

PROGRESS.

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FREDERICTON'S FLYERS

SOME HANDSOME, SPEEDY HORSES OWNED IN THE CAPITAL.

A Fredericton man tells "Progress" something about Celestial Horse flesh and their owners—A List of the Highfliers and What They can do.

"So far this winter has been a great one for the lovers of fast horses in Fredericton," said a Fredericton gentleman who was in the city this week to Progress. "The first of the winter furnished splendid chances for speeding on the river opposite the city, and latterly the snowroad of Government Lane has been simply perfect for fast or speedy driving. Probably no city of the same size in Canada has as many fast horses as the Celestial, and their owners are all good game road drivers, who delight in coming down the ice or snowroad together in the winter time behind their favorites at a good fast clip; they are willing also to contest for honors among themselves, and when the afternoon's fun is over, and a good sumptuous supper disposed of, to congregate at one of the many horseman's retreats and discuss the events of the afternoon. In Fredericton can be found the pacer, the trotter, and last but not least the swift thoroughbred, and although many of the owners of these fast ones do not race their horses during circuit time in the summer season, presumably their religious principles interfering, yet when the snow roads come, and Jack Frost holds sway, numbers of them may be seen every afternoon jogging through the streets, looking for a competitor to brush along with. As I said before, this has been a grand winter so far for the horsemen; the roads have been excellent, the weather reasonably mild, and the elasticity of the local law against speeding through the streets, has been allowed to stretch by Col. Marsh to a greater length than on former winter seasons. What has Fredericton in the way of fast horses you ask? Why, we have dozens of them. Take Judge Wilkes 2204, owned by the Hon. F. P. Thompson, he is one of the most perfect horses that ever wore a shoe, that is, in style, symmetry, completeness of finish, color, perfection of gait and carriage, together with blue blood make perfection. The Judge is usually driven by his owner, and can pull his skeleton sleigh down any good snow road a good twenty shot. Another which should be mentioned in the same class with the Judge, is the young stallion Montrose by Nelson's Wilkes. He possesses all the good qualities enumerated above for Judge Wilkes, and although only handled a few weeks last season, took a record at Woodstock of 2:33, winning in his class with ease. Harvey McCoy brought this young fellow out and gave him his record, for which he deserves considerable credit. Then if one goes out the road any fine afternoon they will be sure to see the 3 year old pacing queen, Anna T. coming down leading the van. Everyone knows Anna T. and is thoroughly acquainted with her many victories at the Lewiston Fair last season, where she broke the worlds two year old pacing record, taking a mark of 2:23. She is one of the lot imported from Kentucky last spring by a prominent horseman of the city, and although the purchaser only had a guarantee of her speed when making the purchase, yet her performances since coming to this country have been such, that he claims it would take thousands of dollars to buy her today. Anna will be kept at work throughout the winter, and very probably sent up to some good American trainer in the spring. Two other spry ones owned in the Celestial are Allie Morris, by Alley Clay and "The Premier," by Coan's Wilkes. They are both owned by S. H. McKee Jr. and no horseman loves to come down the road faster than Mr. M. He sometimes hooks this team together, and when seated behind them can show a good 2:30 shot. Mr. McKee seems to favor the mare when hooking up singly for a brush on the road, although it is claimed that Wilkes horse is the fastest; nevertheless the Allie Clay mare seems able to give all comers a hard race when Sam turns her at the Hanwell Road to come down with the crowd. It may not be out of the way to mention that the usual speeding course is on Government Lane, from the Hanwell road down to the foot of the lane, but when several of the horses arrive at that point very close together, they generally continue down to Northumberland Street to decide the heat. Building contractor Scarr also

owns and drives a very fast grey gelding by the old whirlwind Sir Charles. Mr. Scarr is rather a novice at road driving, but it is not an unusual occurrence to see him right among the front row at the finish.

One of the fastest of the many speedy Celestial horses, is a bay mare by Preceptor, which N. A. Edgcombe has lately become possessor of. She was not known to the talent up to the time the first opportunity came for speeding on the ice, and when Norman piloted the dozen or more fast ones who were out that day up the ice with a good big lead, there were many expressions of surprise, and looks of amazement on the faces of his competitors. They immediately invited him to try it again which resulted in several other heats, each one of which the Preceptor mare won very handsomely, showing conclusively she was cock of the walk that day. An offer of \$200 was made by a progressive grocer for her right there, but Mr. E. said he had been looking for a good one for a long time, and now that he had one he would keep her. One of the gamest road drivers, that Fredericton has had in the past few winters was W. B. Ganong, the former genial clerk at the Barker House. This winter Billy owned and drove the speedy pacing gelding "Harry," and the horse that started with him had to go the full distance better than a '30 shot to be near him at the finish. Harry and his owner are both gone now, and while Fredericton has lost a genial whole souled sport, and a speedy pacer, St. Stephen has gained one of the most popular hotel clerks in the Dominion, and a pacer that can give any horse in that flourishing little town a good hot race for any distance. Deputy Surveyor General Flewelling is one of the most liberal minded road drivers in the up river city. At present he owns the John Bright gelding, Dred, and the Wilkes mare, Kitty; these two are frequently hooked double by their owner, when they make one of the speediest teams seen on the road. The mare is claimed to be the fastest this winter and Mr. F. frequently hooks her up single and comes down the road with the rush, and generally well up in the front rank too. But I had nearly forgotten the game little stallion Calandra with a record close to 2:20. He is owned by a syndicate composed of three prominent horsemen, who hold that he is the fastest horse in the provinces, and they intend to establish that fact when the racing season of 1898 opens again. "Candog" as he is usually named is being jogged every day, but only started up when the roads are perfect. It is then that the boys on the road see speed, for "Candog" can show any of the others the way, with perhaps an exception when Anna T. is out, but as they are usually driven by the one man, they have not as yet been seen together in a brush.

Then there is your old St. John favorite Teorndale Echo with a mark close to 2:25, whom Fred Watson owned and drove with so much success in past years in the free for all classes. He is now owned by High Constable Barker of Marysville, who says he is faster than the wind; so far he has not been noticed going against the wind to any extent, but just the same you can put it down Teorndale Echo is yet in the fast class. Then there is Jimmy Robinson the best natured sport in Marysville. He owns and drives the wonderful speedy stallion Mack F. this winter, and often comes over to the city to have a brush with the boys, Mack F. is now classed among the old ones, but the sport who pulls out to go by him on the road, must be holding the ribbons over a 2:25 horse, if he don't go by. Jimmy says Mack is a good deal like himself, as age don't count much with him. Coming back to Fredericton horses again, I should mention the black Kearsarge mare owned by haberdasher Fleming. She is one of the handsomest and speediest mares owned in the provinces, and attracts the attention of the multitude when driven down the road by her owner, hooked to his light speed sleigh. Another handsome mare and one possessed of lots of speed, is the Mack F. mare owned and driven by Sheriff Sterling. The sheriff is one of the most enthusiastic road drivers in the province, and prides himself in always riding behind one of the best looking turnouts on the road. This winter his mare is in excellent shape, and it is a question if any ones horse can head her down the road the full distance. There are many other fast ones bred on the purple, owned in the Celestial and driven on the road this winter.

A FINE OF TWO HUNDRED

MR. ROOP CAUGHT SELLING DURING PROHIBITED HOURS.

And the Largest Fine on Record Marked Against Him—How He Was Caught—Police Officer Olive Had a Friend Who Mentioned a Costly Fac.

A young man came out of the Central hotel a few days ago and remarked to his personal and intimate friend that he had just had a "long pull of ale at Roop's."

That was probably true enough but this personal and intimate friend was a policeman, and his name was Olive. This gentleman did not love any time in reporting the fact that his friend had imparted to him to Inspector Jones and that industrious official made it his business at once to lay a complaint against J. W. Roop, the proprietor of the Central house. He could not do anything else. When the police report a fact to Inspector Jones he is bound to investigate into its truth. He did so in this case and the magistrate fined the hotel \$200 for the offence. He likewise made some observations, the substance of which were that if the complaint had been made for selling on Sunday Mr. Roop would have had his license cancelled. The magistrate likes to make these observations. He is in a position to make them. His position gives him the opportunity but he makes it decidedly unpleasant for the inspector and for the chief and all the force, who are supposed to aid the inspector, when he indulges in these reflections.

Mr. Roop keeps one the six or seven hotels in the city who are entitled to a hotel license. His is rather a general boarding and meal house than a hotel. In fact he does not pretend to compete with the first class places. But he pays the same liquor license and is amenable to the same penalties. He pursues much the same course as the other hotels—perhaps is more reckless in his judgment, but still does not pretend to rival them in any line of business. And yet he has been selected before and probably will again. Is it because in the olden days when he had no license, he was fined again and again that he is on the list now, or is because the inspector and policemen walk King Square more than they do any other part of the city?

PROGRESS has no wish to reflect on the diligence of any official but it voices the feeling throughout the city that the law should be carried out in a fair manner. Mr. Roop has paid \$400 for an hotel license. If PROGRESS is not in error he has paid or must pay \$300 in fines. He may not be an exemplary hotel keeper but he has been in the business for a long time and has contributed much revenue toward the city funds. He has not asked this paper to take his part but PROGRESS asks that the same treatment be accorded him as is extended to any other license holder in his class in this city.

JACK MULHERRIN IS GONE.

An Original Character who has Left the Trenches of This Earth.

A familiar figure has disappeared this week. He was known to the people as "Jack" Mulherrin, but he was better known to those who frequent the theatre, and especially those who take part in the amateur business, as one of the best hands who ever took part in a stage setting. Mulherrin always knew his work. He needed no advice once he had a plan of the scene and when he had finished what was planned for him to do no one had any fault to find with him. "Jack," as he was familiarly known, was particularly steady at times, but when there was nothing to do and idleness was about him he was apt to forget himself and take too much. When he did so he circulated to a great extent and his manner was such, so gentlemanly and courteous, that few bar tenders would or could refuse him what he asked for. And Jack never paid for anything he asked for in that way. He was never noisy, never abusive and in these respects he differed from the class the men in white coats usually placed him in. But sometimes the poor fellow got under the influence and when he did so the officers were loath to take him in charge because they knew that his mother would take him out no matter whether his fine was \$4 or \$8. But his mother died and for eight months her son never touched liquor. Then his fall came—he went to the hospital and a few days later he died.

Many anecdotes are told of this man who at 56 years of age passed away, a

victim probably of exposure, but who was at all times original and full of that kind of expression that endeared him to all who met him and surrounded him with him protection that was at times useful to him.

To illustrate Mulherrin's aptness of expression an incident may be noted, and which by the way is alleged to be correct, that upon one occasion when he was brought into the police court after spending a night in the cells and sentenced to 30 days in jail if he could not pay the fine, he remarked:

"Robert, my old college friend, I did not think you would do that to me."

It may be that the magistrate turned his head to one side but it is said that poor Mulherrin never spent many days in jail whether the money of his parent or the clemency of the magistrate interfered in his behalf.

Perhaps another of the many anecdotes told of him may be mentioned. He went into a store and showed by his condition and his air that he wanted something. Ten cents were given him. As he put it in his pocket, he observed, "Sam, you're a peach, in fact, you're a whole fruit basket."

HIS CHANCES OF ELECTION.

"Andy" Hunter Gives Progress an Idea of His Chances of Success.

"Andy" Hunter is coming out for Alderman. So his friends say. When PROGRESS, rather skeptical upon this point approached Mr. Hunter upon this delicate subject, the representative was looked all over and questioned as to his sanity. Then the ward politician of Prince started in and gave some particulars of his canvass, and what he hoped to effect. Suffice it to say that if "Andy" Hunter ever becomes an alderman it will not be necessary to have any chairman of any of the departments. He has ideas enough for all of these positions, and some of them are not half bad ones. When asked about his chances of election, Mr. Hunter said they were excellent, and then explained how and where he could get his vote.

"First and foremost," said he, "the Salvation Army is with me, and you know what that means. Their adherents, present and past, are too numerous to mention, and being honest, God fearing people, all of them have their taxes paid which is an important matter. Then I am assured of the Chinese support. I may tell you I have them solid, for one of their chief washers came to me this morning and told me so. I have a near friend working up the Jews who have always been favorably disposed towards me and if I can get a majority of the colored vote I am convinced that there is no doubt of my election."

And he said all this with that merry twinkle in his eye that would make one believe almost anything and yet be sure of nothing. And then he improvised a little ditty—not the first one by the way—that would make one believe he was on the canvas. And it went like this:—

I'm a candidate for alderman
That's what the people say
So take off your coat and cast your vote
For me on election day.

Mr. Hunter is a joker and a humorist but at the same time so good a fellow that his friends would work for him might and main and secure his election. But he don't mean to offer.

NOT A GREAT SUCCESS.

The Farmers of Loch Lomond Told Much They Have Heard Before.

Another farmers meeting has been held and the same old speeches made over again. Secretary of Agriculture Peters said the gathering at Loch Lomond was the 42nd that has been held in the province. The same gentlemen have probably addressed the most of them. No wonder then that their speeches have the same sound and flavor of an old story and failed to produce that enthusiasm so necessary to a successful meeting. The afternoon and evening were fine and the sleighing excellent, so the crowd that gathered at the old Ben Lomond House and in the hall was representative. There were many farmers there and many who were not farmers. But all were pleased to meet with the gentlemen who conduct the meetings for the government and who are trying to educate the people to a sense of what is right in agriculture. They were under the able guidance of the secretary, Mr. Peters, and politicians moved about them in plenty. All had a splendid supper, in fact, in this respect the host, Mr. Barker, excited himself and moreover provided for the comfort of his guests in every pos-

sible way. The huge open fire places were very welcome to those who came out of the frosty air after lengthy drives and were surrounded at all times. No doubt the gathering was beneficial inasmuch as it brought men together to talk over a matter of mutual interest but there was nothing of importance in any of the speeches, nothing but what the farmers have heard again and again and can read almost any time in the newspapers. If the government is paying for these trips and speakers the money could no doubt be better employed in some other direction.

REV. MR. CRESSWELL DECLINES.

He Will Not Accept the Charge of St. Jude's Church.

St. Jude's church, Carleton, has been having many changes of rectors in the last few years and now they are looking for a new man to wear the shoes which Rev. Mr. Withycombe had thrown off in response to a call from the Lord to a higher salary and a wider field. They thought they had their hands on a successor when they extended an invitation to Rev. A. J. Cresswell, of Springfield, Kings County, to look after their spiritual needs. Rev. Mr. Cresswell at first accepted but during the last few days changed his mind. And this recalls a story about him. The church of the Good Shepherd, Fairville, extended a call to Rev. Mr. Cresswell some years ago. In answering their letter his first, foremost and almost only question was whether there was pasture for two cows. They did not come to terms. Perhaps the reverend gentleman was looking for cow pastures as well as spiritual pastures this time as well and could not find them in Carleton. Certain it is that he was looking about Carleton for a house and just at that point threw up the sponge. It may be, however, that Mr. Cresswell considered the church a little sickly and that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. It is also better to be the first man in Springfield than to play second fiddle in Carleton.

HE DIED ON THE MAINE.

One St. John man Found Death in the Great Disaster.

The terrible disaster to the battle-ship Maine carried tears and wailing into many hundred homes and it has made desolate one St. John home. Many of the crew of Uncle Sam's big man of war were recruited from other countries and there were quite a number of Canadians on board. Among these was Charles Laird of this city, whose mother lives at 214 Duke street, while his brother Robert lives in Everett Mass., and another brother, Beverly, in Amherst. His father was Charles Laird, who was messenger at the custom house for nearly forty years.

The deceased went to England early in life and enlisted in the army and was then transferred to the navy. He was in the British service for fourteen years and then came out here. About eight years ago he enlisted under the stars and stripes as able seaman and later was promoted to master at arms. He was a fine, tall, broad shouldered, deep chested, stalwart man and just suited to this post.

He was one of the crew of the Maine when she blew up and his name appeared in the official list of the dead. His relatives here have received no word as yet from the navy department but they are daily expecting a communication. They had heard from the deceased recently and his brother Robert in Everett had heard from him the day before the explosion occurred.

How It Looked Frozen Over.

One of the funny things of the season is a photograph of Halifax harbour frozen over and they are circulating around this town and being laughed over and chaffed about. One of them occupies a prominent place in the Cafe Royal and few St. John men who go in there fail to ask to see the photograph of the rival of St. John's harbour as it appeared when "under the weather." Rather it should be said, under ice, for there is as fine a sheet of ice in the photograph as any broad river could display. And the best part of it is that all about the steamers and no one could imagine them moving with such an immovable obstacle all about them. Patriotism is held at a dear price in Halifax and it is to the credit of the people that it is so. The St. John man who bought the photograph had reason to think so, for while he paid dearly for them he had hard work to get a copy as the young lady who was at the studio concluding that he was a St. John man could hardly make up her mind to sell a picture of the harbour in its iced up condition.

LA VERONICA IS DEAD

A FOTOBILITY OF THE SECOND RE-PIERRE LEAVES A FORTUNE.

To Animals and it amounted to More Than Half a Million—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got this Generous Bequest—An Old Time Romance.

Three weeks ago there died in a little dingy house opposite the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, France, an old woman. It was not age that made her old, as she was only 62, but an affection of the skin, that turned her face into a mass of wrinkles and given her the appearance of being at least thirty years older. In addition she was bowed and crippled and deformed. Her neighbors saw little of her. Knowing herself to be a sorry sight, she seldom left the house, and was attended by a servant as little prepossessing as herself. She was thought to be rich and miserly. At her funeral, which was simple, there were no mourners; there was nothing about it worthy of remark, save the fact that a venerable pony was led behind the hearse to the cemetery.

That this old woman had ever lived was probably remembered by few people, when, a week ago, a lawyer who had been named as the executor of her will made an announcement that immediately put her name in the mouth of all Paris. This neglected old woman had died leaving \$603,000 in securities and jewels, all of which she bequeathed to the Paris society for the protection of animals. The amount did not cause surprise; nor was it altogether the character of the beneficiary, notwithstanding the rarity of a bequest for a purpose which most Parisians look upon as foolish; it was rather the accompanying disclosure of the woman's identity. She was 'La Veronica.'

Parisians of the Tout-Paris of former years—now mostly gentlemen of girth and gray mustaches carefully waxed—barked back in memory. They recalled 'La Veronica' readily enough, but they found it difficult to believe that she who had once been called 'divine,' who had been worshipped by them as the most beautiful of all creatures, had lived to die in a back street of a questionable quarter of Paris, and had had no one to follow her wasted body to the grave.

Veronica was so called because she was found deserted by her mother, in a bed of flowers of that name in the Park of St. Cloud. She was just two weeks old, and her sole worldly possessions were a dimpled body, lustrous lungs, and a pair of bright blue eyes. At the age of 18 she had so far conquered her world that she had the showiest hotel on the Champs Elysees, a chateau on the Loire, a villa by the sea, and one of the finest stables of horses belonging to a private person in France. She divided with Cora Pearl and 'La Palva,' in addition, the reputation of being the most notorious woman in Europe. A favorite first of Napoleon III. himself, then of De Morny, later of one after another of the high functionaries, she was the life and centre of the frolics which distinguished the Second Empire. For eleven years she kept the pace without faltering. Then, one fine day, she saw herself wither like a dead leaf.

Only 29 years old, at the height of her beauty and success, with triumphs indubitably yet to come, she fought the strange malady by which she had been attacked with the strength of one forseeing living death. Three years spent travelling from place to place, consulting the foremost physicians of the time, and following one cure after another at all the springs of Europe. There was no cure for her, however, nor even help, and when she saw her once wonderful beauty passing away she gave up in despair, renouncing the gay world in which the best years of her life had been spent, and seeking only to remain unseen and forgotten.

For thirty-three years she was both. The sale of her properties provided her with an adequate fortune, and she kept it intact for the benefit of the dumb creatures who did not know the difference between her when beautiful and when hideous. There is to come, however, the final chapter in this drama of a life; Veronica's jewels, which are valued at \$100,000 intrinsically, and may have a fictitious value caused by the memory of the givers, are to be sold at public sale.

Pearl as Big as a Marble.

A Tampa, Fla., dispatch to the Baltimore Sun, says: 'The largest oyster pearl ever found in an oyster taken from waters in this country was found here Saturday night by Colonel Bruce Knight, auditor of the city of Tampa, in an immense oyster from Sarasota Bay, about sixty miles south of here. The pearl is the size of an ordinary marble and unusually perfect. The

Ask your grocer for
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For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

value of the find has been estimated at many hundred dollars, and the fortunate finder sent it at once to Tiffany to ascertain its value. This is the third valuable pearl find made in oysters from that bay within a few weeks and has had the effect of greatly stimulating the pearl fisheries.

WHERE SHE FAILS.

The Woman Drummer is Clever, but She Can't Take a Drink.

The woman 'drummer' has been abroad in the land for a number of years, but no wail seems to go up from the legitimate knight of the grip. He doesn't like some of his brothers, cry out that women are robbing him of employment, lowering salaries, and making havoc generally. His self-satisfaction is still as conspicuous as his scarlet pin; and nothing but a Cheshire cat could equal his radiant smile. The fact is, he feels quite serene. His position is impregnable, and he knows it.

Of course, there are sporadic cases of the woman drummer, but there is no danger of an epidemic. A good many women are on the road selling light lines of goods, laces, gloves, veiling, things that can be handled in small sample cases, but it comes to heavier goods a woman is at a disadvantage. She hasn't the strength to handle the samples and do the packing. One large dry goods house in New York has a saleswoman who travels as far West as Portland and San Francisco and has made a splendid record; but she has a man with her as assistant. He attends to the packing and all that side of the work, and she furnishes the brains. That makes a good combination; but there is no use in hiring two people to do one good man's work, and it is cheaper to send out a man with strength plus brains.

'We have tried putting women on the road,' said the junior partner of a prosperous New York house, 'but we have given it up. They talked well, and they knew their goods; but we found that they did not impress the trade favorably, particularly in the small towns. Then, they couldn't stand the work. They hadn't the strength to put up with the life as men do. One strikes pretty rough living in some little places, especially in the West; and it takes an ostrich to digest the food and a pachyderm to sleep in the beds in some of the hotels. Of course, there's a good deal of hard travelling on poor trains, and a woman, feels that more than a man. You see, she can't hunt up a jolly fellow in the smoker and put in the time swapping yarns and playing cards.

'Then it seems to play the deuce with a woman's nerves to be everlastingly catching ing trains. Why, there was one nice girl who travelled for a Chicago house two years ago. She sold lots of goods too. Her employer bragged to me about her when he was down here, and said she was worth any two men he had out. This winter he came on again, and one day when we were lunching together he asked me if I remembered about the girl who travelled for him. I said I did, and he told me that she went along all right for nearly a year and never complained about anything; said she liked the work, and had her salary raised twice. Then one day last spring, the firm got word from a hotel man in Denver, that she was very ill there at his hotel. They sent her sister out to her, but do you know that girl had gone completely to pieces all of a sudden. Her mind has been wrong ever since, and the queer thing about it is that she is always wild about catching some train and making connection. She doesn't care about anything else. I suppose that was one of the things that wore on her nerves most, and it stuck in her mind.

'You see that story goes to prove what I've been saying—that women haven't the physical endurance for the road business.'

Just at that moment a vision behind a red tie and a diamond scarf pin drifted into the office.

'That's one of our travelling men,' said the member of the firm. 'Johnson, here's a reporter who wants to know something about the women who do your work better than you do.'

The smile spread. 'Bless their heart,' said Johnson, with airy good nature. 'They're all right, only they belong somewhere else. We don't need to worry about their taking our jobs. They can talk and they are clever, but they can't line up at a bar and take a drink with a customer, and there's no selling goods at a profit if you leave out that ceremony.'

Is Your Wife Ill-Tempered?

Examines her feet, and if she has corns buy her Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Home will then become an Eden. Much of the misery of married life is due to corns. Putnam's Extractor is sure, painless and prompt.

Baden-Baden Playing Puritan.

Baden-Baden, once the great gambling hell of Europe, since abolishing her gambling tables has rebounded to the other extreme, and is offering 'blue laws' as an attraction to visitors, two of whom were recently stopped by the police from purchasing flowers on Sunday. One of the purchasers was Prince Hohenlohe, the Prussian Chancellor; the other, the Oberbürgermeister of Frankfurt.

Why is an umbrella never used until it is used up?

Why should nature put a bead on a dude if it abhors a vacuum?

Why doesn't some genius invent a safety accordion for beginners?

Why doesn't a trained skirt know enough to keep out of the mud?

Why doesn't the person who eats too much angel cake feel angelic?

Why don't they remove the scales from the eyes of Justice if she is blind?

Why should a man's love for his wife grow cold when she keeps him in hot water?—Chicago News.

We hear from all parts the best news.

The Cures are more numerous. Every Painful disease is cured by

MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates.

Mr. G. Germain merchant of St. Tite, County of Champlain, was suffering for a long time from a very bad cold, and in spite of all the medicines used and care taken, his illness grew worse and worse. His family began to lose all hope and his case was considered nearly desperate. One day a friend advised Mr. Germain to try Morin's Wine which was so well recommended for colds and coughs; he got one bottle of it at once and used it according to directions. Two or three days after using the wine, what was the general astonishment to see a considerable change in Mr. Germain's condition; an unlooked for relief was felt in all his body, the cough diminished greatly, expectation came more freely, pains in the side ceased altogether, appetite came back better than before he felt sick, his strength increased and he felt a general change for the better. He used the wine for three weeks. To-day Mr. Germain is perfectly well and says that he has been cured by Dr. Morin's Creso-Phates Wine.

French Wines.

Last year's French vintage was small in quantity and inferior quality, and the vintage of 1896 shows no prospect of being in demand among connoisseurs. The wines of 1895 promise to turn out well, and the vintages of 1893 and 1892 are of the finest body, flavor and aroma and are in great demand.

Some cough medicines, while curing a cold, bring on Stomach trouble; Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure—is good for the system.

Millions of Glass Eyes.

It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually.

600 PERSONS WANTED.

600 persons have been advertised for to claim money. Their names and description is given in the "Fortune Book" price 10cts. Address McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED By an Old Established House—High standing, willing to let our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$500. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection and send list. For particulars address Box 355 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Browne's stock" and contains three acres all rented, also two barns which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DAWSON 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

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* My certificate (Certified Public Accountant) was the seventh issued by the state. There are only 126 in the entire State (N. Y.) holding certificates, so that doesn't speak badly for the method of teaching in the State John Business College. * * * B. McIVERSON, C. P. A., (Of McIlhenny & Lewis, Accountants and Auditors).

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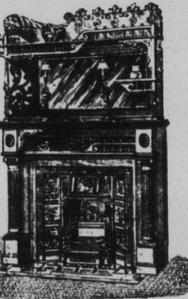
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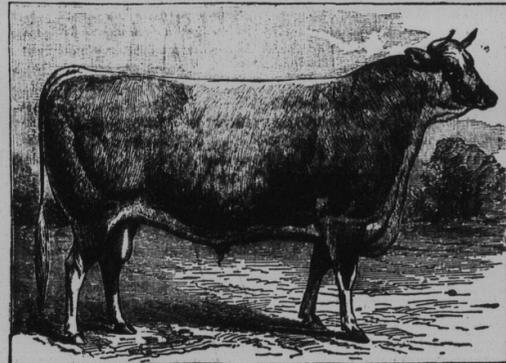
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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Jaxon Opera Company, an unusually strong aggregation, have been presenting a varied programme of Comic and Grand opera to the music loving this week, and have received the patronage the excellence of the performance merit. On Monday evening "Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" were given, and though the former has been sung here many times both by professionals and amateurs, it still has the power to please and attract, especially when sung as it was on Monday evening. On that occasion acting and singing were upon a high level, and the constant play revealed many a good actor though small his part. There was occasionally a faltering in the dialogue on the part of some of the principals; but as a whole the work was good and recalls were frequent. Mr. Frank Deshon's Sir Joseph Porter was excellently interpreted, and he seemed to have complete grasp of the composer's ideas. Buttercup, Louise Engell, the Josephine, Miss Thorne, Hebe, Miss Lehman were all most acceptable in acting and singing, and were evidently absorbed in their various roles.

"Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni's great masterpiece was sung with dignity and refinement, the new names in the cast being Mlle Diard, Madeline Lowrie and Mr. Payne Clark. As Turridi Mr. Clark was magnificent, both vocally and histrionically, his passionately dramatic climaxes being something to be long remembered. He has a splendid voice of remarkably even register, and each note seems to be endowed with equal value and power.

Mlle Diard, as Santuzza, sang her part with dramatic intensity, and was always true to the sentiment. Her enunciation was wonderfully distinct, and her rich, powerful voice filled the requirements of the role. There is color and emotion in her singing. On Wednesday evening her Serpolette in "The Chimes of Normandy" was equally pleasing, her brightness and vivacity having full scope. This last named opera by the way is a great favorite here, and one that never fails to draw a good house. In the matter of detail the performance of Wednesday evening was perhaps slightly inferior to previous productions, but taken as a whole it may be said to have been well done. The proportion in the voices was well maintained, and the choruses were excellent both in expression and shading. There are some pretty girls in the chorus too, and the stage bearing of each individual member leaves room for nothing but the most favorable comment. In speaking of detail in regard to "The Chimes of Normandy," it might be said that in these days of realistic stage effects one scarcely expects to see the hands of peasant girls ablaze with diamonds.

Messrs Deshon and Clark as Gaspard and Grenacheaux respectively were in good voice; the former was especially strong in his part, his thrilling work winning a well merited and enthusiastic curtain call at the close of the second act.

Il Trovatore, and Olivette were among the productions later in the week, and next week's performance will be as follows; Mikado, Monday night; Fra Diavola, Tuesday; Lucia di Lammermoor, Wednesday and Thursday; Bohemian Girl, Friday, and a grand triple bill for Saturday evening. There will be the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. The company is an excellent one, and the high class of operas, together with the superior manner in which they are produced, should ensure success for the engagement.

A year ago the musical people of this city hardly anticipated hearing two artists with the qualifications and reputation of Evan Williams and Mary Louise Clary, here in concert. Within that time both these great singers have appeared in St. John and achieved successes almost unprecedented. Clary was heard here for the first time in April of last year, and in October again renewed the wonderful success she made upon her first visit. In

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October she appeared in two concerts in the Mechanics Institute though at that time she was heard to disadvantage, the building being too small for her wonderful voice. Williams it will be remembered made his St. John debut the first of last December, and who of those present will ever forget the way in which the great singer melted the proverbially cold St. John audience. Great things had been anticipated from this man, of whom so much had been read, with reference to his phenomenal progress, in professional life, his rising from obscurity, to an elevated position in the musical world, was said to be unprecedented. But Williams fulfilled expectations in almost every case. The great career of Evan Williams never really began, until his appearance at the Worcester Festival of Sept, 1896; where he appeared in conjunction with Madame Nordica. The day previous to the event Williams might be called an unknown; the morning after the artist woke up to find himself on all sides lauded as America's greatest tenor. This change was brought about so quickly by his wonderful rendering of the Cujus Animus, from the oratorio Stabat Mater. The scene at the conclusion of this great aria is recorded as the most wildly demonstrative in the forty years of Worcester annual festivals, in which have appeared the world's greatest singers. With reference to the singing of Williams upon that memorable evening, Nordica at the time was reported to have stated, that she did not know a tenor in the world who could surpass it. What could be more attractive to the musical public of this city than the appearance in concert of these two great artists who not only have achieved success in musical centres, but here in St. John. It is not strange that the interest in their approaching events is becoming most enthusiastic, not only among musical people but those who do not usually attend functions of this nature.

Tones and Undertones.

J. K. Murray and Clara Lane will open their starring tour in Boston next October. They will appear in an opera by Victor Herbert and Charles Klein and will be under the management of Col. W. A. Thompson.

The Castle Square opera company made such a success in New York last week with "H. M. S. Pinafore" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" that they will continue with the same bill at the American theatre next week.

Carlotta Steubenrauch, the female violinist who made her debut in this country with the Banda Rossa, will appear at Keith's Boston theatre a week from Monday.

John Mason is going into vaudeville again, this time under the exclusive management of his brother, who has already secured for him two very strong vehicles for his reappearance. One is an absolutely complete musical comedy in miniature, the book by John Fowler, and the score by C. J. Wilson. Lowell Mason is negotiating with Bertha Creighton, the leading lady with Sol Smith Russell, for the support of his brother. The other is a very novel and original comedietta by Harriet Aubrey.

Madame Melba belongs to the noble celebrities who never read newspaper notices of themselves. Unlike most of them, though, she is sincere in it. She has no scrap-book, she patronizes no "news-clipping" agency, and she carefully avoids all reading matter that looks as though it might develop into anything of personal import. Those who have seen Melba in "Aida" would just as lieve that she would make an exception in favor of the notices of that performance, as she might then be induced to make a few changes in the make-up and costume which she affects therein. But whatever her errors upon the stage, Melba off the stage is a remarkably well-dressed woman.—Harpers Bazaar.

The programme for the sixteenth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening is: Overture, "Dedication of the House," Beethoven; recitative and air from "Alessandro," Handel; Soli for violoncello, Cantilena, Goltermann; "Dance of Sylphs," Popper; Symphony in D minor, No. 4, Schumann; songs with pianoforte; Elaine's song, "Sweet is True Love," Irish Folk Song, Foote; ballet music from "Der Daemon," Rubinstein

Mrs. George Henschel and Mr. Leo Schull will be the soloists.

The venerable Verdi is said to be at work on the revision and selection of music, written for the psalms and other church uses which he composed many years ago and is now about to publish.

Efforts are being made to organize a permanent orchestra in New York city on the same lines as the Boston Symphony. This movement has been brought about by the friends of Anton Seidl, who have taken alarm at the generous offer to him from Hamburg, Germany, and wish him to remain in this country.

Mme. Nordica has signed a contract with Mr. Grau to appear in opera during the London season next year. She will appear at Covent Garden the opening week in "Tristan and Isolde," with Jean de Reszke.

Victor Herbert has yielded to persuasion and will conduct the Pittsburg (Pa.) Orchestra, beginning next season. This decision will result in his giving up his New York interests at the close of the summer season at Manhattan Beach, where he will conduct the Twenty-second Regiment Band.

The late Conrad Behrens was 63 years old. This well-known basso was born in Brunswick Germany, where his father was a minister. It was intended that he should follow in his father's footsteps, but he engaged in a commercial pursuit in Hamburg, and later in Stockholm. His voice attracted the favorable attention of Charles XV, King of Sweden, who enabled him to devote several years to its culture in Paris. He made his debut in Stockholm in the Royal Opera.

De Wolf Hopper returns to New York, this week, with both "Eli Capitan" and Edna Wallace Hopper.

Adele Ritchie is to return to America in September and tour as a star in a new opera specially written by Antony Mars, music by Messager.

Rudolph Aronson and Dr. Leo Sommer have made an arrangement for the appearance in this country of the "Black Hussars" Hungarian band, under the direction of Olah Pali.

Mme. Frances Saville, a member of the Abbey-Grau troupe at the Metropolitan Opera House, season 1896-'97, has been engaged at the Royal Opera in Vienna for two years.

TALK OF THE THEATRES.

Says the New York Clipper "A. W. Cross, who has been in the city the past six weeks, completing arrangements for the tour of John D'Ormund and Agnes Fuller next season, left Feb. 18 to assume management of the Josie Mills Co. for the rest of the season.

Charlie Thropp, an actor in the "Blue Jeans" Company, while playing at Cleveland, O., was accidentally shot in the leg during the performance, recently by Miss Ballou, who was supposed to be aiming at a squirrel.

Ullie Akerstrom mourns the loss of her mother, Elizabeth, W. Akerstrom, who died, in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 8. Miss Akerstrom left her company at Lawrence, Mass. Feb. 14, and did not rejoin until Feb. 21, at Pittsfield, Mass. her date at Manchester, N. H., was cancelled, and the company laid off until Miss Akerstrom rejoined.

John L. Sullivan's Comedy and Vaudeville Co. are attracting good business in their Kentucky tour.

The Miles Stock Company are playing in Corning N. Y. this week.

The latest dramatic news says that Frederick Warde, Louis James and Mile. Rhea will form a trio combination next season to give several Shakespearean plays as well as one new play.

Fay Templeton is still fond of acting in spite of the fact that she has come in for a part of Howell Osborne's gold, and has been engaged by cable for Weber and Fields' stock company.

Mr. E. H. Sothern begins his annual engagement at the Hollis, Feb. 28, when he will present for the first time in Boston, Anthony Hope's latest play, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula."

The latest rumor is that Virginia Harrod will star next season in this play appearing for a run at the New York Garrick theatre, when her husband, E. H. Sothern, presents a new play at the Lyceum.

Charles Frohman had seven companies playing in New York last week: John Drew

at Wallack's; Maude Adams at the Garrick; "Oh, Susannah," at Hoyt's; "Never Again" at the Grand; Henry Miller at the Garden, "The White Heather" at the Academy and "The Conquerors" at the Empire.

Donnelly and Girard will probably dissolve partnership at the close of their present tour in "The Geese" and Mr. Girard will revive "Natural Gas" next season.

Four weeks from Saturday night William Gillette will have completed his present tour with "Secret Service," the last performance being booked for Brooklyn. On the following Wednesday he will sail for London, where he opens Easter week as that superlative liar, Gus Billings, in "Too Much Johnson." He will take with him nearly all of the original American company.

There is a remote possibility that Mr. Gillette with Charles Frohman's assistance, may go out next season in a repertoire of his own plays, giving "Hald by the Easmy," "To Much Johnson," "Secret Service" and "The Private Secretary," or "The Professor." But this is merely a plan on paper so far.

"The Belle of New York" will sail for London the last of next month and open at the Shaftesbury theatre April 9.

"Nat Goodwin" will open next season at the New York Knickerbocker theatre in Clyde Fitch's new play "Nathan Hale."

Charles Frohman is going to London next month and Charles B. Dillingham, Julia Marlowe's manager, will accompany him.

The Actors Society of America has drawn up and presented to the Legislature at Albany through Senator Cantor, "An act to punish frauds committed against actors," which makes it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not less than two hundred and fifty dollars, or one year's imprisonment, or both, for any person to engage actors or opera singers, take them out of the State and leave them stranded in some distant city.

Minnie Cass, an American actress, who has been playing at the Central Theatre, Berlin, Ger., has suddenly disappeared, and her whereabouts is a mystery. The police have been appealed to, but have been unable to trace her.

The continued ill health of Beatrice Cameron will undoubtedly compel her to retire from the stage at the conclusion of Richard Mansfield's Chicago engagement. Carrie Keeler, who is now her understudy, will probably replace her.

Fanny Davenport may appear in "Mme. Sans Gene" next season.

Edward Harrigan will appear here after in standard price houses only.

Madge Lessing is still the comely Jack of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Marion Manola-Mason is said to have retired temporarily from the stage.

Cissy Fitzerald may appear in J. E. Rice's next production, "Monte Carlo."

William H. Crane is considering an offer to present "A Virginia Courtship," in London.

Ida Conquet will be William Gillette's leading woman when he goes to London in April.

Isabelle Urquhart presented a new farce at Keith's New York theatre last week entitled "Whose Baby?"

Modjeska is coming to Boston before long in repertoire. Mr. Joseph Haworth is her leading man.

May Irwin closed her New York engagement in the "The Swell Miss Fitzwell" last Saturday and opened Monday in Brooklyn.

Good houses are greeting the Lillian Tucker company in its Southern tour. The company recently played in Atlanta Ga., to record breaking business.

Charles Barron is to be the Bill Sykes in Elita Proctor Otis' forthcoming revival of "Oliver Twist."

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to appear at the Adelphi Theatre, London, in "The Heart of Maryland" on April 9.

Ada Rehan has played 300 parts. Irving has decided to play Cyrano de Bergerac.

Sarah Bernhardt's illness to date to a fibroid tumor.

Rejane has scored a new success in Sardou's, "Pamela."

Walter Jones is to star as the crushed tragedian in "In Gay New York," backed by ex President Hayes' son.

George Alexander's revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" has been voted a great success by the London critics.

James K. Haskett this week made his first appearance as Nigel in "The Tree of Knowledge."

Even the stage realism of a snowstorm is attended with peril. Joseph E. Grimmer, stage manager for the Manhattan Theatre, New York, met last week with a severe accident at the performance of "Way

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Down East. During the snow scene he was manipulating an electric fan which distributes the fine pieces of paper and his fingers of the right hand came in contact with the blades, almost severing them.

Plays to be introduced by Mansfield include "St. Ives," the "First Violin," and "King Frederick and William II."

"I am getting tired," says Mr. Mansfield, "of appearing in the guise of men who have only unpleasant attributes. People begin to think that I am that sort of man myself. Hereafter I am going to play lovers that all the girls will rave over. Seriously, I think public taste shows a healthy incline toward the stage characters that one would not be ashamed to know in real life, men of kindly nature, brave and lovable; men who make love brilliantly, fight cheerfully and live in an atmosphere of roses and romance."

The latest recruit for vaudeville is Miss Cora Tanner, who, assisted by Louis Masson, will appear in Sir Charles L. Young's sketch "Drifting Apart."

Ada Rehan is soon to reappear as Kate Verity in Piner's "The Squire."

Fay Templeton, who is now in Paris, will shortly appear at a New York music hall.

Nary a Toll or Spin.

The choir was singing a new arrangement of the beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure, sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

They tol-ol-ol-ol not,
They toll not,
They toll not,
Ny-ny-ny-ther do they spin.

She patted and the tenor took up the strain:

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin,
They tol-ol-ol-ol not,
They toll not,
They toll not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn, red haired young man, with a somewhat wordly looking eye and a voice like a foghorn, broke in:

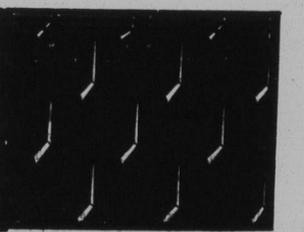
Nay-ya-ay-ay-ther do they spin,
They tol-ol-ol-ol not,
They toll not,
They toll not,
Nay-ya-ay-ay-ther do they spin.

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus:

Ny-ny-ny-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ya-ay-ther
do they spin
They tol-ol-ol-ol not,
They toll not,
They toll not,
Ny-ny-ny-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ya-ay-ther
do they spin

"Brethren," said the gray-haired old-fashioned pastor when the choir had finished, "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn, 'And Am I Yet Alive?'"—Chicago Tribune.

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SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 26th

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

PROGRESS IS BOOMING.

Progress circulation is in the ascendancy, and the demand for the paper in this city as also in other towns has made it necessary to publish several thousand extras.

Progress is a paper that the people must have and the steadily increasing demand for it is sufficient proof that its contents are meeting with public favor.

Agents requiring further increase in their supplies should send in their orders early in this week—not later than Wednesday.

THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.

The movement for good roads has received a decided impetus in this province and the recent meeting in Fredericton will do much to hasten the end in view.

The people have begun to realize at last that all the money said to be spent upon the roads has either not been expended at all or distributed in a very unmethodical fashion.

One fact is patent: the people do not know how to make good roads. Under exceptional circumstances a good road may be made in certain portions of the province but in order to do this honest supervisors and contractors are necessary and they must have the knowledge.

It is interesting in this connection to note that there has been introduced in the New York Senate a good roads bill which provides for the construction through each of the counties of the state a macadam highway that shall follow the leading market and travel routes.

The entire expense of the construction of such roads is to be borne by the state and the work is to be done under the direction of the state engineer.

The only expense to the counties is the preparation of a detailed survey of the highways selected. The New Brunswick legislation should make a note of this fact and inquire if it cannot spend the funds of the province in some such legitimate fashion.

Money is scarce but good roads are a necessity. The lives of politicians for the public schools can hardly be said to be a necessary expenditure and yet we find that the provincial secretary proposes to thus dispose of the surplus stock of a recent publication.

Let the government instruct the people how to make roads. They will find apt pupils.

The regulation for the broad tired wheel to come with effect in about a year will meet with some opposition but it is properly advertised and the farmers of the province are acquainted with its provisions there will not be distinct disapproval.

If any one asks the question why broad tired wheels pay and why they are necessary the answer can be made that a wagon going up hill requires more force to draw it than when it is moved on a level.

When a wheel sinks in soft soil there is an elevation of the ground in front of it equal to the depth of the sinking. When a narrow wheel sinks three or four inches in the ground the effect is precisely the same as if the wagon was going up the same incline when the broad wheel is used, but if it does not sink in the ground this obstacle does not exist.

The surface of the wheel does not interfere in the least with the draft of a wagon even on solid, hard ground, and it must be evident that the broad wheel will not cut into a road as a narrow one will, and thus on soft roads must be easier draft.

By the use of a broad tired wagon as a new road is being laid out, it will soon be rolled hard and solid, so that even a narrow-tired wagon will not cut in, but attempt to make a road during the average harvest, winter or spring

season with narrow-tired wagons and the job will usually prove a failure.

DISCOURAGE ITS USE.

An interesting report has been issued by the department of state at Washington in which is a convular report from Persia showing how the famous Persian lamb fur is obtained. Some weeks ago a contributor of PROGRESS, who is always on the side of the dumb animal, protested in indignant terms against the use of this fur inasmuch as the obtaining of it entailed so much misery upon the animal that produced it.

As many of the readers of PROGRESS may not know just how this fur is obtained a paragraph from the report will tell them that the article of commerce known under the general term of astrakhan, consists of the skins of very young black lambs, bred in Turkestan, some parts of Russia proper, and in Persia. In order to obtain a skin of the highest quality it is usual to kill the mother a short time in advance of the time for giving birth to the lamb, so as to get the skin before the tiny curls have time to open and expand.

The most superior skins are those produced in the Khanate of Bokhara, and the best found in Persia are from the breeds of sheep found in the neighborhood of Shiraz. It having been found that this traffic was the cause of such a slaughter of lambs, greatly diminishing the food supply and increasing proportionately the price, the Persian government has prohibited the exportation of skins. But ways and means are generally found for evading these interdicts and injunctions.

That indefatigable protector of the dumb animal, Mr. GEO. T. ANGELL of Boston, who spends both his time and his money as well as all the money he can collect, in the good cause has entered upon a crusade against the use of this fur in the United States and appeals to the richer classes, who alone can afford its purchase, not to encourage its importation. No doubt his words will have considerable effect. The greater the better.

THE SFORM.

This past week has shown how futile are the efforts of the most approved appliances against one of our old time winter storms. This has been a season of exceptional severity in this respect and the saddest features of this war of the elements has been the loss of life on the coast. St. John has had to bear its share of the burden of financial loss but fortunately, so far as known, none of her people have lost their lives.

The wreck of the Asia almost in sight of the port to which she was bound was a terrible affair and well illustrates the dangers of the sea. The transportation companies have had a hard battle with the snow and sleet and at this writing are not through with it yet. Western roads have been particularly unfortunate and passengers and freight will suffer much delay in consequence. This city happily this time escaped the expense of a big snow downfall and local traffic was not interrupted to any perceptible degree. But the delay of cargoes for the steamers will be a serious matter.

TOURIST WORKERS ACTIVE.

The Association Will Lose no Chances at the Sportsman's Show.

The Sportsman's Exhibition is to be one of the grandest functions of the year at the Hub of the world. Beside being a splendid exhibition of hunting and fishing in New England it will be a grand social event.

The government and tourist associations of this province are taking a great interest in the show and they will have a big exhibit of New Brunswick log cabins, New Brunswick game, New Brunswick views, Indian guides and everything pertaining to sports of the food, field and forest in this province.

The finest moose-headers ever shot here, and they are the finest in the world, will be on exhibition and the attractions of the province will be placed before the hundreds of thousands who visit the show that large numbers will no doubt be induced to come down here. The government, the Fredericton Tourist Association, the New Brunswick Tourist Association and the Chatham Board of Trade will have representatives there to talk up the attractions of the province and 30,000 or 40,000 illustrated pamphlets and booklets setting forth the province's attractions for tourists will be distributed. People are becoming alive to the need of cultivating a crop of summer girls and summer men and of getting some of the golden harvest that the American people save up during the winter to spend at the resorts in the summer.

The Price of Flattery.

That man Crumlett has more invitations to dinner than any other man in town. 'How does he work it?' 'He tells every hostess with a grown-up daughter that she must have married much below the legal age.'

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Baby Louisa. Oh! have you seen the baby-bud Of some fair woodlark rose, That yet was in its emerald fold— But on the top a pink eye peeped So laughingly to gladsome maiden May, That flannet all her flowery bodice gay?

So was my babe Louisa these years; Just four years smiling with her world. She let the joy of life perpe forth From her young eyes, unstartled yet— And was the rose-bud of her mother's heart, That seemed like gladsome May to leap and start!

Oh! have you seen that baby-bud All after one sad day of blight— And seen that pink top fade away, And all the green fast shrivel there— Till from its stem the blighted bud fell down, And lay all withered in the grass alone?

So one sad night my babe Louisa, All after one short week of pain, Fell in the icy arms of death, And brought a void in mother's soul; And, like the rose-bud, now is gone away To leave us mourning here from day to day!

THE LORD'S PRAYER. [The following beautiful composition was found on a battle field at Charleston, S. C., during the war. It was written by a wounded soldier, who did not live to get home.]

Then to the mercy sent our souls do eather, To do our duty unto Thee—'Our Father,' Thy will be done, all hallowed be Thy name, For Thou art the great God—'Who art in Heaven,' Thou, by Thy wisdom, rulest the world's chaotic

Forever, therefore—'Hallowed be Thy name.' Let never my delay divide me from Thee, Thy love commands me to obey, Thy good pleasure and—'Thy will be done,' And let our promises to obey be even The very same—'In earth as 'tis in Heaven,'

Thou wouldst be pleased to—'Give us on this day' The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed, sufficient raiment, and 'Our daily bread,' With every needful thing we Thou relieve us, And of Thy mercy pity and—'Forgive us,' All our misdeeds, for him whom Thou didst please To make an offering for—'Our transgressions,'

And forsake us, O Lord, as we have done, That Thou wilt pardon us—'As we forgive,' Let that love teach wherewith Thou dost acquaint us, To pardon all—'Those who trespass against us,' And though sometimes Thou hast not yet forgot This love for Thee, yet help—'And lead us not,' Through son's or body's want, to temptation, Nor let earth's gain drive us—'Into temptation,' Let no: the soul of any true believer Fall in the time of trial—'But deliver,'

Yes, save them from the malice of the devil, And be in life and death, keep us 'Thy from evil,' Through sin's snare, O Lord, for that of Thee from whom This may be had—'For thine is the Kingdom,' This world is of Thy works, 'the power and the glory,' To thee belongs—'The power and the glory,' And all Thy wondrous works have ended here, But will remain forever and—'Forever,' Thus we poor creatures would confess again, And thus would I say eternally—'Amen.'

Gates. Four wise men gave a wondrous ran When lo They spied a lonesome single man Of snow. O gladsome gale from northward rose, Behold! She warmer grew until he froze Her cold. One blithesome gale from westward sped. Ahead. She turned to him; he cut her head Instead. One buxom gale the east forsook To woo. She shook his hand, and yet he shook Her, too. At last a lovesome south breeze blew Into The snowman's arms and stuck there, too Like glue. She smothered him with her caress; And he— Did he not melt? Well, I guess yes Street

As Ye Would. If I should see A brother languishing in sore distress, And I should turn and leave him comfortless When I might be his friend, I should be a messenger of hope and happiness, How could I ask to have what I should carry In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might alas A little sone to cheer a fainting heart, And I should seal my lips and sit apart When I might bring A bit of sunshine or life's ache and smart, How could I hope to have my grief relieved If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know That day is not wherein I fall to lend A helping hand to to me warring friend But if it show When I am lightened by the cheer I send, Then do I hold the golden hours well spent And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.—Edith Virginia Brand.

Their Meaning. To live in shade, yet trust the sun, To bravely creep while others run, To suffer pain and still believe When I am strong enough to give; To feel no envy when the best Of precious gifts are given the rest, Perceive that each lot must be The best for each eternally— Is trust faith

To bear with wrong and wait for right, Believing that the darkest night Means only growth for tomorrow's seeds; To see some good in rank weeds; To feel the love that watches o'er Those not behind, those gone before; To be bereft, yet know no loss, And thus the highest faith— Is true content.

His Lament. She loves the sea, she loves the land, she loves to ride her bike; She loves to grasp the ribbon, and Drive gaily co the pike. She loves to dance, she loves to sing, This maid so fair and free; She seems in love with everything Upon this earth—but me!

Ter Teach School. 'Well, old man, did your son pass the civi' service examination?' 'No, sub. Dey turned him down.' 'What was the trouble?' 'Short on arithmetic, sub.' 'Anything else?' 'An geographo.'

X's. 'An spellin.' 'Nothin' mo', sub, 'ceptin grammar an' tryin an a few other things.' 'Well, what will be do now?' 'Well, sub, he des 'bout decided ter teach school.'

STOP BELIEVING.

It wrinkles the mouth and puts Crow's Feet at the eyes. The personal devil of nine women out of ten is age says the New York Sun. They may talk about the beauties of old age and the charm of growing old gracefully all they please, but they want somebody else to do the aging. It is an actual physical pain to many a woman to see gray hairs appearing and wrinkles and lines gathering about her eyes and mouth. She knows herself, then, what other people have seen for some time, that she has lost what the poets call the first bloom of youth, and what every day persons term her girlish looks. There's a doctor in this town, a well known doctor, who says there is no reason on earth why a woman of 70, 80, or even a 100 years should not retain a positively youthful look about her eyes and mouth, and after all, they are the features that tell the tale. 'But how is this to be done, doctor,' is a question that would go up from all womankind if they could get to this man. This is what he would answer: 'Women hate not getting old, but looking old, and I don't blame them for feeling that way. But I do blame them for allowing themselves to look old. The fountain of immortal youth is not to be found in any particular far off country or climate. We must look nearer home for it. It is within ourselves. Women look older than men of the same age. Some people say that this is because they are the mothers, wives, and sisters of men. Bosh and nonsense! It is because they eternally repress themselves. Nothing gives birth to wrinkles like continuous repression of genuine feeling. Why can't women let themselves go when they ought—to let themselves go and repress themselves when they should? A woman goes almost into hysterics over something which cannot be helped, and expects incalculable vital force in unnecessary worry, and then when she ought to let herself go, she bottles herself up and chokes down her feelings and gets wrinkles as a reward for her self-control.'

'Here's an instance of it. I knew a girl who came from a lovely, refined home to this big city to work, because her brother had speculated with money which did not belong to him. She wanted to pay it back cent for cent, and she did. It took her nearly three years, and during all that time she was absolutely silent about it all. She had good, true, loyal friends, men and women, with whom she might have talked the matter over, but, no, she felt that that would have been betraying her brother. They could have helped her to accomplish her object in half the time, but they didn't know. That was a real living grief, and that grief repressed it and repressed it until she thought it was impossible to speak of it. All the time it was stamping itself on her face and her friends built up all sorts of stories about unrequited loves, a stranded father, and so on, about her, little suspecting the real truth. One day she met a man. After talking to him a while, that something which tells women what we men are, told her that he would understand; and the next time she met him she told him her story, a very simple little story of a sister's devotion. He said the things to her that she had been longing to hear said during those three weary years. She simply let herself go and was herself, and the effect was such as to completely alter her physical appearance. The lines of her face have straightened, she walks instead of dragging along, and her face has been transformed from that of a sad eyed woman to one of a merry-mouthed girl, and all because she let herself go.'

'My recipe to women for keeping young in looks and feeling is, first, not to repress genuine feeling, especially the feelings of pure affection, confidence in one's friends, and admiration for them; and last of all the feeling of belief in one's self. If you believe thoroughly in yourself you'll believe in others, and that's a great preserver of youth.'

'Next, I should advise women not to worry about things that cannot be helped. The past is God's. It is not to be considered except as a guide. In three months a smart woman can train herself mentally not to worry about things that worrying cannot help. Last of all, women who wish to keep smooth skins, bright eyes, and ingenious ways should live romances. It is very easy for a woman, old or young, married or single, to live a romance. Now, a man can't live a romance unless there is a petticoat in sight; but bless me, these women can live the most beautiful romances if there isn't a man in a thousand miles, and it's good for them. When the day's work or pleasure has been hard and trying and disappointing to a woman she oughtn't to sit down and think it all over, for as certain as she does she fastens an extra wrinkle or new line. Let her lie down on her couch, close her eyes and live a little romance, and if there is a good, true man in it all the better for her.'

HILLSBORO.

Feb. 23.—Miss Gertrude Steeves entertained a number of her young friends at a quilting party last Wednesday. A very enjoyable time was spent and a lot of work accomplished. Among those present were Mrs. Charles Steeves, Miss Lillian Steeves, Miss Brown, Fethocidie, Miss Ella Rowe, Miss Ste 14 Sherwood, Miss Ida Scott, Miss Lizzie Jump, Miss Abinette, Miss Nellie Wallace, Miss Crosby and Miss Katie Gross.

Miss Ada Brown who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. A. Sherwood returned to her home in Petticoat on Saturday.

Miss Katie Gross is visiting friends in Amherst. Miss Adollette is spending a few weeks in Petticoat.

Mr. and Mrs. Burns went to Albert on Saturday the guests of her sister Mrs. Atkinson.



A large driving party left Hill shore for Albert on Monday. Mrs. John T. Steeves and little daughter Tatle and Miss Ella Rowe left for St. John on Monday to be present at the marriage of their sister Miss Mand Rowe.

A basket social took place at the new hall on Tuesday evening and was a great success socially and financially. 'But how is this to be done, doctor,' is a question that would go up from all womankind if they could get to this man. This is what he would answer: 'Women hate not getting old, but looking old, and I don't blame them for feeling that way. But I do blame them for allowing themselves to look old. The fountain of immortal youth is not to be found in any particular far off country or climate. We must look nearer home for it. It is within ourselves. Women look older than men of the same age. Some people say that this is because they are the mothers, wives, and sisters of men. Bosh and nonsense! It is because they eternally repress themselves. Nothing gives birth to wrinkles like continuous repression of genuine feeling. Why can't women let themselves go when they ought—to let themselves go and repress themselves when they should? A woman goes almost into hysterics over something which cannot be helped, and expects incalculable vital force in unnecessary worry, and then when she ought to let herself go, she bottles herself up and chokes down her feelings and gets wrinkles as a reward for her self-control.'

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Watts played throughout the service, forming a rhythmic accompaniment to the pastor's voice, and adding greatly to the effect and beauty of the service. At its conclusion the choir sang "How Wonderful was the Call," and as the newly made husband and wife passed slowly down the aisle the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding march played in Professor Watts' usual masterly manner peeled forth. After the ceremony the wedding party accompanied by about fifty guests drove to the home of the bride's mother at Sunny Brae, where luncheon was partaken of, the bride and groom departing by the afternoon train on a bridal trip which will include Boston, New York and other American cities, as well as Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal. The bride received many beautiful and valuable presents. Mr. and Mrs. Kinser are both extremely popular, and their numerous friends will unite in wishing them every possible happiness.

Mrs. Thomas Williams entertained the members of the skating club at her handsome residence on Highfield street on Wednesday evening, after the rink. The hour between ten and twelve o'clock were devoted to dancing and after partaking of a dainty supper the guests dispersed having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Miss E. A. Borden of Botsford street gave a most enjoyable whist party on Monday evening to about twenty-five of her friends chiefly young people. Mrs. Borden's parties are always delightful and as this was no exception to the general rule the guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The final dance of the Moncton Assembly club for the season took place last evening in Eoman's hall and was well attended among eighty people being present. The hall was tastefully decorated the floor in excellent condition, the music all that could be desired and the ladies all looked charming so it is needless to say that everyone enjoyed themselves. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Givan, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hewson, Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray, Mrs. Murray Flaming, Mrs. R. B. Jack, Mrs. T. W. Bell of St. John, Mrs. Horace E. Fawcett and Mrs. Fred Ryan of Sackville, Miss Hanington, Miss Blanche Hanington, Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester, Miss Price of Havelock, Miss McCall of North Sydney C. B. Miss Robinson of St. John, Miss A. McSweeney, Miss Tritton, Miss Holstead, Miss Milliken, Miss Taylor, Miss M. Stronach, Miss Cook, Miss Zeph Flanagan, Miss Parle, Miss Gammon, Miss Johnson, Messrs. L. Hamington, J. Fawcett, B. C. Chandler of Dorchester, O. A. Hornby of Halifax, Judge Wells, Messrs. J. J. McKenzie, R. Clarke, H. E. Bell, J. M. Knight, J. M. Cooke, F. C. Beassey, L. Robertson, W. E. Watts, J. S. Sweeney, S. S. Palmer, A. A. McSweeney, A. D. Burns, R. E. Walker, Roy Sumner, A. E. Bishop, A. J. Stevens, F. A. Taylor, W. Charter, Dr. L. H. Price, Dr. A. R. Myers, T. F. Carran, J. C. McCully, F. C. Jones, A. E. W. Kinser and H. P. Hamilton.

These assemblies have been a very pleasant feature of the winter and the committee in charge should be congratulated upon their success. It is to be hoped that they will be continued next year.

Miss McLellan of North Sydney, C. B., is spending a few weeks in town as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Davidson of Bonnacord street.

Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Alma street.

Mr. W. B. Deacon of Shediac is visiting friends in town.

Mr. Plunkett of Otis was has been spending a week in town, visiting his brother, Mr. S. G. Plunkett, of the Bank of Montreal.

Mr. G. R. Sangster left town on Thursday for Florida, where he is extensively interested in orange culture.

Miss Johnson of Shediac is spending a few days in town, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray of Alma street.

Miss Colquhoun of Bic, P. Q., is visiting her brother, Mr. R. Colquhoun, of the I. C. R.

Mrs. T. C. Mahon of Havelock Springs is spending a few weeks in town, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. T. Sumner of St. George St.

Mr. T. W. B. Moore of the Amherst branch of the Bank of Montreal spent Monday in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Cooke, of Steadman St.

Mrs. J. S. Triton of Sackville is spending a few days in town, the guest of her father, Mr. Oliver Jones.

The many friends of Mrs. David Dickson formerly of this city but now of St. John, were glad to see her in town again last week. Mrs. Dickson was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Blair Botsford during her stay, and on her return was accompanied by Mrs. Botsford who will spend the remainder of the winter in St. John. Mrs. Botsford will be greatly missed by her numerous friends, for I understand that her change of residence has been decided upon largely on account of her health, which has not been satisfactory of late, and it is hoped that the change will prove beneficial.

The many friends of Mrs. F. J. White heard with very deep regret on Monday, of the dangerous illness of her brother, Dr. Clarence Webster of Montreal. Dr. White left on Monday evening for Montreal, and I am glad to say later accounts of the brilliant young physician's condition are much more encouraging.

If any of our readers are troubled with loss of hair, the best preparation to replenish it that we know of is Hall's Hair Renewer. Merit tells.



One of the most successful functions ever held in the assembly rooms was the dance of the St. John Bicycle and Athletic club on Tuesday night. About three hundred attended and the occasion was much enjoyed. The arrangements were in charge of a efficient committee of club members assisted by a ladies committee consisting Mrs. Chas. F. Harrison, Mrs. Holter, Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. T. A. Temple, Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mrs. Robert Wisely, Mrs. John H. Thomson and Mrs. F. A. Jones. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flags, bunting and evergreens and on the walls of the ball room were devices in tinsel, foil, hockey sticks and other athletic goods, the maro a winged wheel, being conspicuous. The sitting-out room was also handsomely arranged for the occasion and a delightful repast was served in the supper room, the club being their own caterers. Harrison's orchestra played a promenade of fifteen dances with three supper extras including waltzes, polkas, lancers, millaire and dour temps. The ladies were beaut fully gowned and a number of St. John's fair daughters made their debut on this most auspicious occasion. The Bicycle club are known as excellent hosts and as delightful entertainers during all the years that they have been before the public and this function adds another to their list of brilliant successes. The list of acceptances was as follows:

- Misses Armstrong, Miss Beer, Miss Bunn, Mrs. Chas. Climo, Misses Currie, Mrs. Ellis, Misses Fairweather, Miss Edith Fleming, Misses Brock, Misses Beard, Miss Charlton, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Flood, Miss Fowler, Misses Gilbert, Miss Gray, Miss Hayford, Misses Hamilton, Miss J. Hilyard, Miss L. Hamm, Mrs. G. W. Jones, Mrs. J. Jack, Miss Blanche Jones, Miss D. Kilpatrick, Misses Lindsay, Miss Lewis, Miss Leavitt, Mrs. A. W. Little, Mrs. H. Magee, Misses McMillan, Miss McMillan, Miss McAvity, Mrs. McCarmack, Mrs. MacAuley, Misses McCaffery, Miss Ott, Miss Oulton, Miss Jean Phillips, Misses Perkins, Misses Payne, Miss Fay Powers, Misses Roach, Miss M. Rivers, Miss Rowe, Miss F. Robertson, Miss Ira Roach, Misses Seed, Mrs. Scovil, Misses Smith, Misses Sooley, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Shewen, Mrs. Temple, Miss Taomson, Mrs. Tapley, Miss Vroom, Miss Vanwart, Mrs. Willis, Miss Wisley, Miss Wedderburn, Mrs. C. Weeks, George F. Baird, F. A. Clarke, Harold Climo, L. Campbell, H. Crockett, Count deBury, M. A. Doherty, F. S. Estey, Judge Forbes, W. E. Foster, F. L. Fowler, Harry Godsoe, Harry Graham, A. B. Hannay, H. H. Hansard, W. A. Henderson, Seamon Hatfield, C. T. Hanington, Dr. Geo. E. Hetherington, W. Jones, R. L. Johnston, James Jack, F. P. Johnston, J. T. Knight, R. B. Leavitt, A. H. Lindsay, Dr. Merrill, Dr. J. D. Mahur, Harold Robertson, S. S. Rice, H. B. Sturdee, Edward Sears, E. W. B. Scovil, A. C. Smalley, Boyer Smith, W. H. Shaw, Robt. Seely, Stanley A. Smith, Roy Thomson, F. G. Trites, H. P. Triderman, Le Roi White, K. J. MacRae, Alex. McMillan,

- J. E. McPeck, F. McCluskey, John McMillan, Alex. Macaulay, Mr. McDuffie, J. McCaffery, Percy O'Donnell, J. D. Patterson, T. F. Pagsley, E. S. Purdy, E. S. Ritchie, W. F. Robinson, John L. Robinson, G. L. Warwick, W. G. MacFarlane, H. H. McCluskey, S. S. McAvity, D. McCormack, Archie McKay, J. Oulton, H. C. Pace, A. E. Prince, Alfred Porter, Fred Phassant, Duncan Robertson, F. C. Robinson, John B. Warner, R. A. Watson, J. D. Watson.

Last Friday evening's masquerade ball in the Assembly rooms of Mechanic's Institute was a most successful function in every particular and a decided novelty in the line of social events in St. John. It had been many seasons since a like entertainment was held here and as a consequence no little amount of interest was centered in the event by the large number of young ladies and gentlemen favored with invitations. An energetic committee composed of Messrs. George Dickson, Allie Jordan Will Kenney and Herb Barton conducted the affair in a most agreeable manner and in such a way that nothing remained undone to which tended toward the success of the fest. They worked hard and long to have every detail of the ball carried out as such an event should be and the ultimate result showed that their efforts were not unwarded. The large suite of rooms in old and historic Mechanic's Institute never looked prettier and with the large and gay throng of masked dancers, all arrayed in most becoming costumes in which all the prettiest shades and daintiest tints were represented, the scene was one seldom witnessed in that building. The array of dresses, suits and gowns were far above the ice-carnival status of masquerading costumes some of the gorgeous velvet and lace-covered costumes being real art creations and must certainly have cost no small sum. The ladies particularly were handsomely gowned and many dresses of an original character were worn. Among the gentlemen the costumes worn were, generally speaking, rich and most becoming.

Many young ladies who were attending their first ball appeared handsomely gowned in white, while floral costume effects were prominent in all parts of the rooms. The chaperons, Mrs. F. E. Williams, Mrs. R. Strain and Mrs. S. H. Hawker looked after the social arrangements in a most pleasing manner.

They were very prettily attired, Mrs. Strain wearing black silk grenadine, heliotrope chiffon with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Hawker, black brocade silk with green embroidered chiffon trimming, passanterie ornaments, natural flowers; and Mrs. Williams, black dress with scarlet and black chiffon trimming, ornaments and ostrich feathers.

It would be hard to determine who was the belle of the evening, so many of the fair ones looked so pretty. However among those particularly noticeable by this becoming attire were Misses Sadie Edmunds as Violet, Miss Sadie Lawson as Snowflake, Mrs. Walter Higgins as Emerald Isle, Miss Hammond as Lady of the Olden Time, Miss Mabel Charlton as Marquita and Miss Kilpatrick as Roman Princess.

- Those present in costume were as follows. Miss S. Kennedy, Lady Angela. Miss Pearl McCluskey, Flower Girl. Miss A. Nelson, Pompadour. Miss F. Potts, Summer. Miss Barnes, General Stanley's Daughter. Miss Bertie Fitzpatrick, Sweet Sixteen. Miss S. Lawson, Snowflake. Miss Bramcomb, Swiss Girl. Miss S. Fraser, Dream of Summer. Mrs. Fraser, Story Night. Miss Helma Alward, Bohemian Lady. Miss L. Whitenet, Fancy Dress. Mrs. W. Higgins, Emerald Isle. Miss S. Hunter, Forge-me-not. Miss F. Hunter, Lady Scarlet. Miss Mowry, Carnations. Miss M. Mowry, Starlight. Miss L. Daniels, Apple-blossom. Miss M. McMana, Rosebud. Miss F. King, Good-luck. Miss B. Ross, Highland Lassie. Miss L. Higgins, Red Bird. Miss Foley, Fancy Dress. Mrs. Stevens, Spanish Lady. Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Lady Isabelle. Miss J. Charlton, Fancy Dress. Miss Edmunds, Violet. Miss M. Charlton, Maraquita. Miss Chesley, Violet. Miss Patchell, Autumn. Miss Grant, America. Miss M. Hawker, Summer. Miss L. Hawker, Bohemian Tamborine Girl. Miss G. White, Chrysanthemum. Miss L. White, Fancy Dress. Miss A. Henderson, Buttercup. Mrs. H. Robb, Fairy Queen. Miss Hamilton, Marguerite. Mrs. Robinson, Fancy Dress. Miss Hammond, Lady of the Olden Time. Miss McCrackin, Tamborine Girl. Miss H. I. Evening Rose. Miss A. Hall, Pink Bloss. Miss N. Dean, June. Mrs. W. Campbell, Tyrolean Twins. Miss Kirkpatrick, Sweet Sixteen. Miss A. Munro, Bo-Peep. Miss McLeod, Fancy Dress. Miss E. Kilpatrick, Roman Princess. Miss L. Munro, Mother Goose. Miss Nagle, For-get-me-not. Miss P. Clark, Dolly Varden. Miss M. LeLouch, Fairy. Miss C. Fenly, Violet. Miss A. Dixon, Fancy Dress. Miss B. Charlton, The Woman in Black. Miss E. Clark, May Queen. Miss Barn's Spring. G. A. Dickson, A. E. Jordan, W. Kennedy, The Three Musketeers. W. H. Barton, The Argentine. L. F. Raynor, Faust. H. Wetmore, Uncle Abe. W. J. Fraser, Fancy Dress. I. Hunter, Fitz-James. F. Roden, Count of Monte Cristo. W. McCrackin, Cop. J. Sinclair, Fancy Dress. G. Haines, Yachtman. H. Godce, Summer Daisie. R. Cowan, " " " " J. McDonald, Lilled. G. Noble, Very Light. A. Campbell, Too Heavy for One. H. Robb, Fancy Dress. J. E. Fraser, Yachtman. G. Price, 20th Century Twins. W. E. Golding, Pierrot. R. Strals, Black Knight. W. Simmes, Clown. P. Daye, Toga (Roman). J. C. Mitchell, Toga (Roman). A. Lindsay, Artilleryman.

- W. Wetmore, Little Willie. A. LeLouch, Summer Daisie. G. Wetmore, Dress Suit. C. Nelson, Dutch Cavalier. E. Ellis, Fancy Fall Dress. F. Daniels, Man o' Wars Man. F. McDonald, Minstrel. A. King, Star George. D. Murray, Clown. G. Runcinas, Off the Yacht. W. Peters, " " " " A. Best, Yachtman. E. Hammond, Turkish Ambassador. W. Simonds, Domino. M. Wilson, Domino. W. Higgins, Balder. B. Watson, Highlander. W. Dean, Bandit. J. Erb, T. Hay, Swell Coons. Ch. Rie Smith, George Washington. J. H. Vaughan, Man o' War Sailor. R. Patchell, Fancy Dress. H. A. McLeod, Robin Hood. F. Clark, " " " " G. Barton, Fancy Dress. J. N. Scovil, Prisoner of Zenda. F. Brodie, Countess of Henry VIII. W. Haines, George Washington. F. Kirkpatrick, Balder. G. Tapley, Turk. W. Magee, Earl. F. Brennan, Nobleman. F. Alton, Charles II. C. Vanwart, La Fontaine. J. McPeck, French Count. R. Seely, Lord Bacon. F. Smith, National Guard. R. Fowler, Pirate. R. E. Fines, Spaniard. W. Wetmore, Harlequin. L. Brennan, " " " " F. Chambers, " " " " R. Treccart, Toreador. H. Armstrong, Fancy Dress. J. E. Hawker, Fancy Dress. J. Thomson, Mephistopheles. J. Mathias, Fancy Dress. Miss Amy Elliott, daughter of the late Thomas Elliott paymaster of Royal N. V. London, England, is paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. Eggar Buck of Sydney street. Miss Hamm is in Fredericton visiting Mr. Wesley Vanwart.

Mrs. Fred Harding is spending a little while with Mr. W. E. Smith at the latter home in the capital. Miss M. Skinner is also in the celestial, a guest of Mrs. Miles Merritt.

Mrs. Francis and little daughter of this city are paying a visit to Mrs. W. E. Foster of Marysville. On Tuesday afternoon the Stone church was the scene of a very pretty wedding in which the principals were Mr. William Robinson of the Amherst branch of the Bank of N. S., but formerly of this city, and Miss Gertrude Folders, daughter of Mr. John Folders of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John deSoyres in the presence of a large number of friends and the usual music was rendered by a selected choir under the direction of Mr. Ford. The bride was handsomely gowned in white satin, veil and orange blossoms and carried a beautiful bouquet. Her bridesmaids, Miss Mary Robinson and Miss Louise Ody were lovely white silk dresses and looked very charming. Mr. Bruce S. Ovi and Mr. T. B. Blair supported the groom and the ushers were Mr. Jack Robinson, Mr. Cowie and Mr. Walter P. Fenety.

After a recherche wedding luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Robinson left for Boston and New York where they will spend their honeymoon. At the depot the bride threw her shower bouquet from the train platform and there was the usual scramble for even the smallest bud. An unusually large number of elegant wedding gifts were received by Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Another event of a similar nature took place in St. Paul's (Valley) church, a few hours later. This time the contracting parties were Mr. John Berton of the custom's department of this city and Miss Maud Rowe daughter of Mr. Richard Rowe, with Rev. A. G. H. Dick and Canon deVeber officiating. The bride wore a gown of white dress of blue cloth and a becoming grey hat trimmed with blue velvet, chiffon and white tips, she carried a handsome shower bouquet of carnations, lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern. Her attendant Miss Gertrude Rowe wore a brown cloth dress heavily trimmed with fur and a red plush hat trimmed with many tips. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Frank Berton. Among the numerous gifts received was a well filled purse from Mr. Berton's associates in the Custom house. The brides Sunday school class and the Junior society of St. Paul's church also sent valuable remembrances. Mr. and Mrs. Berton are enjoying a short trip.

Mr. George Hoyt and Miss Jennie Mabel Sealey daughter of Mr. Jacob J. Sealey of Mt. Pleasant were united in marriage this week by Rev. A. G. H. Dicker in the presence of many friends and relatives. The bride wore a very becoming traveling gown heavily bridged, and hat to match. After a short wedding trip to Halifax Mr. and Mrs. Hoyt will return to St. John and make their home with the groom's parents for the present. Miss Gertrude McCann gave a very pleasant party to her young girl friends at her home Main street, last Thursday evening; games and other amusements were in order and an excellent supper was served at midnight, shortly after which the guests said good-bye to their young hostess. Among the guests were, Misses Bertie Collins, Nellie Dalton, Nellie Collins, Bertie McCormick, May Kelly, Maud Buckley, May Gallagher, Edith Kiernan, Fossie Bradley, Stella McMahon, Alice Campbell, Maggie Hogan, Nellie Kiernan, Minnie McCann, Teresa Duddy.

A very pleasant little birthday party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John McGoldrick Monday evening in honor of their little daughter Miss Florence Marion McGoldrick. About forty were in attendance. A large party of merry-makers drove out to Sutton on Wednesday evening in the "Starlight" to the home of Miss Fannie Sutton where they were pleasantly entertained with dancing, waltz and crokinole, and a delicious supper served. It was 3.30 a. m. before the homeward drive was under way. The weather was delightfully warm and mild, and everything combined to make the occasion a most pleasant one. For years one of the fixed annual events was Harrison's orchestra concert and very successful and enjoyable they always were. This year the concert will not be a concert at all, but a carnival, and no doubt will be just as pleasant as their past ventures have been. Indeed the orchestra are making a great effort to have it surpass all previous entertainments given by them. The carnival will take place on Monday evening Feb. 28, in Victoria rink where many improvements have been made by the management for the accommodation of the audience. In addition to the orchestra which will play all the latest music, the Artillery band will play a programme of their best selections. The rink will be decorated and nothing will be left undone to make the carnival attractive for visitors. Harrison's orchestra is a popular organization and deserves a liberal patronage.

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for January was "INTELLIGENT" and the winners were: Miss Berice Kinsey, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co. N. S., First Prize, \$14.00 Cash; John R. Pacey, East Hartown, Colchester Co., N. S., Second Prize, 7 00 " Miss Annie Fashay, Yarmouth, N. S., Third Prize, 2.00 "

ALL INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPERS Should Use WELCOME SOAP.

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Now being prepared, and which will be announced very shortly. This will be the greatest premium for users of Welcome Soap ever offered to the public.

WELCOME SOAP CO. St. John, N. B.

Klondyke or Home? No matter which course you adopt, those small but rich, nutritious, portable, quickly prepared Soup Squares made by E. Lazenby & Son of London, will serve a wide and economical purpose.

Each one makes a pint and a half of fine soup. There are the soluble parts of 1 1/2 lbs. of best beef in every square. 14 varieties—progressive grocers sell them.

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The Patent Felt Mattress is the most restful and sanitary mattress made. Better than the best hair. For full description see previous ads. in this paper or write us for catalogue and price list. The Felt Mattress has been adopted in the United States by the best homes, and the leading hotels and institutions. It is now manufactured for the first time in Canada, and we stake our reputation upon the mattress being exactly as represented. Your dealer will get you one if you show him this adv. If he refuse, write us his name, also giving the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge. Go to the best dealer in your town.

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Size up to 700 H P Centre or Side Crank

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HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFRETTE, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
EDMOND SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LAMB & CO., George street
POWERS & DAVIS, Opp. L. C. A. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Dartmouth N. S.
G. J. KILBY, Golden street
H. S. WILSON, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

There were numerous events last week in the way of musical receptions, dinners, teas, dances, and card parties. The chief feature however was the skating party at the South End rink, given by the officers of the R. E. and R. A. Among those invited were the Gen. and staff, Hon. Mr. Montgomery-Moore, Captain and the Hon. Miss Colbourne, Major Aspley Smythe and Mrs. Smythe, Colonel and Mrs. Collard, Miss Wickwire, Miss Oliver, Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James Morrow, Captain and Mrs. Clark on, Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Daly, Colonel Clarke, Miss Willis, Miss Maple, Miss Albrow, Miss Seston, Miss Graham, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kenny, J. F. Kenny, Colonel and Mrs. Anstruther Duncan, Miss West, Mr. and Misses Troop, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Doull, Mr. Justice Henry, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Townshend, Miss Townshend, Mr. and Mrs. A. DeB. Tremaine, Mr. and Mrs. M. Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. Carlsson Jones, H. Jones and others. The decorations and electrical displays were the same as those used at the carnival. Music was furnished by the band of the Princess Louise Fusiliers. The function was one of the most enjoyable of its kind held in the rink for years.

Among the guests invited to Archbishop O'Brien's dinner, mentioned last week were Chief Justice McDonald, Colonel Biscoe, Colonel Glancey, Colonel Wilkinson, Mr. Justice Meagher, Attorney General Longley, Mr. T. E. Kenny, Surgeon Colonel McWaters, Surgeon Major Clement, Major St. Ledger, Lieutenant Resimont, Lieutenant O'Shea, Lieutenant Wakefield, Dr. Edward Farrell, Dr. Martin Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Moore returned last week from a trip to Ottawa and the morning after their return a dinner was given at Bellevue. There was a large at home given last Saturday afternoon and evening at the residence of Hon. S. H. Holmes.

The flower show to be given during Easter week by a number of society ladies of the south end, will have some novel features in connection with the entertainment to be given. It is stated that after Lent a children's costume fete is to be given at the residence of a well known gentleman at the Arm. It will be under the management of two society ladies. The following received invitations for the dinner at Government House on Thursday last week: Judge Henry, Judge Ritchie, Lieut-Col. Glancey, Lieut. Col. Humphrey, Major Hodgson, R. A. Hon. C. E. Church, Hon. A. M. Comeau, Hon. G. Whitman, Hon. D. McCurdy, Hon. C. P. Welton, C. P. Chisholm, M. P. P. M. Doucet, M. P. P. Alex. Fraser, M. P. P. H. LeBlanc, M. P. P. J. Sinclair, M. P. P. G. W. Kye, Rev. Dean Gilpin, Rev. G. H. Bullock, Rev. E. J. McCarthy, Rev. G. Murphy, Hon. S. H. Holmes, Sheriff Archibald, Dr. C. Fairbanks, Maynard Bowman, F. W. Doane, Blake Crofton, C. G. Dodwell, George J. Troop, A. H. McKay, John McInnis, president N. B. Society, H. L. Chipman.

There was a dinner at Government House last week, in honor of Major and Mrs. Aspley Smythe. Five small dinners on the social schedule for this week, one of which will be given by the wife of a well-known military officer. The reception given by Hon. David McPherson and Mrs. McPherson last week, surpassed any social event held in the north end for years. The reception was attractively decorated with plants and flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Huntley Moore, recently married in England, will leave March 3rd for Halifax. The bride was Miss Ingraham, who will be remembered in Halifax by many society people. She spent nearly all the summer of 1896 in this city.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.

Feb. 23.—The large at home given by Mrs. Phillips, at the "Prince of Wales" last Thursday evening was the function of a week into which was crowded much gaiety, because of the near approach of the Lenten season. Mrs. Phillips had made every arrangement for the comfort and entertainment of her guests. The drawing rooms up stairs were utilized for cards, music was discoursed during the arrival and disposal of guests, and while supper, which was a very elaborate affair served in the dining-room, was being partaken of. There were seventeen tables of what, and the ladies prize a beautiful white assala, was won by Mrs. J. J. Taylor. Mr. H. C. Yull captured the gentlemen's cards in handsome case with accompanying whist counters. Mrs. Phillips received in a handsome gown of black satin, with of course satin and lace. Those present were:— Mrs. F. A. Lawrence, in black silk, black lace bodice over yellow, chiffon. Mrs. Henry Lawrence also wore an effective toilette of black silk with black and white chiffon. Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, maize-colored silk, white lace over dress. Mrs. Fred Yorston, pale blue silk, chiffon. Mrs. Howard Wetmore, turquoise blue silk. Mrs. Albert Black, a lovely and becoming gown of white silk with orange bouquet of crimson roses. Miss Bligh, white brocaded satin, and chiffon. Miss Anna Sutherland, wore a handsome gown

FREE EXAMINATIONS

And Cut Prices continued for a short time longer.

- Solid Gold Frames, \$2 85
Best Gold Filled Frames, 1 50
Gold Filled Frames, 1 00
Nickel Frames, 25
Alloy Frames, 45
Best Lenses, per pair, 1 00

We are permanently located here but our cut prices and free examinations will only last a short time longer.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO.,

25 King Street, St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

of white silk bodice of green velvet and real lace. Miss Stevens, (Yarmouth), black silk bodice of heliotrope and black striped silk. Miss Robbins, white silk.

Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Dimock Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Dicks, Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gentry, Mr. and Mrs. J. Moorman, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Hemson, Mrs. Harry Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Blenkinsop, Miss Shand, Miss Rankine, (Woodstock), Misses Bigelow, Miss Frances Yull, Miss Hensley, Miss Ross, Misses Snook, Messrs. F. Yorston, A. S. Black, B. Black, J. D. Ross, F. W. Gaultier, G. E. Coleman, G. C. Williams, J. Dickenson, F. C. Cotton, V. Jamieson, A. V. Smith, G. A. Hall, Dr. Hall, H. F. Wetmore, W. McKenzie, H. C. Yull, F. C. J. Swanson, W. P. McKay, E. Vernon, B. Vernon, F. P. Webster, H. V. Bigelow.

On Friday evening the musical society had a most pleasant meeting at Miss Yorston's, the entertainment being unusually good. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Patterson, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wetmore, Misses McNaughton, Mrs. Henry Blair, Miss Conroy, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. James Miller, Miss Turner, Mrs. (Prof.) Smith, Miss Falconer, Picon, Rev. Mr. Falconer, W. P. McKay. The entertainers for the evening were: Mr. Stuart and Miss Moore, piano duet; Mrs. Wetmore, vocal solo, Messrs. Williams and Stuart piano and violin.

Mrs. Henry McRobert gave a five o'clock on Friday afternoon last, the following were present: Mrs. Chas. Best, Mrs. A. C. Page, Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard, Miss Bent, Mrs. Howard Wetmore, Mrs. Wm. Cummings, Mrs. Moorman, Miss Rankin, Miss M. Crowe, Miss Yull, Mrs. J. E. Bigelow. Mrs. A. C. Patterson entertained with a tea on Saturday afternoon the following ladies: Mrs. Oliver Cummings, Miss Dimock, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mrs. Geo. Layton, Mrs. A. Blanchard, Mrs. Howard Wetmore, Mrs. Wm. Cummings, Miss Yorston. Mrs. Patterson was assisted by her sister Miss Thompson in dispensing her hospitalities.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Moorman, gave a very pleasant evening, literary and musical, in honor of their guest, Miss Rankin. Among those who enjoyed the evening and a delightful supper were: Mrs. H. W. Wetmore, Miss Brown, Miss Nora Blanchard, Misses Butchart, Mr. A. V. Smith.

Miss Anna Sutherland is in Halifax, visiting Mrs. Fred Oxley. Thirteen tables of what were entertained by Mrs. Henry McRobert, on Monday evening. Mrs. D. Cummings was the winner of the ladies trophy, and Dr. Bent the gentlemen's. The following were present: Mrs. F. A. Lawrence, Dr. and Mrs. Bent, Prof. and Mrs. McDonald, Dr. and Mrs. Yorston, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Black, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blair, Captain Yull, Miss Yule, Mrs. Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Beadle, Miss Bent.



Disease weaves its web around people a little at a time. They are not dangerously ill all at once. The beginnings of illness are mere trifles. First a little indigestion, perhaps headache or an occasional bilious turn. It is hard to realize how you are being tangled up in the strands of sickness until you are fairly caught.

Nearly all serious illnesses begin with some stomach or liver trouble, or with a costive condition of the bowels. These functions have got to be put in good condition before there can be any recovery from any disease no matter what its name or nature, and it is because Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs that it has such a marvelous effect upon all diseases of malnutrition. It gives the digestive system power to assimilate nourishment and make good blood; it drives out bilious poisons; it creates the red, vitalizing, life-giving elements in the circulation; and builds up the weak and wasted places in every corner of the constitution.

Taken in conjunction with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, it relieves obstinate constipation and keeps the bowels in a perfectly natural condition. Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was awfully sore my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said my disease was 'leaving' me, consumption, I had a cough, and the home physician gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

Miss May Crowe, Miss Nelson, Miss Hamley, Miss Wetmore, Messrs. D. H. Hall, G. A. Hall, E. and B. Vernon, J. D. Ross, G. Williams, F. C. J. Swanson, N. MacKenzie, Dr. Hall, F. N. Catten.

Owing to counter attractions the carnival, which came off last night was not such a success in regard to costumes or the attendance of spectators as usual. Mrs. Phillips costume was very quaint and becoming, her graceful skating display brought to advantage. Mr. Mortimer Schurman in an up-to-date bloomer costume of gaudy red, was a conspicuous figure. Mr. A. V. Smith, captain to H. M. S. Hercules looked his chaplainship perfection. Mr. James Lawrence was a very "striking" impersonation of the ucnivisi d Zau. The rink management deserves great credit, for their very elaborate decorations.

The last of the series of quadrille assemblies came off last night in the Mercantile bank building. It was an early affair breaking up promptly at midnight being the eye of Lent.

Much of the success of the evening was due to the very capable chaperoning of Mrs. Cyrus Archibald, Mrs. A. J. Patterson and Mrs. A. E. Reading.

Mrs. Archibald, wore a very becoming toilette of black silk. Mrs. Patterson, wore a mell profusely trimmed with white lace. Miss Randall, a charming toilette of white brocade, bodice trimmed with chiffon and pearl em broidery.

Mrs. Edward Wetmore wore a striking and very becoming toilette of turquoise blue silk, bodice arranged with spangled tulle and pearl passementerie.

Mrs. Harry Snook, wore a handsome gown of silk shot in brown and gold, lace and pearl ornaments embellishing the bodice. Miss Snook, yellow brocaded silk, white silk lace trimming. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mrs. E. B. McLaughlin, Miss Nora Blanchard, Mrs. Emma Snook, Miss Bligh, Miss Frances Somerville, Miss Hamley, Miss Hockin, Misses Bigelow, Miss Robbins, Miss Stearns, Miss Thompson, Miss McLeod, Miss Yorston, Messrs. Ross, McKay, Williams, Dickenson, Cotton Smith, Jamieson, H. Snook, H. McLaughlin, H. McDonald, H. E. Wetmore, C. W. Archibald, W. Lawrence, W. Yorston, B. Hanson.

Branch 207 of the C. M. B. A. held a very successful "at home" on Friday evening Feb. 18th, the event being one of the most enjoyable that has taken place for a long time. The spacious lodge room of the society was gay with bright decorations and these together with the brilliant lights and pretty dresses of the ladies, who lent valuable services to their gentleman friends, made the scene an especially attractive one. In addition to the interesting programme various games were furnished for those who wished to take part, and at the close of the evening a tempting lunch was served by the ladies in charge, after which singing "God Save the Queen" brought the affair to a close. Those who assisted in the excellent entertainment were Mr. J. T. Hallisey, chairman, who made a splendid opening address in his happiest vein and who was followed in a like manner by Rev. Father Kissel, spiritual adviser of the branch, whose able address on the subject of "The Principles of the Society" lasted an hour and was greatly appreciated by all. The rest of the programme was as follows: Piano selection.....Miss Frances Hamley, Messrs. J. T. Hallisey, Lambert Brothers and Messrs. Norris, McNutt and Lambert. Recitation.....Mrs. John McDonald. Reading.....Miss Gella Leonard. Piano selection.....Miss Frances Hamley, Messrs. Norris and McNutt. Vocal solo.....Mrs. McDonald. Recitation.....Mrs. McDonald. Vocal solo.....Messrs. Norris, McNutt and Lambert. Vocal solo.....Mrs. John McDonald.

DORCHESTER.

Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.

Feb. 23.—The event of the week was the large progressive whist party given by Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman on Monday evening. There were about fourteen tables, Mrs. R. P. Foster captured the lady's prize, while the gentlemen's was carried off by Mr. J. D. Brown. The invited guests were Judge and Mrs. Hamilton, Judge and Mrs. Landry, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Richard, Captain and Mrs. George Swayne, Mr. and Mrs. David Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Chapman, Mrs. Charles Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Masters, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McGrath, Mrs. Joseph Hickman Mr. and Mrs. William Hickman, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hickman, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Chapman, Rev. J. E. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Teed, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Teed, Mrs. McGrath, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fairweather, Mrs. A. E. Oulton, Mrs. James Friel, Mrs. Outhouse, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. D. Steven, Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Brown, the Misses Backhouse, Miss Gilbert, Miss McCarthy, Miss Tait, Miss Bartlett, Miss Grierson, Miss Robinson, Miss Whittaker, Miss Florence Palmer, Miss Constance Chandler, Miss B. V. Hamilton, Messrs. C. L. Hamilton, Roy McGrath, and J. D. Brown. After a very delicious supper two hours' dancing was indulged in. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have made a great reputation for giving very nice parties which was very well sustained on Monday evening. Mrs. W. A. D. Steven gave a very successful progressive whist party on Wednesday last. Quite a party from Dorchester went to Moncton on Friday to attend the opera "The Chimes of Normandy," given by the Jaxon Opera Company. Everybody was delighted with the performance. The play British Boin, given by the Price Weber Company in Hickman's Hall on Saturday evening was greatly appreciated, they had a crowded house. Among the representatives of Dorchester at the dance given by the Moncton Assembly Club last evening, were Miss Robinson, Miss Constance Chandler, Miss B. V. Hamilton, Messrs. C. L. Hamilton, Roy McGrath, and J. D. Brown. It was a most delightful dance, if it were possible it was carried on with even more spirit than the former dances given this winter by the same club. The very sad death occurred last Wednesday of Annetta, the little daughter of Captain and Mrs. Wm. Palmer. The child caught measles and had a severe relapse, which ended fatally. The circumstances of her death were particularly sad and Capt. and Mrs. Palmer have the sympathy of many friends in Dorchester in their bereavement. The Rev. J. R. Campbell went to St. John on Monday en route to Montreal, where he expects to remain for some weeks. Miss Blanche V. Hamilton spent Sunday at her home returning to Moncton on Tuesday. She expects to remain in Moncton for some time. Miss Constance Chandler went to Moncton on Saturday returning to-day.

GREENWICH.

Feb. 22.—On Wednesday evening Mrs. Wm. Richards entertained a large number of friends at tea. What was played till a late hour, when th



Vapo-Resolene. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. "I have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family in my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by the VAPOR-RESOLENE CO. 60 Wall St., N. Y., City.

Flowers Spring 1898

Everything new. Violets 5c. per bunch and Velvet Violets 5c per doz. up to \$1.50 per bunch of 144. Roses in all colors and at all prices.

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DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

If you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion, which is FOOD rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square.

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

New Cloths FOR EARLY SPRING. Large stock just opened suitable for FINE TAILORING TRADE. Invite your special inspection of these goods. Prices right.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

Any guarantee you want—even this we will do:

We will pay for any case of colic, horse ail, curbs, splints, knotted cords, or similar trouble, that

Tuttle's Elixir

will not cure. It is the veterinary wonder of the age, and every stable should have a bottle always on hand. Locates lameness when applied by remaining moist on the part affected.

DR. W. A. TUTTLE. DEAR SIR:—I have used your Elixir on one of the worst spavins I ever saw on a horse, and it entirely cured the lameness. I also used it for rheumatism in my family, with just as good a result, and will cheerfully recommend it to any one in want of a liniment.

Tuttle's Family Elixir cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Falls, etc. Samples of either Elixir free for three 2-cent stamps for postage. Fifty cents buys either Elixir of any drugist, or it will be sent direct on receipt of price. Particulars free.

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Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 250

- A. K. Linsenick, Colored sport.
- A. Tibbits, Baseball.
- E. Jewett, Elemen.
- Percy Smith Windsor Boy.
- R. Woods, Lord Salisbury.
- Charles Kelly, Hunter.
- R. Allen, Hoodlum.
- G. Fruman, Baseball.
- Henry McPherson, Soldier.
- L. Sherman, B. C.
- S. Sherman, Bee.
- F. Burpee, Baseball.
- A. Quartermain, Baseball.
- Don Campbell, Burglar.
- Geo. Clwell, Star King.
- Althea C. Cook, Cow Boy.
- F. E. Hatt, H. R. Rabbit.
- J. Tibbits, Fowler's Kid.
- Charles Williams, G. Goodie, Sedan Chair.

SACKVILLE.

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

Feb. 23.—Last Wednesday evening a very pleasant party was given by Mrs. McLeod at the Farm Thursday afternoon there was another of Mrs. Hutton's delightful five o'clock teas. Those present were Mrs. Borden, Mrs. J. F. Allison, Mrs. Bennett, Mr. McDougal, Mr. Charles Pickard, Mr. Ryan, Miss Black, Miss McLeod, Miss Thomas, Miss Cook, Miss Ethel Ogden, Miss Keith, Miss Stewart, Miss Roberts, Miss Emma Treman and the Misses Cogswell. Those unable to accept were Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. H. A. Powell, Miss Wood, Miss Pickard, Miss Lathern, Miss Webster. The hostess was assisted by Mr. Hutton's niece, Miss Planchette and two young ladies from the college to say nothing of the help afforded by little Miss Edith Hutton and her little Mammie. It was rather a cold and disagreeable day which made the contrast all the stronger as one stepped into the warm rooms where the red shaded lamp lent a soft glow to the tastefully arranged flowers and the pretty winter costumes of the ladies.

Friday evening the great social event of the season, the Seniors at home, took place. The class of '98 is a large one and has enrolled the names of Miss Annie Sprague, Miss Margaret Graham, Miss Louise Pabley, and Messrs. H. A. Allison, G. G. Ayard, A. M. Bigney, D. F. Glown, H. Giege, W. F. Hale, M. Hale, F. A. Bart, Chas. H. Johnson, G. B. Johnson, H. H. McNeill, H. H. Parler, B. J. Porter, W. Pugsley, H. B. Steever.

Something like one thousand invitations were issued and included people in St. John, Halifax, Truro, Moncton, Amherst and many smaller places along the line. All the students were of course present from the three institutions and Upper, Middle and Lower Sackville were well represented, about seven hundred guests in all. There were not perhaps quite so many strangers or old students as usual but the building was well filled. For days past dressmakers had been busy preparing pretty toilettes and wherever you saw two or three ladies with their heads together, it was safe to conclude the topic was "what am I going to wear." The hostess had been equally occupied with most excellent results. The decorations which were arranged entirely by the class were most effective. The main staircase was festooned with red and white bunting, the class colors, and arched with evergreen. At the head of the stairs in a bank of green were the figures '97 in red and white electric light globes, which cast a brilliant light over all. The halls were draped with flags and at least six parlors were in festive array for the numerous guests. The cards announced the affair would begin at 8:30 and very promptly at that hour most of the guests arrived. Ample dressing rooms were provided the only drawback being, that in one or two cases the mirrors were hung at a height convenient for a girl and the ladies who were not tall had to stand on a chair to give that last fascinating touch to their bangs. Out of the nineteen Miss Annie Sprague and Mr. Harry Allison were selected as host and hostess and very well they filled a somewhat trying position. They received in the parlor to the right; Mr. Fred Hart standing near by to hand each one a programme, after the handshaking was over. The programmes were attractive little book-lets, tied with the class colors and containing pictures of "Dr. Allison, the Centennial hall and the residence and also the music to be given in the Excelsior hall which was soon crowded with guests anxious to hear the opening number, a composition of Prof. Chisholm's for the school orchestra. Hardly had the beautiful dreamy strains ceased when the Moncton orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Watts began to play. The orchestra was situated under the stairs where it could be heard to great advantage all over the building and furnished at intervals most bewitching music. Their rendering of one piece an intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" is deserving of special mention. The platform in the Excelsior hall was prettily decorated with green and pictures which made a good background for the fair performers. Miss Jewee kindly gave "A Summer Night" by Ger-

log Thomas, a great favorite with the music. Her voice, while not powerful in the old and high cultivated, some of her lower notes being particularly well taken. Miss Jean Bruce favored the audience with one of her always popular violin solos and Miss Butcher recited a warm recall for her humorous recitation. The young ladies glee club were down for "In Old Madrid" but I did not have the pleasure of hearing it. All who could rock in while these pieces were read and though I believe in the liberty of the press I found the crowd too much, and came to the conclusion that the class motto, "Paraspra, ad astrum," which was seen in green letters at the lancing, must refer to the difficulty in giving a seat to hear the star performers; it was truly "through difficulties to the stars." A very pleasant position was in the upper hall where chairs were placed about the railing and you could look down on the kaleidoscope scene, watch the promenade, that ever and anon curved up and down the stairs and see and hear everything. Some of the remarks were amusing. A man was heard saying to his wife "Now keep your eye on Mammie" but unless her eye was like a revolving search light it is safe to say she did nothing of the sort. It was great pleasure to see the young folks enjoyed themselves, some walking at the time, others occupying the many snug corners where the light was not so brilliant. The arrangements for supper were very conducive to comfort it being served in the dining room from eight to ten. Thus every one got a seat and a chance to enjoy the good fare which consisted of broom and white bread and butter, turkey salad, chocolate and vanilla ice cream, cake and coffee. The guests were served by delectable waitresses; but many of the young men looked after their friends themselves.

There were many pretty and handsome toilettes, but it is manifestly impossible to mention all even if I had seen each individual. The young ladies of the college were victims of loveliness, nearly all being in white airy dresses with masses of nasturtium flowers; here and there you saw a pale pink or blue gown which in just sufficient color to the scene. Probably the most choice costume worn was that of Miss Howland, Lady Tilley's niece. It was a plaited madras skirt that fit like a glove, the square cut corsage trimmed with other bands and silver lace. As the young lady possesses a gracefully arched and beautiful neck and arms, her appearance was striking.

The dress of Miss Sprague, the hostess, was extremely dainty and pretty. It was a sheer, flowered organdie, trimmed with narrow ruffles edged with green velvet ribbon, and she carried a large bouquet of red and white carnations.

Miss Palalay the other lady recipient who was presenting a becoming gown of white chinch silk with a bunch of red roses.

The young men were in faultless evening dress, and made a fine appearance.

Mrs. Borden wore black silk skirt with red shot silk waist.

Miss Vroom, grey silk with white lace.

Miss Jewee, black brocade skirt, green velvet waist with pink bonnets of roses to the Queen, which was a lovely sight, afterwards the scene terminated in a most attractive dance full of graceful and intricate figures and movement. A song entitled "Pretty Little Daisy," by Miss Helen Phelan, a sweet little maiden of four summers, was a happy effort and delighted the audience. Then came the dance "La Violette" by ten little boys and who took an interest in all good works. For several years ago he conducted a prominent drug business in town, and last year purchased a business of the same kind in Milltown. He was also interested in another business with Mr. Austin Mangier. He was a member of the Presbyterian faith and a thoroughly consistent man in every walk of life. He leaves a widow and three young children and also a son and daughter by a former marriage, Miss Rena Clark, and Mr. Harold Clark who is now in Trinidad as a missionary. The funeral services were held from his residence on Monday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Rodgers of the Presbyterian church of Milltown. The funeral was largely attended.

Mrs. Wood, black silk with pale blue.

Mrs. Palmer, grey corded silk with pearl trimmings and natural flowers.

Mrs. Emmerson, black silk with blue chiffon.

Mrs. W. Turner, black and mauve.

Miss Brittain, white over blue.

Miss Hazen, black and white.

Miss Jennie Estabrook, white and green.

Miss G. Towse, pink with green velvet trimmings.

Miss Alice Anderson, black with pink silk waist handerchief trimmed with pearl lace.

Miss King, fawn and green with pink chiffon.

Miss C. King, cream cashmere.

Miss McHaffey, cream with yellow daisies.

Miss Gallagher, poppy red silk.

Miss Parlee, cream color.

Miss Poole, fawn and green.

Miss F. Harris, white and red.

J. F. Allison's Monday evening. A number from the colleges and academies were present.

A small at home was given Tuesday evening by Mrs. Stewart. Among the guests were Miss Thomas, Miss Howland, Miss McLeod, Miss Chase, Miss Harrington, Miss Ogden, Miss Maury, Miss Bayre, and Messrs. Tweedie, Sprague, L. Harrison, F. Harrison, L. Crane, Fraser and Mowbray.

Mrs. James Fraser left Tuesday for Sussex.

The same day Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Horace Farwell went to Moncton for the assembly ball.

Lady Tilley returned today to St. John for the approaching wedding of her son. She hopes to resume her studies in art in the spring.

Mrs. James Dixon gave a party Monday evening Mrs. Baker of Amherst, has been the guest of Mrs. W. B. Fawcett, Upper Sackville.

Miss Alice Anderson, Upper Sackville, spent Sunday with the Misses King, Quire street.

Miss Emily Roach, Neppan; was the guest last week of Miss Lulu Ford.

Miss Sayre is visiting Miss Mundy at the Residence.

Mrs. Chisholm who sprained her ankle last week is better.

Miss Poole the guest of Mrs. Andrews left Saturday.

Mr. Aubrey Smith has been off on a short trip.

Mrs. Fred Ravine expects to leave Thursday for North Sydney.

Miss Elsie Harper was the guest of Miss Fanny Harris for the afternoon.

Mrs. George J. Keith is visiting Mrs. C. Pichard.

Miss Black will be leaving this week.

The Misses McLeod of Queens Co. N. B. have arrived at students at the ladies' college.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell of Halifax and Mrs. F. Robb were in Sackville on Monday.

Mr. Geo. Fuller, Berwick, a former Mt. Allison student who was at the Senator's At Home, was on his way to the North West where he joins the mounted police.

LADY OF SACKVILLE.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Alphonso and J. Vroom, Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.

Feb. 23.—The cantata "Blossoms" was repeated last evening in Calais, in the vestry of the Congregational church, which was kindly lent to the ladies of the entertainment committee of the Public Library for that purpose.

The ladies of the Harmony club with the assistance of Mr. Bernard McAdam and several other gentlemen presented the cantata.

Colonel and Mrs. E. T. Lee accompanied by their sister Mrs. Tarr visited Houlton last week and attended the grand military ball given in that town.

The marriage of Miss Edith King to Mr. Dickerman Bates of St. Johnsbury Vermont, is announced to take place early in June.

Mr. James Vroom visited St. John on Tuesday night in the city was the guest of Rev. W. O. Raymond.

The Fete of Flora the Goddess of Flowers, the gorgeous spectacle an entertainment, given in the St. Croix Hall on Friday evening, was the most brilliant and attractive entertainment, ever given in Calais, and was greeted by a large and fashionable audience, who had assembled to see their sons and daughters, who were to participate in the many beautiful and intricate figures of the various dances.

At eight o'clock the entrancing strains of orchestral music was heard, the curtain arose, and disclosed to the view of the delighted audience, the stage, magnificent with its festoons of thousands of roses, and the soft light of hundreds of coloured electric bulbs. The scene was a brilliant one, and in the distance a spot of light appeared.

Then came the Queen of Flora, Mrs. Frederic F. Pett, whose beauty, carriage and manner so well suited the part. She was robed in pink, profusely decorated with diamonds, and wore a tiara of diamonds on her head. She was attended by two pages. Masters Fred and Kenneth Young. Courtiers and ladies in waiting, whose brilliancy of raiment was artistic and dazzling. Then came the first offering of huge bouquets of roses to the Queen, which was a lovely sight, afterwards the scene terminated in a most attractive dance full of graceful and intricate figures and movement. A song entitled "Pretty Little Daisy," by Miss Helen Phelan, a sweet little maiden of four summers, was a happy effort and delighted the audience. Then came the dance "La Violette" by ten little boys and who took an interest in all good works. For several years ago he conducted a prominent drug business in town, and last year purchased a business of the same kind in Milltown. He was also interested in another business with Mr. Austin Mangier. He was a member of the Presbyterian faith and a thoroughly consistent man in every walk of life. He leaves a widow and three young children and also a son and daughter by a former marriage, Miss Rena Clark, and Mr. Harold Clark who is now in Trinidad as a missionary. The funeral services were held from his residence on Monday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Rodgers of the Presbyterian church of Milltown. The funeral was largely attended.

MEDICINE BY MAIL.

Tortured Sufferer Listen! NY-AS-SAN Conquers all Skin Disease.

Wanted--The address of every sufferer in America

The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S.

Mr. Irving Todd has gone to Florida combating business with a pleasure trip.

Miss Ida McKenzie is visiting friends in Sussex.

Miss Emma McCully has accepted a position as kindergarten teacher in Springfield Mass.

Mrs. John D. Chipman left on Monday for Fredericton to remain with her husband during the session of parliament.

Mrs. George J. Clark has returned from a short but pleasant visit to St. John.

Mr. Alfred Saunders and a party of gentlemen spent two days fishing at Grand Lake stream during this winter.

Rev. O. P. Newham arrived home last week and preached in his own church on Sunday as usual.

Washington's birthday was observed very quietly in Calais yesterday. Flags were flying all day from school houses and public buildings, and a dance was enjoyed in the Grand Army hall in the evening.

Miss Carrie Washburn has gone to Washington, D. C., to spend a few weeks with her friend Mrs. Osborne, who is spending the winter in that city.

Miss Mary Hopper's friends on the St. Croix will be pleased to hear she is to spend the spring and summer months travelling on the continent.

Miss Katherine Copeland gave a dinner party on Monday evening for the pleasure of her cousin and guest, Mr. William Dunbar of Cambridge, Mass.

Judge Stevens, Mr. James G. Stevens and other legal lights went to St. Andrews this week, to attend a session of the County court which convenes there this week.

The Calais News club enjoyed a pleasant meeting on Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Almon Lee.

The Harmony club were entertained at their last meeting by Miss Marion Smith at her home in Milltown.

Mrs. C. W. Lyford gave a Sixty Three party on Saturday last which was a most pleasant affair and was greatly enjoyed by her guests.

Mr. Frederick T. White invited the ladies of the Travellers club to spend Monday afternoon at her residence. Mrs. White has been an invalid for the past year spending nearly that time away for medical treatment, but is so far restored to health again that she can return home as able to enjoy society again.

Mrs. Louis Dexter jr., has been suffering from a severe cold, and unable to enjoy any pleasures of society during the past week.

Captain Charles Ross has returned to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia after a brief visit in town.

Mrs. M. S. Mann has returned from a visit in St. John.

During his stay in Calais Rev. Mr. Hinkley was entertained by Captain and Mrs. G. W. Lord.

On Saturday morning the friends of Mr. William Henry Clark, were shocked to hear of his death which occurred early that morning. Mr. Clark had been ill since December with a most painful disease, and his death was not unexpected. In his death, our town loses a good citizen, one with a high sense of what was moral, temperate and right, and who took an interest in all good works.

For several years ago he conducted a prominent drug business in town, and last year purchased a business of the same kind in Milltown. He was also interested in another business with Mr. Austin Mangier. He was a member of the Presbyterian faith and a thoroughly consistent man in every walk of life. He leaves a widow and three young children and also a son and daughter by a former marriage, Miss Rena Clark, and Mr. Harold Clark who is now in Trinidad as a missionary. The funeral services were held from his residence on Monday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. Mr. Rodgers of the Presbyterian church of Milltown. The funeral was largely attended.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.



FREDERICTON.

Continued.

Miss Gertrude Brown, white muslin, lace and roses.

Miss May Wilnot, cream crepon silk lace trimmings.

The Misses Tabor, pink tulle and white lace.

Miss Clements, white muslin lace and roses.

Miss Jaffrey, blue cashmere and white lace.

Miss Hegon, St. John, white embroidered muslin.

Miss R. Inford, pink crepon and white lace.

Miss Eleanor Hanstord, green veling and embroidered chiffon.

Miss Merritt, green silk and chiffon.

Miss Burnside, cream silk cream lace and pink roses.

The Misses Fiedler, organdie muslin and white lace.

Mrs. Barry entertained the up-to-date whist club with us; other friends in honor of her guest Miss McCann of Bangor, on Monday evening.

Miss May Wilnot has been the guest of the Misses Tabor the past week.

The funeral of the late Mrs. G. R. Smith of Margueville took place on Saturday afternoon at Lower St. Mary's. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Mr. Colston, assisted by Rev. J. H. Parkison and Rev. H. E. Dibber. Among the mourners were Mr. George B. Smith, the deceased husband, Rev. G. H. Sterling, of Morris New York, brother of the deceased lady and St. McL. Esterlin of Margueville, also a brother, the Misses Smith and Miss Carman sisters and niece of Mr. Geo. R. Smith, Sherif Sterling, Speaker Burchill, Mr. R. P. Barker, Mr. Spencer Sterling, Messrs. Roy and Oliver Yaswari, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Worr. The deceased lady who was daughter of the late Daniel Sterling of Margueville will be much missed by a large circle of acquaintance.

Rev. G. H. Sterling was a guest of Mrs. Medley's during his stay in the city.

Miss Hamm of St. John is visiting Mrs. Wesley Vanvorst.

Miss Genevieve Landry of St. John was among the first in town for the ball, at the University, last week.

Mrs. Fred Harding of St. John is the guest of Mrs. W. E. Smith, Waterloo Road.

Miss Egan of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Lillian Beckwith.

Miss Francis and little daughter of St. John are visiting Mr. W. E. Foster, Margueville.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Kitchen, have returned from their visit to New York.

Miss M. M. Skinner of St. John is the guest of Mrs. Miles Merritt, Brunswick street.

Judge Fitzgerald of Port Arthur who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Caletton Allen at the Poplars has returned home. Mr. Fitzgerald and child will remain a while longer before undertaking the journey.

Miss Gilding of Boston is visiting her sister Mrs. Saunders, Brunswick street.

Mr. Eljah Yerxa, Deputy Registrar of Deeds, was last evening married to Miss Emma Maxwell at the home of the bride's father, Mr. James Maxwell, Rev. Sub-Dean Whally officiating.

The masquerade carnival in the skating rink on Monday evening was a very successful affair, and some of the characters taken quite original while others were an essay.

The ladies' prize of \$5 was awarded to Misses Gretchen Phair and Elsie Lat as 2 in 1. The gentlemen's prize was awarded to the photograph represented by M. McDonald and Ed. Foster. Special mention being made of the Sedan chair and the Dark Town Fire Brigade.

The judges were Mrs. John Limerick, Miss E. Kelly, Mr. W. K. Allen, and Mr. N. Kierstead.

An incomplete list of the skaters is, Miss Alice McFarlane, Egyptian Belle.

Miss May Bilyard, Inscrutable.

Miss Annie Tibbits, Egyptian Belle.

Miss Edna Coburn, College Girl.

Miss Edna Goiding, College Girl.

Miss Gretchen Phair, Miss Elsie Hatt, 2 in 1.

Miss Nellie Parker, Sailor Girl.

Miss Bessie Murray, Off the Yacht.

Miss Wilton, Nothing at all.

Miss Millie Tibbits, Flower Girl.

Miss Helen Martin, College Student.

Miss Mary McKee, College Student.

Miss Mary Gunter, College Student.

Miss Saunders, Chitcott Pass.

Miss Morrow, Guinich.

Miss Tilton, Cast up by the Sea.

Miss Matiers, Bee's Wing.

Miss Taylor, I Wonder Why.

Miss Dalton, Tilly.

Miss Milton, Anonymous.

Miss Fanny Richards, Anonymous.

Miss Margaret Johnston, Tennis.

Miss Fannie Palmer, Tennis.

Miss Bona Johnston, PUNCH.

Miss Hazel Coy, College Girl.

Miss Ethel Hart, College Girl.

Miss Brittain, Gipsy.

Miss Fowler, Gipsy.

Miss Nell, Winter.

Miss Prudence Babbitt, 1598.

Miss Elretice Cathels, 1887.

Miss Daisy Winslow and Miss Florence Cathels, All Coons look alike.

Miss Myra McLeod, College Student.

Miss E. A. Webb, 60 years ago.

Miss Amy Webb, Parasol Girl.

Serif, F. Wille, Jockey.

Chr. Fowler, One of the boys.

Harry Low Woods, Duce.

J. Tweedale, Wild West.

Harry Lee, Clown.

Guy Scovill, Chatterbox.

W. Wate, H. Greer, Klondike Tourist.

Frank Woy, Man in the Moon.

Charles Darlington, Fireman.

David Hamilton, Roy Campbell, The Mayor.

Will Black, Irish Duke.

E. Fenety, Night and Day.

W. H. L. Roberts, Sergeant.

F. McMillan, E. McMillan, H. Clark, J. Denny, Dark Town Fire Brigade.

B. Winslow, D. Winslow, Oxford Bassage.

M. Boom, Currier.

Geo. McKee, Chainless Dicycle.

From SCHOOL-BOY of tender years to hardy KLONDIKE MINER, OXFORD CLOTH (Made only at Oxford.) Is best for Clothing.

There is considered one of the most agreeable "at homes" given; the frequent remark is "what a good time we had Friday evening!" and it has been truly said that the music alone was well worth going to hear.

The funeral of the late James P. Daniels took place on Saturday afternoon and was largely attended. The pall bearers were Messrs. Ted, Henderson, Colpitts, Fraser, Mowbray, and Chandler. A service was held in St. Paul's church of which Mr. Daniels was a faithful member and the remains were interred in Capt. McHaffey's lot in the Rural cemetery. The death of this young man was a particularly sad one. He had only reached his majority a few days before. He was an exemplary citizen and dutiful son to a widowed mother, to whom everyone extends utmost sympathy. The young man with whom Mr. Daniels was a great favorite sent a handsome white wreath and other friends sent flowers. Mrs. Daniels is at present in Amherst with friends resting after the long five months nursing of her son.

Miss Jennie Black returned Saturday from Chatham where she has been visiting Mrs. Bunting Snowball.

Mr. B. E. Peterson has returned from New York and states that Mrs. Peterson's health is much improved and she will shortly be able to come home. There is great excitement in curling and hockey circles just now. It is strange that in the Sackville's curlers encounter with the Thistles it should be the Thistles that feel pricked. Saturday evening there was a lively scene when the curlers were playing one of the "medial" games. The rinks are narrowing down fast. So the interest was intense. Dr. Boyce being victorious on that occasion, they "humped" him and for the space of ten minutes he was the most rising man in town.

A successful and enjoyable five o'clock tea for the benefit of St. Paul's church was held at Mrs.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

SASSIED THE SERGEANT.

HOW A SHORT COURSE SOLDIER GOT EVEN WITH A COP.

He Took too Much Fire Water and Was Run in—How He Succeeded in Getting Even With the Officer of the Law Who Did His Duty.

FREDRICKTON, Feb. 21.—The short course men who attend the military school from time to time are usually a pretty good lot of fellows and as a general rule behave themselves well during their stay here. occasionally a black sheep finds his way into the flock, and if he does not get himself into trouble usually succeeds in making trouble for somebody else.

Among the half hundred or so at present undergoing instruction at the school is a young man belonging to a Halifax militia regiment who, if he does not mend his ways, is soon to be presented with a walking ticket, which will be the means of landing him in Halifax some weeks ahead of time. The young man in question unfortunately for himself is addicted to strong drink and like others of his class sometimes takes more of the exhilarating beverage into his system than is positively good for him.

A week ago on Sunday he loaded himself to the muzzle with Canteen beer, and after topping off with a couple of whiskies started out to "do" the town in real old Halifax style. He had not done more than half a block before he ran plump into Paul Phillips, the stalwart sergeant of police, with the result that in less than five minutes time he was looking at the world through the bars of a 6x6 cell at the police station.

Early on the following morning a soldier, wearing a very thoughtful expression of countenance might have been seen wending his way slowly towards the barracks. He was busily engaged in calculating how many days at 50 cents per day it would take to earn \$3 which he had been required to fish up as a deposit, to obtain his release, and which he had borrowed from a friend. He was also racking his befuddled brain to know in what way he could account for his absence to his friends and the authorities at the barracks; he was also, as the sequel will show, wondering if some opportunity would not offer itself whereby he could even up matters with the policeman, who had been responsible for his arrest.

The first two problems being rather of personal nature, the solution of them is of course not of general concern, suffice to say that no doubt both received the consideration which the importance of the individual in this case demanded.

Well, to make a long story short, the opportunity to wreak vengeance on the billiard ball like head of Sergeant Phillips came on Sunday last, one week following the arrest. Along in the afternoon the hero of this narrative chanced to be looking out of the up raised window of his room in the barracks when his gaze rested upon the sidewalk directly opposite. Here was the soldier a opportunity and he was not slow to take advantage of it, he did not seize a rifle and shoot the minion of the law, as he might have done, but contented himself by giving utterance to a few observations uncomplimentary to police-

in general, and to Sergeant Phillips in particular. At first the sergeant paid no attention to the vapors of the military man, but at last on hearing himself addressed in language which was uncomplimentary to say the least; and becoming conscious of the fact that he was being made the target for epithets, which did not at all become the dignity of his position; the officer turned on his heel and entered the barracks. The result of the irritation was that on Monday morning Mr. Halifax soldier was hauled up before the commandant charged with using abusive language to a police officer in the discharge of his duty. He pleaded not guilty to the charge and his statement was borne out by some half dozen of his comrades who were present when the one sided dialogue took place, but, of course, didn't hear a word. The soldier was declared innocent of the charge, was released from custody, and the whole matter fizzled out. The policeman retired from the scene with the best possible grace under the circumstances. It is now his turn to get even, and it Mr. Soldier knows when he is well off he will studiously avoid coming into contact with the blue coat during the remainder of his stay in Fredrickton.

Value of Petroleum Industry Oil was first struck in America in 1859 and since that time the United States has received for its petroleum product

about \$2 000 000 000 in hard cash. The industry in this country is more extensive than generally supposed; there being no less than 225 000 men employed in the production and refining of oil. The capital invested in oil wells, machinery, tank pipe lines, refineries, etc., aggregates \$825 000 000.

WRECKED IN PORT.

Ships That Have Lost Their Fat When They Seemed Perfectly Safe.

Every one admits that it is dangerous to be a man-of-war's man in war time. Even in time of peace, at great gun practice, or while saluting, it is a recognized fact that accidents happen, and such accidents do cause so much astonishment as they do temporary pity. But if there is one place where a vessel is supposed popularly to be safe, that place is port. It need not be her home port; but, so long as a vessel is in port, in the minds of the public she is safe, yet, as the recent disaster to the Maine shows, even port is not always safe. In fact, some of the great naval disasters in history occurred in port.

Probably the greatest accident on record, and certainly the most famous, was the capsizing of the Royal George, a line of battleship of the British Navy. It was the flagship of Rear Admiral Richard Kempenfeldt. On Aug. 29, 1782, as it lay of Spithead, at the mouth of the Thames, it was heeled, in order that a pipe might be repaired. Heeling was a simple process; one broadside of guns was run from one side of the ship to the other, so that all the weight was on one side; this laid the ship over far enough to lay bare the end of the pipe. Heeling wasn't absolutely safe, but the repairs were so simple that it wasn't worth while to dock the ship. So they heeled the Royal George.

The ship had not been put out of commission, and practically all her officers and crew were aboard. Besides, the friends of many of the ship's company were on board, men, women children, including a large number of Jews. A land breeze sprang up, the stays did not hold, and the great ship capsized, nearly 800 persons being drowned. The Royal George carried 108 guns and was one of the best vessels in the royal navy.

On June 2, 1859, the steamship Eastern Monarch lay off Spithead, after a voyage from India, with 500 officers and men on board, most of whom were invalids. That night she was burned, but providentially only eight persons lost their lives. On Dec. 22, 1875, just three days before Christmas, H. M. S. Goliath, used as a training ship, lay in the Thames with about 500 officers, men and boys, most of the boys being rescued from the slums of London. A lamp upset on the oil-room floor; but again for one was on the side of man, and only twelve persons were burned to death.

Sunday, March 24, 1878, was an unpleasant day in parts of England. There was a snowstorm, which is always unpleasant in England, and then there came thunder and purple lightning, and, to top off, a furious squall raged for a short time. Just before the squall H. M. S., sailing frigate Eurydice, used as a training ship, sailed up along the Isle of Wight. She had about 300 men and boys on board, and came in with a good breeze, most of her sails drawing and her ports open. The boys were crowding the decks, happy to see England again after a long voyage from the Bermudas. Off Dumore head, near Ventnor, that snow squall struck her, and she capsized. Ventnor is a watering place, winter as well as summer; and right before the eyes of hundreds of persons unable to help the ship frigate went down. Hardly anyone was saved. Capt. Barré, Lieut. Tabor, the executive officer, and nearly every other person on board was drowned almost within reach of land at the entrance of the harbor for which they had hoped.

Forty-five years ago Capt. Cowper Coles of the British navy invented what he called a turret ship, a vessel to carry few guns, but those of large calibre, in movable towers on the deck. Eriasson had the same idea, and carried it out in his Monitor but Capt. Coles was not able to embody his plans in a ship until nearly fifteen years had passed. Finally the Lords Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, accepted the captain's plans and H. M. S. Captain was the result. It was a full-rigged iron ship, armored, with auxiliary steam power. High bulwarks were intended to be let down when a

vessel was cleared for action, uncovering the two turrets.

The ship was launched in 1869 and had trouble from the first. Finally she seemed to "find herself" and joined the Channel fleet. On Sept. 7, 1870, commanded by Capt. Hugh Baringoys, she was sailing through the Bay of Biscay. She carried a company of 488 persons, and Capt. Coles and Mr. Childers, a son of the First Lord of the Admiralty, who were passengers, made the total number on board 490. At 12 15 a. m. a squall sprang up and struck the top-heavy ship. The bulwarks were down, the ship heeled over and never righted. Of the 490 persons on board only eight escaped and when the court-martial sat to try some one for negligence in losing the vessel, the only person they could try was James May, the gunner! Every officer was lost.

The Captain was not in harbor, but she might as well have been; she was alone, there was no danger of collision, her ammunition didn't explode. Seemingly she was as safe as a ship well could be. She and the Eurydice and the Royal George were beaten down by no great storms. It was as though the finger of Providence had pointed at those three ships and at nothing else.

Not quite three years after the Eurydice capsized, there was a boat race on the Thames up in Canada. The day was Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24, 1881. The day was clear, it was a holiday, and the race was exciting; so the steam boats accompanying the racers were crowded. The Victoria had on her decks every soul she could carry; but everybody behaved well, and there was no trouble and no danger—until an exciting part of a race caused the crowd to rush to one side of the boat. Then she capsized. She had 700 passengers on board, and more than 300 died. The suddenness of this disaster was appalling. A traveller driving in a carriage saw the crowded Victoria steaming after the racing boats, the road ran behind a low hill, cutting off all view of the river to a hundred yards or so. When the driver had passed the bluff and again saw the river the Victoria had capsized.

There are countless other instances of such strange providential happenings; they all go to show that a man is as safe anywhere as he is anywhere else, and that when his time is up he must go.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

How to Freshen and Preserve Oiled and Varnished Woods.

As the best of furniture will grow dusty and shabby in appearance, careful housekeepers are constantly fighting the approach of age and dirt from their household goods in the way of chairs and tables, Oak wainscoting and furniture are likely in time to assume a greasy appearance, which should be removed during the annual housecleaning by washing it in warm beer.

To give it a handsome gloss, brush it over with a mixture of two quarts of beer, boiled with a table-spoonful of sugar, and a piece of beeswax as large as a walnut; when dry polish with a chamois or flannel. If oak or walnut articles are infected with a tiny insect that bores holes until the wood crumbles into a fine powder stop its wild career by saturating the wood with creosote; do not allow it to dry for several days.

If furniture is very dirty it should be washed in water and vinegar—equal parts—using a flannel rag, and then, after perfect drying, rubbed with a clean flannel, finishing off with a clean cloth slightly wet with spirits of wine. Another notable housewife restores the original polish, when it has been removed by a warm dish, with linseed oil, rubbed in with a piece of linen, changing the linen until the table top is perfectly dry. White spots are removed by rubbing them with a piece of flannel and turpentine, repeating the application if necessary, and in any case rubbing with a good will until patience and strength are about exhausted.

Unsightly finger marks disappear from varnished furniture when rubbed with sweet oil, and from oiled wood if kerosene is rubbed on the spots. A bruise should be treated with a piece of brown paper, folded several times and soaked in hot water. Over this hold a moderately warm iron until all steaming ceases; if necessary repeat the process, remembering that one application does not always turn out a success. Always apply alcohol sparingly upon furniture, if at all, or it will destroy the polish.

Clean carved furniture every week by thoroughly dusting it with a new paint brush. If the mahogany table that is the pride of your heart shows stains, drop on them a mixture of six parts of spirits of salt and one of salts of lemon or a few drops of oxalic acid and water, rubbing until the stain disappears, and then wash with water and polish as usual. If mahogany only needs cleaning, rub it with a flannel dipped in sweet oil or cold drawn linseed oil. In rubbing wood follow the grain, and do not rub against it any more than you would in people if wishing a happy result.

If an ink stain gets upon a mahogany writing desk, remove with a few drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water. Put one drop on the ink, and rub it at once with a cloth wet with water, or it will make a white spot. Every day a dining table of mahogany should be wiped off with a clean flannel, dipped in barely warm soap-suds, using a pure soap to prevent staining, and then with a thick flannel and pour melted wax until it forms a glazed surface; when cold and hard, rub the table, following the grain until it reflects like a mirror.

All upholstered furniture must be beaten with a cane or regular rattan beater and then wiped with a cheesecloth duster. A grease spot on silk furniture is removed with equal parts of ether and chloroform; on woolen upholstery use turpentine. Cane seated chairs require a vigorous scrubbing with soap-suds, in which drop a little ammonia; scrub both sides of the seat, rinse and dry in the air.

Among the many liquid and cream polishes given by excellent authorities here are a few that are simple and effectual, but remember the rubbing is the main ingredient of every recipe given: Two parts of linseed oil, the same of alcohol, and one part of turpentine to a quart of this add an ounce of the spirits of ether. A polishing cream is made of equal quantities of linseed oil, beeswax, and turpentine melted together, and used cold. For very old furniture an especial polish is recommended of half an ounce of gum arabic and two ounces each of copal gum and powdered shellac gum; dissolve in a quart of spirits of wine in a warm place and shake the bottle well every twenty-four hours until the gums are no more distinct; strain through a woolen cloth and rub on with a piece of soft flannel.

Equal parts of linseed oil, spirits of wine, turpentine and vinegar form a well-tried polish, but for mahogany this same authority declares in favor of a mixture of one pint of linseed oil, two ounces of alkane root and a pinch of rose pink; let it stand for twelve hours, then rub on the furniture and do not polish it off for an hour. An excellent furniture varnish may be made of eight ounces of white wax melted and gradually mixed with one pint of oil of turpentine.

Leather chairs and tops of writing tables are renovated by sponging them lightly with warm soap-suds and then rubbing on the white of an egg whipped stiff. Or, if this seems like wasting the egg, rub over the leather a mixture of half a cup of sweet oil to a cupful of vinegar; boil together a piece of old flannel, when willow chairs lose their natural color it is said that a solution of chlorine will restore it.

Fortunately for artistic furnishing, marble-topped tables are growing less in number, but if the owner of one, you can remove stains and discolorations by applying the following: Boil together quart of a pound each of soft soap, powdered whiting and soda for twenty minutes; spread on the marble for twelve hours and then wash off with clean water. For the ordinary washing of marble use ammonia and water in place of soap-suds. To polish black marble wash it in cold soap-suds, dry with an old cloth, and then rub for at least an hour with flannel spread with white wax. To remove iron stains from white marble try lemon juice. If an oil stain disfigures the surface apply to it common clay saturated with benzine.

Another static remover is made of two parts of common soda and of powdered pumice stone and one of powdered chalk; sift through this muslin, mix to a paste with water and spread over the marble; after ten hours wash it off with warm soap-suds. In the future, if thinking of buying a marble topped table, stop, hesitate and don't and spare posterity inheriting any more of such pieces of furniture.

"DAD'S LIGHTNING STROKE"

The Many Things That it Did Besides Curing His Rheumatism.

"A few years ago 'Dad' Wright of Salvia, this State, had a very remarkable experience with lightning," said a gentleman from Gerrard county, whose stock of good and true stories is always large. "His escape from instant death at the time was miraculous. While hastening on foot through an open field toward his home during a terrific thunderstorm he was struck squarely on the head by an electric bolt. It stripped the hair from one side of his brainpan, tore the clothing from his body, and made a crooked black stripe an inch wide down his left side from hand to foot. When struck he bounced several feet in the air and fell back upon the ground as if dead. The shaft entered the earth, throwing up a shower of mud."

"At the time Wright carried in his hip pocket a loaded revolver. Every chamber of the weapon was discharged, the wood-work was burned and the metal partially fused by the heat. His left shoe was ripped from his foot. The unfortunate man lay senseless and naked for several hours in the drenching rain, but, incredible as it may seem, finally regained partial consciousness and began to stagger uncertainly about over the field. He was in this pitiable condition when discovered."

"He was soon recognized, taken in charge, and conducted to his home, where he was clothed and given proper attention. As a result of the stroke his teeth and toenails were loosened, his scalp almost denuded of hair, and his hearing permanently impaired. On the other hand he reaped an unexpected and decided benefit. For years prior to the occurrence here outlined he had been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, but never afterward felt a twinge of pain from that disease, being completely cured of it by the terrible shock."

"The dark, zigzag streak along the left side of the body, indicating the scarred path of the electric current, could never be altogether removed, although various methods were tried for this purpose. In a very short time Wright was up and around and as cheerful as a bird. From that time forth he was famous in that section as the human lightning rod."

A Vessel's Strange Escape.

A rock and a fish saved the good ship Nelson from sinking. The Nelson is an English vessel, which recently arrived at Wellington, New Zealand, after a 97 days' passage from Liverpool. When off the New Zealand coast she encountered heavy gales and was driven on a rock. She immediately got off, but water began to rise in her hold despite the crew's exertions at the pumps. After great difficulty the vessel entered Wellington Harbor and extra pumps were brought into play. Still the water rose and the captain and crew removed their belongings to land in expectations that the Nelson would sink. Fortunately their fears were not realized, for with better working of the pumps the rush of water was finally overcome. The vessel was subsequently examined by a diver. In his report he stated that in one of the holes a piece of rock was jammed and in another a fish was squeezed tail first, and both were responsible for preventing the water flowing in to a greater extent.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures all Coughs and Colds.

For free medical advice, write to our Doctor, care J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Miss Jemima's Valentine.

Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gate-latch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and, as he entered the room, she bent lower over her work, her crocheted needle flew faster and she coughed a slight cough. But she did not look up.

She knew, without looking, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? He would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

It there was one for her he would presently come, and, leaning over her shoulder, he would say, as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis 'Mimie,' or, 'We'll have to find out about this,' or maybe, as he presented it, he would covertly shield her by addressing himself to the younger crowd after this fashion:

"Eli had a lot of boys and girls, an' couldn't get bigger valentines from all my sweethearts becauz than my ol' auntie can set still at home an' git 'em, I'd quit tryin'—that's what I would."

There was always a tenderness in the brother's manner when he handed his sister her valentine. He had brought her one each year for seven years, now, and after the first time, when he had seen the look of pain and confusion that had followed his playful teasing as he had presented it, he had never more than relieved the moment by a passing jest.

The regular coming of 'Aunt Jemima's valentine' was a mystery in the household. It had been thirteen years since she had quarrelled with Eli Taylor, her lover, and they parted in anger, never to meet again. Since then she had stayed at home and quietly grown old.

Fourteen years ago she had been in the flush of this, her only romance, and St. Valentine's day had brought a great, thick envelope, in which lay, fragrant with perfume, a gorgeous valentine. Upon this was painted, after the old Dresden china pattern, a beautiful lady, with slender waist and corkscrew curls, standing beside a tall cavalier, who doffed his hat to her as he presented the card that bore her name, so finely and so beautifully written that only very young eyes could read it unaided.

By lifting this card, one might read the printed rhyme beneath—the rhyme so tender and loving that it needed only the inscription of a name on the flap above it to make it all sufficient in personal application to even the most fastidious.

This gorgeous affair was so artfully constructed that by drawing the pictured front forward it could be made to stand alone, when there appeared a fountain in the background, and a brilliant peacock with argus-eyed tail, a great rose on a tiny bush and a crescent moon. The oldest children had been very small when this resplendent connection had come into their home. Some of them had not been born, but they had all grown up in the knowledge of it.

There had been times in the tender memories of all of them when 'Aunt 'Mimie' had locked her door, and because they had been very good, let them take a little peep at her beautiful valentine, which she kept carefully locked away in her bureau drawer.

They had on occasions been allowed to wash their hands and hold it—just a minute. It had always been a thing to wonder over, and once—but this was the year it came—when her sky seemed as rosy as the ribbon about her waist—Miss Jemima had stood it up on the whatnot in the parlor when the church sociable met at her brother's house, and everybody in town had seen it, while for her it made the whole corner of the room beautiful.

But the quarrel had soon followed—a foolish lovers quarrel—Eli had gone away in anger—and that had been the end. Disputes over trifles are the hardest to mend, each party finding it so difficult to forgive the other for being angry for so slight a cause.

And so the years had passed. For ten long years the beautiful valentine had lain carefully put away. For five years Jemima had looked at it with tearful eyes and a hardened heart. And then came the memorable first anniversary when the children of the household began to celebrate the day, and tiny comic pictured pages began flitting in from their school sweethearts. The realization of the new era was a shock to Miss Jemima. In the youthful merriment of those budding romances she seemed to see a sort of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new, strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out and when in the light of awakened emotion she saw once more its time-stained face and caught its musty odor, she seemed to realize again the very body of her lost love, and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up, and she sobbed her tired heart out over the old valentine.

If Miss Jemima had not found joy, she had at least found her heart again—and sorrow. Her life had been for so long a weary, treeless plain that in the dark depth of the valley of sorrowing she realized, as something only from sorrow's deeps poor mortals can know it, the possible height of bliss.

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in death agony. But such a motion is not of death. Is it not the rebirth of feeling? So it was with Miss Jemima, and the heart stillness that had been her safety during

all these years would never be hers again. There would never again be a time when her precious possession would not have a sweet meaning to her—when it would be a tangible embodiment of the holiest thing her life had known.

From this time forward, as an offset to the budding romances about her, Miss Jemima would repair for refuge and a meager comfort to that which, while in its discolored and fading face it denied none of life's younger romances, still gave her back her own.

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized young love setting, had become, to her own consciousness, old and of date gone by.

But there is apt to come a time in the life of the live single women of forty—if she be alive enough—when in the face of even negative and affectionate disparagement she is moved to declare herself.

One thing, indeed, it was to own a yellow, time-stained valentine, and quite a different one to be of the dimpled throng who crowded the Simpkinsville postoffice on Valentine's day.

"I reckon then young ones would think it was perfectly ridiculous if I was to git a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jemima said, aloud, 'o her looking glass one morning. It was the day before St. Valentine's of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em!" she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer.

As she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jemima Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jemima suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest—an interest that after having revolved about her awhile flew off in suspicion toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Simpkinsville.

It had been a great moment for Miss Jemima when the valentine came in, and a trying one when, with genuine old-time blazes, she refused to open it for the crowd.

How she felt an hour later, when, in the secrecy of her own chamber, she took from its new envelope her own old self-sent valentine, only 'He who has tender knowledge of maidenly reserves and sorrows will ever know.

There was something in her face that forbade cruel pursuit of the subject when she returned to the family circle, and so, after a little playful bantering, the subject was dropped.

But the incident had lifted her from one condition into quite another in the family regard, and Miss Jemima found herself unconsciously living up to younger standards.

But this was ten years ago, and the mysterious valentine had become a yearly fact.

There had never been any explanations. When pressed to the wall, Miss Jemima had, indeed, been constrained to confess that 'certainly every valentine that she had ever gotten had been sent by a man' (how sweet and sad this truth!)

'And are all the new ones as pretty as your lovely old one, Aunt 'Mimie?'

To this last query she had carefully replied: 'I ain't never get none that ain't every bit an' grain ez purty ez the one—not a one.'

'An' why don't you show 'em to us then?'

Such obduracy was indeed hard to comprehend.

The valentine had hitherto always been mailed in Simpkinsville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise. But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, within her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town—let us call it Hope.

The extreme difficulty in the case lay in the fact that the postoffice here was kept by her old lover, Eli Taylor.

Here, for ten years, he had lived his relict bachelor days, selling plows, and garden seed and cotton prints and patent medicines, and keeping postoffice in a small corner of his store.

Everybody knows how a spot, gazed at intently for a long time, changes color from red to green and then to white.

As Miss Jemima pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the color of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

By the only possible plan by which she could manage secretly to have the valentine mailed in Hope—a plan over which she had lost sleep, and in which she had been aided by an illiterate colored servant going

there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's. This day had come and gone, and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the postoffice—in possession of her lover? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever, ever get through with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

'Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt 'Mimie this tim'—looks to me like,' he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

'Don't reckon it's anything extra 'n particular,' she answered, but at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it; not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper bell. Then she took it, with her work-basket, into her own room, and dropping it into her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

The moment when she broke the new envelope each year—I was at night alone in her locked chamber—had always been a sad one to Miss Jemima, and tonight it was even a sadder ordeal than ever. She had never before known how she cared for this old love token.

As she sat tonight looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them. It was, indeed, a meager little embodiment of the romance of a life, but such as it was, she would not part with it. She would never send it out from her again—never, never.

It was even dearer now than ever before after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handled it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her, what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody else was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the far-away romance typified by the yellow sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hairpin carefully on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail, perforated edges. Then, carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jemima felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful, brand new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came within the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering fragment, but what it was and why Miss Jemima wept over it and read it again and again are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

However, in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the woman who took charge of the old lover's room in Hope and who had an investigating way with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from his scrap basket, on each one of which was written, in slightly varying terms, bits of rough sketches like the following:—

'—sending you this new valentine just years—'

'You shall never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—'

'If you want the old one back again and me along with it.'

One of the lowest things that even a depraved and unprincipled person ever did is to collect torn scraps from anybody's waste basket and to read them. To print them or otherwise make them public is a thing really too contemptible to contemplate in ordinary circumstances. But this case, if intelligently considered, seems somewhat exceptional, and perhaps it is well to do so, for, be it borne in mind, all these scraps, without exception, and a few others too sacred to produce even here, are the things that Eli Taylor, postmaster, did not send to his old sweetheart, Jemima Martha Sprague.

Miss Jemima always burned her scraps, and so, even were it well to condescend to seeking similar negative testimony from her concerning her laboriously-written reply, it would have been quite impossible. Certain it is, however, that she posted a note on the following day, and that a good many interesting things happened in quick succession after this. And then?

There was a little, quiet middle-aged wedding in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to have it then, as he held their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

The old man Eli, in spite of his indomitable pride, had come out of his long silence with all due modesty, blaming himself for many things.

'I ain't fitten for you, Jemima, honey, no mo'n I was sixteen years ago,' he said, his arm timidly locking her chair, the night before the wedding, 'but of you

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST.

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, A Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known.

He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest—For Years He Suffered from Heart Trouble, and Frequently from Collapse—On One Occasion Five Doctors were in Attendance—He Is Now Freed from His Old Enemy, and Enjoys the Blessing of Good Health.



REV. W. A. DUNNETT.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Ocean, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been the Grand Vice-Councillor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellows. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work he dropped in the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that for the past thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of his heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Oftentimes it rendered him unfit for his engagements, and at all times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the public and frequently when conducting service he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Yonge street church, Toronto; the Baptist church, Woodstock, N. B.; the Methodist church, Carleton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 2,500 people in the Franklin

Street Congregational church, at Manchester, N. H., five doctors had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1895, while in Rockville assisting the pastor of the Wall street Methodist church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills" said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man today. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all done now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health today than I do."

At that time, at Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement was only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 21st, from Fitchburg, Mass., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says:—"I had held back from writing in regard to my health, not because I had forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether it will ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have gained in flesh, hence in weight. I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite; like the poor, it is over with me. Yes, I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact.

keered enough about me to warm over the little valentine I sent you nigh twenty years ago, and to make out to live on it, I reckon I can keep you supplied with just as good as that fresh every day an' hour. But belo' I take you into church I want to call yo' attention to the fact that I'm a criminal li'ble to the State's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so why, I'll haf to go.'

'Well, Eli,' Miss Jemima answered quite seriously, 'of you're li'ble to State's prison for what you have done, I don't know but I am worthy to go to a hotter place—for the deceit I've practiced.'

'Well,' said Eli, 'I reckon at the truth was told, the place where we jest natchally both b'long is the insane asylum—for the sjotes we've acted. When I reflect that I

might 'a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen years ago, an' think about all the time we've lost—Well—How comes it that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?'

KIDNEY WARNING.
A Score of Symptoms Tell the Victim That Kidney Disorders Have Fastened Themselves on him—South American Kidney Cure is the Potent Remedy.

A simple backache, or a little pain in the kidney region, may cause you no alarm, but it is one of the never-failing signs of kidney disease, and to neglect the warning may mean the deep setting of that most insidious of diseases which puts more people in an untimely grave than all other causes combined. South American Kidney Cure relieves in six hours, and cures permanently.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Heals and Soothes the delicate tissues of the Throat and Lungs.

... CURING ...
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, and PAIN IN THE CHEST.

EASY TO TAKE. SURE TO CURE.

Sunday Reading.

THE SALOON KEEPER'S STORY.

Men who Legalized the Traffic Would not own him.

Many in the church unite, it is true, in demanding a prohibitory law, but they do not agree in support of men to enact it. They readily declare in favor of total abstinence for the individual and legal prohibition for the state, but after so declaring, a large portion of them go to the polls and vote the ticket that insists the saloon shall be licensed.

For illustration, here is Dr. Williamson's church of eight hundred members of which Judge Grant and the Hon. Chas. Smith are leading officials. The board meeting is in session, The Hon. Mr. Smith, member of the legislature, has the floor, and is saying in reply to those who advocate prohibition: 'I for one do not understand what more they want. Our church as a church has declared that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and nothing stronger than that could be uttered. The man who sells liquor for a living is worse than a—'

'Just then there was a sharp knock on the door.

'Come in,' responded the double bass voice of Mr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

'Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing.'

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak.

'Have you given up the saloon-business?'

'No, sir,' replied the saloon-keeper.

'Are you going to?'

'No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place and I see no reason why I should.'

'Well,' slowly replied the Doctor, 'our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you.'

'Oh,' said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face, 'I was not aware of that. On what grounds does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?'

'On the ground that they are engaged in a business that sends souls to hell,' replied Dr. Williamson. 'The bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God, and therefore no drunkard maker can. More than that, our board of bishops has declared that the liquor-traffic cannot be legalized without sin.'

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone, he asked, 'Do you know that a great many of your church members are regular customers of mine?'

'I have heard that some were,' said Dr. Williamson.

'Do you know that two of this official board now in this room are among my regular customers?'

'No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

'Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here for which I paid the regular license fee?'

'Hold on,' said Judge Grant, 'you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible.'

'Well,' the law was enacted by Mr. Smith, there and others like him.'

'You can't place the responsibility on me,' said Mr. Smith. 'I carried out the wishes of those who elected me.'

'I understand that fully,' said the saloon-keeper, 'but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson, the rest of this board, and the great majority of the voters in this church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now I am politely told that I cannot join this heaven-bound band, and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant here to give me forth a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement, and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whiskey business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

For Coughs or Colds in the Celebrated . . .

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE

Nothing like it to check and cure a cough

Price: only 25 cents per Bottle.

Does not upset the stomach

"THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE" THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

while I am to suffer the damned; Gentlemen, if your bible is true, and I go to hell for selling whiskey, you will go with me to hell for voting to give to me the legal right of doing so. Good-night.'

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official board looked steadily on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their duty. But the saloon-keeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

'Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean, nor skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light.'

THE MOTHERS OF PRESIDENTS

Some of Them Perhaps Unlettered But all Religious Women.

Doctor Talcott Williams of Philadelphia has made an interesting summary of the lives of the mothers of Presidents.

Eleven of them, or nearly half of the number, were in easy circumstances, belonging to families of education and gentle breeding; the other half of the number struggled with poverty and hardships more or less severe. The lives bereft of comfort or softness were probably those of Jackson's and Lincoln's mothers, who were pioneers in the West, and literally struggled for the necessities of life.

Some of these women were unlettered, and perhaps narrow and bigoted. Some were of the fairest fruit of American civilization. But Doctor Williams calls attention to the momentous fact that all, without exception, were godly and devout women.

'No American,' he says, 'has become President without the memory of the prayers he lisped at his mother's knee. Not a President but has left somewhere on record his testimony to the training and religious influence of a Christian mother.'

He notes also the significant fact that all the Presidents of the United States have avowedly owed more to the influence of their mothers upon their lives than to that of their fathers. More than half, indeed, were left fatherless in boy-hood.

The conclusion to be drawn from these significant resemblances in the lives of the Presidents is that the qualities given to a man by the love and daily training of a sincere, God-fearing mother are those which command the trust of other men. The nation has not, perhaps, chosen its most brilliant or possibly its most able men to be its chief rulers. But it has never chosen a man, from Washington to McKinley, whom the majority of the people did not believe to be honest in character.

The 'higher education' which the mothers of our future Presidents are receiving today will enable them to give to their children a broad culture along lines of mental acquirements of which Mary Washington and Nancy Lincoln never heard heard or dreamed. But let them not ignore the honesty and simple religious

faith which these women gave to their sons and by which they were made steadfast in principle, and held the confidence of the country in its hours of direst need.

The Message of the Hymns.

Many famous men and women have recently told an English journalist about their favorite hymns. The inquiry was aimed to determine the 'hymns that have helped.' Each that was mentioned had given to some one peace in bereavement, strength in temptation, or courage in a day of despair. The result reminds us anew of the wealth of our possessions. Not every person named a different hymn, but the total number was large enough to make a substantial volume. No one would have appreciated all that were named, but in every instance it was possible for the sympathetic reader to perceive why the hymn was chosen.

One quality these favorites had in common: that they avoided special formulae and set forth essential truths—the views which are held by believers everywhere. No single church could spare the creeds of Bernard of Cluny, Martin Luther, Bishop Ken and Doctor Holmes, but on the high ground of devotion and aspiration such minds may meet, and methodist and unitarian alike are glad to echo their noblest utterances.

We read such hymns with the eyes of the heart, Precious memories cluster about them and freight them with significance. Of some of them it might almost be said that they embody the spiritual history of the race.

As if we sang them 'with the spirit and with the understanding,' church union might seem less distant. They were written not for jarring sects, but for the church universal. Their mission is to overthrow needless barriers, in the temper of John Wesley's noble saying, 'If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand.'

FROM EVIL TO GOOD.

What Sometimes Looks Like an Evil Becomes a Good.

There is a story that, during the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell, fired at the enemy, ploughed his way into the hillside and opened up a spring. A little fountain bubbled out where the ball had entered, and for the rest of the siege the troops stationed in that vicinity had an abundant supply of cool water. Many of us can look back to events in our lives which seemed only evil as they approached us, threatening destruction to hope and happiness, but which in the end opened up some stream of comfort that has blessed us ever since.

Today is ours. Tomorrow is not ours.

We need, and we can have, strength and support for our duties of day. These are promised to every child of God who asks and trusts. There is no promise for the needs and responsibilities of tomorrow. To that day we may never come. That day may never come to us. If we do our duty to-day, that is all that God requires of us. If we neglect to-day's duties our life is so far a failure, and we must answer to God for this neglect. Faithfulness in our to-day is a high attainment. Being anxious for tomorrow displeases God and unfits us for his service. Only by fidelity in to-day's duties can we make wise preparation for to-morrow. When the children of Israel in the wilderness attempted to lay up of to-day's manna for to-morrow's food, their plan was a failure. When they were willing to trust God for each day by itself, God's daily provision for them was ample. Thus with all of us. There is daily strength for daily needs; such strength is sufficient for us each and all.—S. S. Times.

A Statesman's Tonic.

On May 12, 1848, the Hon Robert C. Winthrop, one of the most gifted men the United States has ever produced—then Speaker of the House of Representatives,—wrote in his diary:

'Thirty-nine years old to-day! I have rarely entered on a new year with less spirit or in worse health. Spring brings with it for me a certain degree of debility and depression, and this spring has brought twice its usual load. The old elasticity and the old ambition seem to be gone out of me, and this at an age when some men



Bad Blood Will Out.

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

B. B. B.

Jessie Johnston Rockwood, Ont., writes:

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

are just entering public life. My doctor, as usual, is trying tonics, but there is a verse in the Psalms which does me more good than a hundred nostrums:

'Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.'

HOW HE WON HIS BRIDE

A Couple who Walked Over 800 Miles of Ice and Snow to get Married.

Never before in the history of this strange old world of ours says a Seattle dispatch, have men and women walked 800 miles to be married, and when that 800 miles is over a frozen waste of ice and snow the story approaches the incredible. Yet that is just what two Western people have done, their starting point being Dawson, the capital of the Klondike, and their destination the nearest large city in civilization, Seattle. The man was one of the pioneers in the famous gold diggings, and the woman was a vaudeville star, who had delighted the hearts of the Dawson miners with her clever dancing and catchy songs.

Leonard Sedgwick of Wyoming and Miss Lou Keller of San Francisco arrived here on the last steamer from the Klondike after having made the trip out over the snow for the purpose of getting married.

She is the second woman to come out over the ice. Sedgwick came out \$170,000 strong, while Miss Keller brought out \$25,000, the result of her three months' life in the mining camp. They made the trip out to get married, not that there are no ministers in Dawson, but because that was the only way Sedgwick could win his bride, who had fifteen or twenty fully as wealthy Klondikers dangling at the end of her numerous strings. Sedgwick tried to tempt her by heaping up gold before her, but she only laughed at him. He was desperate, and finally hit on the plan that secured the promise he desired. His friend Joe Brand, with his valuable team of fourteen dogs, was to start on Dec. 14, with a party of old miners who had just sold out their claims, for Dyea. Sedgwick put the matter to Miss Keller in this way:

'Will you marry me if I take you to Seattle over the ice?'

The woman was tired of the sameness and the limited variety of Klondike grub, and the idea struck her just right. She agreed to become Mrs. Sedgwick if they arrived safely in Seattle. Sedgwick then paid Brand \$2,400 for their transportation which really meant that he carry their provisions while they walked or ran alongside of the sled. They were extremely fortunate in getting up the river and across the pass without accident. They had the best dog team in the country, and took their time. They were not troubled with the cold, and the woman stood the trip fully as well as many of the men. If she was not buoyed up by the thought of her approaching marriage, Sedgwick was, and his earnest eagerness to reach tide water helped the party along. They were fortunate in catching an ocean steamer at Skagway, and reached Seattle much sooner than they expected.

Miss Keller is a pretty brunette, lightly built, a little under medium height, and has extremely well-cut features. Her eyes are deep, dark brown, and the prettiest thing about her. She has a taste for proper dresses, and has a chic air about her.

Sarah Bernhardt will bring to France Marie Guerrero, the best known of Spanish actresses.

How the Elephant Sleeps.

One of the most erroneous of the many queer ideas which the layman has on the question of natural history is the one respecting the elephant's mode of sleeping. Even the old school of naturalist declared that the elephant had never been known to sleep except in a standing position. Of late however, say within the last century, it has been learned that the error came about by persons studying the habits of such beasts; it had not been long in captivity. Such animals, when undergoing the process of domestication, have been known to stand for twelve, eighteen or even twenty-four months without once lying down to sleep. This is regarded as a want of confidence in their keepers, coupled with a longing desire for liberty. While elephants are at perfect ease and reconciled to their fate they will lie down on their sides and sleep as all other beasts do.

The Tallest Obelisk.

A single stone 115 feet long, 10 feet square at one end and 4 feet square at the other, has been successfully cut from the sandstone quarries at Houghton Point, Wisconsin. It is supposed to be the longest monolith ever quarried.

False Representations

An Ontario Lady Compels a Merchant to pay for Damages

A lady writing from an Ontario town says: 'A month ago I visited one of our town stores and asked for three packages of Diamond Dye Navy Blue for dyeing all wool goods. The merchant informed me that he was out of Navy Blue in the Diamond Dyes, and talked me into buying a dye of another make, at the same time guaranteeing them to do as good work as I could get from the Diamond. A lady friend was with me at the time and heard the whole conversation. I took the strange dye home, used them according to directions, and was sadly disappointed with the results. The color was anything but a Navy; in truth, my materials were spoiled. I at once took the goods to the merchant and told him his dyes were frauds. He offered to give me more of the same dye or my money back. I refused both offers, and after I had threatened law proceedings he thought it best to pay for the materials spoiled. This merchant will never again have the chance to sell me any more dyes. I shall go where I can get the Diamond Dyes at any time they are wanted. I have had my last lesson with poor dyes.'

Miss Marie Thornhill, a London actress,

is the wife of a late member of Parliament. Dean Farrar's book 'Darkness and Dawn' is to be dramatized with the consent of the author.

Irving will be seen in 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' a play in which Coquelin made a bit in Paris.



ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50-cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Notches on The Stick

The idea has grown up in some minds that public interest in poetry throughout America is declining. How that originated it is impossible to say, unless it might have been in the barren tastes of the persons who first gave it publicity. If this gradgrind world could kill the faculties by which poetry is to be appreciated, or even dull them to any considerable extent the supposition might be correct. But every alleged fact must be brought to the testing; and in this case, one of the largest publishing firms in the country has instituted the test. This was done by sending out a circular letter addressed to representative lists of poets, authors, editors, publishers, librarians, and booksellers. An abstract of the result is to be found in tabulated form, as follows:

CLASS.	No. Letters.	No. Replies.	Yes.	No.
Poets and authors.....	48	27	3	24
Editors and publishers.....	100	88	11	77
Booksellers.....	10	83	9	74
Librarians.....	10	92	11	81

Current literature has had the privilege of examining this correspondence and prints extracts of interest. Mr. S. S. McClure declares that "Good poetry is read everywhere. The poems of James Whitcomb Riley are read as widely as any other form of literature. I should like nothing better than to publish half a dozen poems every month in McClure's if I could get good interesting poetry." Mr. Munsey, editor of Munsey's Magazine is of the opinion that "The day of the epic seems to be over, but a good lyric or ballad was never more popular." Dr. William Hayes Ward editor of the Independent says; The subscribers of the Independent want poetry, and indicate their appreciation by letters of approval. Poetry is studied in all our schools and colleges; our magazines must have them; our daily papers publish columns of it. A really fine poem makes a hit as no prose writing can do." Mr. Charles A. Dana's reply was brief to the point. "None sense," said he, "the interest in poetry is as great as it ever was." Not a single magazine or new paper editor expressed a different opinion. Of the publishers those who were of the view that interest in poetry was declining were, with one or two exceptions, those who did not publish any poetry at all, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. said: "The demand for the standard poets whose works we publish—Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, etc.—is quite large and very steady. We should say that there is no indication whatever that poetry is losing its hold." T. Y. Crowell & Co. declared: "From our standpoint we should say that the interest in poetry remains about the same as it has for a number of years back. The interest in some of the standard poets is increasing very perceptibly."

The letters from booksellers bristled with facts. Brennan's may be considered a fairly typical one:

"We do not think facts will warrant the supposition that readers of poetry are fewer, or that general interest in poetic literature is declining or has declined during the past generation. It seems to us that at no time during an experience of twenty years, has there been a more appreciative and general demand for good poetry than at the present writing. We cite only a few examples. In the case of Shakespeare—despite the fact that numerous editions at all prices were on the market, when less than two years ago, the Temple edition was inaugurated—no one anticipated more than moderate success. At a time when five more volumes were needed to complete the set, the sales had mounted up to over one million copies. Some months since, a brief notice was made that a new edition of Byron was projected. There was a universal inquiry as to possible price, and probably completeness. While there may be a falling off in the demand for minor poets of a generation ago, it has not affected in any way the continuous and constantly increasing demand Keats, Tennyson and Browning. We find that our native writers have only to prove their merit to receive reward on their native soil, as witness James Whitcomb Riley, than whom few writers of fiction command larger sales, and much of whose verse is highly prized in England, although the dialect must be most difficult of comprehension. But his English publishers have brought out a fifteenth edition within eight years. We ought not to omit the host of minor poets, such as Frank Dempster Sherman, Walter Learned, Samuel Minturn Peck, George Baker and that class of writers of society verse both in America and England whose books are reprinted and sold in charmingly made editions year after year. We have neglected

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Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

to mention also the case of Omar Khayyam, who was totally unknown to general readers twenty years ago, but whose Rubaiyat is now annually sold in thousands—one firm has five different and distinct editions on their list at the same time.

Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson raises a very interesting point. "The popularity of poetry cannot be judged by the number of volumes sold," says he, "for a poem that touches the heart will reappear in hundreds of newspapers, while a volume is selling a thousand copies." Dr. Edward Everett Hale and Francis F. Browne editor of the Dial expressed the same opinion.

It is but recently we came upon a clerical exhortation of Walt Whitman, in which the critic exhausted his vocabulary in seeking to "away with this fellow," on the ground of his criminal indecency, and the effrontery of his barbaric jargon. We thought then, as we do now, that the writer's indignation was forced and excessive, and quite unwarranted by the poet's offences. It is not ours to apologise for the erotic wanton, in verse or prose, and in which Whitman set forth his ideas "is a matter hardly yet determined; but we have not recognized in him any lurking virus of that sort. Justice must acquit him of any Byronic taint, either in his life or his writings. He has chosen subjects for disquisition and poetic description that are by universal consent tabooed in modern society. He is accused of a gross unblushing naturalism, of which he approves, and with which he would make his hardy reader familiar. For this he has reaped titles of public avoidance and rebuke,—for

"What old Chaucer's merry page betide, The chaster muse of modern days omits. We are glad the literary age errs so little in that direction; nevertheless we are inclined to think it not only purist, but prudish. The writers who emulate Fielding and Smollett can scarcely be tolerated, —and we can approve a certain sensitiveness on the score of a Hardy or a D'Aunzio; but even the books of Dickens and Hugo suffer reprobation on the ground of alleged immorality. The markishness of our literary appetite has become whimsical indeed! We doubt not an excellent effect in some cases, may have been induced by the labors of Anthony Comstock and his associates; but there has lately set in a fantastic phase of their work, and there is danger here, as elsewhere, that before we know it, an excellent virtue will have run to seed.

A small portion of Whitman's writing, however, falls under this reprobation; and it may, hereafter, if that is desirable, by judicious editing be entirely eliminated. There is, fortunately, another side to the Whitmanian character than the poetic, which may serve to set before us in fairer light his somewhat dishonored memory. His service in the hospitals at Washington in the time of war, where, from the elms of 1862 to the middle of 1864, he ministered, with boundless brotherliness and eminent success to upwards of 100,000 men, is a matter of general knowledge; but the recent publication of his letters, written during that period, ["The Wound Dresser," forming the second volume of the new edition of Whitman's complete works, published by Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston.] will set that period of his life, and

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you; or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

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that phase of his character, before us more luminously and completely, and "write him as one who loved his fellowmen."

Whatever we may find to reprobate or to startle us in the "Leaves of Grass", there is nothing in these Letters to neutralize the respect and sympathy we instinctively feel when we see an earnest man busily toiling for the amelioration of human suffering, animated by love and sustained by an unflinching courage. There is nothing ambitious or literary in their style; they are often scrappy, giving evidence of having been hastily written, and addressed in the plainest conversational terms to familiar friends; but they present an indubitably faithful record of that troublesome, uncertain time, rife with bitterest hardship. That harsh selfishness, that lack of human sympathy and loving kindness where, above all places, it was so sorely needed, only sets his heroic strength and woman like tenderness into bolder relief. His crowning, peculiar quality as a nurse may best be exhibited in the following extract:

"To many of the wounded and sick, especially the young ones, there is something in personal love, caresses, and the magnetic flood of sympathy and friendship, that does, in its way, more good than all the medicine in the world. I have spoken of my regular gifts of delicacies, money, tobacco, special articles of food, knick-knacks, etc. But I steadily found more and more that I could help and turn the balance in favor of cure by the means here alluded to. The American soldier is full of affection and the yearning for affection. And it comes wonderfully grateful to him to have this yearning gratified when he is laid up with painful wounds or illness, far away from home, among strangers. Many will think this mere sentimentality, but I know it is the most solid of facts. I believe that even the moving around among the men, or through the ward, of a hearty, healthy, clean, strong, generous-souled person, man or woman, full of humanity and love, tending out invisible, constant currents thereof, does immense good to the sick and wounded."

During the time Whitman was doing this invaluable work, he was himself living precariously,—performing odd jobs as a copyist, that he might procure little gifts and delicacies for his sick and wounded boys; living on the plainest fare, in some obscure back chamber, and hoarding as a select treasure the occasional contribution of friends, with which he might bring relief to the woe, the homesick, the miserable, who came by hundreds to the wards of Washington hospitals. While, to our imagination, like a form of light; Florence Nightingale moves amid the horrors of Eastern war, laying the gentle and loving touch where sorely tried hearts could only repay her with blessings, shall we not only refuse to see any of the like celestial brightness about the man who, whatever his creed or philosophy, "did what he could," when to do was greatly needful, but seek also to exclude him, by reprobation, from human interest and sympathy? God holds the scale, and adjusts the balance; we dare not determine. We can but see him devoting the best years of his life to so sacred a service, and adding the significance of his act to that familiar watchword—The Brotherhood of Man. We can but remember the words of Him who came to bind the wounds of humanity, and heal with celestial kindness the broken hearted.—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.

A friend sends us a critique on Dr. Ross "Clarinda." It is from the Saturday Review, and is intended to be a crusher. It certainly does not fail to be pungent: "A more shameless piece of book-making was never given to the world; there is positively something to shudder in such a volume as this; it is brutal, it is mean; if ever a woman disgraced womanhood it was the voluptuous and puerile prude, Clarinda." So the reviewer walks into the editor, the contributors, and all who have had to do with the book. "We are asked what we think of it,—the review, we mean. Now don't! Dr. Ross need not take it ill, nor lose any sheep, because a dog barks at him; this is among the most indifferent of consequences. He is a dog without a collar, too,—quite nameless, and without even a number. Nor are at issue with the dog. Even that gentlemanly and extremely agreeable person may reflect,—Have I not, too, at times condescended to be a critical dog, and have I not barked? Sometimes, indeed, it is the poor cur's only chance of distinction? Why should he not, when all the shaggy generation lift up their voices, seek to excel in the chorus? If the good dog only barks well, (the present one is dubious,) it advances the cause of the one at whose heels he barks. We take up this denunciated book, to renew our impression, and running down the title-page and index we find the names of Blackie, Shairp, Latto, Waddell, and of the Scotch poet, Alexander Smith. We are reminded of



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the old farmer's reply to the remonstrance against his eating skipper cheese: "Never mind: I guess I can stand it if they can." If the critic survives, Dr. R. as may rest easy. As for the critic's pendant,—that disquisition on the wives of poets,—it is an old story, often told, and in which the merit must needs lie in the quality of the teller's invention.

arranged in a circle and working on a circular track over the central pier. Iron wedges, slightly curved to conform to the circle of the track, were placed back of the rollers. The draw was turned by the regular machinery, and rolled up the wedges, rising about half an inch. Other wedges were placed oppositely, facing, and the bridge was turned back, and rolling up on the new wedges, raised itself about half an inch more. The total rise of an inch or so was enough to enable the requisite replacement of parts to be effected.

We are informed by the editor of the Evening Express, Los Angeles, Cal., that Henryk Sienkiewicz. (Pr. S. n gay-vits) author of that Neronian romance which has become the most popular book of the day, was once "this world's tired denizen," on the Pacific coast of America, and in that veritable city. "But," as we are assured, "he was here in 1876, for some time, and it is asserted by some that he worked for a short time in a store on Main St. He came out from Poland with the colony that was headed by the husband of Modjeska, intending to lead a farmer's life on the land that was purchased by the colony near Santa Ana. Finding that he could not enjoy that sort of existence, he withdrew from the colony and made his way into this city. All that remains now of the colony and its original holdings of land, is Modjeska's rural establishment at a place that is prettily called Arden, after Shakespeare's favorite forest of Arden. The great actress has made her most notable triumphs in the character of Rosalind, which is another reason she had for naming her country place Arden, the sweetest of all names of places." The country with all its advantages, did not altogether please the budding romancer; who, like most visitors, was not reluctant to express himself in good round terms of disfavor,—against its cookery, its churches, its custom-house officials, its corrupt courts, and its vulgar people. He remained only about six months, when he returned to his own country. But "the American Notes" could not neutralize the charms of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "David Copperfield"; and no half forgotten sarcasms of Sienkiewicz can prevent the people of this country from relishing to the full, and from buying innumerable copies of, that powerfully melodramatic, "Quo Vadis."

WOMEN AND WEAK NERVES.

Lives of Misery and Affliction.

Miraculous Case in Manitoba.

Paine's Celery Compound Proves a Wondrous Blessing.

Miss Parr Says: "After the First Dose I Felt New Hope and New Life Coming."

Nervous Prostration, Mental Depression, and Excruciating Sufferings are Banished.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND THE GREAT LIFE BUILDER AND VITALIZER.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,
DEAR SIRS:—For several years I have had weak nerves, and was gradually running down, and last March I was prostrated with nervous debility. My sufferings were excruciating in the extreme; I really thought there never was another who suffered quite as much with mental depression and weak nerves. This lasted about three months, and I was taking doctors' medicine continually, but was getting worse instead of better.

One day, while feeling quite discouraged and wondering if I was ever to get out of my dreadful state, a dear friend said to me, "I wish you would try Paine's Celery Compound." As I had intended to try it I acted upon her advice and started using it the very same day, and from the first dose I felt new hope and new life coming. I continued using it, and am still taking it once in a while, always savoring God's blessing on each bottle. I am very much improved, and cannot say too much in favor of the medicine, and would recommend it to all suffering from nervous prostration and mental depression.

Yours faithfully,
L. E. Parr, Crystal City, Man.

Sol Smith Russell is 48 years old.

Rhea's real name is Hortense Lovet.



Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

Woman and Her Work

I wonder if it is really true, that the natural attitude of woman towards each other is one of antagonism? That every woman regards every other woman in the light of a possible rival...

I am afraid that the older one grows the more one learns to dread the criticisms of her own sex. The look of cold scrutiny, sometimes of supercilious appraisal...

Perhaps this curious antagonism is less noticeable amongst older women, whose contact with the world has broadened their view to some extent, and rubbed off the angles which always seem to be so prominent a part of our make up in youth...

Watch the woman into whose chosen seat at church some strange woman intrudes, or who is reluctantly obliged to share her seat in a crowded railway car, with one of her own sex, and see the manner in which she accepts the inevitable!

Now men are different; the average man who is not a ruffian is given to meeting every approaching stranger of his own sex in a spirit of good comradeship, and I firmly believe that is one reason why men are so frequently made the victims of confidence men, and why the female swindler invariably selects men for her victims...

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge.

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

BABY'S SKIN

In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so gentle, so speedy, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure.

Cuticura

EVERY HUMOR

besides it is too slow a process to pay for the trouble.

A man enters a strange church, and if it is tolerably well filled, some other man is sure to see him, beckon him over pleasantly into his seat, sweep his hat and overcoat out of the way, remove his books, and slide cheerfully into a corner, to give the stranger ample room.

Imagine corsets made of suede! The very thought gives one a warm, stuffy feeling, and I should imagine the corsets themselves would induce apoplexy in anyone who was otherwise than slender.

One of the few things said to be known positively about the fashions of the immediate future, is the prevalence of the flounce and ruffle, which is said by fashion authorities to be an assured fact.

to almost anyone. But the ruffles are not by any means confined to the skirts, both bodices and sleeves being lavishly trimmed with ruffles, in many of the imported models.

Another very popular feature of dress trimming is cording, which was seen on a few of the summer gowns last year, but which is to flourish exceedingly when the thin dresses appear again.

Puffings are almost always certain to follow in the wake of cords, so we may confidently expect to see puffed bodices and sleeves amongst the muslin dresses for summer wear.

The old rumor that the blouse has really had its day and all our gowns are to be tight fitting in future with the exception of a little redeeming fulness directly in front, comes with the first hint of spring fashions; but of course that would only mean that the edict had gone forth in Paris, even if it should prove to be true, and it would not entail a strict observance in either New York or St. John, so it is very likely we shall all wear blouses with our sweetest summer gowns just as usual.

Posting Mr. Bradlaugh. It is always pleasant to see a dogmatist meet more than his match. Mr. Bradlaugh says the New York Commercial Advertiser was once engaged in a discussion with a dissenting minister.

FOR THE KLONDKYKS. A Former New Brunswick Man Bound for the Land of Gold. The Victoria Colonist of recent date says: The past week has been a very busy one for local outfitters.



Special Combination in LEATHER DRESSING For Brown and Russet Shoes. Saves and shines your shoes; it removes all spots and stains; keeps the leather soft and pliable; makes it waterproof and gives a beautiful and lasting polish.

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Worn Throughout the World. Three GOLD MEDALS Awarded. \$2.50. \$2.50. The best way to remit is by Money Order. Kindly name this newspaper when ordering from JOHN NOBLE, LTD., BROOK STREET, MANCHESTER ENGLAND.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

MORIN'S WINE Creso-Phates. Never fails to ease and cure sore throat and all other troubles of the lungs. If you cough, if you suffer with Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping-cough, Grippe, Asthma, Consumption etc., get a bottle of this marvelous preparation and use it without delay.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION. The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces! Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands. DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers. MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

BARMAID NOT AS PAINTED.
 American who has lived in England takes up the cudgels in her behalf.
 'The British barmaid is much misunderstood,' said recently an American who has spent a year in England, and according to his own story, is, or ought to be, an authority on the subject. 'Just as Englishmen, after a few weeks' stay in this country, write a book full of errors about America's most cherished institutions, so American summer visitors to England bring home impressions about what is apparently a barmaid of the British throne that are equally malicious. The American visitor apparently concludes that a woman must be no better than she ought to be if she is a barmaid. His reasoning, presumably, is based on what he has seen or heard of the 'pretty waiter girls' in the concert saloons which flourished here a score or more years ago. No woman who works in a drinking place frequented by men can be respectable in his opinion. His opinion is strengthened by the fact that in this country respectable women do not go to saloons.

'Now an English, or Irish, or Scotch girl becomes a barmaid just as girls here become shop women. She prefers it to being a servant, for the pay, although small, is more, and while the hours are even longer, she is freer and, at any rate, sees more of what she considers life. There is no more reason for considering barmaids disreputable as a rule than for so considering shop-girls. The presence of men, which is apparently a basis for that opinion, is a reason for the opposite. A barmaid often regards every customer who is not too much above or below her socially as a possible husband, and the prospect of matrimony keeps her well behaved. She has thus not only a reason for choosing her career which the shopgirl lacks, but also an additional reason for remaining virtuous.

'Of course there are disreputable barmaids just as there are disreputable countesses, just as there are disreputable countesses, or with shopgirls, but I have known no end of barmaids, and not one whom I cultivated was evidently otherwise than respectable. The few of whom I had my doubts I did not cultivate. With one barmaid I went once to church, with another I corresponded. She wrote a fashionable hand, and her letters were as correctly spelled as a Vassar girl's.

'Americans, reasoning from the language used in a saloon here, argue that a barmaid couldn't live in such an environment and remain a good woman. Her sense of modesty would become so blunted that a moral downfall would follow. They forget that the presence of the barmaid chastens the conversation of the customers of an English public house. I've heard a cabman reproven by a barroom companion with, 'A lady 'ears not you say,' for using the adjective 'bloody,' a word which with us contains more associations with the Spaniards in Cuba than with impropriety or profanity.

'The English objection to barmaids is a temperance one. They say that the presence of barmaids encourages drinking, and that men drink more than they otherwise would, or should, in order to enjoy the society of the fair divinities of public houses. They may be right. I am not in a position to meet this argument.'

WHAT WAS THE SONG?

They had a Much of an Ear for Music—A Laughable Episode.

The musician can scarcely conceive how it is possible for a human being to be so devoid of musical ear as not to know one tune from another, but instances of such deficiency are exceedingly common. Answers cite an amusing example.

Two sailors, returned from a long voyage, strolled into a public house near the docks. Above the rumble of the traffic in the street could be heard at intervals the loud, un-musical voice of a buckster. After listening intently for a minute one of the sailors turned to his companion and said:

'Eh, Jack, lad; it's a long time since we heard that song.'

'What song?'

'The one that follows singing in the street—'The Light of Other Days.'

'Stow it!' ejaculated the other, gruffly, that fellow ain't singing 'The Light of Other Days' at all, man. I've been listening to him. He's a-piping 'The Banks of Allen Water.'

Each sailor was certain he was right, and with characteristic contempt for month's wages depending on the result.

'Here, Tommy!' called out one of the men to the little son of the landlord, 'run out and get to know what that fellow's singing.'

Tommy departed on his errand, which did not take many minutes.

'Well,' demanded Jack, when the youngster returned, 'which of us is right?'

'Neither of ye,' replied Tommy, grinning. 'The feller's not singing. He's hawking flypapers!'

A Lesson in Politeness.

A lady went into a bank the other day to pay money in, and stood in the middle of the passage in front of the counter, glancing through her cheque. One of the clerks



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE
 Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.
SURPRISE SOAP
 is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.
 It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name. SURPRISE.

anxious to have something to do, shouted rather roughly:

'Come here, if you are going to pay in! As the lady was leaving she leaned across the counter and said, so that everyone near could hear.

'Do you know the missing word for this week?'

'No,' said the clerk, sulkily; 'what is it?'

'Please,' replied the lady, and quietly went out amid the laughter of his fellow clerks.

As Times Goes On.

'Nothing continueth in one stay.' A comforting consideration or the reverse, according to circumstances. It depends on the direction in which those matters that chiefly concern us are developing. When we are growing richer every year and experience no calamities, time slides agreeably by, and we are inclined to wish the future would hurry along as fast as it conveniently can. One likes to see the fruit ripen rapidly on his own trees; but when every step forward is also a step downward it is quite another thing. Then we would put the steam brakes on Time's wheels if we could.

And the letter is the sense in which a woman uses the phrase, "as the time went on." For her it went badly—very day being like the postman, come again, with a letter containing evil tidings. And for her, there had been a long procession of that sort of days, and we can't wonder she got heartick of it all.

'For ten years,' she says, "I was almost continuously ill. I suffered from indigestion and weakness. I had no appetite, and the little food I took gave me great pain in my chest. I had also feeling with burning pain in my stomach. I was always belching up a sour fluid. I had a gnawing pain in my back and was frequently troubled with palpitation of the heart."

As time went on I became so weak I had to be assisted to my bed. I could not bear the least noise; my nerves were so irritable and sensitive that I trembled at the slightest unusual sound or occurrence.

'Considering what the writer has thus told us, we shall agree that she was sure to have been "nervous." When the wind blows the cradle will rock; and when the body is weak from semi-starvation, and racked with pain, the nerves are like people in a haunted house—excited and open to every impression, besides sharing the weakness common to the entire system of which they are a part. As we shall see, the nerves came right when the condition which upset them was removed. The point is: nervousness is a symptom, not a disease. Don't take narcotics to cure it.'

'Year after year,' the lady says, "I continued like this. I saw a doctor from time to time, but was no better for anything I took. In September 1891, Mrs. Scholes recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle and soon found it was doing me good. I could eat and enjoy my food, and it agreed with me. After further use of this medicine (but in a short time) I could do my housework, and felt stronger than I had done for many years."

'I have been since in good health, taking a dose or two of the remedy when needed. I may mention that I had two attacks of influenza, and Mother Seigel's Syrup soon put me to rights. I have recommended this medicine to many persons who have benefited by using it. You are at liberty to publish my statement if you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Pike, 3, Waterloo Cottage, Barwell Road, St. Mary Church, Torquay, September 25th, 1896.'

Time now goes on with our correspondent more pleasantly than it did; thanks to the providence which led her to employ at last the real remedy for her grievous ailments—dyspepsia. And, since we can pass through this world but once, what blessing it is to come upon anything that helps to smooth the way. That Mother Seigel's Syrup does so is no vain or boasting assertion. The women in England alone who are indebted to it for rescue from pain, weakness, and despair, are quite enough to fill the road from the Monument to Charing Cross. And (what is worth noting) their grateful tongues do more to advertise it better than all we print about it from one Christmas to the next. May time go on with them prosperously and happily until their gentle and painless end shall come.

Nine Hundred Thousand Miles a Day.

This, according to the recent calculations of Prof. J. C. Kapteyn of Amsterdam, is the velocity with which the sun and its planets are speeding through space in a northerly direction. The brightest star in that part of the heavens toward which we are going is the brilliant Vega in the constellation Lyra, a sun unquestionably much greater than ours. Every year, by Professor Kapteyn's estimate, we draw some three hundred million miles nearer to that star.

RHEUMATIC AGONY!

There's Delightful Relief in One or Two Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure.

E. H. Norton, of Grimsby, Ont., says: 'I tried homoeopathic and other remedies and was under medical attendance for inflammatory rheumatism. None of them gave me any relief. My legs and arms were useless. I could do nothing for three weeks. I was confined to my bed and suffered agonies. I was advised to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I felt benefit after two or three doses. Four bottles completely cured me, and I am as well as ever I was.'

No man is ever so good as a good bond signed by several good men.

The head is more a skeptic than the heart.

Salvation is more than a moral reformation.

The pruned limb is seldom the one that dies.

PAIN IN THE HEART.

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

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



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

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. a box 3 for \$1.25, sold by druggists or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.



Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum
 For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, etc.

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FLAMES BEDED THE MAN HUNT

Samuels Was Fleeing From a Lynching Party and Burned to Death.

'There was only one official hanging in county,' said the ex-boomer from Oregon, and it turned out afterward that an innocent man was executed in that instance. This precedent made even lynching very uncommon, so that when a score of us started out to hand Abraham Samuels to the nearest tree it was only after a careful consideration of the crime he had committed. Samuels was a man of about 40, small wiry, and agile. He had reddish hair and a heavy beard, the out of which he was continually altering, and he was always neatly, rather flashily dressed. He was married to a woman some ten years his junior and lived with her and their two children on a little ranch on the divide between Tin Pot and Shoestring valleys. In spite of his generally quiet behavior Samuels was very unpopular; partly, I suppose, because he was known as a wife beater. Mrs. Samuels was not directly responsible for this knowledge, for she knew no one in the neighborhood and was rarely seen off the clearing. She was thin and tired looking, and her big gray eyes had that cowed look that always arouses sympathy. There was the same look in the eyes of her two sons, who passersby noticed, always played quietly and without much apparent enjoyment. It was the tales these two little fellows told their mates at the district school at Tin Pot that first brought to the notice of the community the condition of affairs in the home of the Samuels family.

'Whether it was because of the knowledge that she had the sympathy of the community or simply because she had borne all she could I never knew, but one day Alice Samuels turned on her husband and drove him from the house. A drummer from a dry goods house in 'Frisco reported one night that as he was driving over the divide he saw Samuels in front of his house door, parleying with his wife, who stood at the open window with a shotgun. That night Samuels came to town and got very drunk. He was taciturn and sullen, which was unusual and was noticed. He started out in the direction of his home at about midnight.

'About daylight the next morning the Samuels' cabin was burned down, but there was no time for her to save any of her belongings, even clothes. It was found afterward that pitchy chips and stove-wood had been carried from a pile back of the cabin to a heap of dry brushwood and had been kindled. The flames had been blown across the corner of the clearing in which the cabin stood, setting it afire and also the woods beyond. With no other evidence than this there was a strong suspicion that Samuels had set the fire and his subsequent actions tended to confirm it. Feeling against him was intensified by the fact that the fire had gained a good start along the divide and was menacing valuable property on every side.

'Within a week from the time the fire started the town had grown too hot for Samuels, and in three days more, during which the fires had done more damage, a lynching bee was proposed, with Samuels as its object of attention. As I had been injured by the fire to a greater extent than any other individual in the vicinity, I was asked to organize the bee. I declined to do that, but I went along with the party, more from curiosity than from any desire to wreak personal vengeance. Samuels had heard of our intention, and had stolen a horse and started along the Smith River trail, intending, I suppose, to proceed down the river to its mouth and take a steamer for 'Frisco.

'The pursuing party rode hard, and we sighted Samuels just at daybreak the next morning as he crossed the ridge into the Smith River Valley, about six miles ahead of us. He would surely have escaped us had it not been that one arm of the forest fire intercepted him soon after he started down the valley. This fire had crossed the ridge many miles below, and as it travelled up the valley it presented a solid wall of flame which it was impossible to pass. From this wall Samuels was forced to turn back three miles below, where he entered the valley, and it seemed as though he could not possibly escape the rope we were carrying for him. He did, though, for he was finally consumed in the fire he himself had started. He took the desperate chance of trying to swim down the shallow stream, whose flame-wrapped banks were not more than twenty feet apart. It was an impossible feat. The intense heat from the blazing fir trees that lined the stream had overcome him before he got fairly started. An eddy stranded him on a small bar, where he made one or two ineffectual efforts to get under water again, and then lay still. He was enveloped for a few moments in the steam that rose from his wet clothes, which burst into flames as soon as they were dry. Thus the naked body lying there on the sand could be seen to shrivel up and char over; and before we were forced back by the advancing wall of fire nothing was left but a heap of glowing cinders. I shall never forget that spectacle, and incidentally, never participate in a man hunt again.'



is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

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 However slight it seems, for Coughs, Hoarseness, Influenza and apparently insignificant Chest Pains often lead to Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Consumption and other fatal Lung Diseases if neglected.
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"VIRGIN TIM."

In the 'west city' of London is a cafe whose palatial arrangement seems to be intended solely for princely entertainment, or at least for the reception of the wealthiest natives and foreigners. But the visitor unacquainted with the design of this coffee house—called the Exchange Cafe—will be greatly surprised to find there a more mixed company of guests in business conversations than he has probably ever met with before. Foppishly dressed gentlemen talk in confidential tones with people in threadbare garments; well fed gentlemen whose clothes come from the leading fashionable shops of London, are by no means ashamed to strike benevolently on the shoulder individuals with the most pronounced physiognomies of adventurers, which would better fit a notorious gambling cafe, or even to walk arm in arm with them through the large room.

But precisely among the most insignificant figures are some who rule all those coffee drinking, chatting and negotiating men—at whose appearance a whispering arises in the room, and whose judgment passes for irrevocable—they are the diamond princes who from time to time arrive here, at the mart of the world for precious stones.

One day the guests of the Exchange Cafe were all in a feverish excitement. A Dutch diamond dealer has arrived, and offered for sale a large number of the finest stones. Now then the elderly, keen eyed Dutchman let his hand disappear in his bosom and showed at request one stone or another, which constantly excited the desire of the connoisseurs.

The first day the cautious Van Deeken did not strike a single bargain; he contented himself with willingly letting his stones be admired, and quietly waited for higher offers, to then ask double, and finally to let himself be beaten down a quarter of the price.

Almost on the same day as Van Deeken a man made his appearance at the cafe who was seen there for the first time—a little weakly figure with a stooping gait, and always coughing somewhat; indeed, the yellow wrinkled face revealed an internal affection. The whole lower part of the face was covered with a slightly gray, long, full beard, and the fuz sat on the forehead as far as the eyebrows.

Ibrahim Effendi, as he called himself, let various dealers show him stones, and as the report gradually spread that he was commissioned by a few oriental nabobs to buy the most valuable diamonds and he, upon inquiry, confirmed the report by a mysterious silence or obscure expressions, the Turk was always surrounded by dealers.

But nothing seemed to satisfy his expectations, until he finally declared to Van Deeken in broken English that the stones belonging to him left nothing to be desired. If he, Van Deeken, had a sufficient number of diamonds with a good business might be done, whereby both parties would be satisfied.

Van Deeken was highly pleased, and agreed to follow him to his elegant lodgings in the same street as the cafe.

The house was a private hotel, and was particularly frequented by the diamond dealers from all lands. Van Deeken had also taken up his abode there. The door of every room was provided with a transom, so that a timid man need not be afraid of an act of violence, for guests or domestic were constantly going to and fro in the corridor—and the muscular Van Deeken feared the weakly Turk the least.

Ibrahim let the Dutchman spread out his treasure on the table, and the bigging began. All at once a waiter heard Ibrahim's cries for help resound in the room. He looked through the transom window, and saw the Dutchman wringing his hands and running up and down like a madman.

The called landlord, fearing that he might have a demented man to deal with, deemed it prudent to send for a constable. The locked door was opened by means of a night key, and now it was learned that Van Deeken, when he had stooped after a diamond that had fallen on the floor, had suddenly received from the Turk a terrible blow on the head, as the Dutchman thought, with a sandbag, and when he awoke from his stupefaction the Turk had not only vanished with the diamonds displayed on the table, but the robbed man missed also the rest of the precious stones which he had carried in a pouch on his breast, as well as a large sum in banknotes. He gave his loss at over fifty thousand pounds sterling.

They immediately summoned police made inquiries of all persons who had been at this time in the corridor or in the hotel entrance, but no one had seen a Turk leave the place. Every railway station, every ship, was put under the strictest surveillance; the police set all their apparatuses in motion to catch the old, coughing Turk, who was easy to recognize; but the next three days brought no result. Ibrahim Effendi had disappeared, and it could only be assumed that he was keeping himself concealed in some haunt in London, and waiting for an opportunity to flee. In any case they had a very cunning criminal to deal with, who had long prepared the robbery, for in the room he had occupied not the smallest object left behind was to be found, and on breaking open his large trunk it was seen that it contained only hay and stones.

One evening, a short time afterwards, in the dining room of one of the first hotels in Liverpool, a gentleman and a lady sat at a table by themselves, and chatted happily as they ate supper. The soft, caressing manner in which they conversed together led every observer to suppose that they were a couple on their wedding tour.

The gentleman, of stately appearance, in the middle of the thirties, with a bold,

light eye, blonde mustache, treated his wife with chivalrous gallantry, and she was worth his attentions.

The slim, elegant and yet voluptuous form showed in its movements assurance and grace, but at the same time also a vivacity which charmed the eye.

She could not be called precisely beautiful, the features were somewhat too boyish for that, but the sparkling dark eyes, the velvety, brown complexion, the luxuriant black hair, wound behind in a knot, stamped her so truly as a child of the South who bewitches the cold Northerner with her wild passions.

The well fitting dress showed a rather striking, but tasteful combination of colors and form, while the broad brimmed, cocked straw hat, with white ostrich feathers, sat portly on the side.

They had arrived at the hotel only a day before, and seemed to be waiting for a vessel, for they had occasionally studied the sailing dates of the steamers. C. H. Harrington and wife, Brazil, he had written in the register, and occupied with the lady two rooms in the first story.

The lady had turned her back towards the other guests, but every time the door opened she threw, out of curiosity, a quick glance at the new-comer, without letting herself be disturbed in her soft, and, as it seemed, very lively conversation.

A new guest entered, seated himself not far from the pair at a table, and became absorbed, after ordering a glass of ale, in the latest sporting news.

Suddenly he started. An exclamation in an undertone, accompanied by a laugh, had escaped from the lady, and made him lay down the paper and cast a glance at the speaker. Directly afterwards, however, he went on with his reading unconcerned.

A few minutes later he drank his ale, paid the waiter, and left the place without bestowing another glance on the two.

In the street he inquired of the first constable for the nearest station house, and hastily took the indicated way.

He was just turning the last corner that separated him from the station house when he ran against a plainly dressed gentleman, but before he could have uttered a word of apology the other had already recognized him, in spite of the darkness, and exclaimed:

"Hello, Mr. Hammond, this is a strange meeting. Did you come over the sea on purpose to knock me down?"

And he held out his hand to him, laughing. It was a detective, who was stopping in Liverpool on duty, and the very one from whose mouth the narrator learned the particulars of this story.

"It's fortunate that chance brings you in my path precisely at this moment," said the one addressed as Hammond, shaking hands with the detective. "I was going to the station house to give the police some information which may be of great importance. Now that we have met, I can place the matter in your hands, and your experience will tell you what to do about it."

"I am all ears," replied the detective, taking the other's arm and walking on with him.

"When you were in Nebraska about a year and a half ago, looking for an English criminal," continued Hammond, "and found him in the person of a cowboy on my ranch, do you remember hearing of a desperado nicknamed 'Virgin Tim,' who was said to have been once a circus rider, and a sort of character transformation artist—or whatever this profession may call it?"

"To be sure I do," returned the detective. "And if I remember right you and the other ranchmen thereabouts were anxious to fill him with lead, on account of some cattle he had stampeded just before my arrival."

"Exactly—we wanted to get even with him, but we couldn't find him! Well this 'Virgin Tim'—who, by the way, got his nickname from his effeminate appearance, and his habit of using the exclamation 'Holy Virgin!'—is one of the blackest and shrewdest of villains. Clever at disguising himself, he has committed many a foul crime under an assumed character—at least, such is the suspicion. Six months ago, when things got too hot for him in Nebraska, he disappeared suddenly while a sheriff's posse was hot after him, and that was the last

heard of him. Well, just now I went into a hotel not far from here, when I had the honor of again meeting this self same Virgin Tim, and this time, it seems, as a young married lady in company with her husband. I would not have recognized him, for his lady's costume disguised him so well. But all at once I heard the exclamation 'Holy Virgin!' with such a peculiar tone, and accompanied by a laugh of such a particular kind, that I would discover him by this expression among thousands—it is Timothy Gregory to a certainty!"

"And now," said the detective, who had listened attentively, "you are thinking of having this Gregory arrested. But on what ground, my dear Mr. Hammond?"

The Nebraska police are so glad to be rid of the scoundrel, who has saved the tax payers so much expense by running away that they have not taken the trouble to tell us to watch for him—otherwise I would know it myself!"

"This question from you surprises me," replied the ranchman. "It is in itself a crime against the law for him to go about as a woman—and then it is to be presumed that he is not masquerading thus, with a man who represents himself as the husband for any good purpose."

"That may be—that is if you have not made a mistake in the lady," said the detective, laughing.

"I'll forfeit a hundred pounds if it isn't he! The exclamation, the voice, the laugh the movements—no doubt—it's virgin Tim' Timothy Gregory, and if you don't wish to undertake the arrest of the wretch I will look for somebody else—"

"Go gently, Mr. Hammond, we shall be at the station house directly," said the detective, interrupting the excited man.

"Then I call your attention to the fact that this Gregory won't let himself be taken without any further ceremony. I have seen him astride on his wild mustang, on the plains of Nebraska, defying his pursuers, and so know that he is a dare devil, in spite of his effeminate appearance."

The detective only nodded, and begged him to wait before the door of the police station, which they had meanwhile reached. A few minutes afterwards he came out again, accompanied by six uniformed constables, and all proceeded towards the hotel.

It was already eleven o'clock when the detective, with his men and Hammond, walking close to the walls of the houses reached the hotel unobserved.

He let the six constables wait in the entrance hall, stopped to the porters office and requested Hammond to describe the gentleman and lady concerned, whereupon the porter designated them as Mr. Harrington and wife.

The landlord was called. The detective showed his shield, explained that he had to arrest Mr. Harrington, together with his wife, and asked where they were to be found at that moment.

When a waiter said that they had just gone to their rooms in the first story, which were connected by a door and opened on the corridor, the detective posted three policemen in the street, under the windows of the rooms, and repaired with the other three, Hammond and the landlord, noiselessly to the first floor.

A light shone through the transom window of the married couple's bedchamber.

According to agreement, the landlord knocked on the door and asked to see Mr. Harrington.

Inside, the cover of a trunk was shut hastily, and a whispering could be heard. Then the bolt was shoved back and the door opened by Mr. Harrington, while the lady herself was more in the background of the room, both completely dressed.

Beside the landlord stood only the detective, who now, the right hand in his pocket on his revolver, stepped somewhat forward, and asked calmly, turning more towards the lady:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Timothy Gregory?"

Growing pale, the gentleman staggered back, and supporting himself with his hands on the ledge of the table.

The conduct of the lady was quite different. She saw how now, at a sign from the detective, the constables crowded into the room. In a twinkling she had caught up her dress, so that under it could be seen a man's trousers, and stood, with one spring, in the open window.

The detective rushed towards her with outstretched hands, in order to seize her, but he grasped the air—the female figure had ventured the leap out of the very high story.

A terrible, short cry of pain sounded through the night, cracking, as if an earthen pot was dashed to pieces on the pavement of the street—and all was still again.

The detective leaned out of the window; then he turned round and said to Hammond, with some emotion:

"I come too late. God has judged!"

Both went down to the street, leaving Mr. Harrington to the constables.

Even if the three police officers had not been posted below, 'Virgin Tim's' flight would have been thwarted. The skirt of his dress had caught on the hook of a window on the ground floor, the falling body had been pitched forward by the jerk with redoubled swiftness, and the head had struck hard on the granite slab.

The constables transported the corpse. Mr. Harrington and all the efforts found, to the station house, where, first of all, the body of the dead 'Virgin Tim' was undressed.

It was shown that he wore under the dress a complete suit of man's clothes, so that he only needed to throw off the thin over dress, the hat and the wig, and put on a cap concealed in a pocket, in order to appear again as a gentleman.

When the detective opened the inflated corsets his features took suddenly a surprised expression. He removed from the breast of the dead man a pouch, held it up high, and cried out:

"Gentlemen, the Dutchman's diamonds! In a little while they had also found on

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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

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Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says: "My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."

the corpse his wallet with bank notes, of which only a few were missing.

The next day the trunks of the pretty couple were thoroughly examined, and what was discovered no longer excited especial surprise. They contained not only the clothes of the 'Turk,' the long beard and fez, but also a quantity of other false beards, men's and women's costumes, elegant, simple and poor, hair dye, wigs and so forth.

The Dutchman, delighted at the recovery of his diamonds and money, handsomely rewarded the detective, who, in his turn, offered to share with the cattle raiser, but the latter, who was well to do, declined all recompense, and soon left for his ranch in Nebraska.

As for Harrington, whose identity was not ascertained, he received in time, his just deserts as the pal of 'Virgin Tim.'

"WISHED MYSELF DEAD."

How Many a Poor Dyspeptic has the Same Wall?—But South American Nerve Gives a New Lease of Life.

Mrs Mary A. Sinnott, of Penetanguishene, writes: 'I was a great sufferer for over four years from nervous indigestion and dyspepsia; often wished myself dead; was attended by best physicians; tried many remedies, but found very little relief. I was attracted to South American Nerve by reading of the wonderful cures wrought by it. I had about lost all faith in medicine, but I concluded to try it. One bottle wonderfully relieved me. I gained strength right away, my appetite returned and in a very short while I was completely cured. I cheerfully recommend it.'

Saw Through the Game.

In a Virginia church the minister announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the cost of coal for heating the church. Everybody contributed but John—, who gave a sly wink as the plate was presented to him but nothing else. The minister noticed John's dereliction, but surmised that he might have left his money at home. A similar contribution was levied the following Sunday. As before, everyone gave except John, who looked sly. The minister wondered, and after services took his parishioner to task. 'Now John,' said he, 'why didn't you give something, if it was but little?' 'Ha, ha, I know better,' said John, slyly.

'John!' cried the minister.

'Yes, Mr.—'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, nothing. Just that I kin see your little game that's all.'

'John, your words are disrespectful and require an explanation. What do you mean?'

'Oh, now, a-trying to pull the wool over my eyes, a-trying to make us believe you want the money to buy coal to heat the church, when you know it's heated by steam.'

ON CROW GRADE.

It was a hot day in August, 1894. Three trains were bound northward over the Missouri River Railroad to Fort Cocker then the terminus of the line. The first was a construction train, with a load of telegraph poles for the road beyond the Little Big Horn. Behind it rattled the "dust-extractor," otherwise a gravel-train, Rankin, engineer. The third train, which left Sheridan an hour or more after the other two, was under way, was called an express train, but in reality it was only a "convention superintendent's explorer," with a party of talked-out officials, an inquisitive stockholder or two and a few friends of the trip.

Rankin leaned from the cab window of the locomotive of the gravel-train with the greasy vizzor of his "dinky-cay" drawn down over his face. The boiler-head within shimmered and steamed, and the cab was hotter than a kitchen on baking day. Outside the ragged Montana buttes burned in the sunshine. Larson, the big fire-man, was swaying steadily from the coil-tender to the "glory hole" of the fire-box. Larson wore a red wollen undershirt which was open at the breast and burned brown on the back with cinders. The sleeves were gone, and the lumpy muscles of his arms glistened with perspiration. His face was black with soot. There was a good humored gleam in his blue eyes; but for these eyes he might have been taken for a negro.

On it he ran from Sheridan, Larson shovelled tons of coal into the red-hot fire-box, but at the end of the day he was ready to leave a car-wheel with any man on the line. All the forenoon Rankin had been catching momentary glimpses of his companion train toiling on ahead. Usually it was only a vanishing blur of yellow in a mist of dust, but it was a dear relief from the dead monotony of plain and mesa-bush and burning sunshine. About noon his train came to the curve near the bottom of Crow grade—so called because it ran through the land of the Crow Indians. Larson was double firing for the long climb, and Rankin juggled on his arm pad and watched for the train ahead. He expected to see the cars of telegraph poles just mounting the summit two miles away.

With a hitch and a quiver the engine shot around the curve. For a moment Rankin stared blankly up the track. Sometimes an engineer's eyes play him sad pranks. "Larson!" he shouted, his fingers tightening on the throttle bar. The fireman's shovel rang on the iron floor, and he sprang to the cab window. Up Crow grade, "teetering" and swaying like a ship on a choppy sea, two car-loads of telegraph poles were plunging down the track. The construction train had burst a coupler. On the front of the first car Jack Oliver, the brakeman, frantically waved his blue jacket and twirled the brake-wheel to show that it was useless.

All this flashed instantly on Rankin's eye. He knew that in less than two minutes the runaway cars would crash into his train, but his hand was as steady and firm as the brass throttle lever. He drew on the whistle cord. There was a single biting blast; it meant "down brakes hard." Then he drove the throttle forward and reversed the engine. Underneath the wheels screamed a shrill protest, and showers of sparks flew upward. The trainmen on the cars behind were straining hard at the brake-wheels. They did not know the danger, but they felt the thrill in Rankin's signal.

"Going to jump?" asked Larson, as the train shuddered to a standstill. A good engineer never deserts his train while there is a shadow of hope. "No," answered Rankin, sharply; "we'll back around the curve."

Rankin had formed his plan instantly. The curve which he had just made was dangerously sharp. Once behind it,—if only he get behind it in time,—the train would, perhaps, be saved; for the runaway cars, coming at terrific speed, would probably leap the rails and go tearing down the embankment. It was a slim chance, but Rankin took it.

"Fire away there!" he shouted to Larson. Without a word the big fireman bent to his work. He might have jumped,—some firemen would—but until he heard the engineer's order Larson was as much a part of the engine as the piston-rod. Seconds were precious. Yet the train seemed barely to crawl—a baby could have toddled faster.

Up the track the runaway cars loomed big and near. The jar of their wheels sounded above the noises of Rankin's train. Poor Oliver was crouching and waiting his fate. His hair blew lurching in his wind and he clung to the broken wheel with all the desperation of despair.

Rankin's locomotive was on the curve. Only a few feet more and it might be safe. The throttle was wide open and the stack belched fire. Larson grasped the cab window with tense muscles, as it to help the struggling engine.

Now the friendly embankment cut them off; they had made the curve. Rankin looked across the boiler-head at Larson, and laughed nervously. But they still watched with horrified interest to see the telegraph cars leap the embankment.

Far below there was a dry stretch of rocky gulch, covered as with turf, with tufts of prairie grass. It was full fifty feet straight downward. They caught a glimpse of Jack Oliver clinging to the brake—and the cars crashed into the curve. The inner wheels leaped in air and spun like a child's top. There was the shrill screech of steel grinding on steel.

Suddenly the runaways righted themselves with a quiver, twitched around the curve, and still on the rails came thundering down the grade.

"The've made it!" said Larson, from somewhere deep down in his chest. For a moment neither Rankin nor his fireman stirred. The danger, once averted, was the more terrible for being unexpectedly removed. They had lost their chance of jumping; for the train was now backing at a runaway speed. There seemed no possible way of escape.

"Give her the fire!" shouted Rankin. "We'll make a run for it!" The speed of the telegraph cars had been somewhat checked at the curve. Rankin's plan now was to drive back under full steam to the up grade a mile away on the opposite slope. Here the runaways must slacken their speed. It would be a desperate race, and Rankin felt that the chances were against him. What if his train should jump the track, or what if he could not keep away from his grim pursuer?

Rankin leaned from his window and looked back along the line of reeling red cars, which seemed to run in a trough of dust. And then he stretched farther out, with the perspiration starting fresh to his face. Behind there, just around the edge of a brown butte, was the fleshy white smoke of a passenger-engine. The division superintendent's train was coming. He had not dreamed that train could be near. At his present speed he would drive into it in less than a minute.

Larson swung back to his place. His train had attained nearly the speed of the runaway cars. He deliberately pushed the throttle forward and shut off the steam. The indicator finger leaped to a figure that it would have made a master mechanic's blood run cold; but he must save his passengers.

Rankin looked up questioningly. Had Rankin lost his senses? The telegraph cars were now scarcely a hundred feet away. Their groaning boxes had taken fire, and were blazing up like so many smoky torches. They rocked and jarred and roared, as if eager for the on-set; and yet Rankin slowed his train.

The front of an engine has no bumper for receiving a heavy impact. Rankin knew that if the cars struck the pilot with any force the load and poles would probably be driven forward and crash off the whole top of the locomotive,—cab, crew and all—and an explosion might follow the collision. "Larson!" he shouted, "straighten up, drawing in your arm across his dripping face."

"Go out on the pilot and couple those cars to the engine." Larson had two tow-headed babies at home in Sheridan, but he did not hesitate. From the cab window he sprang to the running-board and darted the length of the heating engine. One foot on the steam-brake, a firm grasp of the flag-rod, and he slid down to the pilot. He braced his left foot between the bars; one hand was gripped like a vice above, while the other poised the heavy coupling-rod.

Below him the blurred gray track-bed flowed outward dizzily, and the air was full of flying sand and cinders. It required every atom of the fireman's mighty strength to keep his place on the pitching pilot. Rankin had opened the throttle again. The impact must not be a pound too heavy. He could not see Larson, but he felt his danger. What if there was a ring in the front bumper of the car, so that the fireman could not make the coupling?

At that instant Rankin was hurled heavily forward, but he regained himself with a bound. Oliver, the brakeman, was waving his arms and signalling downward. Rankin saw tears of relief streaming down his dusky-covered face. They stopped, with every wheel passed, less than a hundred yards from the passenger train. The official, blanched about the lips and stammering with excitement, came stumbling forward. They found Rankin pottering over his running-bars with his hooked nose oil can. The big fireman was calmly doing up a crushed thumb with a bit of cotton waste.

"Of course they thanked Larson and Rankin, and I believe their salary was increased on the next pay-day; but there are some things for which money cannot pay.—Ry Stannard Baker, in Youths Companion.

- 25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache
" " Incipient Catarrh
" " Hay Fever
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" " Cold in the Head in 10 minutes.
25 cents cures Foul Breath caused by Catarrh.
25 cents secures Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect blower enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.

she Understood "Slape." As a child Queen Victoria was noted for her independent spirit and for her frankness in confessing an error. The following anecdote, told by the author of 'The Private Life of the Queen,' displays both these traits:

When a little girl, she was taken on a visit to Earl Fitzwilliam's family seat in Yorkshire. Wet weather had made the paths very slippery, and the princess who was ahead of the walking party, was warned by the gardener that the paths were 'very slape.'

"Slape! slape! What's slape?" exclaimed the princess, not understanding the local dialect, and imitating the abrupt speech of her grandfather George III. The gardener explained, but the self-reliant princess started again on her walk, and fell down in the mud. 'Now you

PLASTERS WON'T. Plasters won't cure cancers or tumors. It's covering up the sore only to drive it deeper. Our pleasant Home Treatment cures by driving out the poison, not driving it in. Full particulars in booklet sent free. Bennett & Jary, Rowanville, Ont.

royal highness said the earl, 'understand what 'slape' means.' 'Yes,' answered the princess, as she picked herself up, 'and I shall never forget it again.'

DROPPED DEAD.

Suddenly Stricken Down by Heart Disease. "A sad and sudden death occurred to a well-known citizen on one of the leading streets this morning."

Nearly every large city paper contains daily some such heading. The number of deaths from heart failure is very large, but it is only when they occur in some public and sensational manner that general attention is drawn to them.

Fatigation and fluttering of the heart are common complaints. With the heart itself there is nothing radically wrong. But the system is disorganized, the kidneys and liver are out of order, and the stomach is not in condition to do its work properly. Between them all, they throw too much responsibility on the heart, and the latter is unable to stand the strain.

A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood, make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child.

Dr. Chase's Liver Kidney Pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturer, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a day, one cent a dose.

Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is a sure cure for coughs and colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.

Effect of X-Rays on Plants. Very interesting experiments have recently been made at Cornell University by Professor Atkinson on the effect of the X-rays on growing plants and seedlings.

So much has been said of the injurious effect of these rays on the human body when exposed to them for photographic purposes, that Professor Atkinson was prepared to see his plants seriously injured in the experiments; but the results showed that even delicate seedlings, after an exposure to the rays of many hours, were entirely unharmed. Sensitive plants like the mimosa, exhibit the same indifference. Among the photographs showing the interior structure of plants were pictures of the seeds of hickory nuts, almonds, and peanuts taken through the unbroken shell, and of peas and beans still enclosed within the pods.

Julia Marlowe is going to Europe this summer and may arrange for professional appearance in London.



BORN.

- Halifax, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Holland, a son.
Parsons, Feb. 11, to the wife of Henry Smith, a son.
Moncton, Feb. 1, to the wife of G. F. Atkinson, a son.
Fredericton, Feb. 10, to the wife of J. P. Paelan, a son.
Digby, Feb. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Haines, a daughter.
Sackville, Feb. 7, to the wife of A. C. Smith, a daughter.
Parsons, Feb. 6, to the wife of David Layton, a daughter.
Halifax, Feb. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shiers, a daughter.
Truro, Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Turf, a daughter.
Halifax, Feb. 15, to Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thomas, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 15, to the wife of Fred Wilshire, a daughter.
Halifax, Feb. 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Fips, a daughter.
Boston, Mass., Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. John D. Ross, a son.
Restigouche, Feb. 14, to the wife of P. H. Sheehan, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Elipes, a daughter.
Amherst, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Parlett, a son.
Amherst, Feb. 6, to the wife of E. E. Hewson Parlett, a son.
Halifax River, N. S., Feb. 5, to the wife of Jas. F. Lee, a son.
Yarmouth, Feb. 4, to the wife of Dr. M. E. Armstrong, a son.
Hantsport, Feb. 10, to Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Macnamara, a daughter.
Partridge Island, Feb. 9, to the wife of Wm. Atkinson, a daughter.
Port Greenville, Feb. 11, to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Mierch, a son.
Yarmouth, Feb. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert K. Pool, a daughter.
Newtownville, Mass., Jan. 11, to the wife of Elbert H. Folkins, a son.
New Glasgow, Feb. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Warman, a daughter.
West Bay, N. S., Feb. 10, to the wife of John Desmond, a daughter.

MARRIED.

St. Peter's, Henry Morrison to Bella McLeod.
Kingston, N. S., Feb. 8, Robt. Bruce to Doris Dorsey.
East Boston, Jan. 13, Mr. George Trahan to Miss Cora Hill.

St. Peter's Feb. 8, Martin Kelly to Mrs. Joseph McDonald.
Sussex, Feb. 18, by Rev. James Gray, Thomas Ross to Madeline McLeod.
Grand Manss, Feb. 2, by Rev. W. S. Covert, Guy U. Quahart to Missie Small.
Truro, Feb. 10, by Pastor Adams, James McConeill to Mary A. McFadden.
St. Stephen, Feb. 2, by Rev. W. C. Gouchar, Geo. S. Brownrigg to Valls Murray.
Digby, Jan. 28, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, Charles W. Higgins to Margaret Williams.
Truro, Feb. 9, by Rev. E. R. Grant, William Eals to Florence May Fortune.
Westville, Feb. 10, by Rev. E. Cumming, Daniel Fry to Joseph Ann Fraser.
Canning, N. S., Feb. 2, by Rev. J. K. West, E. Palmer Grand to Sarah Alice Lomer.
Yarmouth, Feb. 17, by Rev. J. H. Feohy, Benjamin J. Simons to Miss L. Humes.
North River, Feb. 8, by Rev. H. Doro, Mr. Bruce Haight to Miss Anna Martinson.
Port Maitland, Jan. 28, by Rev. James Appleby, J. Goss A. Gossman to Abby F. Crosby.
Waldham, Mass., Feb. 10, by Rev. J. P. Langton, Annie Mabel Layton to Archie O. Emery.
Bear River, Feb. 8, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, Mr. Henry F. Shaw, to Miss Bertha F. Benson.
Dartmouth, Feb. 15, by Rev. Father Underwood, James P. Kennedy to Miss Janet N. Downer.
Dublin River, Feb. 8, by Rev. Henry Crawford, Samuel E. Hayes to Miss Cecile E. Romkey.
Fairfax, Feb. 2, by Rev. H. Achilles, Mr. Wilbur Hamilton to Miss Orlean Halliday.
Bridgetown, Feb. 9, by Rev. F. P. Grestorer, Charles Hadden Strong to Sarah Francis R. Barrington.
N. S., Feb. 10, by Rev. J. W. Freeman, Mr. Theodore A. Kearney, to Miss Maud L. Kenney.

DIED.

- Barrington, Feb. 12, Thos. Crowell.
St. John, Feb. 17, Thomas Sweeney.
Truro, Feb. 18, David L. Linton, 88.
Milford, Feb. 19, John J. Waring, 69.
Fiction, Feb. 18, Richard MacKean, 83.
Red Head, Feb. 16, James G. Boyle, 45.
Grand Harbor, Jan. 18, Asa Foster, 79.
Kempville, Jan. 12, Josiah H. Mood, 89.
Newcastle, Feb. 9, Alexander Taylor, 42.
Smith's Cove, Feb. 13, Claude Pottle, 24.
Marshalltown, Feb. 14, Jacob Redick, 85.
Five Islands, Feb. 7, Eliza J. Taylor, 41.
Dorcas Cove, Feb. 15, Daniel Martin, 52.
Broad Cove, Feb. 11, Hannah L. Hanes, 35.
Sheepdy Road, Feb. 14, Robert Hunter, 85.
West Earlown, Jan. 25, William McKar, 46.
Smith's Cove, Feb. 17, James H. Thomas, 88.
Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Rhoda J. Kenner, 37.
Springfield, Kings Co., Feb. 13, James Reid, 79.
Newtown, Kings Co., Feb. 14, Sidia Chapman, 74.
Dorcas Cove, Feb. 8, Mrs. Deborah Hopkins, 78.
Spry Harbor, Feb. 23, Miss Lewinia Jackson, 19.
Washington, Feb. 11, Orance Lane McArthur, 51.
Lake Darling, Feb. 9, Mrs. Emma L. Churchill, 37.
Central Economy, Feb. 10, Mrs. Enoch Hurlter, 47.
Digby, Feb. 5, Mrs. Edward Hannibal Sypher, 82.
Truro, Feb. 7, Emma, wife of Edward H. Banks.
Black Point, Jan. 25, Alice, wife of Andrew Doane, 25.
Joggins Mines, Feb. 15, Mary, wife of James Hammond, Kings Co., Feb. 9, Charles D. Marchant, 24.
Moncton, Feb. 13, Sarah Elizabeth, wife of John W. Trues, 47.
Froville, N. L., Jan. 24, Rebecca, wife of Percy Dooland, 48.
Cape Breton, N. S., Feb. 12, Elizabeth, wife of Daniel Timley, 84.
St. John's, N. S., South America, Jan. 13, C. I. Murphy, 30.
Baccaro, Feb. 11, Rebecca J. wife of Mr. Hanley Madden, 40.
Barrington, Feb. 15, Cora M. wife of Mr. Emerson Slopkins, 20.
Yarmouth, Feb. 13, Mary Bell, wife of George H. Reddin, 20.
Ashmont, Mass., Feb. 6, Oscar T. son of the late John Kelly, 24.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Feb. 15, Lucinda wife of John S. Mitchell.
Bridgewater, Feb. 14, Eviline, daughter of Ariel and Mary Fenn, 6 months.
Riverside, A. C., Feb. 6, Margaret L. wife of Gilbert N. Goodal, 49.
Blanchard Road, Feb. 2, Margaret, widow of the late Joseph Atkinson, 84.
Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 16, Annie J. wife of Thomas F. Tierney.
Cape Island, Feb. 11, Ruth, widow of the late Joseph Atkinson, 84.
Bristol, Shelburne Co., Deborah widow of the late Wm. Lewis, 85.
Middle Musquodoboit, Jan. 27, Margaret Alice, wife of Daniel Day, 60.
Bayville, Elmer B. child of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Allison, 11 months.
New Glasgow, Feb. 15, Hannah C. widow of the late Isaac Matheson, 51.
Somerville, Mass., Feb. 16, Phoebe, widow of the late George Dunham.
Woodville, Feb. 11, Lovit K. infant child of Mrs. Lovit Nickerson.
Yarmouth, Feb. 14, Maggie M. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hamilton, 4.
Grand Manss, Feb. 2, Lonie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Benson.
Melville, Feb. 8, Willie Carr, eldest son of James and Isabella Melkie, 12.
Richibucto, Feb. 11, Beatrice R. child of Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis, 6 months.
St. John's, Feb. 19, James Lewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hardie, 4 months.
Charlestown, Mass., Feb. 16, Leo Victor, child of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Mawhinney, 1 year.

MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION. Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese. Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required. No Emulsion so pleasant to take. "I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He told me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease bronchitis. After taking this splendid Emulsion for a few days I was completely cured." HENRIETTA V. NICKERSON. Lower Wood's Harbor, N.S. Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1907, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.15 a.m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. Annapolis, 4.00 p.m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.30 p.m. In a.m. and P.M. Lvs. Halifax 7.45 a.m., arr. Digby 12.30 p.m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.00 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 1.15 a.m., arr. Digby 11.30 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11.35 a.m., arr. Halifax 4.55 p.m. Mon. and Thurs. Lvs. Yarmouth 1.00 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 a.m. Lvs. Digby 10.15 a.m., arr. Yarmouth 5.30 p.m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri. Lvs. Annapolis 1.30 a.m., arr. Digby 11.30 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. Annapolis, 4.00 p.m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE

Fullan Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Business" Expresses, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p.m. Unqualified notice on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamer calls can be obtained on application to City Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Cheapest. Quickest and Best ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY. Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steamer will leave Vancouver B. C. for Alaska ports, March 26, 1907, 29th, 30th, April 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th. Tourist Sleeping Cars for the accommodation of Standard Class Coast Passengers, leave Montreal (daily except Sunday) at 2.00 p.m. Best accommodations, two, Montreal to New-York etc. \$7.00 Montreal to Vancouver etc., \$8.00. Write for Pamphlets etc. via "British Columbia" "K. Oakley and Yukon Gold Fields." Vancouver City's guide to the Land of Gold. Tourist Cars etc., and all other particulars regarding time, rates of fare etc., to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax.....7.15 Express for Sussex.....12.35 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.15 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Montreal (daily).....10.35 Express from Halifax.....10.35 Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....12.35 Accommodation from Moncton.....19.20 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation. CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages on every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Central Atlantic, Montreal and St. John, Quebec, Toronto and Ottawa, and the Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, St. Lawrence and Champlain Rivers, and the Atlantic and Gulf Coast Lines to Digby, Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agents. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Expresses ready to and from Europe via Canadian Lines of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Fort Erie, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. E. STONE, C. CREIGHTON, Asst. Sup.