

PROGRESS.

VOL. VII. NO. 364.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THAT DIVIDED CHURCH.

THE EASTER MEETING WAS NOT HARMONIOUS.

More Disagreements in the Church of the Good Shepherd at Fairville—Failure to Admit to Communion to a Member—A Policeman at the Easter

The Easter elections usually supply some interesting tid-bits of gossip each year. If there has been any breeze of discord in the church it usually finds its culmination on this occasion and the events in a general way mark the milestones in the history of the church.

There has been some pulling in different ways during the year just past in the church of the Good Shepherd at Fairville, as Progress readers are aware. It was over the missionary in charge, Rev. Mr. McKel, and it culminated on Easter Monday night when the two opposing parties met in single combat over the election of the Church warden and vestry. The champions of Mr. McKel and the high church won, but they had to engage in some strategic play in order to do so.

At every Easter election two auditors are chosen who at the close of the next business year go over the books and at the same time the vestry clerk draws up the list of those eligible to vote at the Easter meeting. In order to vote a person must have been attending regularly for six months and must have contributed at least a dollar towards the support of the church.

This year the auditors spoke to Mr. Lordly, one of the wardens, about the matter, and they arranged to meet at the residence of the vestry clerk, Dr. M. MacFarlane, last Saturday night. They were there at the appointed hour, and waited two hours and a half. At the end of that time Mr. Lordly came in and said that the rector was using the books and they could not see them.

Therefore the accounts this year were not audited and the men in opposition to Mr. McKel had no means of knowing who were or who were not eligible to vote. At the election a number voted who had attended the services only two or three times, but the rector ruled that they should have the right. Being friends of his he had a kind eye to their laxness in attendance.

His followers made a very good canvass for him and among those who brought in were eleven orangemen from Pisarino who would be supposed to be not in sympathy with high church rules. Mr. James Ready was said to be influential in bringing them in he being in sympathy with Mr. McKel. On several occasions the opponents of the clergyman and his friends have felt his displeasure but "the most unkind cut of all" came on Sunday when Mr. McKel would not administer communion to the warden, Capt. Hamlyn.

As a result of the troubles in the church the finances are not in the best state possible. There was a deficit this year of over \$300 and the Sunday contribution has fallen as low as 94 cents. The report which the rector had to make concerning finances was not a very encouraging one. One of the humorous touches of the evening was when one of the assembly nominated for delegates to the synod a couple of worthy gentlemen. The rector said, "Oh, that must be a joke," and would not accept the nominations. The wardens who were elected were A. Lordly and Fred Engalls. The opposition candidates were Dr. MacFarlane and Wilfred Betts, and had it not been for the eleven Pisarino men they would have been elected.

The Fairville members of the church are low church in their beliefs. The Pisarino men would not have candles in their church and boasted that they would not at the Easter meeting, and yet they were willing to vote for high church forms in the Fairville church.

The low church men, however, have one thing to congratulate themselves upon and this was drawn attention to at the meeting. Pressure was brought to bear during the year upon the clergyman to make the services more evangelical. They had succeeded to the extent of obtaining the dismissal of the acolytes and the quenching of the candle flames. But the candles still remain and are a sore point to many in the church.

There are numerous little things which Mr. McKel has done to wear away the sympathy of his congregation. His manipulations of things and his methods have favoured too much of the wire-puller and electioneering man to retain him in their favor. Another fact in connection with the accounts which showed his spirit concerning them was a remark which he made to his chief supporter, Mr. Lordly. This Mr. Lordly has repeated and he is to be believed in this matter. He told Mr. Lordly to on no account let a certain one of the auditors see the books. As previously stated Mr. Lordly faithfully followed his master's instructions.

Several men also were not qualified to vote were present. The clergyman ad-

mitted that they were not qualified, but ruled that they could vote on the ground that their voters would annual each other.

Another of the many slight incidents that give color to this whole affair and make it such an exhibition of fine work was one that just leaked out. It appears that Officer Hennessy was present and was ready at call if Mr. McKel should need him. Once before he asked the officer to attend service and render official aid if needed, but the guardian of the peace would not consider the request. This time he appears to have done so, but the developments showed that he was not needed. But a man must have wholly lost faith in his church when he deems the presence of an officer necessary at an Easter Monday meeting.

CONFERRING BY SIGNS.

How Two St. John Gentlemen Spent a Pleasant Half-Hour.

There was a gentleman in St. John who loves to stroll along the wharves and watch the vessels on the harbor. Of all craft, there are none more fascinating to him than a tug-boat; and he was intently watching one on a recent afternoon.

He was throwing the whole of his poetic soul into the contemplation of that tug. When it had steamed out of sight he saw another gentleman a short distance away watching him. As in the old Town's Reader, "he looked at the gentleman, Mr. Speaker, and Mr. Speaker, the gentleman looked at him. And Sir, they both looked at each other." This performance was kept up for some time, until one gentleman bowed. The other promptly followed suit.

Then they again looked at each other. Finally the first gentleman made a sign. The other made another sign. They conversed in the language of signs for some time, but it is doubtful if either understood just what the other's signs meant.

The man who had been watching the tug-boat, had some blank paper in his hand. The watcher of the tug was unable to inform the reader as to whether this gentleman is a marine artist or a poet. After the second gentleman has got tired of signalling, the approached the other man, took a pencil out of his pocket, and wrote on the paper, "Are you from Sussex?"

The other, who had indeed lived in Sussex before coming to St. John, nodded. Then there followed a long conversation on paper. Many questions were asked, and many answered. The two men were getting quite intimate, when the man who had formerly lived in Sussex got the following message from the other man:—"Are you John Smith?"

"Why," roared the Sussex man, "he's a dummy!"

"Well," said the other, "aren't you a dummy?" Then, realizing the absurdity of his question, he laughed. So did the man from Sussex.

"Why," said that man, "I thought you were a dummy. That was what I was writing to you for."

Then they both laughed, and shook hands, and laughed, and talked of many things, but in the language of the tongue.

The Dr. Parkhurst of St. John.

A well-dressed man considerably under the control of John Parleycorn gave an interesting oration on Charlotte street, near the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Wednesday evening.

"I am the Dr. Parkhurst of St. John," he said, "and I am going to show up the intamous police system that prevails in this fair city. Are you aware, ladies and gentlemen, that I am the Dr. Parkhurst of St. John?"

Nobody disputed the orator's right to his self-imposed title, but he continued: "I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that I am the Dr. Parkhurst of St. John. It is time that the rule of the police should stop. Is it the sentiment of this meeting that the rule of the police should stop?"

Before those present at the meeting could take a vote upon the question, a policeman came around the corner. Walking up to his sworn enemy, he intimated that he would better move on, or he would be run in. The reformer seemed to be convinced of the justice of allowing the police to rule, for there was not a sneaker man in the city after the officer accosted him than the Dr. Parkhurst of St. John.

Where Sports Assemble.

There are many strange combinations in the uses of things. The bucket shop adjoined the office of a religious paper. A room in Palmer's chambers where once justice was dispensed is now given up to the evading of justice. The most warlike scenes that used to be enacted there were tills between the lawyers who sat before Judge Palmer. Now there are regular boxing bouts there and the room is fitted up in the most modern style of sporting club arrangement. Mr. John Powers is now the presiding genius of the room.

Great Parties of New Designs in Wall Paper and Window Shades of Mr. Arthur's 50 King St.

HALIFAX'S TURN NEXT.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY'S CAMPAIGN.

The Prospects for a Warm Contest—The Liquor Dealers and the Temperance Men—Both Candidates are Popular—The Women Voters May Decide the Election.

HALIFAX, April 18.—On Wednesday of next week the civic election for mayor and aldermen will take place. The campaign has been, and will be, the most bitter civic fight in the history of Halifax, and it has more extraordinary features than any other civic campaign known here. Usually the candidates for the mayoralty seek the nomination as well as the office; in this case the nomination has been thrust upon them by their respective friends.

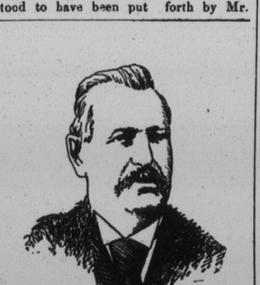
Mr. J. C. Mackintosh was spoken of a year ago as a candidate, but he preferred not to run then for reasons which it is not necessary now to enter into, one of which was that he would not be a party to break an arrangement which had been followed for a long time. He was especially determined not to run last year because a large section of our people had been but recently deprived of their religious



J. C. MACKINTOSH.

representation in the local legislature. This year Mr. Mackintosh's friends, without regard to party, sect or creed, insisted on his acceptance of a nomination for the mayoralty. They would not take no for an answer.

On the other hand, it was not generally known that Mr. David McPherson was to be brought forward till Mackintosh was in the field. He had stated time and again that he would not run and when the news reached him in Boston that he was being brought out, he telegraphed to a friend declining to accept. But on his return to the city he was waited on immediately after his arrival by a crowd of hustlers for the influence, they represented, that he, too, found it impossible longer to resist. So that McPherson, like Mackintosh, was forced into the fight. Subsequently, a proposition was understood to have been put forth by Mr.



DAVID MCPHERSON.

Glassey, who is perhaps Mr. McPherson's most powerful supporter, that if Mackintosh would withdraw from the contest he and his friends would withdraw McPherson. It is hard to see what was to be gained by such a move as this, because both men were good, and if two good candidates were prepared to run it would hardly pay for both to abandon the field in favor of perhaps an inferior man. Mackintosh, however, as another evidence that his candidature was none of his own personal seeking, when the information of the proposed withdrawal was formally conveyed to him by McPherson himself, called a meeting of his chief supporters and placed himself unreservedly in their hands. They scouted the withdrawal proposition and insisted on Mackintosh remaining in the field. By this time McPherson had so far committed himself to the influence behind him that he was unable to recede and he faced the contest.

Though the candidates are on opposite sides of politics this civic contest is not a political fight. The issue really is "Bum versus Water." It is a fact that McPherson's candidature is alleged to have originated with, and that he has been most vigorously supported by the great majority of liquor men; and that the majority of consistent temperance men, and the best ele-

ment of the liberal party, are the most enthusiastic supporters of Mackintosh, while the conservative liquor dealers are enrolled in McPherson's behalf. Mackintosh has been a life-long total abstainer, while McPherson takes a drink whenever he wants it; as he has a perfect right to do.

The liquor dealers got full fair play from Mackintosh when he was mayor before. But the liquor men of Halifax are men who stand by their friends and when they were badly in need of a friend, when McPherson was in office, he gave his casting vote in their favor. Lik; grateful men they have not forgotten that service; no; have the temperance people forgotten it either, so far as that goes.

Another thing that tells both in McPherson's favor and against him in this contest is that he permitted the civic bar to flourish during his term and that he is alleged to have kept a plentiful supply of something good in the mayor's private office with which he entertained his callers with a generosity befitting the dignity of his position.

McPherson is a genial, kindly man, and no one has anything to say against him personally. He is a "hail fellow well met" with the boys. Mackintosh is one of those brusque sons of brusque Scotchmen, a shrewd man of business who proceeds on the even tenor of his way, who never had time or any great inclination to cultivate the wiles that go to make a man "popular." This contest is not so much a question of the popularity of the candidates as it is a battle between citizens backing Mackintosh and a clique of aldermen and others who are running McPherson, and it will likely be a close fight.

The shouters, the hustlers and the ward workers are mostly with McPherson. Mackintosh's friends are finding in this election campaign that it is work and votes that count and not prayer and sentiment without the work. Yet Mackintosh is depending on the quiet, silent voting vote, and the 24th will determine which controls the municipal government of Halifax.

A great variety of canvasses have been used and are being used, some of them coming back on the heads of those who started them, and used them. One of these scandals urged against Mackintosh was made by a young man who paid a quiet visit to St. John some time ago on a matter of great personal interest. When, figuratively speaking, he was taken by the throat by the man he had slandered, he got down on his marrow bones and denied he knew anything about the story he had circulated.

The election is as fruitful in cries as the ordinary dominion contest. Following the temperance slogan comes the religious cry. Mackintosh has been represented to the orangemen of Ward 6 as a man who, when he had the chance, gave everything he could to the catholics; and to catholics he has been called a backer of Chiniquy, and a P. P. A. man. While this was being said on the one side, it was but natural that his opponent's record should be looked into, and as a retaliatory canvass McPherson's action as a school commissioner has been trotted out by Mackintosh's workers. He is alleged, while on the board, to have expressed a desire to sweep religious emblems out of the catholic schools, and thus disturb the peaceful relations which existed between the great religious bodies of this city. As a matter of fact, as Progress readers will remember, these amicable relations were actually endangered a couple of years ago by one of McPherson's most ardent supporters in the north end. It is not customary to mention these subjects in the public press, but a topic does not ignore burning lives about which everybody is talking. But the campaign of scandal is subsiding, and thoughtful, calm public opinion is coming more and more to the front.

An entirely new feature in this campaign is the women's vote. The names of over 600 women are on the list. The majority of these may decide the election. The Mackintosh men appreciated this fact early in the contest, which has been raging for six weeks now. The religious women of the city came to Mackintosh's assistance, and made an active canvass with their sisters on his behalf. The probability is that Mackintosh will get two out of three of the women's votes polled. The women as a rule are for temperance and righteousness.

This is a fair bird's-eye view of the mayoralty contest in Halifax which ends on April 24th.

There are aldermanic contests in every ward except No. 1, something unusual. In Ward 1 it is certain to be Alderman Mungrove, for he has no opponent. In ward 2 T. J. Barry and W. J. Butler will fight to a finish.

Ward 3 has C. S. Lane and W. B. Mackay as candidates.

In Ward 4 Alderman Habley had the field to himself till the eleventh hour when Dr. N. E. McKay entered the tests.

In ward 5 G. C. Hardley is opposing the re-election of Ald. Frank Eden.

Ward 6 sees a fight where none was expected. James Adams, manager of the street railway, is making it lively for Alderman Mosher, who has been in the council for some years.

IT WAS A "WATERLOO."

THE TAX REDUCTION ASSOCIATION "IN THE SHADE."

An Election the Result of Which Was a Surprise—Why the Most of the Members of the T. R. A. Ticket Were Defeated—Some Amusing Incidents.

It took only seven or eight hours for the voters of the city to administer a very severe reproof to the Tax Reduction Association on Tuesday last. About 3600 voters went to the polls and the burden of their song was, we are not pleased with the T. R. A. So they elected only two, possibly three, of the association ticket and some excellent candidates went down in slaughter.

It will, however, be a good lesson to the association. The whole reform scheme was promoted to strike a blow at ring rule and while it was engaged in this enterprise it succeeded. But when clique rule, self-interest and secret work cropped out in its own midst the citizens decided that it was not living up to its pretensions and so administered a rebuff. This was why Progress and many good citizens withdrew their support. They recognized that under the reform regime excellent work had been done, but the principles of the association, not that body itself, were to be thanked for this.

This was the principal reason why the association lost support, but there were other reasons. Some of the unthinking ones expected taxes to come down one-half. They did not and so they became offended. As far as their financial record is concerned the council was a faithful one. But out of that very fact the association lost some support. Some of the association's representatives in the old council were not taken on their ticket this year, though these men had good records and had assisted in making the financial showing a good one. Ald. McCarthy was one of these, for instance. The T. R. A. are not the supreme arbiters of a man's record nor have they the control of the city's destiny, said the electors. The association will probably now learn that they should not attempt to force public opinion but rather to lead it gently.

It was not expected that there would be as much interest in the election this year as last, but this proved to be unfounded and the number of ballots cast was very nearly as great as in 1894.

These are the men elected:
Mayor—Geo. Robertson.
Ald. at large—D. J. Purdy, Ald. McCarthy.

Guys—I. E. Smith.
Brooks—Ald. Baxter.
Sidney—Ald. Waring.
Dukes—Ald. Blizard.
Queens—C. McLaughlan.
Kings—H. V. Cooper.
Wellington—J. E. Wilson.
Prince—Ald. McRobbie.
Victoria—A. L. Law.
Dufferin—Ald. Millidge.
Lansdowne—Ald. Christie.
Lorn—(undecided).
Stanley—Ald. McGoldrick.

Including his worship nine, possibly ten of these, were members of last year's board of sixteen men. This itself is a clear indication that the city appreciates the work done by that council. It expressed confidence in that council and said to the T. R. A. that it was quite as well computed to choose its men as that body.

Of the five new men Mr. McLaughlan is a well known member of previous boards, and so are A. L. Law and T. E. Smith. Daniel J. Purdy and Hedley V. Cooper are new to civic politics. Mr. Purdy is a well known North end business man and Mr. Cooper is a young man, prominent in the K. of P. order and with plenty of leisure to devote to the duties of his new responsibility.

It is rather remarkable that all three chairmen of the boards are out of the present council. Ald. Shaw, chairman of works, retired, and Ald. McLaughlan and Seaton, chairmen respectively of the treasury and safety were defeated. Ald. Chas. McLaughlan was a former treasury chairman and will probably receive that honor again, while Ald. McGoldrick will likely preside in future at the safety board.

There were many amusing incidents at the polling places and Dufferin ward was particularly rich in them. St. John's Tammany chieftain, Ex-Ald. John Kelly, was there, and scored a magnificent victory for the citizens' ticket. It was their banner ward and the votes stood 3 or 4 to one. Count DeBury looked after the ward for the association, but he was powerless when opposed to the "boss". The voters crowded around the veteran campaigner and took his ballots and voted them. While the count was getting brooded up to say something to an elector his opponent would have him out of his hands and voted. It is further said that in a remark which Mr. Kelly let fall he did not spare the dignity of the count.

In Guy's ward there was an interesting incident One of Mr. Smith's workers ran in

a Chinaman to vote. He gave his name as Sam Wah, but others present said he was not Sam Wah but a man who worked with Sam Wah, and event that he was some one else altogether. But all celestrals look alike, so they did not know what to do. They found out anyway that he could not have the privilege of a vote and so he sadly left the scene. The returning officer had been wondering how he would swear him anyway, for the followers of Confucius go through lengthy and wonderful rites in the process of swearing a man.

Mr. Geo. A. Davis was as irrepressible as usual while he sat behind the ballot box in Brooks and regaled the electors as they came in with anecdotes of how he made the money fly when he ran elections, etc. He also told how he expected to be prime minister to Queen Lil when he reached Honolulu, where he goes shortly.

It is no mean undertaking to count the ballots and keep the tally correct. In some wards it is said that tallying was not as it ought to be. In Brooks an error crept out and Ald. McMulkin and Mr. R. C. Elkin will be kept on tenter hooks until next Thursday. The return from that ward as endorsed on the outside of the sealed return presented to Clerk Wardroper gives figures which show Mr. Elkin to be elected. But there is a discrepancy in the figures and Ald. McMulkin may have been the successful man. When the council meets on Thursday the envelopes containing the returns will be opened and the question is are they the same as contained on the endorsement. If they are the same the discrepancy and evident error remains and a recount would seem necessary. But it is said that there is no provision for a recount except in case of a tie vote.

Where Breeces Blow.

The cities and towns of New England will be given a chance to learn something about St. John early next month. They will be flooded with guide books and if these do not take them by storm and induce many people to come to the city this summer it will only be because of lack of imagination to appreciate the attractiveness of the book and of the place it tells about. The title of the book is "Where Breeces Blow" and it is being published by Messrs. W. P. Mason and W. F. MacFarlane. With good mechanical work, a lot of splendid half tone engravings, and graphic description it will have telling results. It will be distributed free and with characteristic enterprise the lines of travel, hotel men, etc., are assisting in the publication of that which they know is the best advertising medium they can have.

The Watchman was Asleep.

Some young people who were returning from a party on Monday night were much amused when they passed a doctor's office, the door of which is never locked. There was the watchman snugly ensconced in a chair, to all appearances fast asleep. There was much tapping at the window, at which the officer drowsily looked up. The next evening the policeman realized the truth of Gilbert's adage, "Taking one consideration with another, a policeman's life is not a happy one," for he often saw the fingers of passers-by pointed at him, and heard the exclamation, "There he is!" "Oh, it's you all right," said one tormentor, "you're the cop that was asleep last night."

The watchman will keep awake all night in future.

She Thought She had Seen Him.

A St. John Sunday school teacher who, some Sundays ago, had taken particular pains to instruct her pupils concerning John the Baptist, his life and works, recently asked the class, in order to see what impression her lesson had made on their plastic minds:

"Now who was John the Baptist?"

There was a long pause.

"Why, my dear children," said the teacher reproachfully, "do you mean to say that you don't know who John the Baptist was?"

A chubby hand went up.

"Well, my dear, you tell us who John the Baptist was and what he did."

"Please, ma'am," said the little girl, "he was the man that baptizes people down to Lower Cove slip."

Didn't Cut 'em to Them.

A young lady dropped into a St. John floral establishment this week and began discussing the Easter sale of flowers with the proprietor, the quantity of each variety sold, etc., and finally the young lady ventured the remark: "You frequently have public incidents here, I presume." The florist paused a moment, and then not wishing to appear ignorant in a matter which evidently related to his business replied, "Well, no; you see there hasn't been much call for them yet, but we expect to have a big run next season."

Go to Mr. Arthur's 50 King St. An Amusing Design in Wall Paper.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The fact that the concert given by Mr. Herbert Johnston, the well known tenor of the choir of the Ruggles street baptist church, Boston, took place last Thursday evening, I regret to say precludes further notice this week. The affair was under the management of Mr. L. W. Titus and considering all that gentleman has done for music in this city, it is gratifying to know the advanced sale was unusually large and that his enterprise was rewarded with a very liberal patronage.

The Oratorio society rested last Monday evening. There was no rehearsal of the society that evening because of the fact that it was the evening of Easter Monday. Next Monday evening however work on Rhenberg's "Lay of the Bell" and Macfarre's "May Day" will be resumed. Rehearsals of "The Rose Maiden" will begin as soon as the copies of the work can be secured and close attention will be given in order to produce it in the near future.

On next Wednesday evening it is announced the cantata "The Magic Will" will be given in the Mechanic's Institute and for an object that appeals loudly to the generosity of every one. The entertainment is intended as a benefit for the Seaman's mission. The cantata will be given under the direction of Miss Annie Lugin who has given much time and labor to the project and whose well known musical taste and talent may be regarded as an assurance that the performance will be a satisfactory one from a musical point of view.

The music in several churches last Sunday was generally of a very high order and inspiring of the sentiments of devotion and rejoicing so much in touch with that particular day of all the other Sundays in the year. Special mention is perhaps due to the service of song in Queen's Square Methodist church, which will be repeated, I have heard, in the near future.

Tones and Underones.

"Rob Roy" will continue at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, until the opening of the summer season at that house.

William Wolff, well known in this city, will direct the season of comic opera, which E. E. Rose will manage at the Castle Square theatre, and which will follow "Rob Roy." Among the singers already engaged is Alice Galliard, "contralto."

The audience at the Italian opera in Boston last week found many vacant seats. The twenty-third rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given yesterday afternoon, April 19, at 2.30 and this evening, April 20, at 8, when the following programme was given.

Schumann Symphony No. 4 in D. minor. Lechner "Venezia." Esser Suite No. 2.

Songs with piano.

Cherubini Overture, "The Water Carrier." Soloist, Miss Caroline Gardner Clark.

Arthur Nikisch has surrendered his position as conductor at the opera house at Buda Pesth. He is going to become a conductor of opera in Berlin.

Timotheus Adamowski will be the soloist at the first Nikisch concert in London.

Victor Maurel is studying the character of Caliban in "The Tempest" the music for which Verdi is now writing.

The New York Oratorio Society assisted by the Symphony Orchestra gave John Sebastian Bach's St. Matthew's Passion, on good Friday at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Walter Damrosch was conductor. The soloist were Mrs. G. Johnstone Bishop, soprano; Mrs. Carl Alves, contralto; Mr. Albert G. Thies, tenor; Mr. Arthur Baresford, bass, and Mr. William A. Howland, bass.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"The Queen of Night" is the new name of a romantic drama, originally produced at Amesbury, Mass., in November last under the name, "The Victor" with Miss Mand Banks in the leading role. The play will shortly be given at the 14th Street N. Y., theatre with Miss Floy Cromwell in the lead.

At Keith's museum, it is said that Miss Nellie Anthony is one of the best entertainers on the stage.

Marie Burroughs, divorcee suit against her husband Louis Massen has been killed. The commission appointed in the matter wanted more testimony from her but she neglected to supply it, therefore the suit fails.

"The Outlaw" (Il Morte Civile) is a role in which Alexander Salvini will shortly be seen at the Hollis theatre, Boston. It is a part made famous by his father.

Augustin Daly's company will begin a short engagement at the Hollis theatre, Boston, on next Monday. They will play an entirely new repertoire of this season's New York successes.

Kyrie Bellew, the actor and leading man of the Potter-Bellew company, was injured somewhat a few days ago by being run into by a bicycle.

The new play "King Arthur" will shortly be published by Macmillan & Co. Modjeski is in Rome awaiting the decision of the Russian authorities as to whether or not she will be permitted to appear in Warsaw.

Sadie Martinot is back again in New York but no one knows her feeling about her recent venture.

Boston papers say Cassy Loftus "did not set that city wild" and "as a drawing room entertainer she would be a success."

At the close of Mrs. Langtry's engagement of one week at the Boston Museum she prepares to return at once to England. She has been at that theatre this week.

Joseph Haworth was injured in the hand by a foil and now Howard Gould has come near losing one of his eyes. The advice "they should practice offense together" has been given them, and it is timely.

Latest news from Boston says that Mrs. Langtry, who opened a short engagement at the museum on Monday last, received a cordial welcome from a very large audience. Every seat in the house was taken and the standing room crowded. Though the "Lily" is in full bloom she is rapidly beginning to attract attention to herself as an artist and not solely as a beautiful woman.

The "Lily's" play "Gossip" is said to be flimsy in construction, without apparent motive in the conception of character, or in the development of plot beyond the contrivance of many situations in which a group of people try to do something and say something.

Alli Hampton, who is remembered in St. John as a comedian of Frawley's company is now playing in "Peck's Bad Boy" which will be at the Grand opera house, Boston, next week. If it is not the "Alli" of Frawley's company it is a man with his name.

A Miss Sara Lord Bailey, whose advanced agent speaks of her as "The Queen of Elocutionists" will visit this city and give a recital in Centenary church early next month.

Mrs. Langtry's play "Gossip" appears to be the only new thing on the boards in Boston this week. The "Black Crook" and a ballet at the Boston Theatre, "Hands Across the Sea" at the Bowdoin Square, "A Temperance Town" at the Park and "A Trip to Chinatown" at the Tremont are samples.

HYPOCRISY IN BUNCO.

He Knew He Had Fallen in with Thieves, but Was Powerless to Resist.

A strange story has just come to light concerning the robbing by two clever bunco men a few days ago of Jacob Brack, a wealthy farmer of Lodi, Cal. Up to a day or two ago Brack preserved a clam-like silence concerning the manner in which he was unbosomed himself, and tells a story that has created a mild sensation and is being discussed with interest by those of a scientific turn of mind.

Farmer Brack claims that he was hypnotized by the two swindlers, and though he was warned that they were trying to rob him before he ever turned over his money to them, he was so completely under their influence from the time he first met them that he could not resist doing whatever they wanted him to do. Brack's story, coming at this late day, would be taken as a flimsy excuse for falling a victim to the sharpers were it not for the fact that he is known to be a reliable man and one who is well posted in most matters of the world, being a reader of the newspapers, and for the further and completely convincing fact that his story is corroborated by the officers of the Lodi bank, who told him when he came to draw the \$2,000 lost by him that the men he was dealing with were trying to rob him, and that he had better leave the coin where it was.

When Brack first met the two sharpers they were driving on a road near his ranch, and they asked him who owned it, saying they wished to buy it. Brack showed them about the place, which took an hour or two. It is not known just what proposition was made by the sharpers, but the next day Brack went to the Lodi bank and the cashier he wanted \$2,000 that he had on deposit there. He told of the men who were going to buy his ranch, and said he would have to put up \$2,000 before the sale could be made.

"Why, look here," said the cashier, "it's rather funny that you as the seller of the ranch should be called on to make a deposit."

"Well, that's all right," said the farmer; "I want the money."

"But these men are strangers to you and they're trying to rob you by some game or another," persisted the cashier. "You'd better leave the money here and give the men a check. We'll honor your check, and if anything should be wrong you can stop payment on it before we cash it."

"No, give me the \$2,000," persisted the farmer; "this is an important matter and I must have the money."

The cashier reluctantly counted out the golden pile, noticing at the time there was something strange in Brack's manner. The farmer took the bag of coin and left the bank to meet the two men. They pretended they wanted to purchase his ranch, and, queerly enough, demanded he make a deposit instead of them.

the country with him. The fact that a man would be out on a country road in the lottery business did not strike the farmer as being at all strange. The other two sharpers accepted the new one on some flimsy pretext, and the latter was soon explaining his game, which seemed to interest Brack's companions more than it did the farmer. After examining into the lottery scheme one of the sharpers with Brack said he knew a plan of beating it—a trick a lottery man had put him on to. If the farmer would put his \$2,000 in with \$2,000 that he (the sharper) hid, they would win the whole \$10,000.

The farmer says that though feeling and almost knowing from what he had read in the newspapers at various times that an attempt was being made to swindle him, he consented to play against the third man's game and put his coin into a tin box with that of the swindler who really had \$2,000. After the money had been put into the box, Brack says he wished to take his share back and leave the money. When he reached for it, however, he found that he was powerless to get it in his grasp, as he could extend his hand within a few inches of it and no closer, some mysterious power seeming to hold it back. The boxes, of which there were two, were locked, and he was handed the one purporting to contain the \$1,000, together with the greenbacks which he and his fellow gambler had won.

Perhaps the strangest phase of the case is yet to be told. The sharpers got Brack to consent to play another \$2,000 against the game, but he had no more money in the Lodi bank, but had plenty in Stockton. He took the tin box to the bank at Lodi, and upon opening it there found the usual assortment of stones left by bunco men for their victims to remember them by. After opening the box Brack set off to Stockton to get the other \$2,000, but the influence of the spell left him here and he did not draw the money.

The "Waltz King" and the "March King."

Bandmaster Sousa's success and popularity are doubtless as much due to his musical compositions as to his ability as a musician and leader. He is beginning to be known as widely through his irresistible marches, as is the Strauss family for their charming waltzes. Every band in the country may be trusted, in the march of a mile, to play two or three of Sousa's stirring marches, and no pianist's repertoire is considered "up to date" which does not contain the "Lilting Bell," the "Minahitan Beach," the new "Directorate," and others of Sousa's compositions. He is regarded as much the "March King" as Strauss is the "Waltz King." And there is probably no modern music which is more extensively handed and drummed and thrummed than Sousa's inspiring marches. But nobody can play his own compositions like Sousa himself; and this will be one of the strongest reasons why our readers will turn out en masse to hear Sousa's Band when it appears in this city. Sousa's Band plays in St. John on the 4th and 5th of June.

Not Raided by Bradstreet.

A drummer brings a good story from New York. It is the story of a German of the type who keep small saloons in the district where sandled floors and plain bars abound. His name was Jacob Miller, and not unlike many of his countrymen, after being in New York four or five years, had managed not only to keep a horde of children well dressed and in school, but to accumulate a small sum of money. He feared thieves would find his little hoard, which he kept snugly stowed away in a stocking in the bottom of his emigrant trunk, and so he determined to open a bank account. Picking his way through the heavy swinging doors of a banking house one morning he shuffled up to the first window and said: "I want to open me a little bank account here."

"Second window to the right," was the laconic reply.

Approaching the cashier's desk he repeated his desires.

"Your name, please," said the cashier.

"My name is Jacob Miller."

"What is your business?"

"Well, I keeps me a little restaurant."

"Do you do much business?"

"Vell, I sell a few meals, once in a while a drink or two, and I keeps me a few rooms up stairs."

"Do you intend keeping a large balance on deposit?"

"Vell, I don't know about dot. You see I makes me a leedle money, an... I wants a place to keep it."

"Let me see," continued the cashier turning to Bradstreet's book of commercial ratings and running his finger up and down the names commencing with M. "I do not find the name Jacob Miller here. Were you ever rated by Bradstreet?"

"Rai-ded, did you say? Vell, no, I was never raided by Bradstreet, but I was two times already raided by Parkhurst."

Strange Fertilizers.

A Year or so back the Austrian barque "Vila" was discovered floating about in a derelict state off Cape Hatteras. The reason of her abandonment was never known, the ship, including her cargo, being worth about \$10,000. This latter consisted chiefly of bones, human ones forming about a quarter, while in one corner of the hold was a great heap of human skulls. On inquiries being made it was discovered that the human portion of the cargo had been collected from a few Egyptian deserts and cemeteries, to be shipped to the United States for use as a fertilizing agent. This was not the first importation of that description, for not long since ten wagon-loads of human bones were shipped to the United States from Mexico, representing, it was estimated, about 50,000 individuals. Even before this farmers in England are said to have used human bones for the same purpose, the greater quantity coming from the battlefields of Waterloo. These were afterwards supplemented by whole cargoes of powdered mummies, but the bulk of the latter, it is thought, consisted of the bodies of cats and other small creatures, which the Egyptians, who considered them sacred, used to embalm. Human remains were not, in any means, however, entirely absent.

A Standing Cavalry Order.

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order with cavalry that, should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he

B.B.B. CURES DYSPEPSIA SCROFULA CONSTIPATION

A BACK DISTRICT MATADOR.

He Vanquished an Angry Bull Single-Headed and Thought Nothing of It. "You can find me equal to handling wild cattle without going to the Western ranges," said a Gotham sportsman. "I saw a young Pennsylvania farmer tackle an ugly bull last September and get the better of him in great shape. For downright nerve and readiness his performance beat anything that ever came under my observation. It occurred in a country district, known as the Rock Hill neighborhood, among the foothills of the Alleghenies, where I was passing a fortnight's vacation."

"I was going along the road about one morning on my way to a stream where I expected to find some good bass fishing. I passed an unusually neat-looking farmhouse, and a quarter of a mile beyond met the owner driving a yoke of oxen. He was a pleasant-faced, stalwart young fellow who handled his 'goat stick' like a wand, and he gave me a cheery 'good morning' as we passed. A half minute later I heard the bellowing of an angry bull and a child's voice screaming in the pasture on the left of the road. A little girl was running toward us, after her came a bull, a big white Durham with short thick horns, who was cutting a pace that would bring him to the child before she could get half way to the fence. A little red cap that she was wearing had excited the bull's anger."

"I started for the pasture, but the young farmer was ahead of me. Keeping hold of his good stick with one hand he placed the other in the upper rail, vaulted over the fence as lightly as a trained gymnast, and ran like a deer for the child. He got to her just as the bull about fifty feet behind her lowered his head and broke into a gallop. Without stopping, the farmer caught the red cape from her shoulders and leaped in toward the bull two or three paces more, then sheered to one side, shaking the case toward the animal as he ran. The bull, with his eyes fixed on the red cloth, turned as sharply as he could to follow it, and chased the young man, who ran in a direction to lead him away from the child. For so heavy an animal the bull handled himself with wonderful quickness, and though he lost a little ground in turning he soon overhauled the farmer, who, at the last moment, faced him and jumped to one side, at the same time thrusting the red cloth in front of the animal. The short, sharp horns flapped the garment upward as the bull rushed by, and the farmer, slipping behind the beast as he passed, ran for a short distance away, the cape thrown back over his shoulder. The bull set out after him and by that time I had reached the child and was getting her to the fence."

A Novel Gift.

A curious offering to an actress took place not long since at the Municipal Theatre of Mayence, on the occasion of the performance of the opera of "Hansel and Gretel." One of the habits of the theatre, having been favorably impressed by the actress who took the part of Hansel, determined to adopt a novel plan testifying his appreciation. He bought the prettiest puppy he could find, and having decked it with ribbons and flowers, he succeeded in smuggling it into the theatre, and at the end of one of the acts handed it to the conductor to present to the fair Hansel when she came before the curtain. The conductor complied, and to the intense amusement of the house the puppy was handed across the footlights to the fair artist, who clasped it with effusion. The management however, did not look with approval on the plan of puppy bouquets, and therefore issued an order that in future no living tributes should be permitted to be presented to any of the artists while they were on the stage.

A Dog's Intensity.

A good dog story is told in the 'Field,' on the authority of the Chief Constable of Exeter Eng. A merchant in that town has a Dalmatian dog, which lives in a stall with one of his horses. During the winter a large quantity of carrots have been kept in a covered hamper in another part of the stable, and one of the stablemen, noticing that the carrots were disappearing at too rapid a rate, kept watch, and found to his astonishment that the Dalmatian dog was the thief. The animal used to go to the hamper, push it open, take out a carrot, and give it to his friend the horse, only taking one at a time, and never offering one to any other horse.

Best Autograph.

"Yes," said the girl who makes collections, "it is one of the best autographs I have in my collection."

"But are you sure it is genuine?"

"Positive. I cut it from a telegram that his wife received from him."

THE SECRET

Of the marvelous success of Burdock Blood Bitters lies in its specific curative power over every organ of the body. The Liver, the Blood, the Bowels, the Stomach, the Kidneys, the Skin, the Bladder, in fact, all parts of the human system are regulated, purified, and restored to perfect natural action by this medicine. Thus it CURES all diseases affecting these or other parts of the system, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Biliousness, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaint, Obstinate Humors, Old Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Nervous or General Debility, and all irregularities of the system, caused by Bad Blood or disordered action of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver or Kidneys. Thousands of testimonials warrant the assertion that B.B.B. is the BEST SPRING MEDICINE FOR YOUNG OR OLD.

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Pheno-Banum. The great electric search light exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, which could be seen at Milwaukee, no fewer than ninety-two miles distant, has been set up at Sandy Hook. Its inventors claim that it will show a light ten miles away strong enough to read a newspaper by. Yessels are expected to be sighted twenty miles at sea. The total power of the light is estimated to be equal to that of 124,000 candles. By means of electric meters switches the search light can be controlled from any distance. It can be controlled from any distance.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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40 Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamp and addressed to various.

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Advertisements - Except in those localities which are easily reached, Postages will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each line per week. Five cents extra for every additional line.

Special notices should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies, is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Editorial Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

APRIL 20, 1895.

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

TUESDAY'S OVERTURN.

The overturn of Tuesday was a surprise to most people. It had been expected that it would be a very close contest and that either ticket might elect a majority of men. But that only three of the Tax Reduction combination would be elected was not considered within the range of probability.

The result does not mean that the public no longer endorses the principles of economy. That has now become so firmly established that any council that disregards it will not retain public favor. It is significant that the three association men who were elected, Aids. McROBBIE, WARRING and McFARLANE, were all signers of the minority report and had extreme ideas as to economy.

The true reason of the defeat of the T. R. A. was the loss of confidence which resulted from their methods. They forfeited support by throwing over two or three members of their last ticket. The people did not see the necessity of such a big overturn in the council as the association asked. They asked the electorate to accept nine new men. Instead they returned nine of the old council. The association deserved a reproof from the city on account of the hot-and-cornier work of its leaders, and it was this that caused PROGRESS to withdraw the out-and-out support which it had given last year. But still the people went too far and in the general overthrow the council lost two excellent men, Aids. McLAUGHLIN and DANIEL, men who had no superiors on the board as faithful and reliable men upon whom the responsibility of civic representation could safely be imposed.

MILITARY TRAINING.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the McMahon bill entitled "An act to provide and encourage military instruction in the public schools," before the legislature of New York, there is decided opposition from quarters where opposition was probably not expected. The bill favors the general adoption in public schools of a system of military drill. A letter to the leading New York papers, signed by FLEIX ADLER, ERNEST CROSBY, W. D. HOWLANDS, Mrs. LOWELL, HENRY GEORGE and other celebrated people protests against "the attempt to encourage in America growth of the spirit of militarism, which has done so much to hamper the civilization and prosperity of Europe, and is a menace to true freedom."

How the ignoring by any country of means of defence is true freedom is not explained by the gilded galaxy who are objecting to military training. The fostering of a mean spirit of militarism by which the hatred between the north and south is kept burning, has certainly been a curse to the United States, but the framers of the McMahon bill has no wish to encourage this flame, which should have been extinguished long ago. He wishes Young America to learn what may be useful in strengthening the Union, while they are assuredly learning something that is a potent factor in strengthening their minds and bodies. It is not necessary that there should be war in order to demonstrate the usefulness of militarism in strengthening the union and assuring the freedom of its subjects; the nation that is prepared for war is not as likely to be attacked as the one whose defences are lacking. The sense of being able to protect a weaker nation, and that with far less bloodshed than would accrue were they not able to do so, should alone make a generous and self-respecting nation favor militarism within its borders. Several of the early Roman emperors maintained perfect peace by always being ready for war.

The extent to which the growth of the spirit of militarism has hampered the civilization and prosperity of Europe is not very evident at present. Militarism is

more pronounced than in days of old, as the objects seem to agree, and yet the very extent to which militarism has grown serves to keep peace among the military nations.

The distinguished objectors to the McMahon bill further say that "The claim that military drill is required because of its beneficial physical effects is set aside by the fact that better results can be secured by a suitable system of calisthenics." The beneficial effects of properly conducted calisthenics nobody will deny, but probably there is no better way for getting benefit from calisthenics than by combining it with military drill. The two systems of physical education nicely counterbalance one another. The military drill appears to be better than calisthenics for giving erectness of carriage; the calisthenics is probably better in the promotion of suppleness of body. Combine the two systems, with due moderation in each instead of over-indulgence in either, and the coming man will be a physically a man indeed. But the most important benefit of military drill is, perhaps, the discipline that it gives to the mind—a healthy discipline that exceeds that given by any other form of physical exercise.

England has not entirely lost her hold on the United States. It is said that if some of the citizens of the mother-country desired it, they could close up most of the railroads in the states. The railway stocks and bonds of that country amount to about \$11,441,000,000, and half of these are estimated to be owned in England. According to a United States estimate about twenty-seven million acres of land and many of the largest industries and business properties in the large cities pay rental to English landlords. The bonded state, national and municipal debt of the United States is about \$1,954,000,000, and nearly all of it is held by English capitalists. Besides these, British syndicates have \$1,000,000,000 placed in other forms of investments. These figures help to explain why, in spite of an apparent balance of trade in favor of the United States in merchandise of about \$100,000,000, the United States has been sending over its gold to a very appreciable extent.

Those who have read the graphic letters of Mr. P. A. NANNARY in this paper descriptive of his trip from San Francisco to Honolulu, and back, will be interested in learning that JOAQUIN MILLER, the poet, has just returned to San Francisco from Honolulu, and has written a highly-colored description of his trip—the predominant color of which is blue, judging from the following extract: "At once I will tell you of the sea, the great sapphire sea of glass, the deep, deep blue and the blue deep. I saw the blue above, folded down on the blue below, and fastened there by star-headed sails of gold. It is as serene in its deep blue hue as a day in fern. Indeed, there is no blue so blue. You feast your soul on the boundless blue above, with its southern Cross. And then, the world of stars and the world of blue below!"

The Princess of Wales has had an interesting demonstration made to her recently of the longevity obtained by some of her royal mother-in-law's loyal subjects. In acknowledgment of a Welsh correspondent's biographical sketch of Miss ELIZABETH MORRIS, who obtained her one hundred and fourth birthday lately, the Princess per Miss KNOXLEY, regretted to tell the correspondent "that since Her Royal Highness's gift to Mrs. THOMAS—the Burryport centenarian—was announced in the newspapers, the Princess was so overwhelmed with applications for money from all the poor women in the kingdom who have obtained the age of 100 years, that all future donations are obliged to be stopped."

The discussion concerning the young man and the church, started by Mr. Box in his Cosmopolitan article and kept up by societies and preachers in all parts of the United States and Canada, including St. John, has received attention from Bishop POTTER, who advises young men who would succeed in business to be regular at church. A variation of the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy, but he who is honest because it is the best policy is not an honest man," would seem to apply in this case.

The action of the Prince of Wales in taking a stand against the cropping of dog's ears, which action has been duly commended by PROGRESS, has had the effect predicted. The English Kennel Club has passed this resolution: "No dog born after the 31st of March, 1895, nor Irish terrier born after the 31st of December 1895, can, if cropped, win a prize at any show held under Kennel Club rules."

While in Great Britain vessels suspected of being intended for the Asiatic belligerents are detained in port, subscriptions are being openly taken up in Chicago for the cause of the Cuban rebels. Those who are inclined to censure the United States for not observing neutrality in this case, should not forget that other nations helped her in her own revolution.

Perhaps the reason that influenza is considered such an aristocratic disease, is because MARY QUEEN of Scots suffered from the malady, keeping her bed for six days. It was then called "the new acquaintance." It is now getting to be an old acquaintance,

but outside of aristocratic circles its familiarity is of the class that breeds contempt.

"I always read all the advertisements in the papers," said THOMAS JEFFERSON. If the framers of the Declaration of Independence were alive today, he would have more pleasant reading, but he would not have a great deal of time to spare for politics.

It is said that the most interesting and entertaining article read at the recent meeting of the Canadian Press Association at Montreal was a paper on "Art and Poetry as Exemplified in the Canadian Horse Bill."

Yet another occupation is open for women a Maine lady is said to make a living by administering, for small fees, thrashings to such of the children of the neighborhood as are in need of correction.

Nebraska has an interesting legislature. Its members passed a law over the governor's veto, giving a bounty to sugar growers, but forgot to appropriate any money for this purpose before proroguing.

There are going to be some painful surprises in Heaven, according to the man who writes the sermo-editorials for the New York Herald.

The admission of the T. R. A. to "Vote the Whole Ticket" does not appear to have been generally heeded.

Cross-Examining a Woman.

A dialogue about heaven took place a few days ago between a member of the Baltimore county bar and a lady 82 years of age, who was under examination in an equity case. The lawyer, to test the lady's faith in the hereafter, asked her if she thought she would know each other in heaven. She replied by asking him another question as to where heaven was. She replied was not satisfactory to the old lady, as she told the lawyer that if he wanted to question her about any place he must locate it. Then she added: "Of course, we will know each other in heaven, for our bodies will be the same there, except that we will not have any blood in us." The lawyer next asked her if she thought people would have teeth in heaven. She said she could not answer that definitely, but she thought they would. (One thing was certain, she added; "People would have teeth in the place allotted to the wicked, and she could prove it by Scripture." "How can you prove it?" said the lawyer. "Why," she replied, "the Scripture says the wicked shall be turned into utter darkness, where there shall be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth. If they could they gnash their teeth if they did not have any." The attorney did not proceed any further on that line of examination.

To Keep Gunpowder Cool.

A punice-insulator substance has been subjected to a severe test. In the center of a sheet-iron case, 2 feet 10 inches square, was placed a smaller case of the same material containing a glass of water gunpowder a thermometer, the space between the cases being packed with 12 inches of the insulating material. The whole was then subjected to an intense heat for three hours, at the end of which time, though the outer case had suffered severely, the inner one was found entirely uninjured, not a small amount of heat having reached the contents. From 60 degrees the thermometer had risen to 100 degrees, while applied to the insulating substance half way through the thermometer registered 150 degrees, and within two inches of the inner case it recorded 130 degrees. In powder magazines the invention should prove of great service.

The Spoon Trick.

A western man was complaining of his long Bill and his actions at a party. "It was too bad of Bill," he said. "I introduced him, and I didn't like him slipping one of the silver teaspoons into his boot. I said nothing; you see, Bill's gun slips out of his pocket so darned easy. I just waited. Presently they asked me if I could bring them something. 'No, I don't,' said I. 'nor I don't go for the redneck, at all, nor nothing of them, but I'm death on conjuring. Now, see here. I take that silver teaspoon there and put it into the breast pocket of my Prince Albert coat, and button it tight over—' Now pass,' sez I, 'into Bill's right-hand boot. Is it there, ladies and gentlemen?' Just so."

The New Lita.

The Rev. John MacLaren Watson, who, under the name of "Ian MacLaren," woke up the other morning to find himself famous, is the son of a highly-placed Excise official and is by birth an Edinburgh man. His youth was chiefly spent in the neighborhood of his fairgownie among his mother's family, and thus it was that he early obtained that knowledge of his dialect and character which he put to such good use in "Beside the Bonnie Brigs Bush." Early destined for the ministry his first charge was at Loggiewood, near Perth, and he now has a large church in the fashionable suburb of Seton Park, Liverpool.

Presence of Mind.

A rather laughable incident of two opera singers of a generation ago extracted themselves from an awkward predicament related. At a critical dramatic moment the prima donna heard the tenor warbling in Italian: "Oh, my dear friend, what on earth shall I do? My coat is ripping down the back, and I dare not embrace you." Quick as lightning she warbled back: "Stand still, keep your back to the audience, and I will come and throw my arms around you." This told that she did so, and with a pin pricked the coat's wound together, and revived the tenor's courage to finish the scene.

A Novel Defence.

A widower sued at the Herefordshire Assize for breach of promise advanced a novel defence. He admitted the engagement, but said it was a tentative nature only. It had been understood, he maintained, that either party could terminate it during the first twelve months, and he ended it within that period. Unfortunately his view of the contract was not accepted by the jury, who awarded the lady £500.

PERKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Archer Wit.

The green tree stands beside the way. Looking far out to sea; Velled in that silent twilight ray, So lovely to you and me.

We heard the sweet birds close above, Together speaking low; A farewell word of parting love, Love's heart most ever know.

The south wind spread its purple wings. On a lake of crystal shade, Flashed when the soft twilight sighs, For the star where his flight is stayed.

And we thought I only you and I, Could be where his breath was gone; How sweet to find a cloudless sky, A love land of our own.

A fragrant tree by gliding stream, Should shadow a place of rest; And life be ever a golden dream, Sheltered from sorrow's quest.

But night swept down a gust of rain, And the sea grew dark and drear; As comes a shad her of sudden pain To the soul when grief is near.

From the will sea's an e'er calm a voice, Through the forests far and dim; Not as we can see our choice; Was the word of its nightly cry; Changes here comes into lives most true, There's a tear for the brightest eye.

And how are we favored that just we two, Should have never said good-bye.

But we knew of a place far built from strife, Aisle bright of a blessed dream, The Arbor Vitæ, the tree of life, Blooms there as they by time.

No night or storm clouds intervene, Love's mayon in glory stands; It is building not made with hands, Fancy's porch, April 1895. CRANES GOLD.

Modern Joyness.

Said the little girl's mother on Easter day, "There's been of time abundance, And though it is the usual way, I haven't seen the sun dance."

Said the little girl on Easter day, "I've seen the sun don't dance to-day, 'Cause Lizzie and Crossley scared it."

H. A. W.

Onward.

Sometimes as the growing darkness At the close of day, To the stress of daily labor I sit in a no man's land.

All at once the mind will wander Back to other years, See, as in a panorama, My untold hopes and fears.

Once again upon the threshold Of life we stand, As I discern the future glowing Like the Promised Land.

And the hopes of early manhood Pasting forth their lead, Green as are the leaves in springtime, And their life as brief.

With a pang do we remember That we must be, In the battle-field a hero, Or a victim of the victor.

But, discredited as I stand, I have been forced to fight; Or at best as a brave soldier, Still to keep the flag.

On our brow no crown or laurel, On our victory no song of triumph, Not for us the song of triumph, When the day is done.

Other men have reaped the harvest That we have not reaped; Other men have gained the summit Of the mountain steep.

And our hearts are bowed with sorrow, In the night of our life, For a moment, as we picture All that might have been.

For a moment, then our manhood Felt the sorrow of, Griefs do we avert the heart-throb Quells the rising sigh.

And once more we set our faces Sternly to the front, Brace again our nerves and sinews For the battle's brunt.

Onward! With success or failure, With we have not to reap, Ours to do our duty nobly, All life's journey through.

And though success would cheer us, As we onward go, We can bear the dawn of failure, By the help of God.

— Alfred Cyril Shaw, in Wood, Works.

His Coat-tails were Awry.

A gentleman who walked through the market on Monday last was blissfully unaware that he was the cynosure of many pairs of eyes belonging to people of both sexes. He was indeed the observed of all observers, the reason for this being that one of his coat-tails was displaced, revealing the neck of a bottle. This bottle was as much "in evidence," to use a classic expression, as the famous bottle that set off the skirts of Sirey's Gamp.

Boycotting a Wor'th.

A strike among papers is reported to have occurred at St. George's Union, Mile-End, London. The casuals of that establishment are "out," and they furthermore have expressed their firm determination to boycott this particular workhouse owing to the indifferent quality of the food supply. The malcontents have even gone so far as to hold an indignation meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to call out their blacklegs who, despite the deficiencies of the cuisine, still patronize that house.

Travelling Bottles.

Numbers of experiments have been made to test the speed and destination of corked bottles thrown into the air at various portions of the world. The most remarkable example ever heard of was that in which a bottle travelled 9,000 miles in about two years and a half; roughly, at the rate of six and a half miles a day. It travelled from 63 deg. south latitude and 63 deg. west longitude to Western Australia.

Not Much Satisfaction.

Little Dick—"I wish I was a Quaker." Aunt—"What a notion! Why?" Little Dick—"When I fight a littler boy than me, everybody says I ought to be 'shamed, and when I fight a bigger boy I get licked."

A Coward.

Customer—"I won't let your apprentice shave me any more." Barber—(contemptuously)— And yet you pretend you have taken part in three campaigns!

CAFT. SMICK OF BIRDS.

A Letter of Great Interest to all Lovers of Nature.

Everybody in St. John—and everybody else for that matter—knows or knows of Capt. W. H. Smith. His kindness to passengers when commander of ocean steamers and his wonderful memory of the people who sailed with him, are widely appreciated. It is Capt. Smith as a naturalist more than as a human-naturalist that one thinks of in reading the following extracts from a private letter from the captain which the recipient is only too glad to share with the public. The letter is of exceeding interest to all nature students, and throws much light on the migrations of birds, some remarkable incidents being recorded:

"I have been so much occupied in connection with the pilotage investigation of St. John, that I have been unable to look up any of my diary to give you any information upon the subject you appear to be interested in, therefore I have to give it from memory.

"During the many voyages I have made across the Atlantic, between England and Canada, it has astonished me to see the variety of strange land birds flying about and settling upon the different ships I have sailed in. Many of these birds have been caught, tamed and made pets of by the sailors. Some of them have followed the ship across the ocean and alighted every night upon the yards of the vessel.

"I cannot say how they procured their food, although in some cases the passengers have fed them, or left food about the deck for the birds to pick up.

"Numerous pigeons have been flying around the vessel and in some instances it appeared to me that we had overtaken the flocks, as many of them alighted upon the yards and fore and main tops of the vessel and food was placed up aloft for them.

"Cabin passengers have some times shot them and their crops have had very little in them, but portions of undigested pease and rice.

"Upon one occasion after passing Cape Race in the month of Jan., one or two pigeons came on board and appeared to have been deserters from a flock, as upon reaching the vicinity of St. Paul's Island, several flocks of these birds circled about the vessel and many, apparently tired, alighted upon the decks and were caught, whilst others were drowned in the sea.

The remainder of the direction of the coast of Newfoundland. Those which were caught were plump, but had very little in the crop, the contents appearing to be bruised corn and leaves.

"I have seen numerous jowls perch upon the yard, and hawks of every size, many of which have been caught.

"In 1873 I caught a beautiful sand piper. It was flying about the ship, at first circling all around from stern to bow and bow to stern, then passing between the masts and crossing over our heads. At last it flew so low that I caught it in my hands. It was very tired and I kept it in my cabin and fed it upon small pieces of raw beef, which it seemed to relish, until we reached Montreal.

"I presented this bird to a young lady, now married and living in Canada. She kept it for many months and it became very tame, which I observed when I visited the house at the termination of each voyage.

"Upon one of my voyages to Montreal, later on in the season, I found my pet bird had been killed by a rat. The young lady was deeply affected by the occurrence, as she had become attached to its tame bird.

"Upon several occasions I have caught curlews with long legs and long slightly curved beak, white throat and prettily marked speckled breast, with brown spots. Some of these birds had been kept alive for a month. I have also caught several doves, and several of every description and variety. "The Fulm or Petrel and the Rary Gull are very numerous in the early summer and seem to battle with the storm for days together."

Macaulay's Millinery Opening.

Macaulay Bros. millinery opening was held on Wednesday and Thursday of this week and on both days a very large number of ladies were in attendance; the rooms were very prettily decorated with plants, draperies, etc., and this together with the magnificent display of work made the rooms very attractive. The rush began as early as half past eight on Wednesday morning and continued throughout the day. The work shown was excellent and included many lovely things from the best French, English and American houses. Most of the other millinery openings have taken place, but this, in no way affected the interest in Macaulays, judging by the large numbers which were present on both days.

The First Metal Used by Man.

Probably the first use made by man of metals was for ornament, and in countries where gold is, or was, easily found, no doubt nuggets and gold-dust would be thus used, long before the art of making bronze was known. Accident would soon reveal the fact that gold is easily melted, and it would be but a short step from this to the moulding of rude trinkets. But in such countries as the neighborhood of Lake Superior, where native copper is abundant on the surface, but gold is not found, this would be the first used, at first probably for ornament, but soon after for other uses. In other countries, where neither gold nor copper appeared, meteoric iron might be the first form of metal with which man would make acquaintance. In any case it stands to reason that such metals as these must have long before been discovered by primitive man long before he discovered the arts of alloying and amalgamating different metals to form such compounds as bronzes and brasses. It should, however, be remembered that while one people might be familiar with these arts another might be still totally ignorant of the use of metals.

THEY FISH AS CLEVERLY.

Some Remarkable Instances of Impermeation in England.

Most difficult is it for a layman to pass himself off as a clergyman; but the thing has been done, and the deception has continued for years, though false, or forged "letters of ordination," showing where and when a man was admitted to the clerical office, have been necessary.

The discovery of a swindler of this class has generally been regarded the more difficult when he has been a thoroughly well-educated man, because the impostor has assumed the name of some actual clergyman, who without making any formal renunciation of his office, has retired into private life.

A Bradford, in Yorkshire, only a few years ago, a most able and enthusiastic curate—a fine preacher, and a man who appeared to lead an unblemished life—was found to have stolen the "letters" of a clergyman who had been his tutor, and who had resigned all clerical duty. In this case the false clergyman had solemnized more than a hundred marriages, which were afterwards made binding by a brief Act of Parliament.

An almost similar case occurred near Sheffield, but in this case the "letters" had been actually forged even to the printed portion. The discovery of the fraud was made in an almost dramatic manner. The deserted wife of the false clergyman had come from London to act as a barmaid at one of the Sheffield railway station buffets; she recognized her husband in the street, and actual demand for the man who had defiled in proving that a man who held a prosperous chaplaincy was a clerk who had stolen all his "letters" and papers on board ship, and had then disappeared. It was several days before the real man could prove his case.

Titled Workmen.

One summer, a few years after the war, a gentleman was working in the South, and he got to talking with a farmer in some little town, who was employing a considerable number of men at his haying. The farmer told him that most of them were old Confederate soldiers.

"You see over there where those four men are working?" asked he. "Well, all of 'em fought in the war. One of 'em was a private, one of 'em was a corporal, one was a major, and that man 'way over in the corner was a colonel."

"Are they good men?" asked the gentleman.

"Well," said the farmer, "that private's first-class man, and the corporal's pretty good, too."

"But how about the major and the colonel?"

"The major's so so," said the farmer. "But the colonel?"

"Well, I don't want to say nothing against any man who was a colonel in the war," said the farmer, "but I've made up my mind I won't hire no brigadier generals."

Didn't Quite Understand.

While General Cavaignac was chief of the executive power in Paris, under the Second Republic, he one day invited to dinner an old comrade, Commandant X—.

The commandant never went into society, but took his meals at a restaurant; but he could not refuse an invitation from his old friend.

The guests were no sooner at table than the commandant began to wipe his knife and fork with his serviette. The general, who had his eye on him, beckoned to a servant, and told him to bring another knife and fork.

Again the commandant proceeded to wipe them, and again the servant took them away. This time the commandant repeated seven times. Then the commandant became suspicious, or perhaps lost his patience.

"Lo'k here!" he exclaimed; "what does all this mean? Have you invited me here to polish up all your plate and crockery?"

Every one laughed, explanations were very soon made, and the dinner came on.

A Code of Signals.

First Citizen—It is not enough that bicycles carry bells; the law should require a regular system of signals that all can understand.

Second Citizen—What would you suggest?

First Citizen—Well, I don't know exactly, but it might be something like this: One ring, stand still; two rings, dodge to the right; three rings, dive to the left; four rings, jump straight up and I'll run under you; five rings, turn a back somersault and land behind me; and so on. You see, us folks who walk are always glad to be accommodating, but the trouble is to find out what the fellow behind wants us to do.

What the Bible Should be Read For.

The Bible should be read for a higher motive than for the sake of the style. It should be perused for the light and consolation which it imparts. When you open the portals of this temple of divine knowledge you should not stop to admire the ornaments and decorations of the interior, but should rather meditate on the words of wisdom that are described on its walls and contemplate the haloed portraits looking down upon you that you may admire and venerate them and hold them up for your imitation.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIRST AND SECOND PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is to be made in Halifax at the following places:

- KNOWLES' BOOK STORE, 34 George street
HARRINGTON'S, 111 Bellis street
GREEN'S, 111 Bellis street
... [more list items]

There has, of course, been nothing going on socially this week. Society has been making up for its sins of omission and commission, and has been steadily going to church at all hours of the day, while a few of the most industrious ones, when not at church, have taken advantage of this week of quiet to stay at home, and fashion for themselves sundry dresses, which will to astonish the beholder later on—when old Sol's rays make it uncomfortable to wear anything else.

Next week we are to be gay—very gay. All this quiet is to be made up for, and by the end of the week we will probably be longing for quiet again. Such is the way of the world. Why is it that we cannot have our pleasures spread out thinly over a time, so that they will last? Least we enjoy, the recollection will set in, and everything will be crowded into the next two weeks, and then probably for as many months there will be nothing going on.

The Easter ball for the Women's Exchange will be the principal attraction for the week. I hear that nearly all of the tickets have been either sold or promised. There are to be a number of new dresses worn. It has been such a long time since there has been a really large dance in Halifax that people have got of getting things and something tangible in the shape of a dance occurred. I have seen three new dresses which will be rather hard to beat. Another is expected out by the next steamer, and to be worn if it arrives in time. I heard rather a funny remark apropos of the Women's Exchange, one afternoon not long ago. It was at a small tea, there were no men present, and they were discussing the Easter ball, when a young lady who was spent most of her life in Halifax remarked, "I am going to the ball, of course, but I cannot see who has spent the money for. Don't they sell their cakes?" Immediately there was such a buzz of explanation around her that she no doubt repented of having made the remark, and she probably learned more in five minutes about the Women's Exchange than she had in a life time before. But it turned out that her ideas of the Women's Exchange were simply these—that it was a place for which some philanthropic people made cakes and things, and that the Women's Exchange sold them and kept the money; what for, she did not know. "Verily one half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

There is an old saying that "if you do not wear something new on Easter day, you will get nothing new for the rest of the year." It would seem to carry more weight than sayings usually do; since it seems to be so generally accepted as a truism; inasmuch as I hardly believe there is a single woman in Halifax who has not got a new hat, cane, gloves or something, in which to commemorate the day.

Quite an innovation for Halifax at this time of the year is a football match, which is to be played on the Polo Ground on Monday afternoon, between the Wanderers and the Wanderettes. It seems strange that with so little going on as we usually have at this season, that someone has never thought of it before. It is played in other places in the spring; but suppose that our weather is usually so backward, that by the time the snow has actually disappeared, the time for cricket and other outdoor sports has arrived. If Monday is fine, there will probably be a great many spectators, as football is the most exciting game to watch, and even if it is not particularly warm, one will not feel that the weather is against them, for then one is so hot or so cold, as one gets by the time spring arrives.

Apropos of the Polo Ground; I hear there are to be no races there this year as usual on the twenty-first of June. There will be trotting races, but they are not nearly so interesting as the others. This will be a great disappointment to many, as the twenty-first of June has always been looked forward to, as the one chance of seeing anything in the way of races in Halifax.

Dr. Oliver returned by the Namidian yesterday from a trip to England.

Mrs. Guy Hart and Miss Violet Noyes, who has been spending over a year in Halifax, leave on the 27th for England. Mrs. Hart's interests remain away for about three months, and will be the guest of Miss Noyes while there. Miss Noyes will be missed by many friends in Halifax, as she has made a great number of friends here, having spent five years here before, when she was the wife of a member of the Artillery who was stationed on this garrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Creighton, who are at present staying at the Waverly, have taken a house on South Park street, opposite the Public Gardens, and will shortly take up their residence there.

The company which appears at the Academy of Music next week, I see by the photographs, is the same which appeared here at the theatre. It is a very good company, and is well worth seeing.

The Reverend Mr. Townsend, who is expected to return here in the fall with his wife and family on a visit. Mr. Townsend was very popular here, both as a preacher and lecturer. He is expected to be in Halifax in the fall, and he could fill the Academy at any time, no matter what the subject. It is to be hoped that during his stay here he may be induced to deliver some of his clever lectures.

NEW GLASGOW.

Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Fitchard and H. H. Henderson.

APRIL 17.—The season has known few events more successful than the hop given by the "Bachelor Bakers" on Tuesday night. The spacious ball room was ablaze with the sheen of lovely gowns and the flash of many jewels. The decorations were a special feature of last evening's entertainment. The flags which were festooned from the chandeliers, the superb decorations of the stage and the delicate tinted shades which adorned the lights, all lent a charm to the occasion. Splendid music was provided for dancing by the Messrs. Murray, of Stellar ton, and the programme of twenty dances was carried out with evident enjoyment. During the evening lots were served by the hosts, Messrs. George R. Murray, W. D. Ross, G. W. Howard, S. J. Howe, R. E. Lord, who are to be congratulated on the perfect success of their entertainment.

There were two patronesses namely, Mrs. Bots De Veber and Mrs. R. C. Wright. Mrs. De Veber received in a handsome gown of white satin and ermine and Mrs. Wright in black silk with lace and cerise silk. Those favored with invitations were: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Bots De Veber, Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Carmichael, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Matheson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cantly, Mr. and Mrs. Simon A. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Graham, Mr. and Mrs. George Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. John Underwood, Mr. and Mrs. James P. McLane, Mr. and Mrs. A. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. R. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. James D. McGregor, Dr. and Mrs. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Walker, Mr. and Mrs. G. Brenton Sutherland, Mr. and Mrs. G. Forrest McKay, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. George B. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rennie, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. Bent, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad, Dr. and Mrs. George Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Townsend, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Poole, (Stellarton), Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Chisholm, (Pictou), Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Munroe, (Pictou), Mr. and Mrs. Charles Furgie, (Westville), Mr. and Mrs. James McGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Grant, Mr. and Mrs. ... [more names]

Invitations Made, Received, Reported, Dances, 27 Waterloo St.

Eclipse SOAP advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and a child, and text describing the soap's benefits.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barley, Dr. and Mrs. J. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barley, Dr. and Mrs. J. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. ... [social notes]

BACHELOR CIGAR advertisement featuring a portrait of a man and text promoting the cigars.

Smith, W. B. Spooner, E. Corbett, E. R. Stuart, H. V. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barley, Dr. and Mrs. J. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barley, Dr. and Mrs. J. ... [social notes]

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Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Barley, Dr. and Mrs. J. ... [social notes]

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. ... [social notes]

MILK GRANULES WITH CEREALS advertisement with an illustration of a child and text describing the product.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE advertisement for coughs.

Wedding CAKES advertisement for Harry Webb Toros.

Inch-Arran Hotel for Sale advertisement by A. E. Lewis.

STAINED GLASS Memorials Interior Decorations advertisement.

A Word With the Ladies advertisement for Minard's Liniment.

CURE FITS! advertisement for various ailments.

Large advertisement for A. SAACS, 72 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, featuring a portrait of a man and text about cigars.

MOORE'S CHOCOLATES advertisement.

Advertisement for a knitting machine.

Advertisement for a watch.

REALS.
Equivalent of
subjected to a
food
Montreal.
NOTE
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.
WIS,
GLASS
FITSI!
ESS.
Wash.
Wash.
Wash.



A LIFE SAVED BY TAKING AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. A friend, hearing of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe I saved my life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Bestest Awaards at World's Fair

Ayer's Pills the Best Family Remedy

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock] by Mr. L. A. ...

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[Progress is for sale in Woodstock] by Mr. L. A. ...

pleasant "musicals" at her residence on Wednesday evening...

Rev. Dean Smith, of St. George, is the guest of Rev. O. S. Newhall at Christ church rectory.

Mr. George J. Chase was called to St. Andrew during this week on a sad errand, to attend the death of his father, Capt. Nelson Carter.

It is with regret the many friends of Mrs. W. H. Thompson, of St. John, are visiting her.

Mrs. A. L. Drake, at the Windsor Hotel, Dr. and Mrs. D. Marshall, of Fortians, Maine, are spending a few days in town.

Miss Ella Harmon has returned from Boston, where she has been a pupil at the Boston School of Oratory.

Miss Taylor will remain to devote herself to the study of music and instruction on the violin.

Miss Hannah, of Eastport, is the guest of her friend, M. W. Wadsworth.

Mrs. Peabody and her daughter, Mrs. Harriet Washburn, have gone to Massachusetts to spend two months visiting relatives.

Mrs. Henry Todd and Miss Margaret Todd have returned from a pleasant visit of a fortnight in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gilmore, after a few days' visit in Calais, have gone to Halifax, N. S.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock] by Mr. L. A. ...

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The bride was attended by Miss Stone, of Medway. Mr. Curry and bride are expected to return the latter part of the week and will reside with Mrs. Weeks, Victoria street.

Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McCall, of New Glasgow, and Mrs. Foreman, Londonderry, who have been the guests of Mrs. W. D. Main, Holme cottage, for the past week, have returned home.

Among our recent welcome arrivals is Mr. Gordon Main, who arrived last week from N. W. T., to pay a short visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main.

Invitations have been issued by the Misses Joudrey and Davis, for a party at Miss Joudrey's home Laplace street on Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Beharrel who is attending college at Sackville, spent Friday at home.

Mrs. J. P. Edwards, of Annapolis, spent a few days in town last week. While here she was the guest of Mrs. A. D. Rose.

Miss Elsie Stoddard leaves Thursday for her home in Sackville, to spend Saturday at her home in Sackville, to spend Saturday at her home in Sackville.

Mrs. W. E. Weston, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. C. F. Hillson at her home in Sackville.

Miss Alice McMillan, who has been teaching at Sackville, spent Friday at her home in Sackville.

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WORY kills a man. It Weakens the Brain, Weakens the Nerves, Impairs the Digestive Organs. HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC. Is a certain invigorator for the victim of worry, overstrain of mind or body, or EXCESSES of any nature. It restores Nervous Energy, relieves Drain, aids Digestion, restores lost Appetite, promotes sound, refreshing Sleep, and is a perfect Blood and Flesh Builder.

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

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION. 15 Prince William Street. Through instruction given in Piano, Singing, Violin, Elocution, English and French. M. S. WHITMAN, Director.

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY: 15 KEGS PIGS' FEET, 3 KEGS LAMB'S TONGUES. AT 19 and 23 KING SQUARE. J. D. TURNER.

SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS. Spring and Elastic Water Pad Tresses, Hot Water Bottles, Ice Bags, Fountain and Eucema Sprays, and Another lot of that lovely Spring Gun.

W. C. RODMAN ALLAN, CHEMIST and DRUGGIST. It is a case of any HOLIDAY STOCK will be there, at a great reduction.

NEW BRUNSWICK ROYAL ART UNION, LIMITED. OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CAPITAL STOCK: \$150,000. Incorporated to Promote Art.

week here the guest of her sister Mrs. Philip Palmer. Mr. Flowering who was visiting her sister Mrs. Kurl, at Fredericton, has returned home.

Miss Ha and Miss Alice Ha, of St. John, are the guest of Rev. E. Evans, at Lakeside.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Creed, of Fredericton, spent Easter with Mrs. Creed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown.

Mr. Charles Pickard, of Sackville, was in Hamilton for a few hours on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hayward, who have been spending the winter in the city, will return to their beautiful residence at the village, this week.

Among the visitors to this lively town this week were Mr. John C. Miller, of Millerton; Mr. G. W. Merritt, of Fredericton; Mr. A. McLean, of St. John; and Mr. Wm. Wadsworth, of Richibucto.

Mrs. G. H. Hall, of Dalnourie Junction, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Duns.

Mrs. H. W. Craig and her two children left by train on Thursday for St. John, whence they proceeded to London, England, to reside permanently. Mr. J. W. McDermott accompanied them as far as Moncton.

Miss Katie Stevenson, who has been visiting in Moncton the past week, returned home today.

Capt. R. G. Earle has returned from his visit in Fredericton.

Miss Nellie Macmillan who has been spending the Easter vacation with her aunt, Mrs. Palmer, at her residence in St. John, was in town on Friday.

Miss Stewart spent the holidays at the home of her parents, Lakeside.

Miss Alice McMillan, who has been teaching at Sackville, spent Friday at her home in Sackville.

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PROGRESS, SATURDAY, APRIL 20 1895.

WOMEN'S BAD MANNERS.

A WOMAN SAYS THAT SUCH ANAKOLIBS EXIST.

How Some Women Speak to Shop Girls—Thoughtlessness in Boarding Street Cars—The Theatre Hut—How She Monopolizes Seats in a Railroad Car.

We are constantly meeting with items in the papers containing vigorous protests against the manners displayed by the women one meets in the everyday walks of life, in the street cars, and church, at the theatre, and in the crowded shops: in fact everywhere that women do chiefly congregates.

I do not like to take sides against my own sex on any point in dispute, but I am afraid there is no room for dispute here, as the only opinion on the subject, as the weight of testimony is all against us, and it really looks as if when a woman went out of doors to attend to her business or pleasure in the haunts of men, she left her manners at home with her house dress.

It is a source of constant mortification and annoyance to the woman who has still some small fragments of courtesy and politeness remaining with her and not considered too precious for every day use, to observe the utter disregard of all the small courtesies of life shown in the most open manner by others who in private life and amid their own circle of friends are considered ladies, in the highest sense of the word!

It is simply amazing to watch a well dressed, and apparently well bred woman who is out for a day's shopping, and note the awful rudeness, the appalling—I had almost said brutality—of her conduct towards strangers, and those she is pleased to consider her inferiors.

She speaks to the shop girls who serve her as she might to one of her own servants who was disposed to be impertinent and presumptuous, she tosses the goods about with a lofty disregard of the trouble it will cost to put them in place again, and she pushes her way to the front of the row of waiting customers coolly appropriates the first vacant stool and as coolly retains it long after she has concluded her purchases, regardless of the fact that there are other, and far more tired women standing behind her, and who have been there since long before she came in.

She loiters on the sidewalk saying goodbye to a friend, until the very last moment after signalling a street car, and then glares a stony glare of indignation at the conductor because the car starts just as she is clambering leisurely on the platform. If the car happens to be full, she scorns the idea of making a spectacle of herself by clinging to a strap like other people, but preters to wobble all over the aisle and tramp on people's toes, and when she has sweet will, all the time preserving such an expression of injured scorn that at last some weary man whose shins she has lurching against for the twentieth time, rises in despair and gives her his seat, which she accepts without a murmur, even of thanks.

She goes to the theatre or opera, and because she does not happen to be musical herself, of course it never strikes her that there may be others present, who are, so she chatters and laughs pleasantly all through the overture, and entertains her escort, her own particular party, and herself hugely, but awakens thoughts of homicide in the hearts of all the music lovers near her. Perhaps she may have seen the play before, and if so, that is a perfectly sufficient reason why she should make running criticisms in her ordinary voice all through the action of the piece. Until lately she persisted in wearing a headgear which effectually shut off a view of the stage from those behind her, and she was so deaf to reason, entreaty, ridicule, and sarcasm on the subject that the law was obliged to step in and curtail her liberty in this respect.

She pays for one seat in a railway car and then deliberately piles one end of the seats with parcels, turns over the seat in front, and fills it with her wraps, her hat, her lunch basket, umbrella, and any other parcels she may not have found room for on the other seat. Then she settles herself calmly opens her novel and withdraws herself from the outside world as completely as a Hindoo ascetic, especially if the car happens to fill up and there are passengers standing in the aisle unable to find seats. Sometimes the conductor ventures to take part in the drama, and hints to the lady that she will be obliged to content herself with one seat, until there is more room in the car; and then if glances could fely that intrepid man would fall a corpse in the aisle, for the object of his attention could not be more indignant if she had paid for four seats, instead of only one. And she makes it so pleasant for the fellow travellers who share the rest of the journey with her, that standing in the aisle was luxury in comparison with their present state. Of course I have seen men do the same thing, and behave fully as selfishly as we do, but not as often, and then one

expects more of gentleness and courtesy in a woman, than a man.

Very likely, as I said before, the woman who does many of the things I have mentioned moves in good society and is considered by her own friends to have charming manners, but the difficulty is that she keeps them for the benefit of her superiors and equals, feeling convinced, with the majority of her class, that servants, shop girls, conductors and such common folk must be kept in their places, and the only way to do this is by displaying a haughty insolence of demeanor which shall awe them into subjection. Now good manners are about the only thing by which one can judge people on a first acquaintance, or form an opinion of their social standing. They are supposed to be typical of the nature of the person who possess them; to spring from gentle blood, unselfish consideration for others, a kind heart and a refined mind, and it is the woman of today persists in neglecting so important a part of her social panoply and keeping it only for use on special occasions she will lose a large amount of that respect which has been paid so willingly for ages past to those who bear and deserve the title of lady.

It is a wonderful thing to be a woman especially in these days when our influence is so wide, and our power so great, but still I cannot help thinking that it is even better to be so thoroughly a lady that one cannot bear to anything which will hurt the feelings of others, or cause even the humblest to feel their inferior position.

ASTRA.

PARIS'S DOLL BOOK.

Started by President Faure's Presents to Children in the Hospital.

Paris is par excellence the city of dolls. There is no place in the world where they are to be found in such dainty perfection as on the banks of the Seine, and people send there from all quarters of the globe, even from China and Japan, for these beautiful counterparts of the Parisienne, both great and small. Just at the present moment there is an altogether unwonted activity in the doll trade, and the manufacturers are jubilant and loud in their expressions of good will toward the new president, for it is he who is responsible for this boom in dolls.

Ever since his election he has made a practice of devoting at least two mornings a week to hospitals—not merely an ordinary perfunctory official visit, but an inspection into which he throws his whole heart and gentility. Instead of contenting himself with marching through the various wards escorted by the officials of the establishment, he makes a point of going from bed to bed, shaking hands with the patients, inquiring into their condition, encouraging them with cheering words, and all this without the slightest appearance of hurry or being pressed for time. It is especially by the bedside of sick children that he carries the longest, and, as he is very tender hearted, he generally asks the little patients what he can do to give them pleasure and to make them forget their pain. The answer almost invariably is, "Une poupée," and down goes the child's name on the tablets of one of the President's aides-de-camp, with the result that on the following morning there arrive several boxes containing superb dolls—not mere cheap things, but really expensive ones, such as one would expect to find in the nurseries and playrooms of the rich.

I should be afraid to say how many dolls the President has given away since he became Chief Magistrate, but I should imagine that it must be over a thousand; in fact, considerably above that figure; and inasmuch as not one of them has cost less than 10 or 20 francs, it will readily be seen that this peculiarly touching form of charity has made a little hole in the President's large purse. The best of it is that the example which he has thus set has been extensively followed, not alone by the so-called "nouvelles riches," or lights of the Republican regime, but also by "la haute finance," and even by the noble faubourg. In fact everybody is sending dolls to the children's hospital, orphan asylums, and homes for foundlings, and the dollmakers are at their wits' end to meet the demand.

A Bad Man's Sweet Wife.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, when Browning was calling on her at one of her Sunday afternoons, asked him to write something in her autograph album, wherein many famous people had written. "With pleasure," said Browning, and wrote; "From a poet to

THEY ARE GIVING WAY.

Physicians Commence to Realize the Value of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

OTTAWA, April 15.—The inveterate reluctance to admit the success of patent medicine, usually evinced by physicians is rapidly giving way as far as Dodd's Kidney Pills are concerned. The cases of Dr. Rose and Dr. McCormick, who published details of their recovery from diabetes and Bright's disease, through the agency of this remedy, were the first attacks on the citadel of their skepticism and now it appears as if the remarkable recovery of Mr. G. H. Kent of this city, the details of which have been already transmitted to the press, would complete what has been so auspiciously begun. The published interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Kent and the sworn statement of the former leaves no foothold for disbelief.

THE PROFESSOR IN THE BASKET.

How He was Compelled to Arrange a "Deal" With the Academy Boys.

I don't know exactly what it was. Perhaps Mr. Samuel Mark Langborne Train Ciems would term it "mental telegraphy." It certainly seemed to me to be coincidental. It happened this way. I dropped into the hotel on Saturday evening last with a friend, smoking one of those "oker-dice" cigars that a more or less kind fate had thrown into my hands the day previous, and as I closed the door thought I detected a familiar ring in the voice of a gentleman sitting near the window. He was surrounded by three friends—and the wall—to the former of whom he was evidently preparing to relate a story. I hastily whispered to my companion and we took the two remaining vacant chairs and quietly sat down to listen. I had recognized, in the owner of the above-mentioned voice, an old schoolmate of mine named Turner B., and I was surprised, as he proceeded, to note that he was relating the very story that I had thought to write out for PROGRESS. And just here is where the mental telegraphy comes in. I had just related the story to my friend and was discussing the yarn with him when we entered the hotel. It was an account of a little incident that happened "way back in '80—but I will tell it as it came from B.'s lips:—

I thought at the time as you say, Ned; but I really do believe my jolliest and brightest days were spent at that old boarding school. At first it seemed a little tough to leave home, with its cherished teas and pie once in awhile, for a lonely year at Squeegee. But we soon got over that languid feeling. Had we been free from restraint, I doubt if we would have enjoyed ourselves as well as we did. You see, the knowledge that we were acting in opposition to the rules of the institution seemed to add a fresh zest to our fun. What seemed the hardest to bear was being locked in at night, like so many head of dumb driven Polled Angus and Durham cattle. At home we could do as we pleased after six o'clock so long as we got in the house before ten, o'clock. However, by means of a little fortitude, a bushel-basket and a rope, life at Squeegee was rendered more possible and even bearable. If any concert or dramatic event were going on in the town hall, and any of us had been refused permission to attend said function, one end of the above rope would be "be-layed" to the bedstead, and the lotus-eaters, one by one, would be lowered in the basket. One of the boys, generally the occupant of the room, would be detailed to await their return and haul them up to the windows. In the fall of the year, when the vegetables and orchards would be coming to a head, we would lower one of the gang in the basket, and after sufficient provender had been garnered, we would hold a grand raw-carrot and turnip Saturday and green-apple debauch. On the night of nights, our commissary officer for that date, Will Bunker, was an unusually long time away after sending up the first load. However, after much anxiety, the signal—three jerks on the rope—was given and we commenced pulling away, albeit marvelling much at the weight of the basket. We supposed that Will had got into the basket with the supplies for the relief of the suffering garrison. Presently the basket caught on the top of the lower window and I looked out to ascertain the trouble. You can imagine my feelings, when I saw the principal, old Dr. Angus, in the basket!

"See here, boys," I said, "tie this rope fast and do not look out until I come back," and I closed the window down upon the rope. They obeyed wonderingly, and I soon returned with a hatchet that the steward used to keep the cheese quiet at night. We all went to the window, raised it, and looked out. A cross-eyed bird from Indiantown, over here, was one of the party and he held the lamp. Raising the hatchet aloft, I said, "Good evening, Doctor. It's a pleasant evening. You seem to have us in a trifle of a fix. I may also state in this connection that we have you somewhat ditto. Do you think it will rain?" To this he made no reply but violently shook a large mahogany ruler that he drew from the breast pocket of his dressing gown, and I continued: "See here, Prof., here are our terms, strictly in advance, now is the time to get up clubs, no stamps. You promise us that you will let us scot-free, and we will lower you down. If, however, you do not comply, down comes the hatchet on the rope!"

At first he stormed and raged and said he'd see us all in Cairo first, and I believe he would have attempted to climb the rope had he not been so portly in build. We then dropped the window and sat talking for about twenty minutes, when simultaneously with the splash of rain upon the window we heard the principal's voice calling, "Turner! I say, Turner!" We opened the window and he spoke, "I sur—the word seemed to stick in his throat—I

Boys' Sailor Suits.

THERE IS NOTHING PRETTIER or more serviceable for Small Boys of 4 to 8 years than a nice Sailor Suit. In addition to our very large stock of ordinary 2-piece Suits for Small Boys, we have now in stock: FIVE DIFFERENT QUALITIES in Boys' Sailor Suits: RANGING FROM A Cheap, useful Suit for ordinary Everyday Wear, to a Handsome, Gold-Trimmed Suit Navy Serge of Extra Quality.

As all these makes of goods are easily cleaned, and so cut that they allow perfect freedom for children to play about in, they are most economical.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John. CORNWALL'S

BICYCLE AGENCY

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

"The Beeston Humber," The Davies "Uptodate," "The Rudge," The "New Howe." The following well known English and American Wheels on our list: "The Road King," "The Duke," "The Popular," "The Prince," "The Princess."

The Whitworth, The Hyslop, The Regents' The Fleet. The Spartin, The Cupid, The Crescent. ALL STYLES, 1895. Full Line of Men's, Ladies', Girls' and Boys'



Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. See our samples and get our catalogue before purchasing and you will not make a mistake. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent. Send for Catalogue.

sur-surrender, boys, if you promise to never disclose the doings of this wretched night." "Sworn!" said we in chorus, and we "paid out" the rope. The next morning our suter, Bunker, made his appearance soaked with rain, and looking about as comfortable as the man who feels that his clergyman's remarks are directed solely at him. He said he was making his way to the basket with his arms full of carrots when he saw Prof. A. climbing into the basket. Will withdrew and spent the night in the leaky barn, communing with nature and an old red cow with one horn knocked off.

At the conclusion of B.'s little story I made myself known and was, with my friend, introduced to the party, whereupon we adjourned to—but no! It was after hours. CASKEY TAP.

Curiosities of Divorces. Curiosities in divorce are always interesting and sometimes instructive, illustrating as they do the manners, customs and failings of the times. In ancient Rome, among the not uncommon "reasons" given by the husband for a divorce were those of his wife having skeleton keys made to fit his private drawers, and drinking his wine—the two statements which show that the honesty of a Roman matron was not cultivated to a great extent. However, it may be there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and so the natural shrewdness of a woman's mind suggested the use of a key to match.

Get the Best; they are Only Ten Cents. The only pure, harmless and unadulterated dyes for home use, are the Diamond Dyes. Each package colors from one to eight pounds of goods for ten cents. Each color of Diamond Dyes will give from three to eight beautiful and handsome shades. The full and explicit directions upon each package are so simple that even a child can understand them, and easily match any desired shade. Diamond Dyes make old things look like

new. You can color dresses, coats, cloaks, wraps, men's and boys' suits, shawls, scarves, hose, ribbons, and a host of other goods, any desired shade. Diamond Dyes give the best and strongest colors, and you are always sure of good results when you use them. When you go to a druggist or dealer to buy dyes, do not accept any but the "Diamond," they alone are guaranteed.

Royal Emulsion

THE WORLD'S MEDICINE.

From the earliest days of medicine no remedy has achieved such a reputation as

ROYAL EMULSION.

Its curative power is universally acknowledged to a degree unprecedented in the annals of physical research.

As a strengthening tonic in convalescence and for thin and weakly babies and children, and delicate women, IT HAS NO EQUAL.

All Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

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DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY, (Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuable and Heavy to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world. Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Opening Canadian Pacific By and branches, International by to Halifax, Joggins Bay, New Brunswick and F. B. L. Bay, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Elgin & Havelock Bay. Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connecting with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec. Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Reliability. E. N. ABBOTT, Agent, 88 Prince, St. John, N. B.

THE LIP Sarsaparilla prescribed for... CLEAN... ROAT... TREATY... Price... HOME... WE...

LOVE IN FETTERS.

"Vanished! Mdlle. T— has disappeared from Warsaw!" My friend General Z—, with whom I had been dining, thus concluded a story which, as a journalist, interested me strangely. It proved to be merely the beginning of a tale for the truth of which I can personally vouch. "And the girl's father," I asked, "has no clue to her whereabouts?" "None," was my host's reply. "All things are possible in Russia. This young lady may have been murdered, or she may have been impeded. In either case she is dead to her family and to her friends. I believe she is a little headstrong; but I am at a loss to account for her sudden disappearance. Absolutely she left no clue."

The question was slow in coming, but it came at last. "That you were to bear up bravely, for his sake and for the sake of the Cause." "Is he well?—is he hopeful?" "Yes—as he trusts you are." The poor girl breaks down and weeps; but, hastily, quenching her tears, she cried: "If you should see him once more, don't tell him I am so—so weak and foolish—tell him that I am brave." The warning step of the Governor returning cautioned me that time was short, that the interview must soon close. "Now tell me, mademoiselle, how can I serve you? Have you no friends, Marie?" "Hush!" she said. "I feel that I am not doing wrong; I know that I can trust you. I will confide in you. My name is not Marie."

SCRAP AT THE AQUARIUM. A Sparring Match Between Two Burgals, and the Blackfish's Idea of It. Fish appear to play and fight something as birds do. Two burgals in a tank at the New York Aquarium the other day spent half an hour in downright skylarking which was at times a little rough. They would loaf about at some distance apart and then spring around and make a rush for each other, meeting or perhaps halting just before, and balancing in the water, waving their fins as though sparring for an opening. They would look at each other, noses close together, but not touching, and then perhaps one would back off, the other following until the first was pretty near his corner. Then the one following would halt and go back to his own place. Pretty soon the one that had backed off would come up again, and the other was prompt to meet him. This time, perhaps, they would meet—not tip to tip of their noses, for the end of the fish's nose is extremely sensitive, and he never runs it against anything if he can help it—their noses side to side, and then each would push until their heads overlapped about one-third of their length back from their noses. Then all of a sudden they would hit the other a heavy blow and the referee had called time at the same moment. One fish seemed to win almost every round, but the other didn't seem to care much for that. He came to the scratch every time. Sometimes they skirched a little and sometimes they closed at water to the left of the centre of the tank. The fish that generally won stayed in that corner, so that he hadn't far to go after the fight. He just loomed about until the other fish came up again. But the other fish would further and further away after each round until finally he took a little more time between the rounds, and after each round went over into the right-hand corner of the tank as far as he could go.

HOW I SENT THAT £10 It was a gloomy, rainy day, in the winter of 1886. The writer was seated in his favourite easy-chair in his lodgings in Upper Baker Street, London. A bright fire was burning in the grate and things were round me were snug and comfortable. I was and still am a bachelor, but not inclined to spend it on any sort of foolishness. The night was closing in, dark and wretched; yet the knowledge of it, with plentiful hot dinner to come, made me feel only more cozy and content. So I sat and sprawled and smoked my pipe. Ten minutes passed. Then I threw my pipe on the shelf, went to my desk, and wrote this letter. "My Dear Old Friend, I send you this £10 note as a loan. If you can ever pay it—why, all right. If not, don't worry 'over your head." Enclosing the money I backed the envelope to a name and address in Edinburgh, and then went out in the storm and posted it myself. Now for the wonder! I had sent that money to a man whom I had never seen or heard of for twenty years; a man who was prosperous when I perished from him, and of whose whereabouts I had no more idea than you have. Now for a greater wonder! In forty-eight hours I received a letter dated at that very spot, full of poetic gratitude, saying I had saved him and his family from the pangs of hunger and cold. Hypnotism? Mesmerism? Second sight? Account or it as you may; it is God's own truth. Blind fools that we are! Who knows the ways of Providence? In the winter of 1890-91, Mr. Henry Fish, of West Ma'ven, was so ill that it was not expected he would last more than a few days longer. For over a month he got no sleep whatever, except when supported in an upright position on his crutch. He could not even lift his hand to his mouth, and had to be nursed night and day. One doctor said he had heart disease, and that his heart was big as a bullock's. Another doctor told him that it made him worse to take any nourishment, and the less he ate the longer he would live. He sank I ver and lower, until people marvelled that death delayed to come. Mr. Fish's illness began in the previous October with symptoms which many will recognize, because they are so common. He had a bad taste in his mouth a poor appetite, and pain in the chest and sides after eating. In his written statement he says: "I had a gnawing, sinking sensation in the stomach, pain and weight at the right side, and my eyes and skin were covered in a yellowish hue. My legs became puffed and swollen to a dreadful size, and were wrinkled as if a cord were tied tight a round them. Then the pain struck to my heart. My stomach and pituitary gland of its natural size, and always swelled from want of food I could only take slop, the pain after eating being more than I could bear. I soon lost the power to walk, and had to hobble about on crutches. Then I grew worse, and was delirious for days. Subsequently I was unable to lie in bed, as I felt as though whenever my head touched a pillow."

A Clean Sweet TOWEL is a great comfort as well as a necessity. That CLEANLINESS and SWEETNESS is attained in it highest degree by the use of SURPRISE SOAP. It is the highest grade Laundry Soap made and gives the best possible satisfaction. Follow the directions on the wrapper. The St. Croix Spay Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. B.

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Sunday Reading.

THE SERMON THIS WEEK
Is Preached by Rev. Arthur Ritchie, an Episcopalian.

The mountains shall bring peace and the hills righteousness unto the people.—Psalms lxxix, 3.

The mountains are to bring peace—what sort of mountains and what sort of peace?

There are few more suggestive things about our Lord's earthly life than the way in which he constantly used the mountains for praying places. More than once we are told of his going into a mountain apart to pray. Sometimes he remained in the mountain top all night, praying to God. Before he chose the twelve to be His apostles "He went into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God." Again after he had had the five thousand we are told that he departed into a mountain, himself alone. So Saint John, and the other evangelists, Saints Matthew and Mark, tell us that he remained there praying until the fourth watch of the night—that is towards morning—when he went out upon the sea, walking on the water, to calm the storm for his disciples in the boat. Again very strikingly Saint Luke tells us how in the very last week of his earthly life "in the day time he was teaching in the temple; and at night he went out and abode in the Mount of Olives;" most impressive is that word abode; he passed his nights there, no doubt almost entirely in prayer.

The reason for choosing the mountain for prayer is poetic, but it is more than poetic, it is also practical. There one can be alone, quite still; the sights and sounds of earth are far down below in the valley. And as one is quite still one gets closer to God. Instructively we think of our heavenly Father as in the sky above us; and so far as we may approach His kingdom more closely by getting up into the mountain. This you may say is simply poetic, imaginative, but it has a spiritual aspect, too, inasmuch as the lifting up of nature in spirit to heavenly things disposes it to pray with greater realization of the Divine Presence, and less of distraction from earthly anxieties. It suggests a beautiful thought that our Lord should thus choose the most retired and ideal spots for His prayers. Because He needed no accessories of that kind; he could without difficulty withdraw Himself from the sights and sounds of earth which would be distracting to others. His devotions could not really be hindered by these things; yet inasmuch as He had taken upon Him the form of a servant. He would use all the helps of our power. He lived which the Father has provided for His servants. It would have been impossible for Him in the wilderness to have yielded to Satan's temptations, yet he would not on that account abate anything of the preparations to resist temptation which have been put in our power. He fasted and prayed, communing with God all the time in spirit, for forty days, in order that He might be mightily endowed with soul, purpose and strength of will to put aside the cunning allurement of the tempter. What a lesson it is to us who so often proudly set at naught the divine helps to the spiritual life, saying in effect if not in actual words, "I can do very well without this; I have no need of such a sacrament to fight against my sins successfully." The Lord would omit nothing that could be of use to the creature in doing battle with the enemy of souls; we, forsooth, are quite able to dispense with meditation, or with confession, or perhaps, with some other help of grace. Therefore the Lord, not merely to teach us by His most holy example, but also because He would resist temptation in the way in which His heavenly Father meant His children to resist it, we set up into the mountain to pray; there he could find solitude, silence and the inspiration of the sense of nearness to God.

It is the mountain, considered as the place of prayer, which is to bring us peace in the world. The outer life is not likely to be peaceful, so far as the divine conditions are concerned. The sphere of human existence is almost invariably a troubled one. And how can one secure it for himself? I know of no way except that of prayer. The thought of the mountains may suggest to us a characteristic of genuine prayer, too little attended to by generally. The heart must be still to speak with God, all alone with him, and pervaded with a sense of the nearness and the solemnity of his peace. Holy awe oversteps the soul as the lips frame words of the Our Father. When we pray after this sort the peace of God steals gradually over one's whole nature. The tribulations of life do not vanish, the anxieties are still there, but in the transfiguring light of the sense of the divine nearness they no longer seem unbearable, no longer helpless. If one really feels that God cares, and is watching over him, he cannot be greatly disturbed by anything which happens in this present world. No evil spirit or wicked man, no blow of fate can take God from him or him from God, and one needs no more than that. Prayer rightly used throws all about this common, weary life of ours a heavenly atmosphere, a halo of eternal love and goodness. Everything in that celestial haze assumes its true relation to the immortal creature; the temporal things become the dreams, the illusions of a moment; the eternal things are the realities, and in them naught dwells but peace.

Damage on Church Steep. Look over the whole list of churches and clergymen, and I think you will find one good enough for your soul. Keep, if you will, your prejudice against all institutions, but love that one. To some of you I commend the episcopalian liturgy as the best; to others, the informal worship of the methodist. Some of you had better be sprinkled, and others had better go down to be dipped in the flood. To some of you I commend a church where the music is led by a precentor, and all the people join in the singing; and amid all the denominations there must be one place where your soul will be blessed.

Mistresses and Servants. The truth is that mistresses writes Envy Faithful, as a rule, have not yet accepted a condition to which men in command of others have long bowed—that pleasure and personal liberty in moderation must be accorded when the day's work is done. Servants are mostly young women in the prime of life, with all the instincts of youth full upon them, and it is cruel to ignore their social needs. Their followers and visitors are not welcome to those in authority, and therefore less objection should be raised to their occasional efforts to obtain the companionship of their own class outside the house when their work is done.

I fear we must own to another fault in dealing with our servants: women scold and nag in a way which is unknown to men who are really fit to rule. They listen to the gossip of other servants, and almost lie in wait for the suspected delinquent. A wise master knows the value of sometimes shutting his eyes, and will certainly let a good employe have time to recover himself before he attempts any expostulation. The ordinary mistress, unfortunately, summons the servant before she has controlled her own temper, and the result is disastrous to both. If once "a hostile attitude" describes the relation between the drawing-room and the kitchen, a state of constant friction must ensue. I do not ignore the trials experienced by the mistresses of untrained servants. Too often a succession of wasteful, ignorant girls pass, like phantoms, across the threshold, leaving however, a very convincing proof of their reality in the wreck of utensils, china, and other household treasures.

Solomon's Temple. The cost of Solomon's Temple and its interior decorations and other paraphernalia was one of the wonders of the olden times. According to Villalpanda, the "talents" of gold, silver and brass used in its construction were valued at the enormous sum of \$6,879,822,000. The worth of the jewels is generally placed at a figure equally as high. The vessels of gold, according to Josephus, were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to English money (as has been shown by Chapel's reduction tables), was equal to \$375,290,208. The vessels of silver, according to the same authorities, were still more valuable, being set down as worth \$249,544,000, priests' vestments and robes of singers, \$2,010,000; trumpets, \$200,000. To this add the expense of building materials, labor, etc., and we get some wonderful figures. Ten thousand men being engaged, 60,000 bearers of burdens, 80,000 hewers of stone, 2,000 overseers, all of which were employed for seven years and upon whom, besides their wages, Solomon bestowed \$6,733,997. If their daily food was worth two shillings each, the sum total for all was \$28,877,077 during the time of building. The materials in the rough are estimated as having been worth \$2,646,387,000. These several estimates show the total cost to have been £17,442,442,168, or \$77,521,666,936 in our money.

Ordination. There are hundreds of thousands of men who will never come to church. The only kind of pulp that will reach them is a dry goods box or a drayman's cart at the street corner. We want hundreds of men every Sabbath in summer weather to be preaching the Gospel in our great city parks. "What?" you ask, "would you let them preach without ordination?" I answer: "If conferences and presbyteries will not put their hands upon your head, then I would have you ordained in another way. I would take you down into the haunts of suffering and crime within ten minutes walk of our best churches, and there have you tell the story of Christ, until men, redeemed from their cups, and women, elevated from a life of pollution, and children, whose bare, bleeding feet are on the road to death, should be by your instrumentality saved. Then I would have these converted suffering ones put their hands of ordination on your head, setting you apart for the holy ministry in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Dropped Thru a. "I think it a disgrace to be tired, and a sin to be ill," said a young woman whose life was one of activity in and outside of her home. She knew her limitations and was accepted them; she did not reach further than the length of her arm, or try in a brief lifetime to revolutionize the world. The coming spring will see a new beginning for most of us. We have dropped threads we need not pick up; shall we have the power to make the sacrifice—letting them lie untouched, or what is sometimes harder, giving them into other hands to finish the fabric into which we had hoped to weave a part of our own individuality? In this power to adapt our time, strength and talents to the demands made upon us we show our character. Not by expending wisely, do we make ourselves valuable.

Mr. Gladstone on sermons. Mr. Gladstone, being asked recently what sermon he liked best, wrote that in his opinion the clergyman of the day were not as a rule severe enough upon their congregation. They did not, continued Mr. Gladstone, sufficiently lay upon the soul and conscience of their hearers their moral obligations or probe their lives and bring up their whole lives to the bars of conscience. The sermons most needed are those similar to the one that offended

Lord Melbourne, when he complained that he was obliged to listen to a preacher who insisted upon a man's applying his religion to his private life. "This," said Mr. Gladstone, "is the kind of preaching man needs most and gets the least."

Mother's Work. There are many women who depreciate themselves because they have no time for outside christian work. Now if there be a family of four, five, or six children, after the mother has trained them for God and heaven, provided for their wants, cultured them, corrected their evil habits, and looked after their manners and morals, she will not have much time for anything else, and, in most cases, no time at all left for outside fields of work. Mark, then, the fact that home is to many the chief sphere, to many the only sphere, of usefulness. I consider it the curse of this day that so many mothers have resigned the responsibilities of the household—turning, through the week-day, their children over to the day school, and, on the Sabbath, to the Sabbath school, and in all the evenings of the week giving over their children to hired servants. The day school has its work; the Sabbath school has its work; hired servants have their work; and they can never take the place of the mother. She has the finest sphere imaginable.

Cheer Up. Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find trouble on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities. The earth in its revolutions manages about right—it never has darkness all over at the same time. Sometimes it has night in America, and sometimes in China, but there is some part of the earth constantly in the bright sunlight. Do as the earth does. When you have trouble keep turning around, and you will find sunlight somewhere. Amid the thickest gloom through which you are called to pass, carry your own candle. A consummate fret will, in almost every instance, come to nothing. Never go to such a merchant's store, nor employ such a mechanic, nor call such a minister. Fretfulness will kill anything that is not in its nature immortal.

How to Stop a Hat. "I was much impressed," says Mr. Gosling, "by something that I saw in the street this morning, the manner in which a man stopped his hat which was blowing away. It is well known that under such circumstances a hat often develops great eccentricity of movement; when you stoop down to put your hand on it as you run it is not there. But this man ran past and just to the west of him and stooped it as it rolled toward him."

How to do Good in a Small Way. A little sick child will play for an hour with a small hand mirror, and a stack of bright picture cards is a positive boon to such a child. When you have trouble put them in a box and they will come in use some day, if not for your own children, for those of somebody else. Half the pleasures in living come from being able to be of service to others. It gives a glow to the heart that nothing else can earth can bring.

A Pathetic Incident. A German gentleman, whose wife and three children were drowned in the Elbe, has just made the voyage from Hamburg to Southampton, and landed at the Elms. When the fatal spot where the Elbe went down was reached, the captain of the Elms slowed his ship so as to allow the bereaved husband and father to lower into the sea a great wreath of flowers, weighted with lead.

For Ladies Only. Berlin has now its ladies club, founded under the patronage of the Empress Frederick, and named after her "The Victoria." It possesses a capital library, a grand piano, and comfortably furnished rooms, but no cuisine, meals being, however, supplied from a restaurant next door. Early closing hours, and lights are turned out at 10 p.m. Seventy members have already joined and the list of candidates is full.

Messages of Help for the Week. "It was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard a voice, and I turned, and I saw one like unto the Son of Man, and his countenance was as the sun, and his strength, and I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his hand upon me saying, Fear not, I am he that liveth and was dead, I am alive for ever more."—Rev. 10:18. "The Lord is not slack concerning his promises as some men count us slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 Peter 3: 9. "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."—Peter 4: 7. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—Heb. 10: 31. "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal. The Lord knoweth them that are his, and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—2 Timothy 2: 19. "Open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ."—Colossians 4: 3. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse for us."—Galatians 3: 13.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Crafty Answer. That the election would take place some time between this and 1897 marks the astute politician. Uncertainty as to the date is a little aggravating, but personal comfort, to the ordinary citizen, appeals more powerfully than any political question; and Righteous Waterproofs are the perfection of comfort on a rainy day. No other name, no other claim, can be considered in the same breath with Rigby. Most perfect of all the waterproofing processes, Rigby offers perfect ventilation, stylish appearance, and

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EDISON'S LATEST PATENT. A NEW INVENTION BY THE GREAT T. A. EDISON. Having been appointed General Agent for the NEW EDISON Mimeograph Typewriter, ALSO THE New Automatic Mimeograph, For Reduplication, I shall have much pleasure in showing users of duplicating apparatus these new machines. Users of HAND MIMEOGRAPHS, NEOSTYLES, &c., should be among the first to investigate. Others not using any duplicating apparatus need it more. If it is desirable to save money and lessen labor, it will pay you to call and examine these machines.

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Paine's Celery Compound and its Good Work.

The Sisters Call it the "Wonder-working Medicine," and Strongly Recommend Its Use.

No medicine in the world has ever earned or received the high and unstinted praise that has been justly accorded to Paine's Celery Compound. Testimonials (many of them of uncertain authenticity and questionable veracity) appear each week, advocating the use of medicines, worthless and of no value to the sick and suffering. Paine's Celery Compound stands on a summit of fame, far removed from all the despicable medicine of the day. The sisters' testimony comes from the best people, and from institutions whose names are synonymous with honor and uprightiness. Among the large and noted institutions whose people have been blessed by the curing and healing virtues of Paine's Celery, is the "Convent of the Holy Names" in the city of Montreal. This thorough and magnificently equipped institution of learning, is amongst the largest of the kind on this continent

and has over thirty branch houses in Canada and the United States. After a thorough trial of Paine's Celery Compound in the head house, by sisters who suffered from the troubles that make human life miserable, and seeing the truly grand results—health, vigor, strength, and strong nerves—it was deemed advisable in the interests of suffering humanity, to make a declaration that would give comfort, assurance and hope to all sufferers in the land. The sisters have abundantly and graciously written as follows: "We felt it duty to add our testimony in favor of your "wonder working" Paine's Celery Compound. Many sisters suffering from debility, dyspepsia, sleeplessness and indigestion, have been completely relieved after taking it. "We shall strongly recommend its use in all our houses, as the best medicine to restore health, and give tone and vigor to the nervous system."

lasting wear. A garment for the rainy day: a fine Tweed over-coat, absolutely rain-proof yet porous, the cloth of which undistinguishable from that of any ordinary garment. Ask for Rigby. Why Orange Blossoms are Chosen. Few people probably know how orange blossoms came to be chosen as bridal flowers. The story runs as follows:—An African prince presented a Spanish king with a magnificent orange tree, whose creamy, waxy blossoms and wonderful fragrance excited the admiration of the whole court. Many begged in vain for a branch of the plant, but a foreign ambassador was tormented by the desire to introduce so great a curiosity to his native land. He used a very possible means, fair and foul, to secure the prize, but all his efforts were in vain. The daughter of the court gardener was loved by a young artist, but lacked the dowry necessary to a bride. One day, chancing to break off a spray of orange blossoms, the gardener thoughtlessly gave it to his daughter. The wily ambassador offered her a sum sufficient for the desired dowry, provided she gave him the branch and said nothing about it. Her marriage was soon celebrated, and on the way to the altar, in grateful remembrance of the source of all her happiness, she secretly broke off another piece of the lucky tree to adorn her hair. Whether the poor gardener lost his head in consequence of the daughter's treachery the legend does not state, but many lands now know the wonderful tree, and ever since, as we all know, that wedding day orange blossoms have been considered a fitting adornment for a bride.

Don't Mention It. A very sweet little story is told about a niece of Bishop Phillips Brooks. The child was 3 years old. Her mother was preparing her for bed, when she had a call down stairs; as she was about to leave the room she said: "Dear, say your prayers while mamma is gone." When she returned she asked the child if she had said her prayers. The little one replied: "I did and I didn't." "Why, what do you mean, dear?" asked the mother. "I told the Lord I was very tired and couldn't say my prayers; and he said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Brooks.'"

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County. Greeting: Whereas William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick, of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the 12th day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUERED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

- William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick. Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John. Charles H. Duncan, aged 55 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America. Hunter Duncan, aged 53 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walford Duncan, aged 52 years, Clergyman, resident in the said City of New York. Susan Duncan, aged 50 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of Saint John. Sophia McManus, aged 52 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 45 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of Saint John, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Lillie Maud Hunter, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of Simonds, aforesaid. Laura Louise Armet, infant, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of Simonds. Frederick John Armet, infant, aged 3 years, resident in said Parish of Simonds. Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John. John D. Moore, aged 27 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Robert Moore, aged 25 years, Farmer, resident in the said City of Saint John. Elizabeth McConnel, aged 24 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lahey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lahey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John. Robert Grant, aged 45 years, Farmer, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 31 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 73 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of St. John. Sarah Howatt, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 65 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, aged 65 years, resident in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 61 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston. William Burke, aged 58 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Matilda McKensie, aged 58 years, wife of Archibald McKensie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America. James Burke, aged 54 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada. Mary Burke, aged 53 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island. Martha Devison, aged 50 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Frederick Burke, aged 25 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York. Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Jane Glegg, aged 63 years, wife of William Glegg, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. James Rodgers, aged 64 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Margaret Sparrow, aged 62 years, wife of Freeman Sparrow, aforesaid. Elizabeth Sparrow, aged 57 years, wife of Freeman Sparrow, aforesaid. Isabelle Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John Halse, aforesaid. Alexander Rodgers, aged 45 years, farmer, resident at Erbs Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 45 years, Farmer, resident at Cranville Landing, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Hannah LeCain, aged 38 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Moncton, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin G. Hunter, aged 38 years, Greenan, resident at 10-11, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. D. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the county of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick. John F. Hunter, aged 33 years, barber, resident at St. Martins, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 28 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mariner, resident at Moncton, in the said Province of New Brunswick. Amanda Hunter, aged 21 years, Spinster, resident of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 20 years, carpenter, resident at Moncton, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Ernest Hunter, aged 19 years, carpenter, resident at Moncton, aforesaid. Maggie M. Hunter, aged 18 years, Spinster, resident at Moncton, aforesaid. Louisa Hunter, aged 17 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Annie F. Wood, aged 13 years, wife of George A. Worden Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following deceased and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Bagley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May next, at the hour of two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part as they may regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament in solemn form as they may see fit with full power to oppose said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same is known to him, and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January A. D. 1895. ARTHUR J. TREMBLAN, Judge of Probates.

STEAMERS. INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Newport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:00 (standard) returning will leave Boston every Monday at 8 a. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for St. John.

Crabs can see and smell, but cannot hear. C. E. LABOUREL Agent

DREAMERS OF THE TURF. RACING MEN AS A RULE ARE PRONE TO SUPERSTITION.

Stories of Dreamers Who Knew Their Business and Won Money—The Very Latest Dreamer Saw the American Sprinter Stonnell Win.

Turfmen and those who follow the turf are full of superstitions. It does not matter how intelligent the man may be on other subjects, he is in the main a dreamer and a believer in luck, so far as the great sport of racing is concerned, and it would be time thrown away to undertake to convince him or one of his kind that there is nothing but a disordered stomach behind a dream, and that luck is something for the urchin who plays pitch and toss to talk about—

to curse when he loses and to smile when he wins, and that it should have no place in the heart of the man who lives by the cleverness with which he places his horses and his wagers.

There are many reasons why turfmen are fraught with superstition. The very atmosphere of the race course is charged with it, opportunity and judgment frequently being confounded with luck in such a way that brains, the medium of success in this as in any other pursuit in life, are entirely forgotten. The jockey who blunders in a race; is not as quick as his fellows to take advantages during the contest; becomes mentally belogged in the face of some great crisis, would have won but for his "bad luck." The trainer who thinks his horse is not quite up to the race and lets him run unbacked the first time out in the spring, and is chagrined when he wins at long odds, is also in "bad luck" in his own opinion. So is the bettor who is always looking for a job in every race, and who lets suspicion of a jockey's honest influence him from betting on the best horse; and so the owner, oftentimes rich and influential, who should be above the petty jobbery of the lowest scum of the race track, when he runs a horse several times in order to influence the betting, and who finds his horse a cripple or unable to win when the money is down. The turf is full of such hard-luck stories. Common sense, honesty, and hard luck are never bedfellows, either on or off the turf. But the woof of superstition is firmly interwoven with the warp of the turf, and for the benefit of those who believe in dreams the following stories are told:

"I had a dream last night," said a well-known horseman sitting in the smoking room of the Shoreham Hotel at Washington one evening last week. "That Stonnell had won the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes in England; in fact he won it easily, and there was no horse near him at the finish. There's a tip for you, for as a dreamer I am a success. You all remember Castaway II.'s Brooklyn Handicap, don't you? Four or five nights before the Brooklyn Handicap was run I saw the race in my dreams and had firmly made up my mind to bet a large sum on the four-year-old; but I had seen him run on a heavy track at Elizabeth only the week before, and he couldn't get out of his own way in the sticky footing. It rained the night before the big race at Gravesend, and when I saw the track I laughed at myself and my dreams. Ah me, the money I could have won! The mud was thin and flew like so much water from beneath the horse's feet, and the hard bottom gave a foothold as secure as any horse could desire. Castaway II. simply smothered that field, and I've not got over it since. But if I don't have a bet on Stonnell for the Kempton Park \$15,000 stake, why, it will be because they won't change American dollars into British pounds."

This started a discussion of dreams in connection with horse races, and several good stories were told. A newspaper man told how the wife of a fellow writer had brought a twenty-dollar bill to his house long before he had risen, and confiding it to his wife left instructions to place the money on a coil called Harved for the Law-view Handicap at Gravesend. The newspaper man, over his breakfast, scoffed at the chances of Harved besting such high-class horses as Richmond and Favor, and wanted to leave the money at home in trust for the wife of his friend. Yielding, however, to the earnest arguments advanced as to the condition of affairs there would be if this horse really won and there was a large sum of money to make good, the twenty-dollar bill was taken to Gravesend. When the time came for the Law-view Handicap, the fourth race on the card, to be decided, a visit was made to the betting ring. The plungers were on Richmond to a man, and with McLaughlin in the saddle it seemed to be sheer madness to bet on any of the others that sported silk in the same race, for the Dwyer Brothers' champion was at that time in the zenith of his powers. Harved was a three-year-old owned by a Broadway merchant, and he had but shortly risen from obscurity, having run only one or two races in moderate company, and his chances were so poorly thought of that 60 to 1 was a common quotation in the betting ring. The newspaper man fingered the \$20 bill irresolutely, being confident that it was like throwing so much money in the fire to place it on the three-year-old. He was placing the money in his pocket again with the intention of returning it to its fair owner, and giving at the same time, some good advice for government on other ventures in speculation, when Charles Reed, the veteran sportsman, came along.

"Hello, youngster! What are you on?" was his cheery salutation.

"Nothing," was the reply, and then came then came the story of the commission of \$20 on Harved.

Grasping the newspaper man by the arm, Mr. Reed said:

"When you are as old as old Reed you'll know better. Come on, and we'll bet that twenty at the longest odds. When you get a commission—don't take 'em if you can get out of it—but when you get a commission put the money down, it's on a red or on to be a millionnaire."

The money was placed at 60 to 1, and the ticket calling for \$1,200 was carefully folded and placed in an inside pocket. At flag fall Harved, to the utter astonishment of the throng, shot to the front and opened up such a gap that McLaughlin had to go to the whip on Richmond a half mile from the finish. Young Oesler, at that time a white-haired midget, but a jockey of great promise for his years, had the mount on Harved, and so well did he stall off Richmond's rush in the homestretch that the three-year-old won by a head.

No man who has not been there can imagine the feelings of the commissioner as he watched the race, and realized how nearly he had been to making a great mistake. The woman received her winnings, and she tossed the heap of greenbacks about in her lap, and said:

"I knew Harved would win, for I dreamed that he won, and that's why I bet on him."

It was known that the woman did not frequent the race track, and she was asked how she knew there was any such horse. She did not know, and had only known there was such a thoroughbred by the shouts heard in dreamland of "Harved wins." She had consulted the morning paper and, seeing the name had rushed pell-mell to her friends to place the money. There are a few rings and some china in that house to-day that were bought with the money won on Harved. The horse was of high quality and had been well manipulated, but he died—was poisoned, some persons said, at Brighton Beach a month later.

"I can tell a tale quite as remarkable," said a young Westerner who had left the farm for the race track. "When I came to New York in the eighties I knew comparatively little about your horses. I had saved up some money, and, being fond of horses, naturally wanted to see some sport where there would be an opportunity to see the best horses that the country could boast of, and I had my plans to visit the best race tracks in the East. The first three or four days of my stay in New York I devoted to sightseeing. Then my thoughts turned to the races, and I made inquiries at the hotel and was told that Monmouth Park was the place to see what I was after. That night I saw a race course that was entirely new to me; I saw the faces of strange persons, thousands of them, and I saw horses, with jockeys in bright jackets of silk and satin, gallop past the long low grand stand. I heard the applause and remembered with what breathless interest I watched them striving for the advantage at the start. Then the murmur of the throng as they noted the positions of the horses during the contest. At the head of the homestretch I saw two bay horses shoot away from the others and charge valiantly down the straight, running shoulder to shoulder and flink flink. Each of the jockeys was doing his best work to win, and the crowd was shouting as though possessed.

THE BARBER'S STORY. LONG HOURS AND CONSTANT STANDING BROUGHT ON KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Forced to Quit Work and Favored That He Have to Drop His Trade—How He at Last Found a Cure.

(From the Stratford Beacon.)

Among the residents of Stratford there is probably none better known or more highly respected than Mr. James E. Smith, the Ontario street tinsmith artist. Mr. Smith is also well known in Toronto, in which city he worked for several years in a Young street barber shop. To a reporter of the Beacon, who is a customer of his, the affable barber recently told of his recovery from a late very severe illness. He had, he said, for some years been afflicted with a weak back, so much so that at times if he stooped he could not regain an upright position unassisted, and as for lifting anything, that was out of the question. "For years," to use Mr. Smith's own words, "I could not carry a scuttleful of coal." He had, so the physician whom he consulted told him, disease of the kidneys, but they failed to cure him. He grew weak at length and rapidly lost flesh. Quite frequently he would be obliged to give up work for a week and take to his bed. He lost his appetite, was pale and so unweary that he could not possibly go to continue longer at his trade. Customers of the barber shop," he remarked, "do no care to be shaved by a man whose hand trembles." He had been in bed for some time undergoing treatment when one morning his wife said to him, "Jim, I've got a new medicine I want you to try." It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, she had. He objected to more medicine, as invalids will do, but at length, as sensible men usually are, he was guided by his wife.

But mind you," he said, "I had no faith in the pills; I only took them to please my wife." It was fortunate he did so, for he was soon back at work and after taking several boxes of the medicine was stronger than he had been for several years. Within two months after beginning to take Pink Pills he felt like a new man and had gained over twenty pounds in weight. There is certainly no healthier looking man in the city to-day than Mr. Smith. Since his restoration to health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he has recommended the remedy to many of his friends and has yet to hear of a case where the remedy faithfully tried was found wanting.

In cases like that of Mr. Smith, Pink Pills furnish a speedy and effective cure, as indeed they do in all cases dependent upon a poor or watery condition of the blood or impaired nervous force. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Unquestionably the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sold in bulk, but only in boxes, the wrapper around which is printed in red ink and bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, no matter what color, are worthless imitations.

USEFUL TO EVERYBODY. A Few Simple Facts About Weights and Measures.

Here is a practical arithmetic lesson, useful to everybody, which should be taught in schools:

Convenient for sick and well and domestic purposes. It is a dose of medicine for a man is sixty grains, then a one-year-old requires 5; 2 years, 8; 3 years, 10; 4 years, 15; 7 years, 20; 14 years, 30; 20 years, 40.

Sixty drops make one teaspoonful, or one dram; four teaspoonfuls, one ounce; two ounces, a wine glass; four ounces, a teacup or gill, or quarter of a pint; sixteen ounces, one pint.

A French metre or measure of length is in round numbers thirty-nine inches, the litre, the measure of capacity in cubic inches, 61. The gramme, the measure of weight, is 16 2/3 Troy grains. The kilogramme is two pounds.

A box four inches long, four inches broad, and two and a quarter inches deep, holds one quart; if four by four, and one and one-eighth inches deep, it holds half a gallon; if 8 by 8 1/2 and eight inches deep, it holds one bushel; if 24 by 16 and 22 inches deep, it holds one barrel. A convenient half-bushel box is one foot square, and seven and a half inches high. As 2160 1/2 cubic inches make a cubic foot, any three dimensions of a box multiplied together and making 2160 1/2 inches measures a cubic foot. A box a foot square and nearly seven inches deep (14 3/4 x 10 1/2) holds one bushel. The solid contents of a bin, multiplied by four and divided by five, gives the number of bushels contained. A bushel lacks ten cubic inches, or one-third of a gill, of being one and a half cubic feet.

The Origin of Champagne. This was the origin of "Fizz." The pioneer maker of champagne was a monk, Dom Perignon cellarer at the Abbey of Hautvillers, near Epernay, who about the year 1670, began to make experiments in bottling the wine of the district, while in

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THE NUMBER 4 YOST PERFECT COMPLETE. THE NEW YOST. YOST WRITING MACHINE CO. IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Agents: H. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrew; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; Van Lear & Bucher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; L. J. McGhee, 50 Bedford Row, Halifax; J. B. Lumas, Chatham; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown; F. E. L. W. F. Kempson, Yarmouth; N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth; N. S.; T. Carleton Ketchum, Woodstock; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fallon, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcarleton, N. B.; P. J. Gogan, Pictou, N. B.; H. F. McLatche, Campbellton, N. B.; R. Murray, Spring Hill, N. B.

ORGANIZATION OF FARMERS. A FEATURE OF THE DAY. James Rogers Speaks Earnestly.

The development of Farmers' Institutes and other means of education on successful practical farming has proven beyond a doubt that the present day farmer requires to be a student of his work. The most successful ones are not as a rule those who do the greatest amount of manual labor, but they are found ranking first as prize-winners for all agricultural products.

James Rogers, a resident of Lincolnburg, Oxford Co., Ont., for 45 years, has taken numerous first prizes during the year. A successful, reliable man, his statement will be of interest to many.

"I have suffered for seven or eight years with Itching Piles; the torture and agony I cannot here find words to describe. Night after night I was kept awake with the painful itching. I tried all the physicians and every known remedy, all to no account, not even relief. In talking over my curious trouble with Mr. Charles Thomson, our well known druggist, he recommended Chase's Ointment. To my wonder and surprise, I got relief from the second application. I firmly believe one box is sufficient to cure any case of Itching Piles, no matter of how long duration. I would not be without it for ten times its cost. In vouching for this testimony and my consent for the manufacturer's of Chase's Ointment to use as they wish, it is that like sufferers may know they can be cured."

"Big Foot Land." Patagonia was so named by Magellan from a Spanish word signifying "big foot." He formed his impression of the natives before seeing them by noticing the size imprints of their feet in the sand.

A Modern Instance. Sunday school superintendent—Now, who was it that was despoiled by his brethren of his raiment and afterward became the king's most trusted adviser? J. T. B. Johnny (who reads, the papers)—Li Hung Chang.

The Black Feet... After all is said and done there's no better Shoe made than the Slater Shoe. It retains the oil better, it can be shined when it gets old, and will look repeatable even in its antiquity. But some folks won't wear black shoes. They are better in summer they say. Tan Shoes are fashionable—that's in their favor. Canadians make better Russia Tan, than black Calfskin—that means economy in the cost. All of the Slater \$3.00 Shoes are made of Black American Wax Calfskin and Russian Tan Canadian Calfskin. Every pair made on the most modern las. Warranted to fit and wear as well as the best \$5.00 Shoe in the market. Ask your Shoe man for The Slater \$3.00 Shoe for men. If he hasn't got them, write us.

Geo. T. Slater & Sons, Montreal. A Pure White Soap. Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes. It leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy. Sea Foam It Floats. 5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

Cheaper and Better than Haircloth or Crinoline is the New Interlining Fibre Chamois. All the crushing and creasing and careless packing (available will not affect it. It is light, strong and durable. It will drap gracefully and may be neatly pressed. It is easy to sew by hand or machine and will stand the most severe use. Dampness does not affect it as it is not stiffened by starch or glue as other linings are. The leading styles of New York are using it entirely. In three weights, at 10, 15 and 20 cents per yard, at all the leading stores. Every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamois is Labeled. Beware of inferior imitations. The wholesale trade only supplied by The Canadian Fibre Chamois Co., Montreal.

"Hello, youngster! What are you on?" was his cheery salutation.

"Nothing," was the reply, and then came then came the story of the commission of \$20 on Harved.

For Treaty Purposes Only. In making treaties with China, each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States, Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany, Jo Kwo, the virtuous country; Italy, I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun, but prefers to be called Ji Pen, the land of the rising sun.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The New Woman again! I am almost afraid to mention her, but then as every one else is talking about her continually, and every writer whose MS. enjoys the distinction of getting into print, is using his pen either in defence of her, or offence towards her, I suppose I may as well sit with the stream and add my mite towards advertising her.

terms which have one-half light, and the rest dark. It is not easy to confine oneself to a certain style of dress and wear dark quiet costumes all one color while everyone else is revelling in the greatest variety that half a dozen bodices for each skirt can give, but still the fat woman must do it, or consent to look as if she was cut in half horizontally.

Here is what Mr. Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen says in the North American Reviews, to the N. W. can judge for herself, of the perils by which she is surrounded, and take heed how she advances to the fate which awaits her!

"If women are the equals of men, he says, they are not entitled to dower in their husbands' estates, any more than husbands are entitled to dower in the estates of their wives. If at the same time they jostle men in their professions and become their competitors in the struggle for existence, chivalrous sentiments with which they are now regarded will not long survive.

"Nature herself has done her best to interdict it. And as for independence, it is like the Blue Flower of the German romantics, which is always beckoning to you from the distance; whose fragrance intoxicates you, but vanishes between your fingers if you attempt to pluck it. Surely the last place to look for it would be in matrimony.

"If the one partner is solar, the other has to consent to be lunar. One or the other must be the satellite. Two suns were never yet known to revolve in the same orbit. It would result in a cosmic cataclysm.

"I want to live my own life," you now hear women cry on every hand; and there can be no objections to such a resolution if they are also competent to make their own living and have the courage to make it.

"But love," cry my emancipated damsel, "where does love come in your philosophy? Who cares for 'Hamlet' with the prince left out? Love, permit me humbly to reiterate, delights not in self-assertion but in self-surrender; and all this loud trumpeting of independence will make the shy little god hang his head with shame, if it does not frighten him away altogether.

"Even though he be present at the wedding, it takes a wise and generous landlord to induce him to remain. Where he is a life tenant, all problems dissolve into roseate vapor. Where he is not present, they bristle with a thousand wounding prickles, like the quills upon the fretful porcupine."

"A bitter wail goes up from the stout ones of the earth, that the present fashions are framed only for the sylphs, and there seems to be no place in the world of fashion for any woman who weighs more than nine stones, and those who exceed that limit must take their choice of being completely out of the fashion, or looking utterly ridiculous. Both alternatives are indeed hard, and the stout woman has good cause for complaint. We all like to follow the prevailing modes as far as possible, and it is very hard to feel that you would like to dress as fashionably as your slender neighbor, but at the same time to know that the skirt and dainty puffed and plaited blouses of delicately tinted silk or chiffon, which is so becoming, would only make you look like one of the parti colored Chinese ladies.

There is another especial boon to the stout woman which the fashions of to-day offers—the blazer suit of duck, or linen, so universally worn in summer. Here she can indulge her fancy almost without limit; of course her own sense will tell her to avoid a suit of the white, blush rose, pink or baby blue duck which are all so alluring, and look so charming on fresh faced, slender young girls. But there is sufficient variety in these goods to give everyone the greatest freedom of choice. The half fitting blazer, with its close fitting double or single breasted rest underneath, or its full soft blouse, its wide revers, and simple outlines, and the full plain skirt, form almost an ideal costume for either the stout, or the thin woman, besides being becoming it is both cool, reasonable, and distinctly stylish and fashionable as well.

Another blessing which the Junos may grasp if they will is the skirt of black faille Francais, or satin which she can wear with as fanciful a bodice as she pleases, provided the color is not light, and what could be more charming than the light weight silks, either China or pongee, with small bright flowers shown on a black ground? These are eminently suited to large women, and may be made up in almost any style, and trimmed quite lavishly with black lace, without adding to the apparent bulk of the wearer, as a little trimming is far better for a full figure than the rigid plainness of a tailor-made gown. Indeed it is only the form cast in nature's most perfect mould which can stand absolute plainness and severity of outline.

One of the most common mistakes that the large woman makes is in supposing that her only choice in the bodice line, is a short tight bodice, when in reality it is the most trying garment she could possibly don, and the long coat bodice, which opens over a vest, and is only half fitting in front, is the bodice especially adapted to her needs.

Fashion is an odd thing, and a contradiction withal! We have been hearing, for six months past that the sleeves of the up-to-date gown showed a steady diminution in size, and that the spring costumes would be distinguished by very moderate sized sleeves, but so far the prediction has fallen a long way short of fulfilment, as the newest dresses show an actual increase in the voluminousness of the chief feature. But though there is as much material as ever in the sleeve, the fulness is certainly changing its position, slipping down gradually, and now it is greatest at the elbow. The threatened horror of the old fashioned long shouldered seam has so far been averted, almost the same effect being gained by the fluffing of the fulness at the shoulder, and the increase in size at the elbow, especially when the collar is very high.

A very pretty and at the same time simple English model for a spring dress which would be suitable for almost any material or color, was of soft loosely woven wool, showing a surface of cornflower blue over a foundation of navy blue with little black knots in it. The skirt was untrimmed of course, the lower part of the sleeve tight, and the bodice laid in box plaits which bloused slightly over a belt of narrow black velvet fastened on each side with an ornament of old silver. The spare yoke, and the puffed tops of the sleeves were of white silk covered with a scroll design done in narrow black velvet ribbon.

We are promised a revival of the Eton jacket in the near future, and it is to come in a form which will stay, the picturesque form of velvet, preferably black velvet of course. In fact no well regulated wardrobe will be without one this coming season, it once can place any dependence at all upon fashion predictions. It will be worn with cloth skirts and fancy vest fronts.

and it will win immediate popularity. I hope it may, I am sure for it was always a charming and convenient little garment, filling a place no other coat ever did, or ever could hold.

The dress which will be made up without the brightening effect of a bit of silk somewhere, will be the exception during the coming season, and entire costumes of silk will be the rule, but of course the combinations will be simply endless. The new bright shade of blue, called mistral, turquoise and the many varieties of bluet blue, are mingled, with charming effects in skilled hands, with the reddish pink, a few tones of violet, and the yellowish greens, which come in the newest spring goods.

The silk waist has reached the proportions of a craze, and there is no doubt a very convenient one. It will be worn with separate skirts of black silk, satin, or figured taffeta. Colored skirts for the same purpose are shown in pretty pompadour, and Dresden designs.

One of the prettiest novelties yet shown this season, is the perforated and open embroidery tissue which is likely to be very fashionable, during the summer. It is most effective when mounted over bright Liberty silk, and flounces to correspond, usually accompany each design. Veiling the brilliant shades of mandarin, cherry, and emerald green which are so much worn, they form elegant costumes for receptions, and other formal occasions.

"I believe," said a professional cook the other day, "that hot bread is every bit as wholesome as griddle cakes, for instance. And I also believe that much indigestion is charged to hot bread that something else is accountable for. Of course, it is the liver that has to take care of all the starch eaten. If the liver is overcrowded it will rebel. But the bread may be the last means of taking starch and so have to answer for it all. Some cooking school lecturers are condemning bread in unmeasured terms of late. I myself think it too late to begin maligning it. The world has lived upon it too long for that."

In moulding bread over the dough constantly and rapidly, always keeping the two dry sides together. For two loaves about five cups of flour will be required, although no positive amount can be given. Prick the moulded loaf gently, only piercing the thin crust that has formed in rising. Brush it over on top with melted dripping, water or milk. The kneading should have taken about fifteen minutes. It should also be done entirely with the tips of the fingers. It will facilitate the moulding if the mass is lifted in the arms and smartly dropped on the board several times.

It is always better to set bread at night, as the yeast germ being at a sanguis growth will grow best in darkness. In mixing that all milk makes a moist, tough loaf, and all water makes a tender, dry loaf. It is no longer needed with the excellent brands of flour that we now have in use to use a potato according to the old fashion, with the yeast. Always keep on hand both pastry and bread flour. The first should never be used for bread and the second should never be used for cakes or for pastry.

If you can't mould the bread the first thing in the morning and it is very frothy add a little flour to it. Or it will wait several hours it not only the flour is put into it, but it is set into the refrigerator till you are ready to attend to it. Bread will require more flour to mould it in warm weather than in cold.

It is a great mistake to make a large tea biscuit. Properly speaking, a tea biscuit should not be more than two inches in diameter and proportionately thick when baked. This gives a delicate, moist, flaky biscuit, which will be cooked through before the outside crust has become hard or over brown.

White Soup. Boil a knuckle or shank of veal in two quarts of water until all the flavor is extracted, and the meat boiled to pieces, then strain and skim the liquor. It is better to do this the day before it is served. When ready to use boil a cupful of vermicelli tender, add it to the soup, and just before sending it to the table stir in the yolks of three or four eggs well beaten and mixed with a pint of sweet cream. Stir this very quickly into the boiling soup until it again comes to a boil, then quickly remove from the fire, as the soup is spoiled if allowed to actually come to a boil after the eggs are in.

Barley Soup. One sheep's head, or two-pound shin of beef, two quarts of water, quarter of a pint of barley, three onions, a small bunch of parsley, pepper and salt. Put all the ingredients in a stewpan, and simmer gently for two or three hours; stirring frequently to prevent the meat from burning, but do not let it boil quickly; take the meat out, strain the soup, and if sheep's head is used, put some of the best pieces back into the pan. The tongue should be skinned and cut into slices, and the brains, which should be boiled in a piece of muslin, should be added to the soup.

Two Hints About Cooking. "How in the world do you manage al-

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RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Baby's Own Soap PRIZE COMPETITION FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN...

A handsomely framed ekegraph, one which will be prized in any drawing room (it has no advertising matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap.

Conditions.—1st. That competitors be under sixteen years of age. 2nd. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 3rd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement. REMEMBER: One prize is given every week and if not successful at first, try again. N. B. Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address, E. D. Account, Albert Toilet Soap Co., McCord and William Street, Montreal.

INSIST Upon having Featherbone Corsets. Refuse all substitutes. See they are stamped thus: PATENTED SEPT. 3rd, 1884. No. 20110. NONE ARE GENUINE UNLESS SO STAMPED.

ways to have your mashed potatoes so snowy and light?" asked one woman of another, as she watched her whisking up the foamy mass that looked almost like beaten egg for whiteness and lightness. "Shall I tell you my secret?" replied the one addressed, with a laugh, as she laid the dish down on the table. "It is very simple. I learned it years ago from a professional cook, and have used ever since. The potatoes are boiled a-d mashed in the usual way, and then I add to them a little milk and butter, pinch of baking powder, and beat them lightly with a fork as if I were beating cake. Sometimes I beat them up in a dish and set them in the oven for a few minutes till they are delicately browned on top. They don't taste any better for it, but it looks pretty and it is most desirable of things—a change."

A Complexion Like a Baby's The Princess Complexion Purifier. Free from Freckles, Tan, Liver Spots, Pimples, Blackheads, Blisters, Boilings, Eczema, Ulcers, Moles, etc., etc. If you wish a beautiful complexion you may have it by using The Princess Complexion Purifier. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of freckles, etc. It will also cleanse the skin and soothe any irritation by soothing and cleansing by Jasmin Kemosa 75c. per mail. IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY? Mrs. Graham's Hair Restorer will turn it to its natural color in six to twelve days. It is naturally harmless and neither greasy or sticky. Price 50c. per bottle, containing full directions for use. Send stamp for booklets, containing information as to the cause of hair loss, how to cure it, etc.

RAILWAYS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax, 7.30 Express for Halifax, 12.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal, 12.30 Express for Sussex, 12.40 A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.30 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex, 6.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted), 10.30 Express from Montreal (daily), 10.30 Express from Halifax, 12.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton, 12.30 Accommodation from Montreal, 12.40 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

Dominion Atlantic R'y LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX. (Trains run on Eastern Standard Time.) On and after WEDNESDAY, October 3rd, 1894, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: EXPRESS TRAINS, DAILY: LEAVE YARMOUTH, 8.10 a. m. ARRIVE HALIFAX, 8.25 p. m. LEAVE HALIFAX, 6.40 a. m. ARRIVE YARMOUTH, 4.40 p. m. LEAVE KEENEVILLE, 5.30 a. m. ARRIVE HALIFAX, 8.45 a. m. LEAVE HALIFAX, 3.10 p. m. ARRIVE KEENEVILLE, 6.15 p. m. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS: LEAVE ANNOPOLE Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m. ARRIVE HALIFAX, 4.30 p. m. LEAVE HALIFAX, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 8.00 a. m. ARRIVE ANNOPOLE, 4.35 p. m. LEAVE YARMOUTH, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 8.45 a. m. ARRIVE KEENEVILLE, 7.30 p. m. LEAVE KEENEVILLE, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 6.50 a. m. ARRIVE YARMOUTH, 6.05 p. m. LEAVE KEENEVILLE Daily, 6.50 a. m. ARRIVE RICHMOND, 11.15 a. m. LEAVE RICHMOND Daily, 2.30 p. m. ARRIVE KEENEVILLE, 8.10 p. m. Connections made at Annapolis with the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company; at Yarmouth, with the close connection to Montreal with the Yarmouth Steamship Company for Boston; at Miramichi with the train of the Nova Scotia Central Railway for the South Coast; at Keeneville with train of the Cape Breton Railway for the Cape Breton and Cape Breton, at St. John with the train of the Canadian Pacific, trains for points West. For Tickets, Time Tables, etc., apply to Station Agents, 115 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B., W. R. Campbell, General Manager. E. Rutherford, Superintendent.

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MORE ABOUT CHRIS PAGE.
An Anecdote Which Fills Supplements Last Week's Story.

"It was not my privilege to be a pupil of the famous Chris Page, the fighting schoolmaster," said a state of Maine man, but I saw him display his qualities once under circumstances that caused me to remember him gratefully. It happened several years after the war that my business took me into northern Maine, and I was stopping for the night at a country hotel situated on a leading route to the lumber woods. It was in the autumn, and after supper I sat down in the office to enjoy the blazing open fire. The prohibition law seemed not to have reached that remote district, for there was a bar in full operation in a side room. A half dozen rough men, who appeared to be lumbermen on their way into the woods, were in the office, and their frequent visits to the bar had made them boisterous. They had considerable horseplay among themselves, but for the most part, were civil enough to other guests of the house. There was one exception, a big, muscular fellow wearing a red shirt, who was out for trouble and meant to be bad. Seated quietly in a corner by the fire was a tall, lanky man, dressed in ministerial black, with a quizzical, smooth-shaven face, who occasionally exchanged a remark with the landlord. "A dapper little drummer travelling for a Boston house arrived late with his wife, and after supper the two went into the parlor, which opened upon the office, to wait while the landlady got their room ready for them. The red-shirted man was talking profanely and so loud that his voice reached the parlor, and the husband closed the door between them. Immediately the big fellow kicked the door open and threatened to annihilate the small drummer if he ventured to close it again. At this point I noticed that the tall man in the chimney corner was looking grim, but he said nothing. As soon as possible the little drummer got his wife out of the room into the hallway, and they were passing up stairs, when the big fellow, catching sight of them, made a remark insulting to both and started towards the husband. He had made but a step when up got the tall man. "Stop there, my friend," he said in a tone drawing but full of business. "Don't go any further or say another word in that lady's hearing."

"The big fellow turned in astonishment, then doubled his fists and ground his teeth. "Who are you?" he asked. "Do you want any more of me?" "He took a step toward the tall man, and in an instant he caught a straight right-hander in his neck that sent him down on the floor. But he was hard, and meant fight. He got upon his feet, made a rush for his antagonist, and for a few minutes there was a fight so lively that the two men seemed to fill the office. I climbed upon the wood box, and the other spectator got behind the counter or dodged about. But it was soon evident that the man in the red shirt was getting all the punishment. As the two fought rough and tumble, the tall man was so tight and clever that his heavier opponent could not land a blow on him or force him to a clinch but was hammered all over the room. There were some attempts made to separate them, but one peacemaker went down in a heap, owing to a tap on the jaw from the tall man's elbow, and the landlord, crying peace, was sent smashing through the door into his own parlor, and brought up on the floor in the middle of the room, where he sat still and waited. "The fight ended by Red Shirt getting jammed in a corner, where he held his head down and devoted all his efforts to saving his face. The tall man hit him two or three times where he pleased, and then asked: "Do you think you'll insult the next lady and gentleman that happen to come to a hotel where you are disgracing yourself?" "There was no answer, and the tall man gave him a thumping blow in the face. "You think you will, then?" he said. Thump, thump, came two more blows. "I'll be— I ever do," roared the fellow, with a suddenness and sincerity that were funny. "Those are sentiments I approve," said the tall man. "How do you think you'd like a drink after your exercise? Come up, all hands, to the bar and drink with Chris Page to the future well doing of a reformed sinner."

"The devil!" muttered the big man, as he mopped his nose and blinked ruefully out of a pair of swollen eyes. "You licked my brother once. Why didn't you say who you were in the first place and save us two all this trouble?"

Every watchmaker knows that the human frame is an excellent magnet. A man will carry a watch for years, and be proud of its accuracy; then he will fall ill, the watch will lie on the mantelpiece or on the chest of drawers, and will develop great inaccuracy and unreliability. The only explanation given is that the absence of magnetism upsets the time-announcer, and the best proof of this is that when the man recovers and takes his watch it soon gets right again. No two men appear to have the same magnetism in their frames, and it is seldom that two can use the same watch satisfactorily.

Preparing Beef Extracts. If beef extracts are put into hot water instead of being brought to a boil with the water, it will very much lessen the disagreeable odor that attaches to these extracts.

Nature dreads death, yet man by his disregard of the laws of health, courts its coming. A course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic will overcome the evil effects arising from an abuse of nature's laws.

A good travelling companion, Hawker's liver pills, they remove all the evil effects of overeating or drinking, without discomfort. A bad breath is one of the disagreeable symptoms of catarrh. Hawker's catarrh cure positively cures catarrh, thereby purifying the breath.

To relieve hoarseness and dryness of the throat, take a sip of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. It clears the throat instantly.

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A GLOW FOR FIVE MINUTES.

He Meets a Big "H" With Audience and Manager, and It Cost Him \$800.

There sat in a fashionable restaurant one night recently a man of iron gray hair and dignified bearing, who, if appearances could be relied upon, had never in his life done anything ridiculous. He was so dignified that he was almost stately. Partly pink of complexion and erect, he was a picture of the gentleman of ease. And yet this man at one period in his life was a clown in the circus. Twenty-five years ago he lived in Norfolk. His father, a wealthy Virginian, owned a steamboat and steamboat line. When it had closed its business there it engaged a steamboat to take it farther south. The boat stopped at several places, but everywhere, as they would say now, the show was a "frost." When the end of the water route was reached the circus owed the boat \$800 and had not a dollar to pay. On the boat, to look after the interests of the steamship company, was the son of the owner of the line. He telegraphed to his father, explaining the situation.

"Let the circus go on," was the answer, "but go with it. Collect on account whenever you can."

So the young man—the same who, 25 years later, made so good an appearance in a fashionable New York restaurant—became a stroller with a circus. He was with it to make a collection on account, but there was nothing to collect. Business got worse; everybody, even the would-be collector, went broke, and still the circus wandered on.

The young Virginian, who was at first regarded as a persecuting demon, to make himself less objectionable to the circus people began to offer his services in various ways. He collected tickets, sold them and made himself generally agreeable. One evening in a little town "down south in Dixie a clown fell ill. It was necessary to have two clowns, for one said all his funny things to a second. A circus without a clown is worse than a circus with one. "Hamlet" with the sweet prince eliminated, and so the manager went to the young Virginian.

"You'll have to be second clown to-night," he said. "There will be nothing for you to do. We'll paint you, chalk you and make you up."

So second clown the son of Norfolk prepared to be. The two clowns were accustomed to make their entrance by turning a double somersault off a springboard, landing in the ring. When the time came on that evening, the Virginian made a sudden reversal. In his boyhood he had turned hand-springs and somersaults. He would try it again. The first clown—the real article—made his entrance in approved style. Then came the substitute. He ran out boldly on the board and sprang. He was so slow and unsteady that he had turned over, and came down with a terrific thud flat on his back. Slowly he arose, staggering weakly under the ring, on his face that look of comical agony which a man wears, who has had the wind knocked out of him. He was greeted with a storm of applause. The spectators thought that that was his part—that he was a trick clown. They shouted, clapped their hands and howled with delight. Painfully bowing, he staggered out of the ring and then himself to the ground, gasping to get back his breath. Outside, in the ring, the crowd was roaring for him to appear again. The ringmaster came to him. "They're crazy over you," he said. "You'll have to do that again for them."

"Heavens!" groaned the new clown, clasping his stomach. "Do that again? See here, you owe me \$800. Let me off from doing that again, and we'll call it square."

Glory All Around. Uncle Gideon Goodwin fifty years ago was one of the "characters" of the town. At that time the methodists tried to gather about the house to hold their prayer meetings, and as Gideon was a devout worshipper of that creed he was a regular attendant. One night the meeting was held at the house of Harlow Harden, an Englishman. In those days excitement ran high, and just as the enthusiasm of the assemblage was wrought to the highest pitch "Uncle Harden," as he was always called, arose to his feet and, lifting up his hands, shouted, in a voice full of fervor: "Glory to God!"

Hardly had the chorus of amens, which the utterance called forth, died away, when Goodwin, who thought that the praise was meant for him, and was bound to return the compliment, jumped up and said: "Glory to you, too, Uncle Harden."

"Wants 'em Bad." A little story is told in the Life of General Houston, the American Confederate general, which illustrates the familiar way in which military orders were expressed sometimes during the Civil War. In a certain battle a Confederate commander stood upon a hill-top gloomily watching the Union battery, which was making havoc of his troops. At the foot of the hill, on the other side, was his last body of reserve; by his side stood his aide-de-camp, in shirt-sleeves. "Tom," said the general, quietly, without turning his head, but his lips quivering, "I want them guns—want 'em bad."

The aide nodded, turned his horse, and dashed down hill to the reserve. "Boys," he shouted, jerking his thumb over his shoulder towards the hill-top, "there's a poor old gent up there, and he says he wants them guns—wants 'em bad. Shall we get 'em for him?"

The "poor old gent" got the guns and the victory.

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USING UP DEAD HORSES.

Every Part of the Animal is Made Into Some Useful Article. In France when a horse reaches the age of from twenty to thirty it is destined for a chemical factory; it is first relieved of its hair, which is used to stuff cushions and saddles; then it is skinned, and the hoofs serve to make combs.

Next the carcass is placed in a cylinder and cooked by steam at a pressure of three atmospheres; a cock is opened which lets the steam run off; then the remains are cut up, the leg bones are sold to make knife handles, and the corners—the ribs and the head—are made into animal black and glue.

The first are calcined in cylinders, and the vapors when condensed, form the chief source of carbonate of ammonia, which constitutes the base of nearly all the ammoniacal salts. There is an animal oil yielded, which makes a capital insecticide and a vermicide.

The bones, to make glue, are dissolved in sulfuric acid, which takes the phosphate the lime away; the soft element, retaining the shape of the bone, is dissolved in boiling water, cast into squares and dried on nets.

The phosphate of lime, acted upon by sulfuric acid and calcined with carbon, produces phosphorus for our incinerator. The remaining flesh is distilled to obtain the carbonate of ammonia; the remaining mass is pounded up with potash, then a mixture with old nails and iron of every description; the whole is calcined, and yields magnificent yellow crystals—prussiate of potash, with which tissues are dyed and Prussian blue and iron transformed into steel; it also forms cyanide of potassium and prussic acid, the two most terrible poisons known in chemistry.

A Reward for Her Obedience. A merchant having lost his only child decided to give up his country residence and to live in apartments in town for a time. With this object in view he commenced to look round for suitable rooms. These he found at a house where, according to the landlady, children were strongly objected to. Having settled all the details with the woman he mentioned a date on which they would arrive, and left. On the day in question a cab, the most noticeable thing about which was a mail-cart perched on top, pulled up at the door of the house in question. Jumping from the cab the gentleman ran up to the front door, intending to apprise the inmates of their arrival. This proved unnecessary, for the landlady, angry and red-faced met him at the door with a demand to know why he had brought children when she had expressly stated her objection.

"But my dear woman," calmly replied he, "whatever makes you think that I have any children?" "People don't usually have mail-carts if they haven't a family!" replied the woman, whose rage was rapidly getting the best of her.

"Ah! no," replied the merchant, who now perceived that they had very nearly landed themselves into the home of a virago; "neither do they; but never mind; my mail-cart I am going to present to one of my nephews; and as I only came to say that I did not intend to occupy your rooms, that cannot matter."

"Why not; why are you not going to do as you agreed?" inquired the woman, who now saw plainly that she had made a mistake. "Because!" replied the man as he proceeded to move off; "I see you have a pipe-rack in the hall, and I could not allow my wife to associate with a woman who smokes. Good morning!"

Couldn't Afford It. Paul Lacroix, a French writer and bibliophile, was at one time seriously out of health, and took refuge in Italy. He had lodgings in Rome, when one day, the proprietor of the house mounted the stairs, rapped at the door, and came in. Lacroix was just then in a coughing paroxysm. "Signor," began the householder, "who is responsible for you?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Frenchman. "If you should die, who would pay the expenses?" "I hope not to die yet a while," answered Lacroix; "besides, I am not very ambitious. A modest burial would suit me."

"But who will pay me?" "Why, man, I pay you myself every week."

"No, no. I am speaking of this bed, this arm-chair, this table, this carpet, everything in the chamber. Everything will have to be burned after the death of a consumptive."

"My dear sir," said Lacroix, "I am not rich enough to die in Rome; I will go to Naples."

The next day, indeed, he set out for Southern Italy. But he lived for many years to tell the story of his banishment from the Holy City.

Delicate Criticism. A lady performer at the Grand Opera, Paris, who is very beautiful, but an indifferent singer, and consequently affords a greater treat to the eyes than to the ears of the public, received one morning a splendid bouquet from a frequenter of the opera, who occupies a front seat in one of the boxes near the stage, and who had often given her unmistakable signs of his displeasure. The bouquet was accompanied by the following note: "Mademoiselle,—At last I am enabled to tender you the homage of my sincere admiration; I have grown deaf."

Playing Ball With Mortar. There is no hod-carrying in Japan. The natives have a method of transporting mortar which makes it seem more like play than work—to an onlooker. Three men were repairing the roof of a one-story building the other day by resetting the heavy black tiles in mortar. The mortar was mixed in a pile in the street. One man made this up into balls of about six pounds weight, which he tossed up to a man who stood on a ladder midway between the roof and the ground. The man who stood on the ladder, and tossed it up to the man who stood on the roof. This was playing ball to good purpose.

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If you are thinking of buying a wheel this year, we would be very glad to have you call and examine our samples. They are good, honest machines, built to wear and to last—light graceful, easy-running, and entirely reliable, thoroughly modern in every feature, and containing besides, a number of valuable improvements, most of them exclusive, for which experience has shown the necessity.

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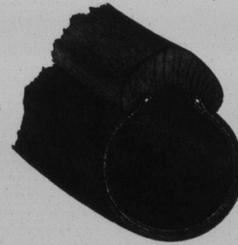


Every Wheel Guaranteed.



The Lady: "It runs into something the minute you let go. Oh, I'm sure I can never learn to ride it."
Instructor: "Keep right on, ma'am. You'll get it soon. Why, I taught an idiot to ride last week."
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We supply Ladies' and Gentlemen's, Girls' and Boys' Wheels, Road Racers, Tandems, Tricycles, and Special Wheels made to order. Remember, we control the largest and best line of Wheels of any house in Canada, representing the largest importers and manufacturers. Examine our list of Wheels and send for catalogues before committing yourself to any dealer. We replace without charge all important parts (including wooden rims), returned express paid within one year from date of purchase, providing breakage has not been caused by accident, misuse or neglect. This guarantee applies to all wheels from \$60 and over. All other repair promptly and satisfactorily made at moderate charges.

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HONOR REGAINED.

"It is your turn next, Dagmar," said Major Montgomery, turning to a grey-haired old gentleman, who sat in the midst of a little group of officers, in the smoke-room of the Army Club. "Let us have one of your Indian reminiscences," cried a number of voices. "Very well, gentlemen," replied the Colonel; "I must tell you a story which occurred at Peshawar; but I must kindly ask you to allow me to tell it in my own way, and in so doing, I give you a few uninteresting details about myself, I can't help it. You shall however, have as little of them as possible. "I will go back to the year," he began. "I was, at that time, a captain in the 93rd. The Mutiny was almost quelled, and we were stationed at Peshawar. During the summer our regiment suffered from cholera, officers, as well as men, were attacked, and a large number of gallant fellows succumbed to that dreadful disease. "There was everything to depress and sadden our hearts; yet, notwithstanding all, it was grand to see how the men behaved under such trying circumstances. Never did I hear a word of complaint, and although some of the soldiers would be on hospital fatigue day after day for weeks together, they performed the duties assigned to them with wonderful devotion and tenderness. When my other duties permitted me, I often went to the hospital, and rendered what little help I could to relieve the poor sufferers. "I remember the night on which my story commences distinctly. I had been in the hospital from ten o'clock in the morning, and was feeling dreadfully worn out, when Dr. —, our chief medical officer, came up to me, and said, 'Look here, Dagmar, this won't do at all; you had better go and have a few hours rest; you look terribly knocked up.' "Yes, sir, I replied; 'I think I will take your advice,' and, bidding the doctor 'good-night,' I walked across to my quarters and threw myself wearily on a couch. The next thing I remembered was my orderly trying to rouse me. In a few minutes I pulled myself together, and asked him if I was wanted at the hospital. "Yes, sir," he replied, 'Sergeant-major West is the latest victim, and wishes to see you particularly.' "Thanks, Jackson, I will go to him." "I must have been asleep for some hours, as it was three o'clock. The moon's rays stole in through the little window of my room, and, for a moment, I gazed out on the peaceful grandeur of the night; but my thoughts wandered across to the little building, and to the man who had lately been carried there. "Poor West; he was a splendid soldier, and had shown great bravery throughout the Mutiny. He saved my life in the trenches before Begum Kotliah. The Palace Begum Kotliah was of enormous strength and well fortified. The gates of the buildings was a mud wall, which faced our lines. The gateways were protected by strong earthworks, and added to the many obstacles was the formidable all-a-broad, deep ditch, which ran along our position. While the artillery were storming at the tremendous earthworks, I somehow got separated from my company, and, had it not been for the gallant return of West, who notwithstanding the terrible fire of the Sepoys, rushed to my assistance, and succeeded in carrying me back through our lines to a place of safety, I should not be alive to tell this tale. For this deed of heroism he was especially mentioned by the commanding officer, and awarded the Victoria Cross. "While thus meditating, I once more returned to the scene of so much suffering. At the entrance I met the doctor. He informed me that West had been removed to a small room at the north end of the hospital. "Go to him, Dagmar," he said, 'he is continually asking for you,' and in a low voice added, 'it may be the last service you can render the poor fellow.' "With a heavy heart, I entered the little room, and, as I gazed upon the face of the poor sufferer, I was conscious of a great change, which troubled me sorely. He seemed to be dozing, and, not wishing to disturb him, I remained standing at the foot of the bed. Presently he opened his eyes, and, noticing me for the first time, he said, 'You are here, I am glad to see you. Hastened to his bedside and took one of his hands in mine. He looked at me with a grave smile, and, in a hoarse whisper, said 'God bless you for coming, Captain. Then he paused, and I could countenance that he was suffering keenly. "Are you in great pain?" I asked him. "No, sir; it's not the pain that's troubling me just now," he replied, slowly. "He raised himself with an effort, and turned towards me. "Captain," he continued, 'I am sorry to disturb you at this hour of the night, but I feel I am gradually sinking, and while I can I want to tell you a little story concerning my early life. "I must go back to the night I enlisted in the 93rd," he began. "I had that day travelled from London to Edinburgh, and was in great trouble. The new surroundings of a soldier's life did not mend matters, and about nine o'clock I stole out in the darkness, and approached one of the walls which overlooked the city. Thinking I was alone I knelt down to pray, and then sobbed like a child. My grief was heard by a young officer, who was passing at the time. He came up to me, and inquired the cause of my sorrow. I told him I had lost a very dear friend. He did his best to console me, and the accompanying me back to my quarters. On the morning, I found out that my kind friend of the previous night was known by the name of Captain Dagmar. "And now, again, I thank you for the kindness and courtesy which you have always extended to me since that dreary night. There is, however, one thing which I wish to correct. I told you I had lost a very dear friend; but, sir, I had also lost more, even my own honor, and when you found me, I had been praying that I should forgive my dear friend, and help me to regain my lost honor under a new name. From that night I assumed the name of West, but my real name, and his, has altered, is Richard McLean. "I have heard of good Scotch families, but I was born at

Chichester, in Sussex, where my father had taken up his residence, on account of my mother's delicate health. My mother, however, died soon after I was born. My father felt her loss very much, and I being the only child, was his constant companion, until my school life commenced. My great ambition was to become a lawyer, and at twenty I found myself in London, studying for the Bar. For a time I worked hard, and attended all the lectures I could; but somehow I got in with a fast lot, sir. Lectures, books, and study fell off, and gambling took their place. I lost all confidence in myself, until at last I was never happy unless I was seated at the tables of one of those miserable dens known to the world as "saloons." "One evening I went to the "saloon," as usual. It was a dismal little place, just off Drury Lane, and resorted to by gambling men of all nationalities. I was invited to take part in a game of baccarat; I consented, and took a place at the table. For a time I played remarkably well, and my winnings increased until at one time I must have taken over £1,000. Suddenly, however, my luck changed, and the amount I had won slowly disappeared. After two hours play, I was a loser to the extent of £300. My friends begged of me to go home; but, as I could not resist the temptation. The very sight of the cards had a sort of demon influence over me, and play I must. I borrowed £2,000 from a sportsman in the room, and the game again proceeded, but I continued to lose, despite all my efforts, and, by three o'clock I was cleaned of every penny. During the night I had lost over £2,300. Then, sir, came the terrible realization of what I had done. I knew well enough that the money would have to be repaid before many hours; but my brain was so confused, the room seemed to stifle me, and with difficulty I made my way out of the building. The cold morning air refreshed me a little, and I hurried on, I scarcely knew where. "He passed again for a few minutes, and then continued to wander on, sir, until I came to Charing Cross Station, then went along the Embankment until I reached Westminster Bridge. There I stopped, and leaning over, watched the river below continue its onward course, and then, oh, Heavens! what horrible thoughts passed through my mind. How I was tempted to end all my wickedness. What I should have done I dare not think, had it not been for a police-officer who suddenly came up and, placing his hand on my shoulder, said: 'You are not well, sir, and this is no place for you with you.' "He took me away, and begged of me to go home. I took his advice, and it was seven o'clock when I arrived at my rooms. I looked wearily at my watch—I had still three hours in which to try and raise the money. I had promised to repay it by 10.30 at the latest. What could I do? I unlocked my drawer, and took out my bank-book. The amount was overdrawn. Then a thought struck me: my father's account was at the same bank as my own; why not draw out a bearer cheque for the amount and forge his signature? I did not try to imitate his handwriting when a boy, with the result that I could write a facsimile of the greatest expert. I didn't think twice, sir; I took a bearer cheque for the amount, and then signed it—'John McLean.' At ten o'clock I sent it by the housekeeper. The bank officials cashed it, she told me, after a little delay. "The money I hastily transferred to my sporting friend, and that was how I repaid my debt. "I returned to my rooms, threw myself on my bed, and tried to sleep, but for a long time I could not, and, when at last sleep did come, I saw, dancing before my eyes, cards, the little green table, and winnings passing from one to another. It was horrible. For day I lay in this condition, and then memory became a blank. When I did come to consciousness, my housekeeper told me I had been suffering from brain fever. "Has my father been?" I asked her. "Yes, she replied, 'I wired for him; you have been unconscious for over a week, and, during that time, he never left you. The doctor says you must keep very quiet, and you will soon be yourself again. "I gradually got better, sir; memory returned, and, together with it, all the dreadful associations of that miserable night. "As days passed on without any word from my father, my anxiety increased. Suddenly the thought flashed upon me—had I revealed all concerning my unconscious? I questioned my housekeeper. At first she would say nothing, but, after a time, admitted that my father knew all. "I made up my mind that night that I would go to him and ask his forgiveness, and then I would go to Edinburgh, see a young friend of mine, who was at that time a lieutenant in the Black Watch, tell him as much of my trouble as I could, and then decide as to my future life. "I started for Chichester late in the afternoon of the following day, and at once made my way to the dear old place that once I could call home. I hurried through the park, and approached my father's study, the windows of which opened on the lawn. I crept noiselessly, thinking he might be there. The windows were half open, and over the writing-desk I could see him with his head resting on his hands, and as it grew darker, I entered as I used to do when a boy. I crept up to him, and falling on my knees before him, I cried: 'Father, forgive me.' He looked down at me for a few moments, and then threw his arms around my neck, and exclaimed: 'Reg—my poor boy.' For a time neither of us spoke, but at last I said: 'Father, I have come to ask your forgiveness before I set out to commence a new life.' "In a broken voice he cried: 'I forgive you, Reg—I forgive you. Yes, you must go away, and try to regain the honor you have lost.' "He opened his desk, took out some bank-notes, and thrust them in my pocket. I could see he had aged greatly. He asked me what I intended to do, and when I had told him he seemed more satisfied. I knelt once more before him; he gave me his blessing, and then fell sobbing on his desk. The interview was a terrible one, and even now the memory of it is almost unbearable. "I hurried back to Chichester Station, where I caught the London express. I packed up a small portmanteau on arriving at my rooms that night, and early on the following morning I was travelling on the

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Scotch express. I arrived in Edinburgh late in the afternoon, and at once made my way to the Castle. I saw my friend, and told him as much of my story as I could. "The result of that interview was that I engaged the same night under the name of Private West in the 93rd. "Now you know why I was praying, near the Castle walls, sir, on that terrible night. "Then came another long silence. At last I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. "Captain Dagmar, if you are spared to see the old country again, will you go to Chichester, and take with you my cross and sword, and tell him how Sergeant-major West regained the lost honor of Richard McLean. Will you do me this favor, sir? "I gently placed my arms around the dying man, and in a broken voice assured him that, if I lived, I would carry out his wishes. My promise seemed to relieve him, but his struggle he had just passed through had been too much for him, and he fell unconscious in my arms. "After a time delirium set in, and I could tell from his disjointed sentences he was again going through the scenes of his early life. "Yes," he cried, 'I have broken his heart—I will go and see him—ask forgiveness—go away and regain my lost honor.' "His voice grew louder, as he continued: 'Bravo, 93!—to the trenches—charge! Steady, Captain—what are you doing here? You are badly hit—come, sir, I'll save you yet.' "Then I suddenly felt a shudder pass through my frame, and I knew he had passed out into the great unknown. "We did not arrive home until some years after these events. I travelled to Chichester, and had no difficulty in finding West's father. He was very infirm, and had to be carried into the drawing-room. He looked at me a few moments in silence, and then asked if I had brought him any good news. "Yes," I replied, slowly, 'I have brought you some news; news that I am afraid, will greatly pain you.' "I related to him every detail of his son's life, from the night he joined the 93rd; and when I placed the sword and cross on the little table beside him, his grief seemed to completely overwhelm him, and for a long time nothing could be heard except the sobs of the broken-hearted old man. "At last I bade him 'good-bye,' and, as I returned to Chichester Station, my thoughts wandered back to the lonely grave in the little hill-side beyond Peshawar, and I thanked God that I had been spared to carry out the wish of him who had done so much to regain his honor."

speed, got his right handle bar in front of the up-bound car, and, keeping abreast of the platform, rode out on the other side, having passed through the space that a man could hardly walk in, and continued on his way, watched until he disappeared by a wondering and admiring crowd. There would not have been space for the full breadth of his handle bar between the car.

BORN. Sussex, April 5, to the wife of A. R. Dryden, a son. Sussex, April 10, to the wife of George H. Warren, a son. North, March 31, to the wife of John A. McNatt, a son. Annapolis, April 8, to the wife of Griffin O'Dell, a son. Acadia Mines, April 6, to the wife of G. R. Smith, a son. Dartmouth, April 10, to the wife of E. C. Healy, a daughter. Halifax, April 4, to the wife of R. S. Kells, a daughter. Truro, April 8, to the wife of W. D. Patterson, a son. Annapolis, April 7, to the wife of Herbert Nelson, a daughter. New Glasgow, April 4, to the wife of W. I. Croft, a daughter. Guysboro, April 2, to the wife of W. G. Hady, a daughter. Fort, April 5, to the wife of James Allison, a son. Upper Cape, N. B., April 4, to the wife of Edward S. Allan, a son. Point Esplanade, April 3, to the wife of Kenneth McLennan, a son. Carleton, N. S., April 5, to the wife of Frederick Crockett, a daughter. Brooklyn, N. S., April 6, to the wife of Nelson Speight, a daughter. Carleton, April 16, to the wife of W. H. Wilson, for a city of the city, a daughter.

MARRIED. Morrisstown, April, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, James Lamb to Julia Irving. Gratton, by Rev. A. F. Barker, John A. Eragdon to Miss Annie M. Bell. Black River, April 10, by Rev. J. Williams, Lawson Atwell to Jessie Long. Belleville, April 3, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Frank Collins to Mary J. Gibson. New Glasgow, April 3, by Rev. A. Bowman, John Hill to Lizzie Fleming. Truro, April 10, by Rev. H. F. Adams, James A. Millett to Maggie Watson. Millville, March 31, by Rev. W. Wase, J. A. Charlot to Miss Anne M. Bell. Berwick, April 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, John W. Robinson to Rose A. Parker. Walton, April 4, by Rev. W. D. Johnson, Geo. H. Campbell to Catherine Davison. Fredericton, April 4, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, E. H. Prior to Mrs. Birmingham. Woodstock, April 3, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Allan Ritchie to Miss Laura Grant. Campbellton, March 21, by Rev. F. Carr, James W. Copeland to Miss M. Carson. Loch Lomond, C. B., by Rev. M. McLeod, Malcolm McLeod to Lelia Morrison. Port Elgin, April 3, by Rev. M. K. Herdman, Harry Willard to Agnes Murray. Halifax, April 11, by Rev. H. H. Metherson, John W. McLellan to Charlotte Greenaway. Halifax, April 4, by Rev. A. C. Borden, George Phillips to Mrs. Elizabeth Fetteson. Morrisville, April 9, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Norman Nelson to Laura Hutchinson. St. John, N. B., April 22, by Rev. J. Wesley Clarke, W. V. Hasbani to Nellie Carpenter. Canim, April 2, by Rev. J. M. Fisher, Hermon Truro to Annie Corkin, of Scotch Bay. St. Marys, April 5, by Rev. William MacDonald, Peter K. Frigie to Maggie S. Sansam. Port John, April 4, by Rev. James Lunan, William Francis Wolf to Sarah Edith McDonald. Sandy Cove, March 30, by Rev. W. Purrie, James W. Irvine to Alice Atkins of Sandy Cove. Admiral, March 26, by Rev. W. DeBarres, Wesley McBride to Annie Louise Cameron. Carleton Place, April 9, by Rev. D. D. Warden, Oakley M. King, of Oxford, to Lelia McCully of Dolbert. Auburn, April 8, by Rev. W. Ryan assisted by Rev. J. Collins, James D. Jacques to Etainie Palmer. Eastport, March 13, by Rev. Jacob Eckston, Ben. Smith to Bridget Ward, both of Penn. field, N. B. Joggins, April 10, by Rev. John Parker, Geo. H. Labor to Annie, daughter of Stephen Labor, of Joggins Mines. River Philipps, by Rev. F. J. Penelou, Welford Jackson of Williamsdale to Annie Eliza Stonehouse of Mirvale. East Margareville, April 10, by Rev. L. J. Lingley, Helen Mand Harris. Welsford, March 28, by Rev. W. B. Armstrong, Alex. Crandall of Albert, N. B., to Isabel M. Scribner of Welsford. Cornwall, N. B., April 9, by Rev. A. C. Eggleston, Richard W. Byron, of New York, to Millie A. Muir, of Cornwall, N. B. St. John, April 10, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Irvine E. Gilmore, of St. George, N. B., to Vinnie F. Fulmore, of Farnsboro, N. B. Roxbury, Mass., March 11, by Rev. Mr. Galbraith, Lewis E. Gosport, of Boston, to Lillian A. Campbell, of Woodstock, N. B. Woodstock, March 20, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Beatha Ansett, of Hartford, Conn. Co. N. B.

DIED. Milton, April 9, James Cole, 67. Harvey, April 9, W. H. A. Casey, 72. Puncton, April, William Coombes, 68. St. George, April 7, Thomas Barz, 74. Moncton, April 6, Mrs. Mary Cooper, 68. Halifax, April 10, Mrs. Wm. B. B. 68. Moncton, April 10, Mrs. Wm. B. B. 68. Moncton, April 9, Joseph Thompson, 66. Nappan, March 31, Mrs. E. Ellisworth, 66. Halifax, April 12, Garrett Hennessey, 68. North Sydney, April 5, Thos. Sullivan, 58. John, N. B., April 7, John Townshend. John, N. B., April 2, John A. Northrop, 88. St. Andrews, April 10, Mrs. James Fraser. Grandfield, March 18, Charles C. Fryman, 66. St. John, April 7, Mrs. Eliza Clark, 66. Grandfield, April 2, Mrs. Ethel Clark, 64. Hammond, April 2, Mrs. Thomas Malloy, 74.

A SPRING MEDICINE. DID YOU EVER TRY HAWKER'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC? Suppose You Profit by a Friendly Hint and Restore Your Lost Energy. Most persons come through the winter feeling dull and out of sorts; many in fact are weak and depressed and find it difficult to get on their feet. They complain of loss of appetite, apathy, weakness, languid feelings, perhaps dizziness in the stomach, nervousness, despondent periods, sleeplessness, or even dyspepsia. If they were to take something that would aid digestion, and restore the appetite, stimulate the nerves, give new vitality to the blood and so lead to a complete restoration of health, hope and happiness. There is nothing will bring about this course of Hawker's liver pills. It is essential in the Spring to take some cleaning medicine and nothing else will do the work so thoroughly and well as Hawker's liver pills. They regulate the action of the liver, stomach and bowels, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. The use of the tonic builds up and invigorates the blood, restores nervous energy, aids digestion, promotes sound refreshing sleep, relieves brain tire, and rids you of that tired, good for nothing feeling. It is sold by all druggists and dealers. Fifty cents a bottle six bottles for \$2.50. Manufactured by the Hawker Medicine Company, Limited, St. John, N. B. and New York City. Be Careful! New York pedestrians saw a daring bit of bicycle riding just above Union square one day last week. The rider was a young man of athletic build who managed his wheel with the ease and confidence of an expert, dodging in and out among the trucks and cable cars, and whenever opportunity offered getting on the cable slot and making good time on that smooth and narrow path. He had turned onto the down-town track and was pushing along up town at a good pace when a down-bound car forced him to sidle off. As he sidled off, a cable car was close behind him, to close to admit of his swinging around on the up-track and a score of vicious raised in warning called: "You'll be run down! Stop the car!" The rider turned into the narrow space between the trucks, and as the two cars rolled past each other, the grimacing man that he was about to be sidled up in a giddy, and tugging at his brake with all his strength, the bicyclist, with a burst of

BEAR CAUGHT IN A WATER WHEEL. Escaped Four Hunters Only to be Trapped in Ice on a Mill Pond. On one of the warm days of last week a bear came out of his winter sleeping place near the head waters of the Clarion River, in Elk county, Pa., and was indiscreet enough to take a tramp through the snow in quest of something to eat. The tracks in the snow were discovered by two lumbermen who took their guns and followed the trail. It led them three miles, and then they discovered the bear standing at the edge of the stream, evidently fishing. Before the men could get within safe gun range the bear got scent of them and started ed rapidly down the stream. A mile below is one of the long remaining sawmills in the lumber region that is run by an old-fashioned water wheel. The power comes from a big mill-pond through a long raceway. The bear kept his course along the bank of the river and the hunters followed close on his trail. When within site of the mill the bear was discovered by a man there, and the miller and a companion armed themselves, hid in some laurel, and waited for him to come along to be shot. The bear either saw or heard the fons ahead of him and turned and started up the stream again. The men left their ambushes to follow. Bruin went but a short distance when he either remembered or scented the hunters who were coming down the river. After pausing a moment on the edge of the mill pond, which was frozen over, he went down the bank and started across the pond on the ice. The two men from the mill fired, and one of the bullets took effect in one of the bear's forelegs. The bear did not change his course, but went limping on toward his opposite side of the pond. The chances were good for reaching that side, so far as danger from his pursuers was concerned, but danger lay in wait for him in another form. The two or three days of warm weather had rotted and weakened the ice on the pond, and when the bear had reached the middle of the frozen surface the ice suddenly gave way

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Big Bras' d'or, April 5, William McDonald, 68. Huxley Hill, April 17, Cameron McDonald, 67. Wentworth, March 27, William H. McLatchy, 65. Fort Millard, March 29, William H. Goudy, 54. St. John, April 12, Margaree, wife of Giles Moravitz, 71. Milton, N. B., March 29, Mrs. Wm. Robinson, 71. You-eg Creek, N. B., March 27, Mrs. J. A. Whitman, 76. Halifax, March 23, Deacon Simeon F. Wherby, 50. Halifax, April 13, Catherine, wife of Patrick Ryan, 57. Albert, N. B., April 3, Ruth, wife of Rufus Tingley, 59. Moncton, March 8, Edwin, son of Peter Ferguson, 29. Bridgewater, March 25, Olive, wife of Allan Tupper, 61. Halifax, April 13, Mrs. Mary Polson, wife of E. G. S. Smith, 59. Harvey Bank, N. B., April 8, Frank, son of Judson Bishop, 17. Ketch Harbor, April 7, Anne, wife of Edward Hickey, 73. Moncton, March 27, Jo tith Smith, wife of Jonathan Hickey, 73. Halifax, April 10, John Bax, a native of Ireland, 68. Weaver Settlement, N. B., March 24, Mrs. Sarah Weaver, 59. Fredericton, April 4, Emma M., wife of Arthur G. Cameron, 20. South River, March 29, Sarah, wife of Lauchlin St. George, April 6, Mary, daughter of the late Neil Melrose, 30. Halifax, April 11, Herbert M. King, son of the late Hubbard Cary, April 10, Helena, wife of John J. Dampier, 67. Preston Head, April 10, Helen, wife of William B. McDonald, 58. Moncton, April 6, William Hogan, a native of Co. Wick, Ireland, 108. Littleton, March 26, Hugh Osborne, son of Edward and Edna Toser, 3. East Boston, April 11, Robert Law, formerly of St. Andrews, N. B., 75. Carleton, April 11, Samuel Strange, son of Catherine and George Lee, 60. Cape Spear, March 30, Alice Emma, child of Clark and Charlotte Allen. Liverpool, April 5, Joseph, son of Charles and Amelia Cromwell, 19. Little Narrows, April 28, Mrs. Matheson, wife of Alexander Matheson. St. John, April 6, Jennie, daughter of Minnie and Elizabeth Allen. Point Midge, N. B., Ellen Jane, daughter of Mansfield and Edith Ketch, 1 year. Woodstock, March 20, Eveline, daughter of Willis and Edith Ketch, 1 year. Halifax, April 14, Ada J., daughter of Edna and the late Edward J. Smeal, 17. Truro, April 4, William Louis, son of Isaac and May McDonald, 10 months. Milton, Mass., March 31, Allward, eldest son of George and M. E. Leaned. Bloomfield, April 2, the infant son of Charles and Amanda Murphy, 11 days. Halifax, March 12, Mand Truro Isabel, only child of William and Mary Martley. Belle Verte, April 7, Chester Cecil, youngest son of E. D. and Elizabeth Wood, 4. Pleasant Hill, April 2, Susan, daughter of Maria and the late Heuben Crowe, 24. Fairville, N. B., April 12, Mary E., daughter of William and Elizabeth Anstie. Halifax, April 12, Michael J., youngest son of Michael J. and Em a Oldfield, 3. Springfield, April 6, Amy Myrtle, daughter of Barbara and Archibald Black, 6 months. Woodstock, March 27, Rita Dearborn, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. C. D. Dickson, 5 weeks. Fredericton, March 25, Thaddeus J. E. Hamilton, only son of Herbert S. and May S. Hamilton, 13 months. Clifton Springs, N. Y., April 19, Rev. C. W. Duteher of the N. S. and E. J. conference of the Methodist church, 70.

WARNING \$100 Reward. We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of plugs inferior to those of the genuine. T. & B.'s MYRTLE NAVY. The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in brass. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing. OUR NEW PLUG "T. & B." COMBINATION 14s. SO. 100. A SOO. PRICE. It is stamped with "T. & B." in the top and is the genuine. "T. & B." is blown. A reward of One Hundred Dollars will be given to anyone who informs the police of the conviction of any person or persons guilty of the above fraud. The Geo. E. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. HAMILTON, ONT. CONSUMPTION.