applique lace flounces scattered all over them. Very useful stocks are made of taffeta silks, with a full graceful bow daintily hem-stitched on all the edges. One very essential point to be considered in buying the stocks is that the style shall be becoming and the color match the hat trimming. Crepe de chine and lace are combined very prettily; for example, make the stock of crepe de chine with lace corners turning over the back, and lace around the neck tying in a knot, with rather long ends in front. White wash silk with plenty of hem-stitching makes very pretty stock in this style, to wear over cotton shirts waists. The very best materials must be used for all the neckware, as its freshness disappears soon enough under the best conditions.

Embroidered muslins well covered with incrustations of applique lace are one of the most fashionable materials for thin

gowns. Made over mauve, blue or pink taffets, with a tuok of black in the finish, they are charming.

Pretty evening gowns for summer are made of India mull elaborately trimmed with yellow Valenciennes lace. They are made over white silk and finished with yellow satin ribbon bows.

Very small gold buttons adorn the bodices of net, lace and crepe de chine gowns.

Large hats which are something between the old-fashioned picture hats and the poke shapes are the coming style for mid-summer wear, and the novelty in trimming is covering the inside of the brim with flowers.

The ugly fashion of veiling the flowers on our hats with mousseline or tulle has reappeared again.

See that your hat matches your costume if you want the very latest touch of fashion.

Straw designs wrought out on silver and gold cloth, net and chiffon insertions, figure largely among the millinery materials. A new and very stylish combination is a holland colored straw trimmed with black velvet and a white chiffon, and this sort of hat is especially good style for morning wear.

For evening dress young girls' gowns are made of tulle trimmed with rose petals or green leaves, the former on pink tulle over pink silk being especially attractive.

The most surprising feature of the evolution of fashionable dress is the fertile imagination of the dress designers. There are gowns without end, and hardly any two are alike; and there is a diversity in the models quite equal to all the demands. The old saying that it is impossible to please every one certainly has no significance when applied to variety in dress which has blossomed out this season, and new modes are constantly coming in from the temples of fashion in Paris, to swell the list.

There seems to be something for everyone, except possibly the woman well on in years, who thinks she must wear things especially designed for the old. It is quite useless to inquire for such things in the shops, as you are informed very decidedly that there are no old ladies [any] more, at least not old in the sense of wearing unfashionable things. The old lady's garments may be simple and suitable, but they must have the fashionable cut and finish. Never were the designers more skillful in the use of materials, more successful in the combination of trimmings or more refined in the harmony of color, and it is a literal truth that there are the most attractive up-to-date models for women of all ages, and for the ample figures as well as the sylphs.

Very attractive simplicity distinguishes many of the new bodices, but is mostly that variety of simplicity brought about by a measure of extravagance unparalleled by any of the more elaborate gowns.

Both black and white nets, covered with an embroidery of sequins and cream applique lace, are made up over white silk in princess form. For evening wear the bodice may be décolleté with long transparent sleeves, but whether high or low the net falls in plain, graceful lines to the feet. The simplicity, however, is all in the lines, as the material is both elegant and expensive.

Cream and white nets, elaborately trimmed all over the ruchings of net or chiffon, formed into various designs, or set in straight rows, with chiffon paintings between, make very fashionable, evening gowns for summer. These are made over colored taffets, and if you try for the very smartest combination, use ecru lace over

Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish; it is put up in paste, cake or liquid form. There is no dust and no odor, and the result is a brilliant polish without labor. It has the largest sale of any stove polish on earth.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York.

yellow silk. The yellow is charming too, under cream net's. White point d'esprit is a very fashionable material for summer gowns, this variety of dress being shown in the shops with the white organdies and made up in very much the same way. Ruches, frillings of ribbon insertions and frills of lace are the trimming. One encouraging point about these gowns is that white organdy is used for the foundation lining quite as often as silk, making them much less expensive. If you can afford it, use the silk foundation, but it is not a necessity for the net any more than it is for the organdy gowns.

Any sort of trimming which involves an endless amount of labor seems to be favored for the muslin dresses and ruches, fullness and tucks abound. White organdies are striped around little more than an inch apart with narrow black velvet ribbon, covering either the upper or the lower half of the skirt, the bodice and sleeves. Another novel effect in trimming is made with narrow bias folds of white organdy stitched on a colored organdie a little below the upper edge of each one. The folds are hardly a half inch wide and are set on two inches apart all around the upper half of a plain pink organdy skirt made with a deep gathered flounce below. Folds stripe the bodice and the tops of the sleeves.

Colored organdies are trimmed with narrow lace-edged ruffles of white organdy and this idea of combination in muslin gowns is shown again in a violet satin striped muslin, spotted with white. White muslin spotted with violet in exactly the same pattern, only the satin stripes are white, forms a deep band all around the overdress and the finish on the bodice.

All sorts of pretty effects are brought out in the thin gowns with use of narrow black velvet ribbon. It edges lace insertion and forms little straps with buttons or buckles at the ends. It is put on in ladies work designs, either covering the front of a bodice or forming an epaulette effect over the shoulders and arranged over the fastening in the skirt at the back. Stitched bands, which are a feature of trimming this season, are also put on in this same manner, covering the front of the bodice and shirt.

It goes without saying that the smartest gowns of the season are made of fine, light weight cloth, nun's veilings and foulard silks. Cloths have the lead, however, and it is the very light colors that predominate. Pale gray and beige are much worn, but the most dressy cloth costumes are in pale pink and blue. Again the stitched bands are the finish all around the tunic, with the circular frill on the skirt, and edges of the bodice below the round yoke of Venetian lace. Black and white striped silk makes an effective yoke and collar for a pale pink cloth. Cream cloth with a yellow lace yoke is charming if it has the fashionable touch of black outlining the yoke and upper edge of the collar, with possibly a rosette bow of velvet at one side of the bodice.

Cloth gowns are worn on the most dressy occasions in the daytime, and anything the market affords in the way of handsome lace applique and insertion cannot be too elegant for their decoration. Black and white embroidery is another very stylish trimming, but if you aim for the ultra smart effects in fashion have your lace dyed to match the color of your gown. Embroidery in colored wool and chenille or a mixture of silk, gold thread and chenille is another phase of trimming in these dressy cloth gowns. This in a dainty vine outlines the guimpe bodice and the overdress where it opens down the front. This sort of overdress suggests the old fashioned polonaise, which has been revived again, but it is built on very new fashioned lines, quite destitute of any fulness, except directly at the bottom. One pretty gown of tan canvas made with a polonaise has three narrow frills of taffeta silk of the same color around the edge and three stitched bands of the canvas around the skirt.

NEW DUTIES OF PARENTS.

Nose, Ear, and Eyelash Culture and its Practical Application.

The responsibilities of parents seem to be increasing. Formerly when a child was born with a pug nose and grow up with the same style of nasal appendage the father and mother were sorry if the nose didn't please, but their conscience was easy. Likewise if their young hopeful's ears were of

the aspect which is delicately called alert they were grieved but not remorseful.

It is no such easy going for parents to day. Moulding character is somewhat out of date in these days of newangled child culture, but moulding noses has supplied a new outlet for parental energy. "A tiny little nose," says one authority, "may be changed and much improved in shape. It can be enlarged by gentle but persistent massage. It can also be lengthened by a series of gentle pulls, steadily and continuously applied." This authority, however, admits that he should hesitate at the nose pulling in the case of boys, as they generally get plenty of it sooner or later. "A nose too generous in size," he continues, "may be compressed by means of an ingenious little instrument a good deal like a clothespin. If properly applied it cannot injure the nose, as it acts simply by diminishing the flow of blood to the nose."

Of course the ear question is settled now. If a person grows up in this day and generation with outstanding ears he will be at liberty to rise up and call his parents shiftless, to say the least. Another point to which painstaking parents are invited to give their attention to is the care of the eyebrows. A judicious and persistent application of vaseline to the arch where these desirable items should grow is said to work wonders. As children do not now wear long and heavy bangs, another piece of advice is, perhaps, not necessary just at present, but it may be stowed away for future reference. It is given on the authority of an old family doctor, and, though it sounds a good deal like an old wives' tale he vouched for it. He] was present one day when a little girl came in. Her golden hair was hanging in the way which has been celebrated in song and story, down her back. Also a heavy bang was hanging over her forehead, reaching almost to her eyes. Now, the doctor declared that if the bang was allowed to hang over the eyebrows it would be at the cost of the latter, because, as he said, "hair eats hair." Maybe this is the solution of the problem of baldness.

However that may be, the fact remains that few persons seem to have any idea that the eyebrows and eyelashes should receive especial care. The use of vaseline is good for the eyelashes as well as the eyebrows, and when it is judiciously applied it will have a very perceptible effect on them making them less likely to fall out or be rubbed out. It is the reckless way in which people rub their eyes which is to a great extent responsible for their scarcity of lashes. It is almost always the lower lid which bears the brunt of this rubbing, and the result is apparent in the much smaller quota of lashes which the lower lid always has. This is another direction in which parents are expected to look out for physical well being of their children. There was a time when even cross-eyed people did not dream of reproaching their parents for negligence. Those were palmy days for parents. In future, when young people come of age they will be counting the eyelashes and taking a whole Bertillon system of measurement of their ears and noses to find out whether their parents have done the square thing by them.

In fact, this physical training may readily be made to supersede old-fashioned forms of punishments even with mothers who stand by the old theories. Instead of sending a child superfluous to bed, he could be condemned to wear a clothespin on his nose for an hour. Instead of giving him a foolish spanking he could be required to undergo fifteen minutes of nose pulling, and so on. This method would have the advantage of combining practical and beneficial results with moral discipline and could be indefinitely extended to include such faults of physique as flapping ears, pigeon-toes, round shoulders, stubby nails and so on.

Reputation has probably lost as many men their reputations.

THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING

Which assures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair—is possessed by all who wear Palmer's aristocratic hair-springs. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars.

J. PALMER & SON,
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MONTREAL.



The binding that FITS

is the binding to wear

S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge

is the only binding that can fit the skirt, because the brush edge is woven with one long side and one short side, and the velvet, cut on the bias, is inserted between the long and short sides of the head, forming the famous and only

Natural Curve

and then there is no other binding with half its durability, and none other half so soft and rich—in this binding you receive "Fit, Wear and Beauty."

Caution—Never buy a ready-made skirt not bound with it—poor skirts are bound with poor bindings.

S. H. & M. on every yard. If dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. Co., 21 Front St. W., Toronto.

FIFTY YEARS OF THE IRON ROAD.

The Remarkable Career of a Veteran as Told by Himself.

I remember Mr. John Bright saying that the safest place in the world is a first-class railway carriage. As a proof of that, during my fifty years' service I only saw two passengers killed. I cannot say the same of railway men—not by a score.

It was during a preliminary chat writes a representative of Tid Bits that Mr. William Lister, of Bolton, made this observation. Yet, in spite of the high rate of mortality among railway servants, he is still very much alive after a life's work extending over more than half a century on the North-Western line, first as guard and afterwards as hall porter at the local station. Now in his 78th year, he recently retired, and I called upon him to obtain a few details about his remarkable career.

Mr. Lister, I gleaned during a very interesting conversation, remembers Leeds and Liverpool when neither of those cities had a station, and had a very vivid recollection of the discomforts of early railway travelling. He was the guard of the first train which ran on the North-Western system from Bolton to Manchester, while he rode behind one driver for fourteen years and behind another for eighteen years.

'Were you ever in an accident?' I asked.

'Oh, yes,—in two,' replied Mr. Lister. 'The first occurred at Daubhill station, where our train came into collision with a coal train. At that time there was no regular van for the guard; he had to travel in a little dicky on the top of the carriage and he had nothing to control the train with except a brake which acted only on one carriage. I was up aloft when we ran into the other train, and I got pitched from one carriage to another.'

'The other accident happened at Kenyon Junction. Our train left Kenyon at the usual time. By some mischance the shunter was not at his post, and the points remaining closed instead of open, the train, which had got some speed on, ran into a stationary goods train. The engine of the goods train was so badly damaged that it could not be removed; but, fortunately, none of our passengers were seriously injured.'

'I remember a singular accident here in Bolton, only I was not into it,' continued Mr. Lister. 'The Daubhill incline is very steep. At the time I first entered on railway work there was a stationary engine there, to which was attached a rope which ran on pulleys down the centre of the rail. Three or four miles further on, at Chequer-bent, there was a similar contrivance. These stationary engines were used to help the locomotives climb the hill. You can imagine how long it took to get to Daubhill. There he could catch the train, for he could get there before us.'

'Shortly after the North-Western took possession of this branch the ropes were abolished, and locomotives alone were used for working the trains. One drizzly morning in 1858 a luggage train was on the Daubhill incline. The rails being slippery, the brake would not hold it, and it ran down the incline at a great speed, dashing right through the old Great Moor street station, Bolton, and going into the street. The station was wrecked; so were the carriages standing in it. Strange to say, though, only one man was killed, and he was on the engine. Nobody was hurt in the street. A funny result of the accident was that we had no carriages that we could use for the train out of Bolton later in the morning. We had to press into service a coal truck, in which we placed forms.'

'I suppose at times you had to work a good many hours at a stretch?'

'Yes. In the year of the great Exhibition I started off from Bolton to take an excursion to London as far as Washington. When I got to what I thought would be my destination, the train was too heavy, with the carriages put on there, for one guard; so I was sent on as an assistant. We were more than twelve hours on the journey—quite long enough for me, considering that I was outside all the way. I was clearing off at Euston, when the station master stopped me.'

'Where do you come from?'

'I've just brought an excursion in from Bolton.'

'Well, you must take a train to Birmingham that is starting in a quarter of an hour.'

Make New Rich Blood

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

Parsons' Pills

"BEST LIVER PILL MADE." Positively cures Biliousness and all Liver and Bowel complaints. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid, for 50 cts. Book free. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

A single human hair will support four ounces without breaking.

MAY BURDENS AND PERILS.

'I told him I had been sixteen hours on duty and wanted a cup of coffee. So he let me go to get one. Outside I dropped across the other guard, and we both cleared off to the exhibition and enjoyed ourselves. Next day, three of us concealed ourselves in a luggage van, and we got home without doing any work. And,' said Mr. Lister, smiling, 'we were not missed!'

'Another man from Bolton was less fortunate than we were,' he proceeded. 'He took a train up to London, and a week later he had not come back. When inquiries were made, it was found he had been sent from Euston to Birmingham, from there to somewhere else and so on.'

Concerning railway tickets Mr. Lister has a fund of quaint and curious lore. He can testify, for instance, that in bygone years, as now the public made extraordinary efforts to obtain the first issued for a new section of line. On one occasion the crush round a booking office was so great that a lady was rather seriously injured. When another branch was opened, a passenger came to him in a state of great jubilation. 'I've got No. 1,' he exclaimed. 'Now, I don't want to give this up to the collector; I want to keep it. What can I do?'

'Book again,' said Mr. Lister. 'Then you needn't use that.'

This way out of the difficulty had not occurred to the passenger. Delighted to hear that the company would not object to his paying his fare twice, he rushed off and purchased another ticket.

About excursion trains also the veteran guard returns some interesting details. 'On Saturday, or any other holiday,' he told me, 'they were made up of cattle trucks. Some of these had planks across sides, and so forth, for seats, but others had none at all.'

As will have been inferred, Mr. Lister's memory is, despite his age, not at all impaired. This being so and his other faculties being equally sound he will, it is to be hoped, enjoy his well earned rest.

LA GRIPPE VICTIMS.

Will in Thousands of Cases Have to Fight Catarrh Unless Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is Used to Prevent the Spreading of the Seed.

The wife of a prominent physician of Toronto was a victim of Catarrh in its worst form. She tried almost every treatment known in this world of medicine without receiving any lasting benefit. Hearing of the almost miraculous cures made by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, she procured it, persevered in its use for eight months, and was fully restored, and all symptoms of the dreaded disease eradicated from her system. She says, "After years of suffering I rejoice to be freed." Name given on application. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Diamond and Charcoal.

With the single exception of the yellow metal—gold—there is probably nothing in nature around which human interest centers itself more strongly than around diamonds. The scientist, however, in spite of the fact that specimens to operate upon cost \$25 per grain regards the sparkling crystals of carbon with critical eyes, and in his laboratory, in the cause of science, he experiments with these brilliant objects with just as much interest as if they were so many crystals of common salt, sulphur or alum. No one would suppose, judging from their outward appearance or physical properties, that a lump of charcoal, a piece of black lead and a diamond had any relation to each other, and yet it has been proved beyond dispute that their chemical constitution is identical. They are simply three distinct modifications of the non-metallic element, carbon. To prove this relationship many queer experiments have been made with these valuable crystals. They have been burnt in the air and in oxygen gas, the resulting carbonic acid gas being carefully collected and weighed. The favorite experiment for proving the constitution of the diamond is to place a weighed quantity in a small platinum saucer, which is inserted in the porcelain tube of a specially constructed miniature furnace. The tube is heated strongly and a stream of oxygen gas allowed to pass through it, the products of the combustion of the diamond being collected in bulbs of caustic potash. The diamond disappears, but the potash bulbs increase correspondingly in weight by the absorption of the resulting carbonic acid.—Washington Star.

Clipping a Prince's Hair.

The first hair cutting of a royal prince is a tremendously important function in Siam, and the attendant expenses mount up into the thousands of dollars. There is a big feast and the barber who does the job is furnished with a pair of golden shears and receives a valuable present for his services. After the hair cutting a spot on the scalp is shaved clean with a razor made of steel, but gilded. When the hair appears to the throne is shaved for the first time the whole nation goes on a spree, there is a grand festival at Bangkok, in the course of which the sacred white elephants are exposed to the public gaze, and the merry-making continues for days. The poorer children in Siam are barbered for the first time by the Buddhist priests in the temples.—New York Press.

Strength of Hair.

A single human hair will support four ounces without breaking.

MAY BURDENS AND PERILS.

Disease and Ill Health Should Be Banished This Month.

Paine's Celery Compound is the World's Great Health Restoring Agent.

It matters not whether your trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, dyspepsia, nervous prostration or some nasty blood disease, Paine's Celery Compound possesses virtues sufficient to meet your case and overcome your sufferings. Diseases of any kind that have manifested themselves in the winter, and have fastened their deadly grip in the spring months, are terribly perilous of life, if allowed to run into the heat of summer. This is the time to grapple with disease and Paine's Celery Compound is the only sure friend and helper of the sick.

The work of disease banishing and health restoring already accomplished this spring in Canada by Paine's Celery Compound is marvellous and astonishing, judging from the many letters received from cured people, supported by the endorsement of leading druggists and merchants to whom the cured people are known. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can honestly claim public recognition. Its work is never failing and sure. It first cleanses the blood, causing the life stream to run pure in every artery and vein of the body. It quickly restores lost strength; it gives perfect digestive vigor, sweet sleep and lasting health.

Women of Thibet.

In no other country, perhaps, is a woman's lot so hard as in Thibet, 'the forbidden land,' where civilization has never penetrated. Women are forced to do all the menial labor, are treated worse than beasts, and have absolutely no amusements. They are constantly kept shut up in their dark cave-like homes, seldom bring allowed to appear in public or to visit friends. At 14 a girl is married to some man who is willing to pay her parents a small quantity of food or clothing by way of dowry. The marriage ceremony is simple. The girl's father ties a rope about his daughter's neck and drags her to her future husband's abode. The man pays what is considered a fair sum in food or clothing, and she is henceforth his wife.

Kipling's Sister.

Rudyard Kipling has but one sister, now married to an English army officer, in the staff stationed somewhere in India. She is a great beauty, and familiarly known as 'Tricksey,' she is a very accomplished woman, and has written several clever stories.

Pessant and Pope.

Two peasants, man and wife, lately made their appearance at the Vatican, bearing a letter of introduction to an official. As soon as it was presented they found themselves the objects of the most distinguished consideration, as the French have it, and with good reason. They brought with them £3,200 as an offering from a donor who did not wish to be known, and distributed ordinary means of conveying cash. It was to be delivered into his holiness' own hands, and all obstacles imposed by etiquette were speedily set aside in favor of such valuable visitors.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

M. B. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mul St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A.: 'What do you think of C—?' B.: 'He is the kind of man that the more I think of him the less I think of him.'

Mrs. Smiff: 'I wish you'd pay a little attention to what I say!' Smiff: 'I do, dear—as little as possible.'

She: 'Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?' He: 'Why does she take everything else he has?'

Freddie: 'Ma, what is the baby's name?' Ma: 'The baby hasn't any name.'

Freddie: 'Then how did he know he belonged here?'

Tomkins: 'Gibson is very careful about his children, isn't he?'

Jenkins: 'Yes; he's trying to bring them up in the way he should have gone.'

She: 'I wonder why there isn't a woman in the moon, too?'

He: 'There is—in the honeymoon.'

And there was.

'His aim in life seems to be a poor one.'

'Yes; he inherits that from his mother. I once saw her throw a stone at a dog in the street, and hit her husband in the back yard.'

Mrs. Minks: 'Isn't it queer that such a little bit of a country as England can rule such a vast amount of territory?'

Mr. Minks: 'Well, I don't know. You're not very big, yourself, my dear.'

Perkin: 'I have the greatest respect for the truth.'

Firkin: 'So I perceive, for you generally keep at a most respectful distance from it.'

'Why, Tommy, you're at the jam again, and only whipped for it an hour ago!'

'Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make it even.'

District Lady: 'I hope you and your husband agree now, Mrs. Notcut?'

Mrs. Notcut: 'Oh, yes, mamma, we agree on everything now.' (After a pause) 'E said you was a meddlin' old idiot 'other day, mum!'

'You are now one,' said the minister to the happy pair he had just tied together with a knot they never could undo.

'Which one?' asked the bride.

'You will have to settle that for yourselves,' said the clergyman.

Teacher: 'One upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?'

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation) 'Which made the most?'

A young man, known to be passionately addicted to angling, entered the private office of his employer, and said:—

'My sister is going to be married, sir, and I should like to—'

'Just so. Well, I don't see any objection to your sister's marriage now and then only you might bring me a fish, you know.'

It is said that very few ladies continue their piano playing long after marriage. This announcement is made in order to encourage young men to enter matrimony.

'You don't even dress me decently,' she cried. 'I'm going home to papa.'

'All right,' replied Doolittle; 'you might say to him also that I need a new suit myself.'

Mr. A. (who has been inveigled into going shopping with his wife): 'This stuff will make you a nice dress.'

Mrs. A.: 'Oh, nobody is wearing that now.'

Mr. A.: 'Then how will this suit?'

Mrs. A.: 'That won't do either. Everybody's got something like it. It's too common.'

The story goes that when Li Hung Chang was in England an admirer sent him a especially fine bull-terrier, intended to watch over the veteran statesman's declining years. The following letter—so the story goes—was received in acknowledgment: 'My dear—While tending my best thanks for sending me your dog, I beg to say that, as for myself, I have long since given up the practice of eating dog's flesh; but my attendants, tell me they never tasted anything so nice.—Your devoted L.'

Robbie had longed long and earnestly for a baby brother and a pair of white rabbits. The answer to both wishes came on the same morning, but it was not quite satisfactory, for there were two baby brothers and only one rabbit. Robbie was greatly disgusted at the mistake. The next day his father found the following notice tacked to the gate-post:—

"FOR SALE."

"One nice fat baby or I will swap him for a white Rab-bit."

Mr. Gibbs went to an entertainment, and by mistake sat on his neighbor's silk hat, reducing it to a shapeless mass. The owner of the hat was naturally indignant, and breathed threats of vengeance. 'Sir,' said Mr. Gibbs, calmly, 'I am very sorry, and must admit that I was awkward. But,' he added, complacently, 'it might have been worse.'

'I don't see how it could have been,' roared the victim.

'Oh, yes, it could,' said Gibbs. 'I might have sat down on my own hat.'

'Is that dog of yours good for anything?'

He asked of a man, so he motioned to a canine that lay behind the door.

'Is he? You just lay your hand on my shoulder and utter a "whoop."'

The man did so, and the dog sprang up and bit his owner on the leg and gracefully retired.

'How do you account for that?' asked the inquirer, as a general laugh went round.

'Harg it! I had forgotten that he was cross-eyed,' was the reply. 'I ought to have put my hand on your shoulder and yelled.'

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Take B.B.B.

This Spring.

'Twill purify the system—Give you strength and energy.'

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in my village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

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6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

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Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

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Continued

Poor little Cora, man she would have. Don't think I am t cannot help yours willing to stand would not have acc the time—but why through the bitter can hold for me, b She felt dazed, She could scarce words.

'I do not unde "Have you forgett never read mine— humanity, you mig "You're?" he "What did you w letter from you. with anguish, telli The next day, wh told you why. Yo delusion it you im of those letters. lines Cora Rosiee tell me that you at an end.'

Shirley had li fixed on his face scornful while he anguish of that ti "If she told you her truth, 'she lie to her in my life."

'Are you certai "Might you not h an incident?'

'You are cruel. "Because of lov never be true. who may love yo too hard and yo one happy. Beli once, you shall h us part forever. foolish letter, say ter in trouble an prosperity. I w nothing could ev waited for the a Then I learnt th you; later, that would have given then, never to ha is nothing more t eard to-day. I Kemp because he will be able to d than you did bet "I lovely, flun ing eyes and fere turned to his. The soft voice and tremed with "Good-bye!" s swiftly away.

But light as a and overtook the "Shirley?" he has been some somewhere. I know so. I ot you. Shirley, s She stopped. The anger had "What can I with her lips all left me to say; I had never met "Oh, Shirley! say that. I ost are unhappy. I otherwise.'

She was in bie Her face was all the agony of in those moment. At last she lo ing from her wh "Why did she a crust wicked day I found yo have never kno You say you do quite sure?'

'My dear one me that? Sin in the churchy never thought o will be the one though I never "Vivian," she "don't say that. me. I would r let me. It i When I believe thought I could and marry Cap impossible. I you go, I will b that I cannot b "Shirley," he way of his, I poor—am n every-way. I can of my life should be a d share my sham "You will br "I cannot live

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How do you account for that? asked the inquirer, as a general laugh went round. "I had forgotten that he was 'eyed,'" was the reply. "I ought to put my hand on your shoulder and..."

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SCOTT'S STOMACH AND HEART PILLS For sale by druggists. Send 50 cents to the Scott Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont., and receive the Pills and Books free. Send no postage stamp for full list of books.

Continued from Page 14. Poor little Cora, I believe if she loved a man she would have plucked enough for that. Don't think I am turning you, Shirley; you cannot help yourself. And had you been willing to stand by me through it all, I would not have accepted the sacrifice. At the time—but why recall it? I have passed through the bitterest experience that life can hold for me, but I am living it down."

She felt dazed, bewildered. She could scarcely grasp the sense of his words. "I do not understand you," she cried. "Have you forgotten your letter? Did you never read mine—mine that, out of common humanity, you might have answered?" "You're" he echoed, incredulously. "When did you write? I never received a letter from you. I wrote when I was mad with anguish, telling you that we must part. The next day, when I had grown calmer, I told you why. You are under some strange delusion if you imagine you answered either of those letters. There were only the few lines Cora Rosier received, asking her to tell me that you considered our engagement at an end."

Shirley had listened with dilated eyes fixed on his face, which grew dark and scornful while he spoke, and the desperate anguish of that time came back to her. "If she told you that," she said, "through her teeth," she lied. I have never written her in my life. "Are you certain?" he questioned sternly. "Might you not have forgotten some trifling incident?" "You are cruel," she cried passionately. "Because of long ago, you think I can never be true. I am sorry for any girl who may love you in the future, for you are too hard and unforgiving to make anyone happy. Believe whom you like; but, once, you shall hear the truth, and then let us part forever. I wrote to you a mad foolish letter, saying that I loved you better in trouble and poverty than I had in prosperity. I wanted you—only you, and nothing could ever make me change. I waited for the answer, none ever came. Then I learnt that Cora Rosier was with you; later, that you were engaged. I would have given all the rest of my life then, never to have sent that letter. There is nothing more to tell, except what you heard to-day. I am going to marry Captain Kemp because he has plenty of money. It is a wicked, awful thing to do; and you will be able to despise me just a little more than you did before. Good bye!"

The lovely, flushing face, with its blushing eyes and fierce little mouth, was upturned to his. The soft voice had lost its plaintive tone, and trembled with outraged pride. "Good-bye!" she said, and turning went swiftly away. But light as a bird, he vaulted the style and overtook the slender, flying figure. "Shirley!" he cried. "Forgive me, there has been some awful misunderstanding somewhere. I am a dense fool not to have known so. I ought to have believed in you. Shirley, say one kind word to me."

She stopped. The anger had died from her face. "What can I say to you?" she asked, with her lips all quivering. "What is there left me to say; only this—that I wish that I had never met you." "Oh, Shirley!" he said, brokenly, "don't say that. I cannot endure to think you are unhappy. I hoped—I believed it was otherwise."

She was in his arms. Her face was hidden on his breast, and all the agony of a lifetime seemed centred in those moments. At last she looked up, her eyes gleaming from her white face. "Why did she think to do that? Since that day I found you in the garden with her, I have never known one peaceful moment. You say you don't love her, but are you quite sure?" "My dear one," he said, "must you ask me that? Since the day you came to me in the churchyard at Coddington I have never thought of anyone but you. You will be the one love of my life, dearest, though I never see you again."

"Vivian," she panted, clinging to him, "don't say that. You have come back to me. I would rather you killed me than let me go. It is so awful without you. When I believed that you had changed, I thought I could do as the others wished, and marry Captain Kemp; but now it is impossible. I should go mad. Where you go, I will come, too. Don't tell me that it cannot be."

"Shirley," he said, in that grave, strong way of his, "I must tell you so. I am poor—I am nameless—I am ruined in every way. I am going to make what I can of my life in another country; but I should be a dastard, indeed, if I let you share my shame and exile. 'You will break my heart,' Shirley cried. 'I cannot live without you. Oh Vivian, you don't know what these days have been! My thoughts—'

She passed her hands across her eyes; the tears were streaming from them. His handsome face was drawn with suffering, but the look of determination upon it never weakened. He knew that what she pleaded for could never be. He bore a dishonoured name, he was an outcast, he felt he had no right to touch her, and yet to hold her in his arms again was like a glimpse of Heaven after ages of torment.

He knew not what words he used. Afterwards he could only remember the pressure of her wet face against his, her clinging hands, her sobbing voice. And then, when he had left her, and was striding away with the cold, keen air drying her tears upon his cheek, he heard her light, quick step behind him, and turned to find her there.

"I have not come again to beg you to take me," she said, her teeth set tight together, "but I have forgotten something I must tell you. Sir Martin Metherell is dying, and he wants you. He is paralysed, he cannot speak, but he has been always trying to say one thing—it is your name."

An expression of such fierce anger flashed across his face that Shirley recoiled. "If I could save his life by going to him, I would not go. I will never cross his threshold again. That man's base villainy divides us to-day, Shirley. When I think of him, and the evil he has done, and the treachery, we two need not have parted. He left her then; he could not trust himself to say more.

She looked so white and fragile, so pitiful, with that scared expression on her face that the impulse to lift her in his strong arms, and bear her right away, was almost more than he could fight against. And Shirley watched, with straining eyes and aching heart, until the hanging smoke and evening mist hid from her sight; and then she turned, and went slowly home. They had met and parted, and it was over.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

So far, Cora's intrigues and manoeuvres had prospered. She had wormed her way into the West's home, where she endeavored to make herself indispensable. She would have, had they allowed it, waited upon them hand and foot. She made no secret of her devotion to Vivian; he received it as he would have received the open affection of a child. She was alone and sad, and he pitied her, so that, when she humbly pleaded to be allowed to follow them wherever they chanced to go, he willingly agreed.

That afternoon on which he bade farewell to Shirley he walked for miles, caring little where he went, so long as the way was lonely and he was undisturbed. He knew that he had said good-bye to her forever—that his sight would never again be gladdened with her girlish grace and flower-like face. He had involuntarily put from his life all that could make it blest. He did not flinch from doing it, because he knew it was right; but it was worse than death to him.

It was not until the small hours of the morning that he found himself before the dingy little house which had been his home for the last few months. Opening the door with a latchkey, he gently closed it behind him, and went into the dining-room, where a light was burning. As he did so, someone started up from the depths of a big armchair—a little figure, clothed in a loose red gown, her raven hair all tossed about her shoulders. "It was Cora."

She rose eagerly to meet him, but her black eyes were full of a tense anxiety, as they scanned his weary, jaded face. "Ah! monsieur!" she exclaimed. "Pardon me for being here; but I could not rest—I could not sleep. I could only think, 'Has some terrible thing befallen him that he stays away so long?' You look so strange, monsieur—ah! you draw your hand from me! Is it possible that I, your little friend, can have offended?"

His expression was sterner than himself was aware of. Shirley's pitiful cry was ringing in his ears. "Why did she tell that lie? It was such a cruel, wicked thing to do!" "I have heard something to-day," he said, "that I cannot understand; but surely you will be able to explain the mystery."

She instinctively guessed what was coming. For an instant her heart seemed to stand still. She sank down upon her chair again, and tried to look innocently surprised. He crossed to the fireplace, and, resting one arm upon the mantelpiece, looked at her. "Some time ago," he said, "speaking very quietly, you told me that you had received a letter from Miss Loraine, asking you to inform me that she considered our engagement at an end. This afternoon I met Miss Loraine, she denies ever having written to you in the whole of her life. She wrote to me, but the letter never reached me."

"She has forgotten!" Cora cried, excitedly; "could I invent that she wrote? What good would it do me? She was ashamed when she saw you, ashamed of her heartlessness and wished to hide it. Ah, monsieur, you cannot believe that I would deceive you—you whom I would gladly have brought to me, not only because it made me doubt the truth and love of one whom I should never have doubted, but because of what it cost?"

"She does not love you as I love you," Cora moaned, and at her words the quick, hot anger blazed in his face and vibrated through his words. "Do not speak of her in the same breath with yourself. It is an insult to her." She heard him going from her, and springing up, flung herself before the door, her eyes flashing with passionate excitement. "You have seemed so true," he said, "I cannot believe this of you—and yet—the clock behind him struck three—this is no hour for you to be sitting up; you had better go to your room at once."

"Perhaps she was thankful to escape further questioning, for she rose immediately. 'You also will try to sleep,' she said, 'so, you are very tired.' She hesitated, then added, with downcast eyes: 'It has all come right, then, between you and her?'"

"No," he answered; "it can never come right." "She sighed—'I am sorry.' Then she crept upstairs, with a great smile running all over her face. 'Diu! what a fright I have had,' she cried, in a breathless whisper. 'I thought it was all over—my work all wasted. But now I shall win yet.'"

She little dreamed how close to destruction all her clever planning was. It was on the following afternoon that, as she sat over the fire, daintily embroidering a cambric handkerchief with the initials V. W., Vivian West came into the room and regarded her with stern, condemning eyes.

"I have been to the hotel," he said, in the hushed tone of suppressed passion. "The man you bribed to give you certain of my letters was foolish enough to speak of it to one of the women servants, who, in her turn, told another, so that, when inquiries were made, and money offered for the missing letters, these two women came forward and gave evidence against the man. He has confessed. He is waiting in the hall. He says he is quite certain that he could not fail to recognize his lady who bribed him. Her name was Mademoiselle R. zier."

The cambric handkerchief had fallen into the grate, where a red-hot cinder, dropped upon it, quickly destroyed the delicate stitching. But Cora noticed it not. She was found out, she must save herself as best she could. "It is a conspiracy!" she cried, with seething lips. "I have no money to bribe—I was poor. No, I beg, do not call in the man! Do not subject me to the humiliation!"

His eyes were cold and hard as steel. "If the accusation is false," he said, "there can be no humiliation." He stepped back and opened the drawing-room door, and a man, dressed as a hotel porter, came in. Cora covered her face with her handkerchief and began to cry.

"Mademoiselle, may I ask you to look up for a moment?" The clear, sternly-uttered words were a command, but Cora only cried more wildly. He waited a moment; then, going to her gently but firmly removed it, he asked, "Do you recognize this lady?" he asked. "Yes, sir; she is Mademoiselle R. zier, the lady that gave me the hundred pounds to have the handling of the letters before they came to you. I'm sorry, sir, for having consented, but it was a great temptation."

"You are positive that this is the lady?" "I'll take my oath on it!" "That will do; you may go." As the man went, Cora flung herself on the floor. "Fardon me!" she cried, frantically. "If he was tempted, how much more was I? I love you! I was jealous of her. She could never care for you as I cared for you. She would shrink from what I would gladly endure for you sake. Monsieur, remember only my devotion. I came to you when all the world was against you. I brought your mother to you—I have tried so hard, so truly to befriend you. Do not be angry with me now. Do not judge me to harshly."

"It is not for me to judge you," he said; "the proud, hard face never softened. 'Why you did the thing I do not know. It was a vile thing to do. I cannot say that I forgive you; I do not think that I shall ever be able to bring myself to say it,' not only for the suffering your deceit has brought to me, not only because it made me doubt the truth and love of one whom I should never have doubted, but because of what it cost?"

"She does not love you as I love you," Cora moaned, and at her words the quick, hot anger blazed in his face and vibrated through his words. "Do not speak of her in the same breath with yourself. It is an insult to her." She heard him going from her, and springing up, flung herself before the door, her eyes flashing with passionate excitement.

All her warm southern blood was roused by his contempt, and the bitter disappointment at the failure of her cherished scheme. She was lost, but she would not give in without a final struggle. "You shall not go!" she almost shrieked. "You cannot mean the terrible things you say. I have done you no harm. I have only been mad enough to love you. Can you blame me for that? But for this I mean you to travel with me, and wait upon you. Now that you have forced me to tell my secret, you take away the small affection that was mine, and despise me."

Her avowal of love sickened him, and failed to touch him as Cora intended. She was right when she said he despised her, and yet, remembering how entirely alone and friendless she was, he felt a certain pity for her, even in his anger. "I regret," he said—and his quiet emotion tones sounded to Cora like her death knell—"more than mere words can express to you, that this should have occurred, though I am indeed thankful it has happened now, instead of later on. We did not understand one another. I looked upon you as a little friend whom I could trust. That is all over now."

"You will not let me remain with you?" gasped Cora. "You have rendered that impossible," Vivian replied. "I will kill myself! I will not live! Oh, Dieu! was ever one more broken-hearted, monsieur? Have you no pity, no compassion?" "I have both, mademoiselle, and for that reason I now leave you." There was no resisting that iron strength of his. Cora found herself lifted on one side as quietly and easily as if she had been a doll. The door opened and closed, the hall door followed suit, and he had gone before she could make up her mind how to act. She stood with her hands clenched and her teeth set hard together.

An odor of burning pervaded the small apartment. She crossed the room, and picking up the smouldering handkerchief, flung it into a ball, and flung it into the fire. "I hate him!" she declared viciously. "Frigid! I could have driven my nails into his face as he stood there. But I will be even with him yet. He shall suffer—ah, how he shall suffer!" Her face was diabolical in its expression of cruel malice. Then, suddenly, it changed, and she flung her ravel in an abandonment of despair upon the hearthrug. "I love him!" she sobbed. "I must have always loved him; and that is why I have so hated her. He shall never have her—never, never! If I have to die for it, he shall never have her!"

Lilian West was busy preparing for that long journey across the sea which she and her son were about to take, so that Cora remained in the drawing-room undisturbed, and there her quick and wicked brain conceived a scheme even more abominable and atrocious than any she had hitherto attempted. Her lips were curling in a smile of triumph when a note was brought her. It came from Vivian West. "Revenge is good," she said, when she had read it. Then, tearing the paper to fragments, she tossed them into the fire. The note was so short, she could remember all that it contained. "After what has passed, it would be painful to meet again, therefore I have decided to remain away until you have gone. Make what explanation you consider right to my mother, and rest assured that from me she will never hear the truth. With every sincere wish for your future welfare," "VIVIAN WEST."

gave Vivian West his birthright and inheritance. She intended to commence the search after she had refreshed herself with food and wine. In the meantime she sat and warmed herself, and gloated over the revenge she was about to take. On the table beside her lay a copy of the Times. She picked it up, and began carelessly glancing down the columns, till a name suddenly riveted her attention, and for the first time she read of the strange discovery of Dorrien. She flung the paper aside, as a servant entered with a hastily prepared meal. The best thing Durrien could do, she thought, was to die, and the sooner the better.

She was thankful that he had met with even a worse fate than the one she had prepared for him. He must have suffered torture; she hoped he would die in agony. She did not waste many thoughts upon him, other matters of greater importance engrossed her mind, and first and foremost was the finding of Sir Martin Metherell's will. As she swallowed the soup, her eyes roved round the stately apartment, which since the owner's illness had acquired a neat unused appearance. That the document might have been hidden elsewhere, or placed in safe hands, never occurred to her.

It was here that Sir Martin spent most of his time, here that he wrote his private letters, and thought out his lonely thoughts and here Cora felt certain she should find what she wanted. Directly the meal had been removed, she commenced the search. There were several pigeon-holes crammed with neatly folded papers. These she did not trouble to look at. There was also a writing table, with drawers on either side. Most of them were unlocked; but the top ones were fastened, and on these Cora centred her attention, trying every key she could find, but without success.

However, this was of small importance to mademoiselle R. zier. She had had some training in the picking of locks, and, drawing a very useful little instrument from her pocket, she set to work with a quickness and deftness which did her infinite credit. But a few moments later and she had discovered that which she sought, and her eager fingers had torn open the packet addressed to Vivian West!

With bated breath and hot, excited eyes she read the record of Sir Martin's life—his weakness, his downfall, and the remorse that had eaten into his heart. Right through to the end she read, and then with a laugh, tore the closely-written pages across and across again, and ultimately watched them vanish in the flames. Thus perished Sir Martin Metherell's attempt to right the wrong he had done. Helpless, speechless, dying he lay surrounded by the wealth for which he had so deeply sinned; while his son, poor and nameless, with all the bright promise of his life blasted and ruined, was about to become an exile from his country, where he might have lived happy and honored.

But of this Cora thought nothing. She had revenged herself upon the man she loved and the girl she hated—hated with such intense ferocity that even now she was not content. "I would like to kill her," she said, vindictively. "I would like to trample her to death."

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Ameniti's. Uncle Sam and John Bull beamed upon each other affectionately. "Let's take something!" urged Uncle Sam, as his custom is when his heart is full. "By all means!" replied John Bull cordially; "I suggest territory!"



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HOW TO COOK A SHOE Apply an ordinary shoe-dressing, once or twice a week, for a short time. When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done. N.B.—Avoid PACKARD'S SPECIAL COMBINATION ... Leather Dressing IT WON'T COOK. 25 cents of all shoe stores. PACKARD makes it. PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

A Piece of Wild Broom.

Squire Mellet of Mellet Grange, was of old family, his predecessors having possessed large property in the county. But this had become smaller with each possessor. Extravagance and prodigality ran in the family. So with each new owner came new mortgages, and time after time went into other hands, until the present Squire found himself possessed of only the fine but dilapidated old Grange, of which half the rooms were shut up, and the home farm surrounding it. On these there was also a mortgage, the Squire's one effort in that line when young and 'fast.' Also, there were about a thousand acres of moorland and hill, of heather, oroom, and bracken, but except in his being able to say that 'the moor' was his, it added nothing to Alfred Mellet's position. Rabbits, and in winter snipe and wild fowl, dwelt on it; otherwise it was not available for producing anything. Speculative building was unknown in that wild district, and 'plots of land' not wanted. One son and three daughters were the Squire's family. The former was a sailor—a naval lieutenant. The girls were Ethel, the eldest, just twenty, and very pretty and winsome, and two younger girls, who were educated by their mother, for the Squire's income now was too small to afford the salary of an accomplished governess. He was harassed and chafed (though he knew that it was chafing his ancestors' and only to a small extent his own, faint) at his lessened means and inability to keep up the ancient Mellet position. The great house sorely needed repairing the gardens cultivating; the stable had but the Squire's pony, equally used to saddle and the little pony carriage. Gone were the horses that of old filled the long row of stalls; gone the vehicles that once occupied the coach-houses. The lawyer and the doctor of the little country town of Riverleigh, of which Mellet Grange was the famed 'show place,' were much better off than was the Squire in point of clear income, though they were not 'country people.' The doctor, by the way, was more tolerated by the now misanthropic and always proud Squire than anyone else. Roland Wynnett was a very clever, highly educated young man, a gentleman, and a skilful and ambitious member of his profession. He had had an early education on many things beside medicine. The fact was destined to be one of vast importance and benefit to the Squire. The doctor had called one morning to see Mrs. Mellet, who was ailing. After interviewing his patient, he was chatting with the Squire in the neglected, weed-grown avenue when a vehicle entered it. Mr. Mellet stared at the unusual sight, he neither waited nor wished to be visited now. Then he muttered under his breath an oath. From the hired dog cart out sprang a lithe, well-dressed, clean-shaven, dark-eyed man. 'How are you, Squire?' he said with much appearance of bonhomie. And the Squire, with constrained civility, replied perfunctorily, shaking hands, 'How are you, Mr. Belley?' 'Just run down for a day or two to Riverleigh for change of air—stepping at the 'Elphant'—wanted to see you on a little business?' The Squire winced. 'Yes?' he said. 'I'm only sorry I can't put you up here, but, with a bitter smile, 'the Grange's hospitality is, perforce, only a memory.' Here Wynnett, finding himself in the way, shook hands with the Squire and rode off, after a momentary glance at the newcomer, which the latter, did not observe. 'Good-looking chap, that,' he said, with a familiarity which the Squire thought very vulgar. 'Who is he?' 'He is the doctor of Riverleigh, a very clever young man.' 'Ah?' said Mr. Belley. The doctor; then he's out of our running,' jocularly, 'for you're a county man. So much the better.' 'I don't understand you,' said the Squire staring at him. 'No! Ah well, you will perhaps later on! Now let's have a talk. I suppose my fellow can put up his horse in your stables; they are big enough, ha! ha! ha!' Mellet fished a glance of scorn at him, and then gave the driver the needful directions. When he had driven off, Belley lit a cigar and offered the Squire one. 'They are the best in the market,' he said. 'We City men know what we're about' and the Squire, to whom the fragrance appealed with memories of his youthful days, lit his cigar appreciatively. Then the two men paced up and down the avenue. Mr. Mellet's face during the conversation showed various emotions—annoyance, pride, and alarm in turn. Then it became calmer as Belley concluded his remarks. After this they went round to the stables and ordered the horse and gig to be got ready. And then Belley with his jovial farewell drove away, leaving the Squire gazing moodily after him. II. 'What is it, dear?' said quiet, handsome Mrs. Mellet, whose gentle sweetness had never been altered. 'Tell me, Alfred; I know you've had some unusual worry,' and she took his hand fondly. 'Well, I will, dear,' said the Squire wearily. 'Whom should I tell for a reckless, extravagant—' 'Hush! hush!' said his wife, 'you shan't say it. Tell me.' 'Well, Belley has been here.' Mrs. Mellet grew pale. 'And about the mortgage?' she murmured. 'Yes, and he wants his money. Says he can make it pay much more per cent, hang him!' 'And if he does not get it?' said Mrs. Mellet breathlessly.

'Then—be'll—foreclose,' said the Squire, trying to speak calmly. 'And the dear old place, which for three hundred years has been—' and here, after a gulp and a groan, he broke down and fairly hid his face on his wife's shoulder. 'Then was the woman a 'ministering angel' indeed. She soothed him fondly, and showed her own heart as the stronger, repressing her own desire to mingle her tears with his. By-and-by he grew a lazier. But look at it as he would, he could not see how he was to get £2,000, in debt as he was in other quarters, with a small income, every pound of which was needed, and at a time when land had much depreciated in value, while there were plenty of more paying investments. The home farm was of but average quality, the Squire a dilapidated place, though both were inexpressibly dear to their owner. 'I—I—' he said later to his sympathetic wife, 'forgot to say that he hinted—the usual thing in novels—that if Ethel—and he paused. Mrs. Mellet's eyes sparkled with unusual ire. 'He thought that Ethel would marry him to preserve the old place?' 'Yes,' said the Squire; 'but I said nothing. My mind seems torn and wearied and despairing.' 'Well, dearest, do not give way,' said his wife cheerfully. 'See whether you can in any way get someone else to lend the money. But at present all you need do is to be civil to him; don't say anything definite. We must not irritate him. And perhaps Ethel—but oh! I don't know.' The feminine diplomacy, as usual, was effective. Mr. Belley lunched at the Grange—dinner for such an occasion was in the circumstances impossible—wandered about the garden, made jocular remarks at which the ladies were secretly enraged, took walks with them, treated them to long accounts of his London home, festivities, and successes, and paid all sorts of clumsy compliments to Ethel. 'Oh, what a contrast he is to Reggie Wynnett!' murmured the girl to herself. For, though nobody knew it yet, the doctor and Ethel were in love with each other though neither dreamed that the proud Squire would ever consent to their engagement. And Wynnett was secretly jealous and agitated. 'Surely, surely!' he would soliloquize, 'that company promoting, cash-lending cad won't be allowed to woo Ethel! And yet what chance has a hardworking country 'sawbones,' though he does save a little each year, against such an income?' One day, however, his jealousy was specially aroused. Mrs. Mellet and her daughter and Belley were strolling over the moor, Wynnett riding some distance behind them at right angles. His angry glance saw the financier bow over Ethel's hand—her mother was a little distance off, probably, as Wynnett said to himself, purposely—and then sentimentally uproot a piece of wild broom at her feet and place it between his coat next his heart. 'A pretty place for the symbol of the proud Plantagenets!' said the doctor savagely; 'and for Ethel—well, I wouldn't have thought—but it's for her father, of course, poor girl!' and Wynnett rode away from the scene as rapidly as possible. Now at dinner that evening at the Grange—the modest repast shared by Mr. and Mrs. Mellet and their daughter—the meaning of that scene was explained far more satisfactorily, as Wynnett would have acknowledged could he have heard it. 'He behaved very well,' said Mrs. Mellet; 'for when Ethel quietly told him she could not accept his offer he said that he should not wish to force any woman's inclination, and he should always remain on good terms with us.' A gleam of hope irradiated the Squire's mind. 'Perhaps he will let me have extra time for getting the money,' he murmured. 'These men sometimes do generous things.' 'And, indeed, if it seems—as if Melton Belley were not the Shylock he was painted, but a whimsical compound. For next day he came to the Grange, cheery and smiling with none of the malevolence of the rejected mortgagee of fiction about him; and the Squire felt much lighter of heart. 'Well, Squire,' he said, 'I've tried my luck, and I take the young lady's decision without grumbling. But I've got an idea. I've all sorts of iron in the fire, and this is a splendid idea. Thought of it last night. It's rabbit farming on a big scale. Now your moor's just the place to stock with rabbits.' 'There's nothing else you could stock it with,' said the Squire, 'unless snipe and plover—I should have raised money on it.' 'Quite so. Well, you can do now?' 'Now? How? What do you mean?' 'Give me a conveyance of the moor for £2,000, and I'll hand you over your mortgage and you can put it in the fire.' 'But the moor's worthless land—of course, if you mean it, and it's your hobby—but it's very generous.' 'So it was arranged, and Mr. Belley returned to town. When the doctor next called he was told of this, at which he said little except 'Rabbits? Guinea-pigs are more in his line, I should imagine.' When Ethel (privately), however, told him of the proposal and her reply he was highly delighted. A day or two later he left for London also. In a few days he returned with a friend, a man of much activity and keenness of expression, who had been a former fellow student but had followed other paths than medicine. On the day when Belley was to arrive, Wynnett and his friend Wheeler paid an early visit to the Grange, and on the appearance of the former retired into the drawing-room, though Wynnett exchanged a glance of intelligence with Ethel, who quitted the room. Meanwhile in the Squire's study—or 'den,' as he called it—he and his visitor were seated. Jovially smiling, the latter produced the Squire's title deeds and mortgage and a conveyance of the moor.

'Sign that,' he said, 'and here are your deeds, and the mortgage becomes extinct. We shall want a witness.' 'Shall I do?' said Wynnett, entering. Ethel had kept him informed. Up started Belley savagely at the placid keen-eyed Wheeler, and white with rage. The doctor smiled, the Squire looked bewildered. 'Don't sign that, sir,' said Wynnett. 'This generous gentleman wants you to give him for £2,000, land for which a conveyance will get you £20,000. I had the curiosity to get another piece of the wild broom I say Mr. Belley gather. I've studied, among other things, metallurgy, and had my ideas. It was as I thought. The roofs were loaded with ore. Lodes on lodes are beneath your moorland; Mr. Wheeler the mining engineer, has examined it—and can get you, with a glance at the deeds, 'any reasonable amount of money in advance you may want.' Mr. Wheeler signified assent. Belley, defeated withdrew. The mortgage has long since been cleared off, and Ethel was dowered with a good share of the wealth first guessed from a piece of wild broom. When a song is sung so much that everybody dislikes it is called it popular.

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"FOR A PURE SKIN." Cures impurities of the skin, dissolves freckles, moth patches and other discolorations, brings blackheads and fleshworms to the surface where they dry and fall off. Koladermic Skin Food builds up the wasted and worn places, removes the facial defects caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, and imparts a baby-like softness and delicacy to the complexion. Koladermic is most refreshing and invigorating—a skin food in every sense of the word. Let us send you particulars of the skin-tonic properties of Koladermic for your complexion's sake. For Sale at all Druggists, price 25c.

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BORN.

- Halifax, April 24, to the wife of W. Samuels, a son.
Halifax, April 23, to the wife of J. Romo, a daughter.
St. John, April 18, to the wife of E. H. Cooper, a son.
Lakeland, April 21, to the wife of John Moore, a son.
St. John, April 20, to the wife of Sydney L. Kerr, a son.
Bear River, April 15, to the wife of W. W. Clarke, a son.
Halifax, April 15, to the wife of J. B. Chisholm, a daughter.
Halifax, April 21, to the wife of James Hutt, a daughter.
Falmouth, April 24, to the wife of Wm. Tolbut, a daughter.
Springhill, April 6, to the wife of Samuel McPherson, a son.
Shelburne, April 18, to the wife of Clifford Peterson, a son.
Falmouth, April 16, to the wife of Winters Burnham, a son.
Truro, April 24, to the wife of Rev. E. F. Waring, a daughter.
Parsons, April 10, to the wife of Palmer Winters, a daughter.
Woodstock, April 21, to the wife of James Peabody, a daughter.
West Green Harbour, April 15, to the wife of Geo. Firth, a daughter.
Bear River, April 15, to the wife of Capt. George Hardy, a daughter.
Fredericton, April 28, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 22, to the wife of Edward Duker, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Yarmouth, April 26, Amiel Amiro to Katie Monahan.
Truro, April 28, by Rev. J. A. Rodgers, Arthur C. Ford to Elyth Bates.
Ohio, April 26, by Rev. J. H. Sanders, Erastus J. Baker to Dora Crosby.
Truro, April 28, by Rev. H. F. Adams, William Corroy to Bertha Lupton.
Liverpool, April 22, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, William Jullimore to Annie Murray.
Parsons, April 24, by Rev. T. J. Butler, Jos. Phillips to Elizabeth Lewis.
Springhill, April 22, by Rev. David Wright, James Maloney to Lizzie Crawford.
French Village, by Rev. H. Hackenley, S. E. Beaker to Mrs. G. E. Lestch.
Halifax, April 25, by Rev. J. F. Duxton, Robert McLellan to Elizabeth Innes.
Clarendon, Queens Co., by Rev. O. N. Mott, Noble Johnson to Millie A. Turner.
Pictou, April 22, by Rev. George S. Carson, Charles W. Graham to Bessie Gray.
Upper Stewiacke, by Rev. J. B. Maclean, Alexander Fisher to Susan J. Steele.
St. John, April 28, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Frederick Stewart to Irene Irvine.
Nine Mile River, April 25, by Rev. A. V. Morash, John A. Wright to Mary J. McPhie.
Parsons, April 20, by Rev. T. J. Butler, Capt. John Seaton to Louisa May Burgess.
Admiral Beck, Hants Co., April 18, by Rev. E. Smith, Eusabel Purple to Alice Brimcombe.
St. John, April 28, by Rev. L. G. MacNeill, Edward Leitch to Isabel Margaret Dunlop.
Missoula, Montana, April 19, by Rev. C. H. Finlay, George S. McLennan to Emma H. Beck.
Gondola Point, Kings Co., by Rev. A. W. David, Phyllis Tilley Kirkpatrick to Janet Victoria Kelley.

Before the Roof Leaks THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINTS make it water-proof and save it from decay with THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CREOSOTE PAINT, the original creosote paint. It will cost less than to let the roof go and repair the leaks. Use it on shingle roofs—any kind of wooden roofs. Creosote prevents decay. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, Canadian Dept., 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal. F. A. YOUNG, 736 Main St., North

DIED.

- Halifax, Margaret Fagan 85.
Moncton, April 24, Eli Wood 27.
St. John, April 20, Wm. A. Clark.
St. John, April 25, Ida A. Grant 1.
Truro, April 23, Libbie McAnley 62.
Westfield, April 22, Jesse T. Belley.
St. John, April 24, Henry Thomas 71.
Kentville, April 24, Martha E. Morton.
St. John, April 26, Henry Waters 61.
Truro, April 27, Irenston Blackhead 62.
St. John, April 24, Robert Coeman 64.
Cape Negro, April 6, Albert Swaine 27.
Whitburn, April 15, Annie Rhyso 75.
St. John, April 29, George F. Baird 50.
New Brunswick, April 14, Sarah B. Smith 60.
Antigonish, April 11, Margaret Gillis 91.
Antigonish, April 21, Mary A. Quinn 68.
New Canada, April 23, Wm. Wagner 87.
St. Stephen, April 15, Wm. J. McCann 80.
East Florenceville, April 18, John Dow 19.
Little Jeddique, Mrs. 10, Angus Boston 75.
Kentville, April 24, Mrs. Daniel Corbin 78.
Woodstock, April 13, Oliver M. Carman 78.
Shelburne, April 22, James L. MacLaine 66.
Parsons, April 21, Margaret M. Smith 67.
Wallace Ridge, April 15, Elizabeth McDonald 85.
East Bridgewater, April 19, David Nauzer 78.
Summersville, Mass., April 23, Geo. B. Doane 62.
Ipswich, C. B., April 21, Willie A. Murphy 22.
North Easton, Mass., April 21, Geo. H. Craig 19.
Incehall Island, April 19, Joseph S. Jackson 24.
St. Andrew's N. B., April 24, Mrs. Orissa Smith, Cochinata, Mass., Julia, wife of Wallace Griffin.
Halifax, April 27, infant son of Robert Green 5 mos.
Halifax, April 24, Earl A., son of Geo. Wyan 10 mos.
Georgetown, April 14, infant daughter of Richard Hayes.
Georgetown, April 17, Bridge, rel. of Thomas Day 78.
St. John, April 19, Elizabeth, wife of Geo. Phillips 65.
St. John, April 29, Sarah H. wife of Aaron Armstrong.
Manarose Mines, April 15, Mrs. John H. Archibald 35.
Fort-Laurier, April 20, Margaret, wife of Cornelius Shaw 60.
Florida, April 21, Henry J., eldest son of Henry J. Sullivan.
Marble Falls, April 22, Beatrice, daughter of John Turner 4.
East Bridgewater, April 24, Roy, infant son of Sheridan Dalton 4 months.

STEAMERS.

FLORIDA, April 21, Henry J., eldest son of Henry J. Sullivan.
MARBLE FALLS, April 22, Beatrice, daughter of John Turner 4.
EAST BRIDGEWATER, April 24, Roy, infant son of Sheridan Dalton 4 months.

SAILINGS

OF THE STMR. CLIFTON. On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indiantown same days 4 p. m. local. CAPT. R. G. E. BAIRD, Manager.

Star Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock.

Steamers Victoria and David Weston will leave St. John every day at 8 o'clock standard for Fredericton and intermediate stops. Returning will leave Fredericton at 7.30 a. m. standard. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and Woodstock alternate days at 7 a. m. standard, while navigation lasts. GEORGE S. BAIRD, Manager.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Eastport) on November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and will thereafter. Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 8th, 18th and 28th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS SHIPBOARD SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLETCHING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 6-11 Broadway, New York City.

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Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1929, the Steamship & Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Digby 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 2.30 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 8.45 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 1.20 a. m., ar. St. John, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. Digby 5.30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. Annapolis 4.45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerage can be obtained on application to City Agent. P. GIFFINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1929, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 16.30 Express for Boston..... 16.40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 20.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex..... 8.50 Express from Halifax..... 12.00 Express from Quebec, Montreal and Montreal..... 16.30 Accommodation from St. John, Quebec and Montreal..... 19.25 Accommodation from Moncton..... 20.10 Accommodation from Truro..... 21.15 Accommodation from Pictou..... 21.45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

HALIFAX place would be the torch the law sment on Hotel. It has infamy name is dark all roads Such law bawdy h streets h and mora It is an offence public; a to the hot a plague disease. The he squad of indetecta yr! and The pro to inspect clearly, should be condition. The own cann't hav Some of th The last tains the S of the sect benefit of noticed th exempting visions. 1. No p commonly allow forth personal pover, or labor, bu calling (Majesty's) drugs an necessity The work construed where the terpretat requires on the bus labor or provisions forfeits a su Nothing the deliver Sunday; telegraph their effice transmitting the keeping letting on with or other than or the prop papers or any pai oburch or service; or the ordinat cturb; or vessel for of the Pro coming into boat or any cf vessels any vessel port on carrying factory ocess of mol proceed with thereof con days to pre material so the operat