

North Sydney, Feb. 1, 1899. I have daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin 7 mos.
Mrs. Deach, C. B., Feb. 18, Mrs. Catherine McLaughlin, 8.
St. John, March 3, Rev. Frederick Harvey John McLaughlin, 8.
John McLaughlin, Feb. 6, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, 7 weeks.

If you wish to be up-to-date you can read no better literature than *Progress*. The *Clash* and *Gossip* which we are giving you as a combined premium. Read ad.

PROGRESS.

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

VOL. XI., NO. 566.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 18 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ERN REFORM RAZOR
BEST IN THE MARKET.
THE SHAVERS' IDEAL
BALANCED HANDLES.
FAULTLESS GRINDING.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO.'Y

New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line.
Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.
Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 5, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 8th, 18th and 28th, for EASTPORT, N.B., and ST. JOHN, N.B. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on line.
With our superior facilities for handling freight NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with the extensive transportation facilities by rail and water, we have our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, and are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.
For all particulars, address:
R. H. FLEHUNG, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.,
L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 22d, 1899, the company as of Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward.
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr Digby 10.00 a.m., Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr St. John, 3.45 p.m.
EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
St. John at 6.30 a.m., arr Digby 12.30 p.m., Digby 1.00 p.m., arr Yarmouth 3.35 p.m., Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr Digby 11.45 a.m., Digby 11.55 a.m., arr Halifax 3.45 p.m., Annapolis 1.30 a.m., Mon, arr, Thursday and Friday, Digby 5.30 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Friday, arr Annapolis 4.45 p.m.

S.S. Prince George,
BOSTON SERVICE.
By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of St. John. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p.m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to the Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby, St. John and at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 4 from the Purser on board, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
P. GIFFINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 7.15
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Montreal..... 12.45
Express for Montreal, Ferry, Halifax and Sydney..... 12.50
Sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Sussex..... 8.20
Express from Halifax..... 10.00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 10.15
Express from P. du Chêne and Montreal..... 11.25
Express from Montreal..... 11.45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

—NEW—
RAIN CONNECTION
—FOR—
DETROIT, CHICAGO, &c.

St. John, N. B. 4.10 p.m.
Montreal, Que. 4.45 p.m.
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HE'S IN THE FRONT RANK

A MAN OF WHOM HEOR WILL TRY
TO BEARD.

He is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and though he is quite an old man he will yet make a reputation—incidents in this famous man's life.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is in the front rank of the men of whom the public will probably hear a great deal during the next few years. That, seeing that he is already sixty-two, and has been in Parliament over thirty years, may seem a strange thing to say, but those who know him best believe that Sir Henry has in the past preferred to be a useful member of Parliament rather than a 'popu'lar' one.

With his friend he is of course popular in the best sense of the word, and it would be difficult to find a single man among the 670 members of the House of Commons who is more generally liked by all parties. But Sir Henry is, nevertheless, not by any means so well known in the country as many of his colleagues, and in that sense, at any rate, he has his reputation yet to make.

Nobody who knows him has any doubt that he will make a popular political leader. He has the reputation among his friends of being one of the most thoroughly genial men it is possible to meet. He is clever, frank, and has a good fund of wit. He might do anything, said one of his friends, if he had ambition, but of ambition in its most personal sense he has none.

He has, however, the sterling qualities that make a true man. Without them he could never have sprung from a Tory household to be the leader of the Liberal party. Sir Henry's career is one more example of a house politically divided against itself. About the beginning of the century two brothers set up a small drapers shop in the East-end of Glasgow. They were James and William Campbell. The little business prospered, and one of the brothers became Sir James Campbell, Lord Provost of Glasgow.

Prosperity came in time for Sir James to send his boys to the University, and the eldest son, James Alexander Campbell, went to Glasgow University and became a Tory, like his father. Henry, the younger son, went to Glasgow and then to Cambridge and became a convinced Liberal; and to day both brothers are members of the House of Commons, each voting against the other on almost every motion. Sir Henry soon made his mark. He took office in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, three years after he entered Parliament and he made himself so valuable in various directions, that he has held office in every Liberal Government since that time. He has been Secretary to the War Office, and he has also held the important post of Chief Secretary for Ireland Secretary to the Admiralty, and President of the Local Government board.

It is an open secret that Sir Henry might have held one of the poudest offices open to an Englishman but for his devotion to duty. He has always declared that to him Parliament is higher than party, and he has confessed to one political ambition. It was to be Speaker of the House of Commons, and when Lord Peel retired that proud post was open to him. He would have been unanimously chosen, but he was considered far too valuable a man to be spared from the councils of his party, and he yielded to the pressure of his friends and dropped his candidature.

Sir Henry's post-bag, for days after his election as Liberal leader, testified to the popularity of the choice. Letters poured in from all parts congratulating him—many coming from Scotland, many from political opponents, and one even from France. Journalists were concerned about the length of his name, but they quickly solved the difficulty by christening the new leader 'C.-B.', and Sir Henry has now the happiness of knowing everybody wishes him well.

But it certainly would be convenient if he would shorten his name. It is the longest name on either of the Front Benches. A London newspaper complained that it meant nearly a whole line every time he was mentioned. But it is lucky, at any rate, that it is not fashionable to give our great men all their titles when speaking of them. Here is the Liberal leader's full name as it stands in the reference books: 'Right Honourable Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, G. C. B., M. P., F. C. M. A., LL. D., D. L., J. P.'

Among his intimate friends Sir Henry is known as 'the man who deposed the Duke.' A shrewd observer wrote of him in 1892: 'Mr. Campbell-Bannerman has only one fault. He is lethargic. A few crackers ignited under his coat-tail would do him good. If he could only be induced to become a vegetarian and to read only one French novel a month he might depose the Duke of Cambridge, and be-

come famous in history as the man who created the British Army.'

Within two years Sir Henry had fulfilled the prophecy. War Ministers of both parties had shrunk from interfering with the Queen's cousin, but Sir Henry induced the Duke to resign without creating any commotion. To him it was merely something that had to be done, and he did it. It was a magnificent triumph of tact, and earned for the Secretary the gratitude and esteem of every man in the Army.

Sir Henry has another claim on the esteem of the Army—two, in fact for he married a General's daughter. He conferred a great boon on 20,000 men by establishing the eight hours day at Woolwich Arsenal. Speaking of the result of this experiment not long ago, Sir Henry said: 'The men have gained enormously, and the taxpayers are as well if not better off under the shorter hours. It was a great experiment, but it has more than justified itself, for it has been an absolute success from every point of view.'

Sir Henry's last official act, too, added another mark to his name in the good books of the British Army. The last thing he did before leaving office was to complete the purchase of the new Under Hilton Rifle Range, Westmorland. The range, comprising miles of Hilton Fells, is of the utmost value to the Army, affording first-rate musketry practice, and troops are in constant practice there for five months each year.

Soon after conferring this boon on Tommy Atkins Sir Henry's office as Cabinet Minister ceased. It was on the vote for his salary that the Rosebery Government fell. The reduction in his salary would not have been a serious matter, for Sir Henry is rich enough to afford to light his cigar with a £5,000 cheque. But an important question of principle was involved—the question whether the word of a Minister should not be accepted without reserve by the House of Commons—and Sir Henry and his colleagues preferred to resign rather than subscribe to the violation of this principle.

June 21st, 1895, was a memorable day in Sir Henry's career. On that afternoon the announcement of the Duke of Cambridge's resignation was made, and later in the day the man who had successfully achieved this great step was attacked on a point of comparatively trifling importance, and defeated. He had made his mark as a friend of the Army, and the Army had brought about his fall.

It was characteristic of Sir Henry that, as soon as the fatal vote had been taken, he should leave the House and quietly drive home in a cab to dinner. His chief colleagues were absent when the vote was taken, and on returning he found the House

in the hubbub of a crisis, of which everybody was wondering what would be the end. But Sir Henry, the Minister, most concerned, was the least perturbed man in the Cabinet.

Imperturbability, indeed, is the new leader's chief characteristic. Nothing ever ruffles him. An Irishman once said of him that 'you can neither depress him, nor provoke him, nor tire him out.' He is one of the members of Parliament who are never heckled, though when attacked he is always ready with a fund of good natured retort.

Sir Henry and Lady Campbell-Bannerman are acknowledged to be among the best hosts and hostesses in society. Nobody knows better how to give a good dinner. Lady Campbell-Bannerman is a daughter of the late General Sir Charles Bruce, and whether in town or at their beautiful home, Belmont Castle, in Scotland, she is never so happy as when dispensing hospitality to her husband's friends.

As has already been said, Sir Henry is immensely rich. He is said to have an annual income of £50,000 a year. But he is not ashamed of the fact that his father was a draper. He derived considerable wealth under the will of an uncle named Bannerman, in Kent, and it was under this will that he assumed his extra name.

It was Sir Henry who coined the word 'Ulsteria,' so often used in Irish politics; and a good story is told of another phrase—'finding salvation'—which is often attributed to him. When the Home Rule question first became a factor in English politics, Sir Henry was discussing the matter in the lobby with the late Mr. Mundella, who said, 'Well, waiting till now, I have come to the conclusion that it has got to be accepted, and that that alone can clear everything up.'

'Yes,' said Sir Henry; 'you are just in the position of a man who, in the language of the Salvation Army, has "found Salvation." He has been in great perplexity and distress, and when he goes through the operation that the Salvation Army so describes, he feels that everything is made right by this one thing.' When, some time afterwards, Mr. Mundella was speaking to Sir Henry by telling his audience that 'Mr. Campbell-Bannerman had told him that he had found salvation long ago.'

The story of how Sir Henry was stopped by 'a man on the pavement,' and asked to give him his seals of office, after the defeat of the Rosebery Government, is too well known to need repetition. It is said that the Queen was indignant at the slight put upon her Minister, but Sir Henry entered into the fun of the thing, and he never tells the story without a laugh.

It has often been said of Sir Henry that his riches have made him too easy-going for politics, and that he is inclined to treat everything lightly. According to an Irish M. P., he tried to 'govern Irishmen by Scotch jokes.' But already he has dispelled this illusion. He has shown that if he is good-humored he can also be strong, and that if he is inclined to go through life with a smiling face, he is not unmindful of its serious side. The general verdict is that he is one of the two or three men in politics whose names will be on everybody's tongue during the next few years.



Settled—Perhaps!

They had been married fully three months, and were having their thirteenth daily quarrel—thirteen being an unlucky number.

'You only married me for my money,' he said.

'I didn't do anything of the kind,' she retorted.

'Well, you didn't marry me because you loved me.'

'I know I didn't.'

'In Heaven's name, madam, what did you marry me for?'

'Just to make that hateful Kate Scott who were engaged to cry her eyes out because she had to give you up to another.'

He fell down on the white bearskin rug at her feet, and rolled over it until he looked like a huge snowball.

'Great Caesar! woman!' he spluttered, as he tried to get the hair out of his mouth, 'what have you done? Why, I married you just because Kate Scott threw me over!'

And by the time dinner was ready there sweet young hearts were once more so full of sunshine that awnings were quite necessary.

A Remarkable Wedding.

A most remarkable wedding has just taken place at a small village called Trail, four brothers being married to four sisters.

The four knots were tied at the home of a prosperous farmer named James Hochstetler. Their ages range from eighteen to twenty-eight and the ages of their prospective husbands vary only slightly. The bridegrooms are the four sons of John Samers, and are energetic young men of good habits and some means. The four brothers and their wives live within a stone's throw of each other.

Twenty Thousand Tons of Tobacco.

There is enough tobacco at Victoria Dock, London, to raise a cloud that would cover the Metropolis, and cost nine millions of money. Among the twenty thousand tons in bond at a time you will find every sort, from all around the world, in cask or box or bale. Here are America's

When a Boy Enters

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

Send for Catalogue.

The
Currie Business University,
Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets,
St. John, N. B.
Telephone 991. P. O. Box 50.

tobacco being weighed in big hogsheads that hold seven hundred weight or even half a ton. Here is Japan tobacco in the broad dark leaves that are now so largely used for cheap cigars. Little thinks the tripper that the skin of the twopenny smoke he so carefully chooses came not from Cuba, but from Japan. Here is Sumatra tobacco, with the leaves folded so as to prevent evaporation; here is Kanaster, which takes its name from the rush baskets in which it was originally packed; here is Latakia, which owes its peculiar flavour to being cured over fires of camels' dung; here is Turkish, of all qualities, in its peculiar 'ballots,' six of them in each case.

Curious Pook-t Handkerchiefs.

A newspaper in Madrid is seeking popularity by printing its columns on linen, and with an ink which easily washes out, so that the readers after perusing the journal may apply soap and water and convert it into a handkerchief. This suggests an inversion of the process, by means of which the enterprising advertiser could make known his wares. He could print invisible pictures—i.e., 'mercurially-bleached silver images'—on pocket-handkerchiefs, and give them away, but the first time they were washed the advertisement would reveal itself.

SUFFERED UNOLD MISERY.

South American Rheumatic Cure Thwarted Disease and Cured Him Outright.

Robert E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke, says that ten years ago he contracted rheumatism in a very severe type, suffered untold misery—resorted to fly-blisters and other severe treatments with no lasting good or relief. When hope of recovery was well nigh gone he was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. The first dose gave him instant relief, half a bottle cured him outright. His own words were: 'It is the best rheumatic remedy on earth. Sold by S. C. Brown and all druggists.'

The Fresh Air Cure for Consumption.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the late Sir Andrew Clarke cured himself of consumption by living as much as possible in the open air. The principle involved has since been generally recognized by the medical profession, with the result that the old bad practice of keeping consumptives in warm, stuffy rooms has been almost entirely abandoned. It is fresh air which is mainly responsible for the cures worked at such places as Davos, where the patients spend fourteen hours a day out of doors, breathing cold, bracing mountain air, while they are exhilarated by bright sunshine. The result is that each diseased spot in the lungs is cut off from the healthy tissue by a ring of stretched cells, across which disease germs cannot pass, and so the malady is arrested until the strengthened body can overcome it.

She Got the Seat.

A short time since two young women entered a tram car in Manchester, England, and found only standing room. One of them whispered to her companion, 'I am going to get a seat from one of these men. You just take notice.'

She selected a sedate looking man, sailed up to him and boldly opened fire.

'My dear Mr. Green, how delighted I am to meet you! You are almost a stranger! Will I accept your seat? Well I do feel tired, I heartily admit. Thank you so much!'

The sedate man, a perfect stranger, of course, quietly gave her his seat, saying: 'Sit down, Jane, my girl; don't often see you out on washing day! You must feel tired! How's your mistress?'

The young woman got her seat, but lost her vivacity.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. 2 five cent extras for every additional line.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Times property, about one and a half miles from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. G. Fenney, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 34 6-11.

Some of Our Students

ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and typewriter operators (male or female) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us.

Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses mailed to any address.

FOUR 4 DOLLARS

—YOU CAN HAVE—

Progress,

—and those popular magazines—

Munsey, McClure

.....AND.....

Cosmopolitan

sent to your address for one year.

DON'T MISS IT!

You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter.

P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

a Boy Enters

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

Business University

Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B.

P. O. Box 991.

being weighed in big hogsheads... seven hundred weight or even... Here is Japan tobacco in the... dark leaves that are now so largely... cheap cigars. Little thinks the... that the skin of the twopenny smoke... carefully chosen came not from... it from Japan. Here is Sumatra... with the leaves folded so as to... evaporation; here is Kanaster... its name from the rush baskets... it was originally packed; here is... which owes its peculiar flavour to... red over fires of camels' dung;... Turkish, of all qualities, in its pe... llets, six of them in each case.

Handkerchiefs

paper in Madrid is seeking popu... printing its columns on linen... an ink which easily washes out... the readers after perusing the... may apply soap and water and... into a handkerchief. This sug... version of the process, by means... the enterprising advertiser could... his wares. He could print... pictures—i. e., "mercantile... silver images"—on pocket-hand... and give them away, but the... they were washed the advertise... ld reveal itself.

Unfold Misery

ion Rheumatic Cure Thwarted... and Cured Him Outright... E. Gibson, merchant, Pembroke... ten years ago he contracted rheu... a very severe type, suffered un...-ry—resorted to fly-blisters and... vere treatments with no lasting... relief. When hope of recovery... high gone he was induced to try... merican Rheumatic Cure. This... gave him instant relief, halt a... ed him outright. His own words... is the best rheumatic remedy on... old by S. C. Brown and all drug...

Air Cure for Consumption

matter of common knowledge that... Andrew Clarke cured himself... eption by living as much as pos... ne open air. The principle in... since been generally recognized... edical profession, with the result... ld bad practice of keeping con... in warm, stuffy rooms has been... tively abandoned. It is fresh air... mainly responsible for the cures... such places as Davos, where the... pend fourteen hours a day out of... eathing cold, bracing mountain... they are exhilarated by bright... The result is that each diseased... e lungs is cut off from the healthy... a ring of stretched cells, across... cease germs cannot pass, and so... ly is arrested until the strengthen... an overcome it.

Get the Seat

time since two young women... tram car in Manchester, Eng... found only standing room. One... whispered to her companion, 'I... to get a seat from one of these... you just take notice.'

Green, how delighted I

meet you! You are almost a... Will I accept your seat? Well... tired. I heartily admit. Thank... much!

Perfect stranger, of

quietly gave her his seat, saying... wn, Jane, my girl; don't open... ut on washing day! You must... ! How's your mistress? ... ung woman got her seat, but lost... it.

Advertisement

ENTS UNDER THE HEADING NOT EXC... ding... (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each... n. Five cents extra for every additional...

Advertisement

ENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent... for the summer months. That... situated house known as the Titus prop... and a half miles from Roxbury Sta... thin two minutes walk of the Kennebec... reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety... -Law, Fugatey Building. 24 4-1

Some

of Our... Students...

Advertisement

READY ENGAGED and will begin... noon as their studies are completed... e of them very bright and capable, will... work shortly.

Advertisement

is and professional men desiring intel... well-qualified book-keepers, stenogr...-type writers (male or female) will do... respond with us or call upon us.

Advertisement

es of Business and Shorthand Course... ny address.

Music and The Drama

TORRE AND UNDERTONE.

An Australian mining camp will be one of the scenes of a new opera by Basil Hood and Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Lottie Collins is again singing in London music halls.

Lili Lehmann has begun a crusade against vivisection.

Maurice Grau has paid \$60,000 to the creditors of Abbey, Schoenfeld & Grau thereby ending the indebtedness of that firm.

A success d'estime is the verdict on Luigi Mancinelli's opera, 'Ero e Leandro,' which received its first American production in New York on Friday evening last. Boito's libretto is highly praised for his admirable skill in grouping a number of scenes around the simple romance of the Hellespont-swimming lover. Of Mancinelli's music Critic Henderson mildly remarks that he is 'eclectic, and has garnered from several styles with the judgement of a conductor long acquainted with all that is good in the field of opera. He continues:

One has no great difficulty in recognizing the influence of both Verdi and Boito in various parts of the score. In some of the harmonic sequences and in the love-duet of Act I there are also evidences of the influence of Mascagni, though it must be said that the melodic qualities of the music do not show any traces of the control of this composer or of Leoncavallo, who might easily make himself dominant in the mind of any contemporaneous composer not gifted with marked individuality. The influence of the clever Meyerbeer, who has held his own in the traditions of operatic construction in both France and Italy up to the present time, is noticeable only in the ground plan of the second act, in which there are some of the spectacular features originally designed by that genius of theatrical effect for the delectation of the volatile Parisians. If, however, any one composer is to be pointed out as Signor Mancinelli's model, it is Boito, for whom in his music he evinces a special partiality. This is to be found in the color of most of the solo parts, in the treatment of the harp, and in the writing of the ensembles. To this, however one exception must be made. The fugue in chorus at the close of the second act is the result, undoubtedly, of the composer's admiration for the splendid mastership shown in the score of Verdi's 'Falstaff,' which the music lover will remember ends with a piece of strict polyphonic composition. But, as already said, the voice of Boito has sung most woefully in the ear of Signor Mancinelli. Probably the experienced operator will most readily recognize it in the trumpet fanfare used to announce the approach of Ariophanes, a passage which will easily call to mind the trumpet phrase heard in the prologue of 'Mefistofele.'

He adds, however, that the melodies are Mancinelli's own and are, most of them, graceful and poetic. . . . The declamatory passage allotted to Leander in the beginning of the first act, in which the harp imitates the lyre with good effect, is admirably in keeping with the Greek character of the text, but Schubert's setting at the same side is more beautiful. The first lyric of Leander is, perhaps, too heroic for the nature of the words. Hero's solo is the first act that in which she listens to the sea shell, is original and beautiful, and she has another lovely number in the third act. Indeed, it is not too much to say that she has the most successful lyric numbers in the opera.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The theatrical interest of the present week in New York is centered in the production of Sidney Grundy's version of 'The Musketeers,' which Beerbohm Tree has been playing in London with such wonderful success, and for which Liebler and Co.,

ITCHING LIMBS

For Three Years. Nights Itching and Burning Terrible.

Wife Suggests CUTICURA. Use it. Presto! What a Change. NOW PERMANENTLY CURED.

The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse, and would keep me awake a greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor. None knew what the trouble was. I concluded I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try CUTICURA remedy. Presto! What a change. I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years. Sept. 11, 1892. H. JENKINS, Middleboro, Ky.

Sold throughout the world. Forgive D. and C. Co., New York, Boston. 'Write to Cure Every Itching' and 'Save Your Skin'.

has secured an excellent cast for its presentation in America. Many well known names figure in it, and this of course lends it an especial prestige, even though the owners of some of these names take so small a part in the production that their presence can hardly be said to add to its success.

Last week the people of Montreal passed judgment on 'The Musketeers' and nightly filed the city's handsome new theatre to the doors to witness the play about which so much has been heard. The Canadian engagement seems to have been chiefly famous for the alleged disagreements and bickering of some of the principals; at least that is what those who read the newspaper despatches of the company's doings

some in the third tableau, I think—and there are ten—the endings fall flat and are utterly lacking in dramatic interest. There are really only two good acting parts and these are in the hands of James O'Neill as D'Artagnan, and Blanche Bates as Miladi.

During the Montreal engagement Mr. O'Neill was suffering from a severe cold which affected his voice to such an extent that there were times when it was almost painful to listen to him, and certainly his work was greatly marred by it; according to the New York papers he does not seem to have improved since going to that city.

Whatever may be said of others in the cast—and some have been subjected to severe criticism—there is only

a liking for the stage and am thoroughly in love with my profession. Of course I want to play Beatrice, and Rosalind and other Shakespearean characters, and I have aspirations in that direction. What's my especial forte? Oh, I think comedy! At least it's my inclination and I have been more successful in it. I don't like tragedy."

Miss Bates employs two French maids, and she laughs heartily over her efforts to make herself understood in that language, and as she expresses it, usually comes to grief in the middle of a sentence. She is a great admirer of Miss Anglin. In speaking of the latter, Miss Bates remarked "She made the theatrical sensation of the year, there is no doubt about that, and yet she is thoroughly unconscious and unassuming. She is a sweet unspoiled girl despite all the adulation she has received, and there are very few women whose head would not have been turned by it all."

In course of conversation with PROGRESS Miss Anglin referred to her pleasant relations with Mansfield and said that they had never quarrelled as the papers insisted they had done, that they were still the best of friends, and that she retained for him the highest regard as a man and an actor.

It will be remembered that Miss Bates made a name for herself by eclipsing Ada Rehan in 'The Great Ruby,' and very promptly received a quietus from the Daily Management. W. R. Hearst of the New York Journal wasn't willing to see the beautiful young Californian—he is also from that state—thus summarily relegated to oblivion and he made himself and his paper her champion, seeing clearly the 'future' ahead of her.

The fourth in this quartette of beauties is Marion Manola's gypsy faced daughter Adelaide Mould, who is only eighteen and just out of school.

Wilton Lackaye, S. Miller Kent and Edmund Collier, all have small parts and indeed the motto chosen by the Musketeers "Ours for all, and all for one" has a deep significance—James O'Neill is the "one." Mr. Edmund L. Breeze plays the small role of Rochefort in a decidedly able manner and looks grand and soldierly.

One of the very special features of the production is the gowns worn by the ladies. These were mostly made in Montreal by Madame Vere Gould of 56 Drummond street, and are veritable triumphs of art. In the prologue Miss Bates wears a simple heliotrope cloth dress, with black ribbon velvet trimmings and touches of lace on the bodice. In the first scene of the drama she wears a gorgeous purple velvet, the front heavily trimmed with silver large purple hat with three drooping white plumes and a cloak of the same color lined with pale heliotrope silk, and trimmed with chinchilla fur. Another costume is a yellow tea gown of chiffon and lace, trimmed with black ribbon velvet and made with flowing sleeves edged with roll of chiffon. Others worn by her include a heliotrope and yellow moire with an iridescent front in the skirt and lined throughout with yellow taffeta, a black and gold satin; and a most gorgeous creation in yellow brocade in which is set a panel, the design of which is a gold fleur de lis on a silver ground. The skirt is also heavily trimmed with turquoise and gold applique, and the bodice has the front softly draped with white chiffon spangled in silver, elbow puffs, in which the chiffon is combined with silk, and a heavy court train.

On her first appearance Miss Anglin is daintily gowned in pearl crepe de chine with four rows of insertion over pink, running lengthwise of the skirt; little bare of cut steel crossing the insertion at top and bottom; large lace bretelles nearly cover the bodice, and the elbow sleeves are trimmed with cut steel and insertion. With the gown is worn a broad crush belt of rose velvet. In her next scene her dress is more elaborate and is a blue cloth combined with pale blue brocade with reverse of white satin heavily worked with gold sequins; black velvet baby ribbon is laced across the front of the bodice with pretty effect. A great deal of broad Assyrian gold braid, hand worked and very handsome trims both skirt and bodice. A perfect dream of a court gown in which Miss Anglin looks exquisitely beautiful is of pink heavily brocaded in gold, the front of which is of green satin appliqued in silver and brilliants. Great ropes of pearls trim the shoulder puffs and the front of the gown. When the Queen, Judith Berolde walks from Vespers she is clad in robes of black velvet trimmed with jet and sequins, a long black velvet cape lined with purple satin, and a great black hat with three long white feathers. In scenes sixth and eighth she appears in a handsome pink and silver brocade heavily trimmed with pearls in design; but the gown which Miss Berolde and every one else considers the masterpiece of her modiste, Madame Vere Gould is a court gown of white and gold, heavily worked in gold sequins and the bodice and



MARGARET ANGLIN

were led to believe. For the most part these reports were utterly without foundation and were a source of amusement to those most concerned in them. A source of annoyance they were to the friends of Miss Margaret Anglin, though that young lady's equanimity was not disturbed in the least by them. In spite of all the rumors that she was dissatisfied with her part, was moving heaven and earth to secure one that would give her more prominence, that she was to be displaced, wouldn't appear in the New York production etc. Miss Anglin went smilingly on her way, winning if possible a warmer place in the hearts of her compatriots by the charming grace of manner with which she played the part Constance. It was a small part to be sure, but that was a fate shared by others in the cast who have become famous in the dramatic profession and who in this case had as much right to expect prominence as had Miss Anglin. Despatches and rumors to the contrary, that is precisely the way in which Miss Anglin looked at the matter, though her Montreal friends, jealous for her professional reputation and standing, took a different view of it and loudly expressed their disappointment that she had not been given the part of Anne of Austria. Whatever Miss Anglin herself thinks of the matter she says nothing, though there is not the slightest doubt in the minds of those who have seen the piece that she is better suited in every way for the part of the Queen than is Judith Berolde who now plays it. Miss Berolde is very beautiful very regal, and very stately, but she isn't an ideal Anne of Austria whatever she might be as some other queen. There are those who say her Queen is the one blot on the performance, but that is putting it a little too severely perhaps.

From a dramatic standpoint this version of the Musketeers is unsatisfactory, though as a spectacular show it leaves nothing to be desired. It is a triumph in this respect and the rapidity with which scene follows scene is marvellous. The scenery is magnificent, the costumes beautiful and the stage settings perfect in every detail. As has been said 'The Musketeers' is a play of action and the production a series of tableaux, in which those who take part move and talk.

Dramatically the play is weak. The prologue which ends with the branding of Anne de Breuil with the fleur de lis by the public executioner—the brother of the priest she had tempted to ruin and death—is probably one of the strongest features of the piece. The great climaxes come too early, and their excellence raises much anticipation of what is to follow, but as the piece progresses there is a disappointment a store for the audience. Alter one great

one opinion expressed regarding Blanche Bates, and her work in the role of Miladi. She is the bright particular star of the aggregation, a beautiful woman, and a magnificent actress. As the wily intriguante, with serpent like fascination, she bent everyone to her will, and even Richelieu the arch plotter was swayed by her wishes. Miss Bates is so wonderfully beautiful and fascinating, her work so replete with power and passion that her audience almost finds itself condoning her worst offences, and can quite excuse D'Artagnan's mad, though ephemeral, infatuation for her.

Of the stage Miss Bates is equally fascinating, though it is the fascination of the woman she exercises then. In person she is about the medium height, her perfect figure is guileless of corsets, and her movements are grace personified. She has dark brown eyes in the depths of which a smile lurks, and an abundance of crinkly brown hair.

She seems a thoroughly unspoiled girl and is so far free from that malady known as a swelled head, though her success has been wonderful.

"My going on the stage is merely a result of an accident," she said to the writer last Saturday evening in her dressing room at Her Majesty's Theatre. "I never had any thought of doing so until Mr. Stockwell—a manager in California my native state you know, gave a testimonial and asked me to take part. Not because he thought I had any superior ability, but merely because I happened to be very well known in the town. I remember the play was 'The Picture—a bright little thing, and the papers and people generally, were very kind in their criticism of my work. They were prejudiced of course, but anyway I developed

Advertisement for a bicycle. Includes an image of a bicycle and text: 'TO INTRODUCE \$1.00', 'INTRODUCTION PRICES', 'FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Finish Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$35.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, 25.50; fitted with Darrington Tires, \$20.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 25 and 22 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$20.00 to \$25.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.'

MUSIC SONG AND STORY

is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk-, and fairytales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.

THERE IS NO HANDSOMER MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE. It costs but 10 cents a month or \$1 a year. If not at your dealer's send 10 cents for a trial copy with 5 pieces of new music. S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

sleeves trimmed with the richest and softest of laces. With this Miss Berolde wears quantities of diamonds.

In private life Miss Berolde is Mrs. Marshall, wife of a well known New York newspaper man and war correspondent in Cuba last year. She proudly exhibited to her friends in Montreal a lovely six months old baby with eyes that other members of the company declare are the most beautiful ever seen in a baby face. The mother of this interesting mite of humanity enjoys the attention bestowed upon it quite as much as she does the admiration laid at her own feet.

Her Majesty's is one of the handsomest and most perfectly equipped theatres in Canada is furnished in a rich and comfortable manner. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy are the local managers and they are leaving nothing undone that will increase the popularity of the house or advance the comfort and convenience of their patrons. The seating capacity of the house is 1800, its acoustic properties are excellent, and the most remote seats afford a full view of the stage.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell declares that nothing quiets her nerves like sewing or affords her the same relief from the strain of her professional life. So she is never without a piece of work, and this she takes to the theatre to work on during the scenes in which she is not employed.

The commercial value of a great drama is proven by the fact that the past year's receipts at the Porte St. Martin, in consequence of "Cryano de Bergera", were \$220,000 above those of the previous year.

Belasco's new plays are called "The Queen's drawing room" and "The Widow's Husband."

Robert Mantell is to appear in a dramatization of Joseph Hatton's novel, 'The Dagger and the Cross.'

Charles Frohman has purchased the American right of 'The Coquette.'

'Horizon' is the title of a new play by Augustin Daly. It is described as a play of contemporary events upon the borders of civilization.

The company engaged by T. Daniel Frawley for Washington includes, in addition to Mr. Frawley himself, John E. Kellard, Barr McIntosh, Harry Corson Clarke, Charles Wyngate and Georgia Welles.

George H. Broadhurst has leased the Strand Theatre, London, in which 'What Happened to Jones' has been played since July 12 last. 'Why Smith Left Home' will follow 'Jones' in July.

'Report for Duty,' a new war drama by J. K. Tiltonson, the author of 'The Planter's Wife,' 'Queenie' and other plays, will have its first production in New York Mar. 27.

Maud Harrison will play the title role in Sydney Rosenfield's new play, 'The Purple Lady.' It is to be produced Easter Monday in New York.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Advertisement for W.C. Rudman Allan. Text: 'Accuracy, Purity and Promptness. Are the rules of my... Dispensing Department. Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are most accurately dispensed, and promptly delivered. Telephone 230, Allis's Pharmacy. I will send for your prescriptions and return it dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.'

Advertisement for W.C. Rudman Allan. Text: 'W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street. Telephone 230.'

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order, or by registered letter.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

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

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 18th

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

MAKE THE EXPLANATION.

The chief of police can hardly complain that PROGRESS has worried him much of late about the state of the police fund. Yet he must not think we have lost sight of it.

The recent talk about changes in the head of the police force has been believed arisen mainly from the fact that the chief is not anxious to either work in harmony with those about him and his obstinacy in ignoring such simple requests as an explanation of the state of the police fund.

AN IMPOSITION.

For several years an Australian lady, named Miss GRIFFEN, has been engaged collecting stamps from all parts of the world by means of what is known as a chain letter or snowball, the proceeds of which are supposed to form a fund for the foundation of a ward in a Sydney hospital.

At the present moment, this snowball

letter is circulating in all parts of the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe, in the British Colonies and North and South America. It has been translated into French, German, Swedish, Russian, and Spanish, and probably into many other languages.

The police magistrate's views on the question of a policeman's conduct are not usually open to criticism but in the recent case before the police court he admitted the evidence of a number of witnesses regarding the expressions of officer JOHNSTON some time ago.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

Of the Steamer Castellan Grounded on the Yarmouth Coast.

'I was asleep when the steamer struck and the shock awakened me, but I merely thought a heavy wave had struck us, until Captain J. J. Riley an old experienced seafarer, formerly on the Allan Line and now manager of the Mannheim Marine Insurance Company in Montreal, came to my room, and quietly said: 'We are on a rock.'

The grinding noise caused some anxiety, and the shaft of the steering gear, running up through the saloon and music room, was thrown and bent, cracking off some of the wooden casing. Later the deck in the dining-saloon was thrown up. This was supposed to have been caused by the swelling of the grain in the forward hold.

In the afternoon the boats were launched on one side and brought round to the other side and the passengers were all told off to the boats they were to go in. Then the welcome sound of the receding steamers' whistles was heard and we broke into hearty cheers.

Chief Re-seated, Cane, Splint, Perforator, Dural, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Bodyard Kipling.
Crowned by the songs of the night-wung plies,
Strong sapped with a dew fed oak;
Rooked where the sea face of Briton shines,

This Canada, sends to you tender thought,
From her man's strong limbed soul;
Prayer in the sorrow the Lord has wrought,

In Galway a man catches herrings,
Whose whiskers and shoulders are broad
He is the great man at the sea, sure,

With a boy I was coasting the Shannon,
I asked him the name of his daddy,
He gave me a comical look,

A big braved boatman in Kerry,
Who talks with a musical brogue,
And roars to the life of Valencia,

You've read of the wild Lochlavar
Who smashed and came in through the door,
And whipped off the bride on his shoulder,

Who hunted the soldiers in Ulster
Before he fell and died and died?
The name of that northern hero
Is recorded was Padree MacFad!

O'course you heard tell of the man
Who married Miss O'Leary;
The merry old jig on the pipes—
Rolling back Faudheen O'R flirty.

A bonch from Blarney I know,
A fellow so witty and chatty;
His name is Patrick and I get
The girls always call him 'dear Paddy'!

I know a great orator now,
And often I wonder if that's he—
The boy with the long raven hair
The schoolmaster's son little Paisy.

Then here is to Erin's great name
For it is all over the world!
And soon in her own little isle
May her emerald flag be unfurled. —Edward Cronin.

The 4th tier.
See the goller on the links,
Nuddy look,
See him rise his d'v'er high
For a careful mighty try,

See the club plough up the ground,
Frogs around,
Hear the profane roller roar,
For he knows his blossom's score

See him make another stroke,
Careful strike;
See the rider driver fall,
See it hit the ball

Did you hear the golfer's speech,
Has'p' speech?
See him hit it the time—woud!
He's advanced it ten paces now,

Now he's kees another stick,
Frothy stick;
Strikes a vicious, heavy blow,
Clu-stops short—m-re ear-b, you know;

See the atmosphere turn blue,
Very blue;
Hear the wind the ambient air;
Smash his clubs and rant and swear

See his caddie leer and grin,
Cursed grin!
See the smirk upon his face
When they start to leave the place;

The Mornin' o' the Year.
When the winter snow is meltin' an' the furrow is a-showin',
An' there's a snow along the fences where the drifts have broke the rails;

When the cows are standin' in the yard, contented-like, a-cheerin',
An' the rooster flaps his wings an' caws upon the barn-yard gate;

When the wind is 'shap an' gusty an' the showers are 'rainin',
An' nature's whin' o' the snow like figures on a sheet;

When the caws are all a-trippin', an' the neighbor's hens are cacklin',
An' the singlets that have listed go a-dappin' on the roof;

When the rook has put his staff away an' left the rooks a-shakin',
Ye will be o' the signs o' nature close; felled by a p'od.

When the woodchuck sets outside his hole an' robbins are a-sittin',
We can say he's a-killin' that the heart o' winter's broke.

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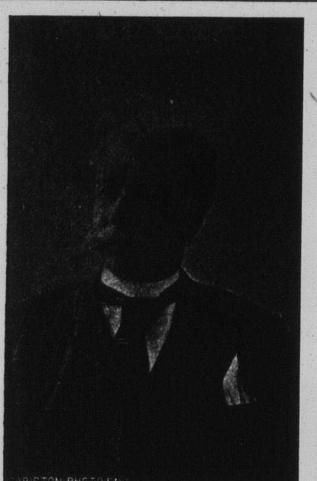
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MR. KILPATRICK'S BURGLES.
A Midnight Comedy With that Officer in a Leading Role.
Officer Napier and Sergeant Kilpatrick thought they had found something which would redound to their glory last Sunday night.



Mayor Beckwith-Frederickton.
Elected Alderman for Kings Ward in 1890 and 91. Elected Mayor in 1892, 3 and 4, and then re-elected. Again elected Alderman for Kings Ward 1896 and 97, and then retired. Elected Mayor in 1899.

the light went out with a swish and everything was still. The guardian of the law scented something but thought he had better wait until Sergeant Kilpatrick came around that way which he presently did.

Or good stuff for any meal can be procured on Union St. The famous Dann's Hams, Bologna and Sausage are for sale by him.

Cartons and Blankets 25 per Pair.
Carpets dusted or renovated on the floor, cleaning and dying done at the shortest notice.

A Cure For Sea-Sickness.
Bright red spectacles, accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against sea-sickness.

Occasionally.
'I'm sorry for Jack; he hasn't been the same man since Miss Marbleheart rejected him.'

Nature supplies all her children with brains, but she can't compel them to use them.
Professor Fretter asserts that one hundred million people lived and died in America before Columbus' discovery.

Where We Keep Our Mail.
A commercial traveller who is noted among his friends for the good stories he has to tell and the inimitable way in which he tells them, regarded his friends with one the other day that is rather flattering to this city.

Business Education.
Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life.

Well Known to Many People.
Many of the readers of PROGRESS who knew Mrs. Harriet Gibson, the colored cook at the Dufferin will regret to hear of her death which took place Tuesday evening from pneumonia.

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

A Good Dinner.
Or good stuff for any meal can be procured on Union St. The famous Dann's Hams, Bologna and Sausage are for sale by him.

Cartons and Blankets 25 per Pair.
Carpets dusted or renovated on the floor, cleaning and dying done at the shortest notice.

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Professor Fretter asserts that one hundred million people lived and died in America before Columbus' discovery.

Unbranded Hams, Re-seated, Repaired.
Dural, 17 Waterloo Street.

McCLASKEY'S
Special 5th. box best...
Large line of Fancy...

BAKING POWDER... Pure and wholesome

Where We Keep Our Mail... commercial traveller who is noted for his friends for the good stories he tells...

Business Education... speaking, a business education that educates for business.

Well Known to Many People... Mrs. Harriet Gibson, the colored lady at the Dufferin will regret to hear of death which took place Tuesday evening...

Mr. Cameron's Millinery Opening... Chas. K. Cameron announces his dry opening for Thursday the 23rd...

This is a Great Offer... person sending a new subscription office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain...

A Good Dinner... stuff for any meal can be prepared from R. F. J. Parkin's meat store...

Blankets and Blankets 25 per Pair... beds dusted or renovated on the cleaning and dying done at the...

A Cure For Sea-Sickness... light red spots, accompanied by light doses of camell, form a new Ger-

Occasionally... sorry for Jack; he hasn't been the same since Miss Marbleheart rejected...

You tell me the way to the painless... go down that little street, then turn around, and listen till you hear a shriek...

re supplies all her children with... but she can't compel them to use...



This week in special was a repetition of the program since the beginning of Lent; the gay days in which society indulged in the winter...

The young ladies who assisted the hostess of the afternoon were all daintily gowned in crisp muslins and looked bright and pretty.

Among the guests present were: Mr. Watson Allan, Mrs. Allan, Mr. B. H. Macaulay, Mrs. Macaulay, Mr. A. Ballston, Mrs. Ballston...

Mr. W. F. Currie of Halifax was in the city this week en route to Fredericton to attend his father's funeral.

Col. Tucker left the beginning of the week to attend parliament which opened on Thursday.

A pleasant entertainment, and a very successful one, was the concert in the Portland street Methodist church on Tuesday evening...

Dr. V. Drewson of New York, was among the city's visitors during the early part of the week.

Mr. George McAvily has returned from a pleasant trip to New York.

Mr. Thomas Malcolm of Edmeston, spent a little while here during the week.

Mrs. Eliza Spence was pleasantly remembered by her friends of Main street Baptist church this week who presented her with a beautiful parlor suite.

McCASKEY'S... Special 5th. box best Chocolate and Bon-bonns \$1.00

Branch of the Y. M. C. A. The programme was as follows: Vocal solo... Concert... Motion chorus... Club singing... Vocal solo... Broom drill... Reading... Piano duet... The following list of interesting news reaches St. John this week...

Mr. John Boden of the New York Press has been paying a visit to his former home in this city and receiving many warm greetings from old friends.

A Baltimore paper of recent date has the following reference to a New Brunswick lady who has many friends in this city:

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be, Fringing every morning for admiring folks to see! Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there...

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be, Fringing every morning for admiring folks to see! Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there...

Ralph is only two years old and Ford is passing four. But when they play together there isn't room for more.

Oh, I love her when it's raining, and I love her when it's moon, I love her in the evening 'neath the radiance of the moon.

Our Opening - Spring and Summer - Millinery - Will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 22nd, 23rd, and 24th...

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

Love's Young Dream: According to Scalp (By the author of 'The-za-boom-de-ay') The maid was fair, her hair was rich, The youth was poor; and so He sought her as the gallant deer Pursues his kind.

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be, Fringing every morning for admiring folks to see! Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there...

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be, Fringing every morning for admiring folks to see! Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there, Fringing, dancing ponies there...

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Oh, I love her when it's raining, and I love her when it's moon, I love her in the evening 'neath the radiance of the moon.

Oh, I love her when she's singing, and I love her when she's laughing, and I love her when she's dancing, and I love her when she's driving, and I love her when she's silent, and I love her when she walks, and I love her every attitude, I love her slightest whims, I love her when she's weeping, and I love her when she swims.

After 1899 it will be illegal to use the state seal and coat of arms in Massachusetts for advertising purposes.

Our Opening - Spring and Summer - Millinery - Will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 22nd, 23rd, and 24th...

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

\$100.00 for SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Welcome Soap Co., of St. John, N. B., Manufacturers of the Famous Welcome Soap, will present \$100.00 cash to the School Children, viz: 1 First Present of \$25.00, 1 Second " 15.00, 1 Third " 10.00, 5 Presents of \$5.00 Each, 25.00, 10 " 2.50 25.00

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

Maypole Soap Dyes. The English Home Dyes that will suit the most patrician woman that lives. They wash and dye at one operation. Brilliant—fast—quick—clean—sure.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE (The Queen of Fashion) For 1899. Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs...

Our Opening - Spring and Summer - Millinery - Will take place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 22nd, 23rd, and 24th...

PELHIE ISLAND WINES... BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND... E. G. SOOVIK, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Monson & Co., Barrington street; Greenwood & Co., George & Granville; The Halifax News Co., Railway Depot; J. R. FIDELAY, Brunswick street; J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth; H. B. GUNN, Bookstore; H. B. GUNN, 181 Brunswick St.

The funeral of the late T. Mahon took place on Friday morning. Services were conducted at the residence of Rev. Mr. Armitage and Rev. Mr. Williams, and at 6.45 the funeral party started for the depot, the casket being carried by sixteen or twenty funeral of staves, including two magnificent designs from the Masonic fraternity, a compass and square and a sickle and wheat.

Harry Mahon, son of the deceased, who arrived home last night, followed next to the hearse, and next came other relatives, a large number of members of the Masonic fraternity and other citizens. On arrival at North street the casket was placed in a case and left on the C. F. R. train for Bridgewater. Harry Mahon, along with the remains, five of the six pieces were shipped to Bridgewater by express.

A small but select audience enjoyed the complimentary concert tendered to Mr. W. F. Compton, at Orpheus hall, Thursday night. The programme which was an excellent one was most successfully rendered.

The opening number showed Mr. Norman to very good voice and with all his old power to please an audience. Miss Mettler, in solo, and duet, had an opportunity to prove once more the high esteem in which she is held by the public. It is rumored that Halifax is soon to lose this sweet singer and it may be that something of this was in her mind when she sang "Robin Adair."

It is generally acknowledged that Mr. Leigh has a tenor voice of excellent quality and great volume, but it sometimes seems that he does not handle it to the full advantage.

His song, "Star of My Heart," was well received and he generally responded with "I Love Thee." Miss Mary Murphy completely captivated the audience with the range of her sweet, pure voice in the selections she sang, and only added to her laurels with her encore, "Dorothy." The Misses White and Mr. Max Weil were enthusiastically recalled at the close of their trio, but responded only by bowing and smiling, much to the disappointment of their hearers.

In the duet, "The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above," Messrs. Gillis and Houlsworth did some excellent singing. Both these singers have a good stage appearance which adds to the satisfaction with which one listens even to such a voice as Mr. Gillis possesses. "The Star," a trio by Messrs. Kearney, Messrs. Gillis and Currie, made a fitting ending to a programme of unusual excellence. Mr. Compton played the accompaniment for nearly all the numbers, and was given a hearty welcome.

AMHERST.

Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.

MAR 15.—Col. C. J. Stewart and Miss Stewart of Halifax have been spending a few days in town. The Col. has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Townshend, Victoria St., and Miss Stewart who is making her first visit since her return from England where she finished her education, has been visiting Hon. A. N. and Mrs. Dickey, Victoria St. Miss Maggie Harding went to St. John on last Wednesday to visit her friends.

The Misses McConnell students at the Ladies' College, Sackville, were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Stiers, Church St. on Saturday and Sunday. Miss Jones, who has been spending the past six or seven months in Halifax with her nephew Frank Bent, of the Post Office Department spent last Tuesday in town with her niece Mrs. Ratchford, and left on Wednesday for Boston.

Mrs. George Cole, gave an afternoon tea on Wednesday to her lady friends at her home, Lawrence St.

On Thursday Mrs. N. Curry, gave a very pleasant tea at five o'clock to a large number of ladies. Her home "Seven Gables" looked particularly attractive, and Mrs. Curry is a very charming hostess.

Miss McKeen, who has been visiting her brother the manager of the Nova Scotia bank and Mrs. McKeen, Crescent Avenue, left on Wednesday to visit Boston.

Hon. A. R. Dickey gave a lecture this evening under the auspices of the Epworth League in the basement of the Methodist church, subject "Isidra and the Great Mutiny." The Hon. gentleman is an easy and fluent speaker, and no doubt the lecture will be most interesting.

Mrs. F. B. Robb is visiting her friend Mrs. Bell in Halifax. Rev. V. E. Harris, left this a. m. by the C. F. R.

PARROBORO.

Progress is for sale at Parroboro Bookstore.

MARCH 15.—A sad event last week was the death of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Parsons youngest child of croup on Thursday. Much sympathy is expressed by everyone. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Parsons came down from Spanish to attend the funeral which took place on a Sunday afternoon.

Revs. Dr. Sedgwick, Tamagouche, Mr. Gordon, Rev. John, and Mr. McGregor, Amherst, were in town recently on business connected with the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. J. A. John-on has been paying a visit to friends at Sackville, N. B. Mrs. Beverly received yesterday by cable from Cape Town the distressing intelligence that her son Howard had been drowned on the voyage out from London in the ship Tresser.

The literary society had an interesting meeting at Dr. McGeer's on last Monday evening. Mrs. Alloway, Miss Gillis, has lately been the guest of Mrs. Adams for a day or two.

Mr. J. R. Henderson has returned from St. John. Mr. A. E. McLeod and Misses Mabel and Edna McLeod left for Wolfville on Thursday where Miss Avora McLeod is very seriously ill. Mr. McLeod has been at Wolfville with her daughter for some time.

Mrs. Brough of Antigonish is staying with her mother Mrs. Harris since Saturday. Mr. Charles Hillcock, Amherst, was in town for a part of last week. He played the organ in St. George's church at the Wednesday evening service in the absence of Miss Upham the organist.

Mr. George Upham went to Truro today. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Reid have moved into their pretty new cottage on King street. Mrs. G. G. Reid and Mrs. Wells Cole have both been very ill for several weeks. Arc lights were placed in Grace Methodist church not long since but they insist upon making a no so very disturbing to the congregation. On last Wednesday evening they had to be turned off. Two or three notices posted in prominent places of a social to be held at Mr. O. L. Price's on Thursday evening are the work of Parroboro's cartoonist Mr. Allison Spence and are exceedingly funny.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALAS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atchison and H. L. Wall. In Calais at J. H. Meredith's.



When a man neglects his health for a day he marks two days off the calendar of his life.

When a man neglects his health for two consecutive days he marks four days off his life's calendar. And so on. That's about the ratio, and it doesn't take many days to cross off an entire year. And yet men recklessly neglect their health for weeks at a time. It is the easiest thing in the world for the average man or woman to get good health and then keep it. It only needs a little stitch here and there. The big, dangerous maladies that threaten life are only the culmination of the little illnesses that are neglected.

If when a man feels "knocked-out," "out-of-sorts," "run-down," overworked or overworn he will resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he will soon feel bright, strong and vigorous again and able to combat all the big maladies in the doctor-book. Moreover the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sure and speedy cure for some of the most dangerous diseases. It cures 90 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. These are not mere assertions. Thousands of grateful men and women have testified to the facts, and hundreds of their names, addresses, and photographs are printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

"I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for torpid liver and indigestion, and obtained permanent relief," writes J. A. Williams, Esq., of Mill Brook, Washington Co., Tenn.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser has had a larger sale than any other book of this class ever offered the public. This book of 1,000 pages with 300 illustrations, is full from cover to cover, of practical advice on health matters. This great book, in heavy marbled covers, is now offered FREE to whoever will send 31 one-cent stamps to pay for customs and mailing only. If an elegant French cloth binding is desired, send 50 stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Ruffin, N. Y.

to attend a convention of the Home Circle at St. Catharines, Ont. Rev. H. L. Lynde will take the service in Christ Church on Sunday in the absence of the pastor. The fourth parlor reading by Dr. Steel was given on Friday evening last at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Peller, Chiltern House, Havelock street subject "Cramer"

Miss Tweedie will give her second literary afternoon on Saturday, her subject for that day, will be "Samson, his life and quotations from his most popular poems etc.

Miss Helen Miles who has been in Springleigh Hospital for some months under treatment is now in town much improved.

Mr. M. D. Pridie is in Halifax visiting her son Harry and Mrs. Pridie.

Miss Blanche Robinson of Chester, who has been visiting her sister Miss Robinson Edly St. turned home Monday. During her visit Miss Robinson stayed in Amherst she favoured the congregation of St. Charles Church with a number of selections from the Bible rendered, with splendid effect by her rich Contralto.

Miss George Cole gave a very pleasant afternoon tea last week at her own home. Mrs. N. Curry also entertained a number of ladies at Seven Gables.

Mrs. Capt. Demier of Moncton spent a few days with friends last week.

Miss Dunlop of Truro is visiting Mrs. Colonel Blair.

Mr. T. B. Robb is on a visit to Halifax. Mrs. H. Facwell of Sackville was in town on Friday.

THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF MISS MARY MCCULLY which occurred in Boston yesterday morning, reached here today. Miss McCully was the second daughter of Rev. C. G. McCully pastor of the congregational church. She recently left home with a party of friends for a visit in the southern states, but was taken ill in Boston where she submitted to an operation that caused her death. Much sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. McCully in their sorrow. Miss McCully was a lovely girl and much loved by her friends of whom she had many.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Sisco to Mr. Julius T. W. Clark is announced to take place on Tuesday, the twenty-first, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Freeland Beard at three o'clock in the afternoon. Immediately after the ceremony the bridal pair leave for a wedding trip to Montreal and other Canadian cities.

Mr. Hume D. Bates has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. C. E. F. Ewan entertained the ladies of the Travellers club on Monday afternoon at her residence.

Mrs. John F. Grant who has spent several months in Vancouver expects to return home early in May.

Mrs. A. E. Nell who is in Palaska, Florida, expects to return to Halifax in April, and will make her home during the summer with Mrs. Earnest Haycock. Mr. Nell's numerous friends on both sides of the St. Croix will give her a hearty welcome on her return as she has been much missed during her absence.

Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific For Grip, Influenza and Stubborn COLDS The First Stage.

If you now think that "77" is a good cure, try it at the first attack of a cold and you will then think it a perfect wonder, it "breaks up" the cold so suddenly.

"77" also "breaks up" colds that "hang on," but it has a longer effect than the Dillinger, it keeps your druggist does not keep this in stock, take a 50c. vial and ask him to send for a 50c. vial; it is the most economical.

At druggists or sent prep. in 50c. 50c. and \$1.00. DR. HUMPHREYS' HOUSEHOLD REMEDY. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts. New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS'

SO OVER A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

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

Wallpapers

by return mail-free of charge-with special discount rates.

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

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In writing your card mention Limit prices Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

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Established 46 Years. Canada's Great Wall Paper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

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

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (new & revised edition). Edited by G. W. C. Carter.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Studies and special articles.

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

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Evangeline"—Illustrated by Heron.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories "The Uncollected of Aunt Nancy Ann."

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

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

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

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER OR CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

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

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Hennyer Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop your pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Bark. It is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address

HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING.

15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RETRIVED THIS DAY 25 BBLs. • • • P. S. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

J. D. TURNER.

At 19 and 23 King Square.

CHARLES'S KOLA

A COCAINE FREE KOLA

Mr. James Patterson, N. S. writes: "Our little son, who had been in bed for several days, was cured by Charles's Kola. He is now completely recovered and is able to play and do his school work as usual."

Charles's Kola is a most valuable medicine for all cases of weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a most valuable medicine for all cases of weakness, nervousness, indigestion, and all other ailments of the stomach and bowels.

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CLARKE'S KOLA COMPOUND CURES

A CHILD Three Suffered From Anemia Almost Since His Birth.

Mr. James Patterson, 32 Princess ave., Victoria, B. C. writes: "Our boy who is just now years of age, has been troubled with anemia almost since his birth, which had been continually growing worse in spite of all the medical aid we could procure. Our doctor bills have been very high each year; neither myself nor my wife have had a full night's sleep during the last year of his trouble, having had to practice and give him medicine to keep him from sleeping. We heard of a neighbor who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound and resolved to try it, with the result that to-day our child is completely cured, not having had an attack since taking the second bottle almost a year ago. He has grown very fat since and is now quite contented and healthy. We feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for the discovery of this wonderful remedy, as it has saved our child's life." Certified correct by Messrs. Ball & Co. druggists, Victoria, B. C., from whom the medicine was purchased. Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are absolutely guaranteed to cure. Free sample bottle to any address mentioning this paper. Address The Dr. Williams & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Clarke's Kola Compound has permanently cured more cases of anemia than all other remedies combined.

DE LOS RABBITTS

Dr. Los Rabbitts poured tea and coffee and had the assistance of Miss Isabel Rabbitts and Miss Lang's maid in serving the guests.

Miss Bessie's Whitaker has returned from a visit to her cousin Mrs. The. Bullock at St. John.

Mrs. Rhonda gave a delightful little party on Friday evening at her tables. About eleven o'clock a lady caller was served and soon after the party dispersed after having spent a very pleasant evening.

The up-to-date Whist Club met on Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Flevelling, at tables, after a hard struggle Miss Lillian Nichol, the gentleman's, a very enjoyable supper was then served after which the party broke up.

A number of ladies took a pleasant drive to Oromocto on Saturday, lunched at Mrs. Stockens and returned home in the evening.

Mrs. W. F. Hayden of Woodstock has returned home, after a pleasant visit with friends here.

ST. GEORGE.

MARCH 15.—Grace, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. French Meating who has been suffering from the effects of a disordered liver is better.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCord who have been spending the winter in Vermont have returned home.

Mr. Samuel Johnston spent part of last week in St. John.

Mrs. Katherine Watson and daughter, Mrs. Gavin of Boston who have been guests at the Arden have returned home.

The E. F. U. Officers for the coming year are President, Miss Cole, Vice President, Mrs. McAdam, Treasurer, Mrs. O'Brien Cor. secretary, Miss Marsh, Sec. Secretary, Miss Lavors.

Dr. Alexander has returned from a short trip to St. Stephen.

The band instead of giving a vocal and instrumental concert in Centre hall on Monday evening under the direction of Prof. Readvale of St. John. Mrs. Macdona Russell's friends are glad to hear she is improving from her serious illness.

The funeral of Jacob Phillips a young man highly respected and who has been in failing health for a year took place from St. Mark's church on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. R. P. DeWalt of Ft. Andrews, manager of the steamer "Viking" and "Arbutus" was in town on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Fraser and Judge Forbes of St. John addressed a meeting in the Presbyterian church on Monday evening.

The E. Y. F. Union will give an oyster supper in Centre hall on Monday evening.

Rev. Mr. Hawley of Nova Scotia and Mrs. Chisholm of Boston are in town called by the serious illness of Mr. Peter McVicar of St. John.

RICHMOND.

MARCH 15.—Judge Landry of Dorchester, is in town this week.

Mr. H. H. Fairweather of St. John, was in town yesterday.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney left on Tuesday for Ottawa. Mrs. McInerney accompanied him as far as Moncton where she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton, Jr.

Miss Sylvia Black entertained a number of her young friends very pleasantly on evening last week.

Mr. Will Hudson of St. John, is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hudson.

Mrs. Geo. F. Athiason arrived here last week from Moncton, they will take a permanent residence in Kings' on.

Miss Maud Seaside of Kouchibouguac, is in town the guest of the Misses Grierson.

Mrs. T. N. Tinsford and F. W. McLean of St. John, are in town this week.

Mr. W. A. Cathers of St. John, is in town today. Miss Pearl Davis gave an enjoyable party last Wednesday afternoon and evening to a large number of her schoolmates.

Miss Annie Robertson of West Branch, has returned to her home after a very pleasant visit among friends here.

SUBURBS.

MARCH 14.—Mrs. E. H. Wetmore of Liverpool, is visiting her brother H. W. Freeman.

Miss Maggie McDonald is visiting friends at Barrington.

R. G. Hervey and daughter spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman.

Miss Lyle M. Hill with La Grippe.

Miss Abbie King has returned from a visit to Barrington.

Lawyer Parney spent a few days in town last week.

Miss Annie Etherington of Jordan spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Charles Kelly of Yarmouth, and Miss Griffiths of Toronto, is spending a few days in town.

THINGS OF VALUE.

A lawsuit is still going on in the St. Petersburg courts which, it is stated, was begun no less than five hundred years ago. The case concerns a large tract of land.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are troubling.

A colicries tank for washing upon pedal cars, etc. is made by mixing together water and sulphuric acid, the writing becoming permanently visible when heated.

One of the greatest blessings to patients is Mother Gray's Worm Expeller, which effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

Egypt is the only country in the world where the male is more numerous than the female by 100,000.

Only those who have had experience can tell the true value of the "Holloway's Corn Cure."

Eveland is the smallest republic as to population having only fifty-three men, women and children. It is twelve miles from Sarinia.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which afflict the breathers organs. It is with this danger that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Cough and Consumption Remedy is supplied. It cures a lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as an inflamed and cracked in the back; and, as an inward specific possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Green is the smallest republic as to area, which is exactly one mile. The population number 150. It is situated in the Pyrenees.

THEY DRIVE PINKETS AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unbecomingly. It is of internal origin which the healthful way they should, and there is nothing to be done but to clean the blood system. Farnell's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and bright. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY THE SEVERAL DURATION

of life was only 18 years; in the century it is 38. What will it be in the twentieth?

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SEVERAL.—Among the many good qualities which distinguish the Vegetable Pills, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their ability in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It is called forth many cases of cataracts from the eyes who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They reduce the nerve centres and the blood is a marvellously active way, and the result is almost instantaneous.

FAMOUS FOR CLEAN SHIRT.

Premier Who Wore Home and Changed his Shaded Linen.

The point of the appended anecdote is, perhaps, suggestive of that trait of the individual in this country who insist upon interlarding a conversation with the important fact that they "took a bath," and making it the chief exploit of their day's doings. This is from the British Australasian: The death of Rev. T. S. Forsyth, who, starting life as a ship's apprentice, became premier of New Zealand, and spent his last years as a Congregational minister in New South Wales. He had been premier for two days only, the government being defeated on an amendment to the address. His ministry is famous, besides its brevity, for the sobriquet which it obtained of 'The Clean Shirt Ministry.' Mr. Forsyth had been assisting his employees to unpack some drapery cases recently landed, whereby his clothing became very dusty. On receiving the governor's demand to come and see him respecting the formation of a new ministry, he naturally went home first and changed his dusty garments. Later on, when making his ministerial statement, he narrated the simple incident, and this so tickled one of the Southern members as to write from him the chaffing declaration that he gathered little more from the premier's statement than that the honorable gentleman had gone home and put on a clean shirt.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Farewell For Ever.

"It is for the last time," he whispered dumbly, eyes told eyes this was the truth. Always inevitable, it had come at last. After to night there was to be no future in common. As yet neither had said the word that each was thinking of.

"It has been a most sweet chapter in our lives," said she, with downcast eyes.

"I would not have missed it," replied he; "though we may never meet."

"To be continued."

And a tear stole softly over her cheek.

Each had lingered, loth to turn over the last torn leaf. Soon neither would be left of what had been all. Alas! that the books of men's lives should be written in the sand, and that the tides of the year leave not a trace. She stooped beside him, her lips quivering with agony—suffered for his sake. His eyes were filled with pit, ting tears for the two broken lives—their own. Alas! for the happy, foolish, fugitive hours they had spent in common. Alas! for the nights basking with happy silence under the stars. The shaded lamp is burning out. The hour has come. Words are poor things.

"Did I bring my stick?" and his trembling hand reaches into a shadowy corner.

"Yes, here it is," replied she.

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

Each knows that it is a "good-bye" by a cresset. A sigh. A sob. The door closes. His rapid footsteps are loth to her listening ear. Yes, it is over. The darkness swallows him from sight. And she? She slowly rearranges her ruffled hair as she murmurs with a yawn: "I wonder what time he will come up to-morrow night?" They had bidden each other an eternal farewell before.

What is a Day?

Nine persons out of ten—yes, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand—it asked how long it takes the earth to turn once on its axis would answer twenty-four hours; and to the question: "How many times does it turn on its axis in the course of a year?" the answer would be three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter times. Both answers are wrong.

It requires but twenty-three hours and fifty-six minutes for the earth to make one complete turn, and it makes three hundred and sixty-six and a quarter turns during the year. The error springs from a wrong idea of what is meant by a day.

The day is not, as is commonly supposed the time required by the earth to make one turn on its axis, but the interval between two successive passages of the sun across the meridian; that is to say, the time which elapses after the sun is seen exactly south, in its diurnal course through the heavens, before it is again seen in that position.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST

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

In the Looking Glass.

It is really not a father's fault that his little daughter supposes him to know everything. Children are born to have faith. But one Chicago parent should have expected trouble when, says the Tribune, his child began:

"Papa, you took the scientific course in college, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear, I spent two years on science."

"When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side, and the right side seems to be the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"

"Why—er—sh."

Now, in consequence of the earth's revolution in its orbit, or path round the sun, the sun has the appearance of moving very slowly in the heavens in a direction from east to west. At noon tomorrow the sun will be a short distance to the east of the point in the heavens at which it is seen at noon to-day, so that when the earth has made one complete turn it will still have to turn four minutes longer before the sun can again be seen exactly south.

Summary Justice.

A lady who is a lover of birds relates, in Cornhill, some tragical experiences. Sometimes the tragedy touched her, and oftener the birds. She had a large cage of finches, and when the coachman one day brought her a brilliant and beautiful little bird, which she had never before seen, she put him in with her old favorites.

About half an hour later my attention was attracted by two or three curious feathered lumps on the gravelled floor of the cage.

On closer examination, these proved to be the heads of some of my birds, which the newcomer—a member of the shrike family, as it proved—had twisted off. Besides he had found time to go round among the nests and turn out all the eggs and young birds.

My dismay and horror can be imagined; but luncheon and guests were waiting, and I hastily begged a tall Irish orderly, on duty in the hall, to catch the newcomer and let him go.

Now this man loved my birds quite as much as I did, and seemed to spend all his leisure time in foraging for them. He received my hurried order in grim silence; but when I was once more free, and able to inquire how matters had been settled, all I could get out of O Callaghan was:

"I've larned him to wring little birds' necks!"

"Did you catch him easily?" I inquired.

"Quite easily, my lady; and I larned him!"

"This was said in a voice trembling with rage.

"What have you done to him?"

No answer, save a murmur.

"But, I want to know what has happened to that bird!" I persisted.

"Well, my lady, I've larned him—a pause—I've wrung his neck!"

Couldn't run away.

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livable Suites. Coaches at trains and boats.

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand.

MEALS at ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. MCCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LAHOL WILLES, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leshchinsky" Method; also "Synthe System," for beginners.

Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

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THOS. DEAN, City Market.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

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

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs, Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Honnev Eggge. Lard in cakes and tins.

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The King of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure La Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous Affections, Catarrhs and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Roots, Herbs and Berries. Is just being introduced into Canada and is sure to prove a boon to suffering humanity. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. \$3.00 to \$5.00 per day is guaranteed. Address HERB REMEDY CO., Wentworth, N. S.

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THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls of P.E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER.

33 DELICIOUS DESSERTS.



Hansen's Junket Tablets

have become world famous. This five minute job to make Junket—a quart of milk, a little fruit, fruit juice, flavoring, or preserve, a Junket Tablet enough heat to warm, pour into cup or mould to cool. These tablets are sold by druggists and grocers in 25¢ paper packets containing ten. The booklet costs extra.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

THINKING OF KEELEY.

A Man who Hoaxed the Public out of £2,000,000 Sterling.

The century has seen many humbugs come and go, leaving the world richer by their going; but John Keeley, who died recently in a common consent king of them all, a title which would no doubt have given him as much pleasure as his ill-gotten millions.

Keeley tried many vocations before he discovered that his proper field was in exploiting the gullibility of the public. In early days he had carried a trap, tumbled in a circus-ring, played the violin in an orchestra, been a conjurer and an Indian scout; but fortune favored until the idea of his motor first entered his brain a quarter of a century ago; and it speaks volumes for the cleverness of the man that through all these years he successfully imposed on the public and died with his fraud undetected.

It was in the seventies that the rumour began to circulate among scientific men and speculators that a wonderful motor had been discovered which, in the words of its inventor, a certain John Erce: Keeley, would drive a train of cars at the rate of a mile a minute, with the power derived from a small egg-cupful of water; while, in his own expressive language, 'with a bucketful of water it would drive a steamer so fast that she would split in two.'

There were obviously millions in a discovery so wonderful, and the obscure ex-writer became a hero whose rooms were inundated daily by fashionable and wealthy crowds. There was little to see and no one understood even that little. The mysterious motor certainly worked with a clanging of machinery and rapidly-revolving wheels, and to set in motion it was only necessary for the magician to pour a few teaspoonfuls of water into it or scrape the strings of a violin.

The 'master' could not be induced to betray its secret. He simply looked unfathomably wise, talked scientific jargon about 'annihilating gravity, charging the vaporic generator, and propelling the harmonic engine.'

The man was so plausible and had such a child-like air of sincerity that thousands believed in him and his motor, which was to be the mechanical revolution of the century. Engineers and other leading officials of the chief American railways inspected the machine and, for want of actual knowledge, vaguely agreed that there was 'something in it.'

What was more to Keeley's purpose, certain capitalists advanced several thousand pounds to perfect the motor.

One woman of wealth believed so implicitly in the impostor, that she allowed him £50 a month while he was completing his great discovery, and from time to time advanced him as much as £20,000. She even made her will in his favour, and when he died she survived him only a week or so.

There were sceptics, however, who asserted that the whole thing was an imposture, and that the motor was really driven through fine copper tubes by compressed air, on principles as old as Columbus himself. On one occasion one of these doubters, in the presence of a roomful of Keeley's admirers, dared him to cut one of the so-called wires, asserting that it would be found to be a tube for the passage of the compressed air.

At this challenge Keeley waxed righteously indignant and promptly cleared the room. A few minutes later he recalled his visitors; but in the interim he had substituted a wire for the tube, and triumphantly cut it to prove that it was wire and not tube.

In process of time the Keeley Motor Company was floated with a capital of £1,000,000, which enabled Keeley to live in regal style and to surround himself with art and luxury. Still the mysterious motor never emerged from its secret place, and it was still there when he died, leaving a paltry £500 out of the £2,000,000 of which he had relieved the public.

There's something the matter with this bar,' said the man who was learning to ride the bicycle to the dealer who had lately sold him the wheel. 'It looks to me as if it might snap in two at any time.'

'Oh, I think not,' said the manufacturer's agent. 'I think not, sir. At any rate, if it should break, we will, of course, provide you with a new one.'

'And who do you think will come and get it?' demanded the beginner, with considerable heat; 'my heirs?'

Tom: 'You are very anxious to see the club succeed?' Jack: 'I am, indeed! We can't afford to lose a member!'

Tom: 'You wouldn't want to see me resign?' Jack: 'I would do anything in the world to prevent it!'

Tom: 'Then lend me a couple of guineas to pay my subscription.'

Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." Mrs. SUMNER-VILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Get only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial, re-

After his death a thorough examination was made of the secret chamber; the flooring was taken up, and the long unopened secret discovered. The motor had, as the sceptics imagined, been driven by air, compressed in a hidden tank, and conveyed to the motor by pipes. The machine was, of course, valueless, and no more in invention than a common pump. It had, however, brought its fraudulent designer 300 times his own weight in gold.

The poet Tennyson was gifted with the grace of humility. His letters disclose his dissatisfaction with himself and his achievements. He pitched his ideals high, and he knew, none more clearly when he failed to grasp what he had reached after. An anecdote contributed by the Duke of Argyll and quoted by Miss Cary in her volume, 'Tennyson,' exhibits the poet's humility.

"The first words I heard him utter," says the duke, 'remain indelibly impressed upon my memory. On being introduced to him at an evening party in the house of Lord John Russell, I said, perhaps with some emotion: "I am so glad to know you!"'

'Not in the tone of voice of a mere conventional reply but in the accents of sincere humility, he answered: "You won't find much in me—after all."'

All the Difference.

The English Outlook contains the following tale, which is 'told for true in Australia:

While a troop of Australian horsemen was one day resting after drill, a private, running his charger alongside one of the officers, lighted his cigarette from that of his superior. The officer took the unconventional act in good part, but he did say: 'Harry, in the British army you could not have done that.'

'Right you are,' was the prompt reply, 'but in the British army you would not be an officer.'

An Enormous Christening Cake. At the christening of the twin children of Mr. C. H. Seeley, M. P. for Lincoln, and Mrs. Seeley, the other day, the tenantry were entertained at the White Hart Hotel, where there was a christening cake, surmounted by a cradle and twins, and having other appropriate devices. The following day the whole of the school children of Lincoln were entertained at tea, and each child received a piece of the christening cake, 9,000 packages having been made up for the occasion. The cake weighed two tons in all.

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Tom: 'Then lend me a couple of guineas to pay my subscription.'

Will Erect a Tablet to Gladstone. Arrangements are being made for the erection of a tablet to the memory of Gladstone on the house in Rodney street, Liverpool, in which he was born. The work is being undertaken by the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, to whom the necessary permission has been granted by the possessor of the residence.

No matter how just the cause for a woman's anger, people always have sympathetic feeling for her husband when they see her display her temper.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued From Third Page.)

Alice Neilson will not appear in London until next year.

Of John Oliver Hobbes' (Mrs. Craigie) new play of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, 'A Repentance,' which George Alexander has just produced in London, one writer says: 'The repentance is that of a Spanish count, originally a Carlist, who has turned Christianist (he dares, it will be seen is not a good many years back). He is known to have been wounded in a skirmish and is supposed to have been dead for two years. But a liking for life kept him safe and sound at the cost of his allegiance to Don Carlos, and at the end of the two years he suddenly appears in the guise of a friar at his wife's palace. Here, after a good deal of needless mystification, he declares himself. The countess' joy at his return is clouded when he explains how he saved his life. He is touched by her grief at his lack of devotion to the cause, suddenly determines to die as the Carlist, and dies accordingly by the hand of a Christianist officer. The author's idea seems to have been to show that a man who cares little or nothing for causes themselves will yet willingly die for one at the bidding or even the wish of a woman. But this is not very clearly brought out, and, although the audience were very hearty in applauding and calling for the author, they were probably in a good deal of doubt as to the real meaning of the piece.'

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, speaking of the recent production at the Theatre Francaise of an adaptation, by Jean R. Card, of 'Othello,' says: 'In some passages M. Ricard has given his French audience a real sense of the force and easy swing of the poetic style of the original. In others the vigor and freedom of the Elizabethan phraseology have pretty well disappeared, and the tempered vivacity of the polite French text is in painful contrast with the fierce abandon of certain phrases of Shakespeare. This result, however, was all but inevitable, given the French taste, and, as a whole, the play was one of the most brilliant successes which I have ever witnessed at the Francaise, or, in fact, at any French theatre. M. Mounet-Sully's very faults served him as Othello in good state. His exaggerated gestures and mouthing accents, so often criticized, did not in this role seem to exceed the proper key of violence and passion which mark the personality of the hero of the drama. As for the role of Iago, which devolved on M. Paul Mounet, it provided him with an opportunity of displaying a talent the extent and power of which have hitherto been unknown to the French public.'

Mr. F. R. Benson has provided for the Shakespeare memorial performances at Stratford-on-Avon this year a special revival of the second part of "Henry VI." He promises, moreover, the production of "Hamlet" in its entirety, according to the quarto edition of 1616. This will mean a performance lasting over the entire day—the first half being given at a matinee, and ending with the play scene in the middle of the third act, and the second part filling up the whole evening.

Dr. Conan Doyle's domestic comedy "The Brothers," will be produced in Aberdeen in April.

Charles Hawtreys' managerial plans in London include the production of a new four-act play by Herman Merival, a comedy by R. C. Carton, and a revival of "The School for Scandal," in which he, of course, will be the Charles.

Mr. Piner's next comedy, "The Gay Lord Quex," has been read to the company of the London Globe Theatre, and is now in rehearsal. There are eighteen characters in the cast, four male and fourteen female. The natural inference is that there is good reason for his Lordship's gaiety.

Cooney & Harris have bought the American rights to "The Ladder of Life," a melodrama which has lately been played in London. It will be produced in New York in September.

Forbes Robertson may appear in a dramatization of C. W. Mason's "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler."

E. S. Willard has postponed his American tour until the fall of 1900.

Henry Miller will open the next regular season of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, with a new romantic spectacular play. Mr. Miller is to appear in San Francisco on May 15 with a specially organ and company to play a season of eleven weeks.

Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flimsy, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are consequently not only unwholesome, but also dangerous. A branded tea like Tally's Elephant Brand is safe, as its producer's business reputation is staked on its purity.



Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest. It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb. No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use SURPRISE. A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."

at the Columbia Theatre. He will be seen in 'Heartsease,' 'Lord and Lady Algy,' 'Phroso,' 'Gudgeons,' 'Sowing the Wind,' 'The Liars,' and 'Hamlet.' Edward Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcott now of the Lyceum Theatre Stock Company, will be in Mr. Miller's company for that engagement.

John Drew will go to London in May. He may appear there in a new play next spring.

Mme. Rejane is credited with a great success in 'Le Lys Rouge,' a new comedy by Anatole France, just produced in the Paris Vaudeville. The play is founded upon M. France's novel of the same name, and is his first work for the stage.

Arrangements have been completed to continue 'The Belle of New York' for another year in London.

Wilson Barrett is the latest addition to the list of foreign stars who are preparing to invade the United States in the early fall.

Julia Marlowe has made such a hit with 'Colinette' that she will probably continue it for three entire weeks of her Boston engagement.

William Gillette will give up his part in 'Secret Service' in April, and will devote himself to completing 'Sherlock Holmes,' his next season's role.

Charles Frohman will open his Duke of York's theatre, London, next season with 'The Christian,' Evelyn Millard playing the role of Glory Quayle.

So great has been the success of 'Zaza' that Mrs. Leslie Carter will attempt nothing else for the next two years. She will tour the large cities of America next year, and the following season go to England.

The latest New York Casino novelty, 'In Gay Paree,' was tried on the dog at New Haven, Conn., last week. This new lyric fantasy by Clay M. Greene, Grant Stewart and Ludwig Englander, depicts the adventures of a prospective benedict, who projects a honeymoon excursion upon severely economical principles. Among the scenes shown in the course of the three acts is a view of a famous Paris Suburban resort.

Julia Arthur has not succeeded in securing a New York theatre for the presentation of her adaptation of 'More Than Queen' next season. The play will be produced in Paris shortly, with Jane Harding in the part that is to be played here by Miss Arthur. Scenically and in the matter of costuming, 'More Than Queen,' it is said, will be far and away the most elaborate production in the dramatic line that has ever been made in France. Following, as it will, such an enormous success as 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' it has been thought necessary to make a most lavish presentation.

Duse is now in Paris consulting with the manager, Schurmann, about a great tour of the United States, beginning in October Irving, Bernhardt, Duse, the Kendals and Alexander will thus strike almost at once. Zacone may come with Duse. The Italian actress, who has been so anxious to play the Greek drama, has had enormous success in the 'Antigone' of Sophocles, at Athens, so she is likely to play it on her next American trip. It is also said she will try a new d'Annunzian piece. Her intention of playing the Greek tragedy among the ruins of the same theatre in which it was first produced in the fifth century B. C., was thwarted by the weather.

E. B. McLean, Charles B. Handford and Odette Tyler, will begin an engagement in Shakespearean parts at the Herald Square Theatre on the 8th of April. Performances of 'Othello,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Julius Caesar' are promised.

Richard Mansfield has purchased the American rights in the English farce called 'my soldier boy.'

'Borrowing Boots,' a translation of a Chinese comedy, has been acted by English players in London.

It is said that Julia Arthur will soon add Juliet to her repertoire.

Victory Bateman, an actress, who was taken to a sanitarium at Stamford, Conn., two months ago suffering from acute neuritis, the result of overstudy, has almost completely recovered, and the physician in charge of the institution thinks there is no reason why she should not resume her stage work at an early date.

Effie Ellsler is in New York trying to make arrangements to return to the stage next season, either as a star or leading feature of an organization. She and her husband, Frank Weston, retired from the profession several years ago. Mr. Weston devoted himself to some mining interests in the West.

The cast of 'The Man in the Moon' will include Dan Daly, Sam Bernard, John E. Henshaw, Walter Jones, Marie Dressler and Louis Free-r. Dan Daly will appear as Sherlock Holmes, and Sam Bernard will play Conan Doyle with a Dutch dialect. Daly as the detective is to have a part that will supply great opportunities for his drollery.

'Carac Sahib' is the name of Henry Arthur Jones new four-act drama, which is to be produced by Beecham Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, early in April and by Charles Frohman in America next season.

Curiosities of our Calendar. There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday. The same calendar can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June, and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.

The guillotine is not actually as represented in conventional pictures of it. It has been made a much more delicate apparatus than it used to be, and has been reduced one-third in size. The parallel uprights in which the knife moves are now painted a dirty Vandycok brown instead of bright scarlet, and the knife is not a great triangular piece of steel, but an almost razor-shaped blade, weighted with mercury, and not shaped like lead.

'Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Dolyers?' 'Not in the least, Mr. Spudds.' 'Does your mamma?' 'No.' 'Do your brothers?' 'I think not.' 'Then I don't see any harm in coming.' 'But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object to your coming most heartily.' 'I thought I had named them all; but now think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug.' 'Oh Fido doesn't mind you.' 'Then who is it objects to my coming to see you?' 'It is only I, Mr. Spudds.'

Smallest People in the World. The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than 4 ft., and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75 lb.

Advertisement for Perfection Tooth Powder, featuring an illustration of a woman's face and the product name.

Advertisement for Boston Optical Co., featuring an illustration of a pair of glasses and the text 'Eyes Tested Free' and 'The best \$1 glasses in the world.'

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Page' and various fragments of text from other pages.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1899.

Aunt Tempy's Triumph.



It was in the glow of an April evening when Aunt Tempy came out on the veranda to hold a conference with her master, Stuart Mordaunt.

'Who should give her away?' The old woman folded her hands calmly across her neckerchief and made answer: 'Da's des' do question.'

'You gwinester gin yo, darter erway, huh is you?' Aunt Tempy questioned slowly.

The tone was so full of contempt that her master turned a surprised look on her face. She got up, put her hands behind her in an attitude of defence, and stood there looking at him, as he sat vi-ously biting the end of his cigar.

'You hows to gin hub erway, does you?' 'Why, Tempy, what the—who should give her away?' 'You hows to gin hub erway, I say!'

'I does! Dat's who! I gins my baby erway!' 'Most assuredly I do,' he answered angrily.

The old woman moved up a step higher on the porch and asked in an intense voice: 'What business you got givin' my child erway? Hucome you got de right to gin Miss Liza to anybody?' 'Why—why—Tempy!'

'Who is you?' exclaimed Tempy. 'Who raise up dat child? Who nuss hub th'oo de colico wen she cried all night, an' she was so peak'd you didn't know wen you gwine say hub erway? huh! Who de dat? You gin hub erway! You gin hub erway! Da's my child, Ma's! Stua's! Mo'de's! an' of anybody gin hub erway at de wedding, d' ain't nobody gwine do it but ol' Tempy huhsef. You hysah me!'

'But, Tempy, Tempy!' said the master, 'that wouldn't be proper. You can't give your young mistress away.'

'Popah er what not, I de only one what got de right, an' I see 'bout dat!' Mordaunt forgot that he was talking to a servant and sprang to his feet.

'Se about it! Se about it!' he cried, 'I'll let you know that I can give my own daughter away when she marries. You must think you owe this whole plantation, and all the white folks and negroes on it.'

Aunt Tempy came up on the porch and curtained her master.

'Nemmine, Ma's! Stua's!' she said; 'nemmine.' Her eyes were full of tears, and her voice was trembling. 'Hit all right, hit all right. I 'longs to you, but Miss Liza, she's my child.' Her voice rose again in a faint ring, and lost its pathos as she exclaimed, 'I show you who got de right to gin my child erway! An' shakin her turbaned head, she went back into the house mumbling to herself.

'Well!' said Stuart Mordaunt. 'I'll be blessed! He might have used a stronger term, but just then the black-coated figure of the rector came round the corner of the veranda.

'How are you, how are you, sir!' said the Rev. Mr. Davis innocently. 'Are you the man who owns this plantation?' Mordaunt buried his cigar down the path, and replied grimly: 'I don't know; I used to think so.'

Meanwhile Aunt Tempy had gone into the house to tell her troubles to her young mistress. She and her Miss Liza were mutually the bearers of each other's burdens on all occasions. She told her story, and laid her case before the bride to be.

'Now you know, baby,' she said, 'if anybody got de right to gin you erway, 'tain't nobody but me.'

'An' I can't gin you erway, baby!' said the old woman sadly. 'We'll see about that, mammy; you know nobody ever knows what's going to happen.'

The girl was comforting the old woman's distress as mammy in the years gone by had comforted her childish tears. It was a putting off until tomorrow of the evil that seemed present today.

Aunt Tempy went away seemingly satisfied, but she thought deeply, and later she visited old Brother Parker, who used to be a servant in a preacher's family, and they talked long and earnestly together one whole evening.

Doshy saw them as they separated, and cried in derision: 'Look hysah, Aunt Tempy, what you an' ol' Brothah Parkah c-edgin' 'er-but so long! Spec'fuh' thing we know we be gin' 'er alipahs and w-er-af-in you, an' you'll be tellin' Miss Liza 'er's ample!'

'Hub-uh, chile,' Aunt Tempy answered, 'I ain't thinkin' nothin' 'bout ma' in' 'er Liza, I ain't 'er de maid too!'

The preparations for the wedding were completed, and the time arrived. All the elite of the surrounding country were present. Mammy was allowed to put the last touches, insignificant though they were to the bride's costume.

She wept copiously over her child, but with not so much absorption as not to be alert when Miss Liza took her down and slipped her behind the heavy portiers.

The organ pealed its march; the ceremony began and proceeded. The responses of the groom were

strong, and those of the bride timid, but decisive and clear. Above all, rose the resonant voice of the rector. Stuart Mordaunt had gathered himself together and straightened his shoulders and stepped forward at the words, 'Who giveth this woman?' when suddenly the portieres behind the bridal party were thrown asunder, and the ample form of Aunt Tempy appeared.

The whole assemblage was thunderstruck. The minister paused, Mordaunt stood transfixed; a hush fell upon all of them, which was broken by the old woman's stentorian voice crying: 'I does! Dat's who! I gins my baby erway!'

For an instant no one spoke; some of the older ladies wiped tears from their eyes, and Stuart Mordaunt frowned and resumed his place beside his daughter.

The clergyman took up the ceremony where he had left off, and the marriage was finished without any further interruption.

When it was all over, neither the father, the mother, the proud groom nor the blushing bride had one word of reproach for mammy, for no one doubted that her giving away and her blessing were as effectual and fervent as those of the nearest relative could have been.

A NATION'S TOBACCO PIPE. Its Bowl Would Hold all the People in Liverpool and Birkenhead.

Probably the most enthusiastic admirer of 'My Lady Nicotine' will find it difficult to realize the mountains of tobacco which are required every year to fill the nation's pipes. A careful estimate places the amount of tobacco smoked every year within the United Kingdom at 700,000,000 lb., or an allowance to every inhabitant of 1 lb. 12 oz. sufficient for 168 hours of hard smoking.

It was possible to collect these 31,250 tons of tobacco and to make a pipe large enough to contain it all, our national pipe would have a bowl capable of holding the entire population of Liverpool and Birkenhead, or about 750,000 people. The bowl would be so capacious that eighty-six men with outstretched arms could scarcely embrace it, while the Nelson monument could be dropped in to its side-ways. It would be 150 ft. in diameter, and would rise 68 ft. higher than the London Monument.

If our pipe were a magnified briar its stem would be about 300 yds. long; but if we make a homely 'churchwarden' of it, and place its bowl in the space opposite the Mansion House, the smoker would have to take up his position at Ludgate Circus.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a few vigorous puffs of this mammoth pipe would fill the City with the densest fog of the century; or that the weight of the pipe when loaded would tax the strength of all

the men in the entire 'county of London' to lift it.

If we now unload our pipe we shall require no fewer than 20,000 horses to carry away its burden of tobacco; while our train of carts would stretch in an unbroken line from London to Brighton. If we convey it by rail we shall require a train of waggon-loads long enough to reach from Waterloo to Homanlow, a distance of over thirteen miles.

If we pack it in quarter-pound tins, each representing a week's supply for the ordinary smoker, and the tins being 3 in. in diameter and 4 1/2 in. long, we can make of them a 'cable of tobacco' long enough to go more than four-fifths of the way round the Equator, or twenty cables, a pathway 5 ft. wide, to stretch from London to Naples.

If we rear our tins in one huge column, 7 yds. square, the area of a large drawing-room, the top of our column would be level with the observatory on the top of Mont Blanc. This quantity of tobacco would allow six good pipefuls to every man, woman, and child throughout the world, and would represent 1,316,128 years of continuous smoking, night and day.

This means that if a small army of 1,616 men had commenced to smoke hard, night and day, at the very moment when William the Conqueror put his foot on English soil, and had continued smoking through all the intervening 833 years, they would barely now have reached the last pipes of one year's supply of tobacco for the United Kingdom.

Taking the average retail price of our tobacco as 4s. 6d. a pound, the smokers of the United Kingdom spend no less than £15,750,000 on smoke. If they could turn their pipes and devote their tobacco money to charity, it would be possible to make an allowance of 6s. a week to every pauper in the United Kingdom.

Our smokers spend every year as much as would pay the entire cost of our Army for a period of ten months; or would pay the nation's yearly bills for Education, Science and Art, Law and Justice.

An army of 5,000 men would find it difficult to carry the 174 tons of gun necessary to pay our annual tobacco bill; in fact if all the gold were put into one pan of a col. steel pair of scales, and the entire population of a small town of 2,500 inhabitants in the other pan, it would be necessary to call in recruits from the surrounding villages to turn the scale.

Among the many best and greatest things that North America possesses, certain manufacturing establishments always stand out conspicuously. This is notable true of The Sherwin-Williams Company, the home plant of which, at Cleveland, Ohio, holds a unique position in the manufacturing world.

The Sherwin-Williams Company owes its distinction not only to the fact that it is the largest producer of paint in the world, but as well to the system and method of manufacture, the splendid conduct of its factory and the institutions established for the benefit of employees.

Besides the main plant at Cleveland, The Sherwin-Williams Company have factories at Chicago and Montreal and their own warehouses and branch offices at New York, Boston and Toronto, with several auxiliary interests at other trade centres.

The Cleveland plant consists of fifteen large buildings conveniently arranged for shipping both by railroad and water. The

Company's printing and advertising establishment is in a separate building adjacent to the main plant. Here all the printing and preparation of advertising and sample cards are carried on. The Sherwin-Williams Company operates its own box factory and cooperage establishment, and makes all its own cans. For the convenience of employees a dining room and kitchen is provided where lunches are served to all employees of the Company.

Special washrooms and bath rooms are also provided, while perhaps the most unusual feature in the establishment is a laundry in which all the Company's towels, aprons, table linen, etc., are laundered. The Sherwin-Williams Mutual Benefit Association has been in successful operation for a number of years, paying benefits to the employees who become members in case of sickness, accident and death. A monthly magazine called 'The Camelion' is printed for circulation among the staff of workers in the manufacturing, sales and account departments of the Company. Besides these there are many other distinctive features of the factory system that make the Sherwin-Williams' institution the most model paint plant in existence. Everything that promotes cleanliness, health, and neatness is done in the most thorough manner, and the result is a highly sympathetic working between the employees and employers.

The Company always extends a cordial invitation to visiting paint dealers who desire to inspect their factories.

Thrust and Parry. The friends of a popular 'drummer' in one of the Western states tell a story at his expense that is worth repeating. We are not sure, however, but it is at the expense of the other person concerned in the narrative. He attended a large party one evening, and after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady from the East, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of the conversation the subject of business callings came up, and she said:

'By the way, Mr.—, may I ask you what your occupation is?' 'Certainly,' he answered. 'I am a commercial traveller.'

'How very interesting! Do you know, Mr.—, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travellers are not received in good society?' 'Quick as a flash he rejoined: 'They are not here, either, madam.'

Where Dolls are Made. Most of the dolls with which the windows of the toy shops are now decorated come, as is generally known, from Germany. But it is not so generally known that the making of them is very largely a cottage and not a factory industry. The cheaper ones come almost entirely from the agricultural districts of Coburg, the peasants filling up their intervals of field-work with doll-making, the dolls being collected at regular intervals by the factors who trade in and export them. Dolls eyes, too, come mostly from Germany, but the better sorts from France. The English industry is mostly in wax dolls of a more expensive kind than the compe, china or wooden articles, of which we import such huge quantities every year.

Commonest Surnames. A writer has compiled an interesting table of the fifty commonest surnames in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Except in Ireland and Chicago, Smith is the commonest of all, but Smith is only second in Chicago, and fifth in Ireland, but is fourth in Philadelphia, seventh in Chicago, eleventh in New York, and thirteenth in Boston.

Disease can be driven in or driven out. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives disease out of the blood. Many medicines suppress disease—cover it but don't cure it. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases originating in impure blood by purifying the blood itself. Foul blood makes a foul body. Make the blood pure and the body will be sound. Through the blood Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, tetter, boils, eruptions, humors, rheumatism, and all scrofulous diseases. 'Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had rashes or boils all over my body, but one bottle cured me. I consider Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine made.'—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss. Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Quick Soap SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest. It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb. No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use SURPRISE. A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine. Remember the name—'SURPRISE'

It is said that Julia Arthur will soon add Juliet to her repertoire. Victory Batesman, an actress, who was taken to a sanitarium at Stamford, Conn., two months ago suffering from acute mania the result of overstudy, has almost completely recovered, and the physician in charge of the institution thinks there is no reason why she should not resume her stage work at an early date.

Effie Elsie is in New York trying to make arrangements to return to the stage next season, either as a star or leading feature of an organization. She and her husband, Frank Weston, retired from the profession several years ago. Mr. Weston devoted himself to some mining interests in the West.

The cast of 'The Man in the Moon' will include Dan Daly, Sam Bernard, John E. Henshaw, Walter Jones, Marie Dressler and Louis Froer. Dan Daly will appear as Sherlock Holmes, and Sam Bernard will play Conan Doyle with a Dutch dialect. Daly as the detective is to have a part that will supply great opportunities for his drollery.

'Carnac Sahib' is the name of Henry Arthur Jones new four-act drama, which is to be produced by Boehmham Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, early in April and by Charles Frohman in America next season.

Curiosities of our Calendar. There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday, or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June, and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap years, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.

Very Different Now. The guillotine is not actually as represented in conventional pictures of it. It has been made a much more delicate apparatus than it used to be, and has been reduced one-third in size. The parallel uprights in which the knife moves are now painted a dirty Vandycok brown instead of bright scarlet, and the knife is not a great triangular blade of steel, but an almost razor-shaped piece, weighted with mercury, and not with lead.

'Does your papa object to my calling upon you, Miss Doylers?' 'Not in the least, Mr. Spudds.' 'Does your mamma?' 'No.' 'Do your brothers?' 'I think not.' 'Then I don't see any harm in coming.' 'But there is one member of the family you neglected to ask about, and who does object to your coming most heartily.' 'I thought I had named them all; but now think of it, I did omit to ask about your pug.' 'Oh Fido doesn't mind you.' 'Then who is it objects to my coming to see you?' 'It is only I, Mr. Spudds.'

Smallest People in the World. The inhabitants of the Andaman Islands are said to be the smallest race of people in the world. The average height of a full-grown Andaman is less than 4 ft., and the anthropological experts who recently visited them found but few that weighed over 75 lb.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

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

Continued.

The lady in question was old, and gaunt and ugly, yet a rowing, in her dress, an attempt at juvenility which was horribly incongruous with her appearance.

"Do look at mother!" the girl exclaimed, as her eyes travelled over the moving throng of gaily-dressed folk upon the lawn before the house. "She really grows younger every day. We used to look upon her as quite old and helpless; but she has cut off at least thirty years since Madge married. Who is the old gentleman who is dancing attendance upon her?"

"Colonel Maddison, I fancy. Will you have some more tea?"

"No, thanks; let us stroll round, and see all there is to be seen. Every moment I expect you to be snatched away from me. You have been pointed out as a celebrity, at least by a dozen times since we have been sitting here. I wish you were a mere nobody."

"You have your wish then," he said, rather gravely. "For I certainly am a nobody."

"You!" she cried, scuffling. "How can you say such a thing?"

He walked a little way in silence, then said—

"Perhaps some day I shall find out who my people are. What if they turn out to be only humble folk?"

Shirley had never thought of this.

He had told her the story of his strange, lonely life, and she had shed tears of pity for his unhappy childhood; but as to what his parents might have been, she had never given a thought.

Now, as she looked at him, she smiled proudly.

"I don't think you will ever find they are humble folk," she said. "There is nothing humble about you."

"I don't think so either," he admitted. "But anyhow I cannot lay claim to any family. I don't even know what right I have to the name I bear. I am most distinctly a nobody."

"You have made a name," she said. "Surely that is better than any other."

"If you think so," he replied, "I am quite content. It is only for your sake that I give it a thought, and sometimes I have felt it would be almost better to give you up, than to risk what the future may bring. Supposing, Shirley, that after we are married I find that the parents, who left me so strangely, had some awful reason for doing so—that it was something worse than their death which left me such a wretched lonely little child. Heaven alone knows what I fear! It is only since you have given yourself to me that I have felt these possibilities—and I have tried to imagine your feelings if you found yourself bound for life to a man whose name had been dragged in the mire."

They had reached an old stone fountain. A high, quaintly cut hedge stood between them and the smooth green lawns where tennis and croquet were in full swing.

Shirley looked at the falling water, gleaming like crystal in the sunlight.

"I cannot tell you what my feelings would be," she said. "It would be difficult to describe them. But, if it were possible for your mother to be the most awful woman on the face of the whole earth, I should not love you one jot the less. I don't often speak about my love for you," she went on, her eyes half shyly seeking his face, "because I know you cannot think it worth my while. Perhaps at one time it was not; but now I don't believe anyone could love you more truly than I do. Nothing could make me change—no matter what happened, I would stand beside you till—till you ceased to want me."

"Would that ever be, do you think?" she asked, passionately. "My dear, dear little love! you make me so happy when you talk like this. I can't tell why sweet-heart, but for the last few days I have felt depressed and anxious, wondering if I had done right in asking you to share so uncertain a future as mine. I could not endure the thought of your love fading before troubles and trials which might be out of my power to prevent. But you have cleared the clouds away. I cannot doubt you, dear one, when those true eyes of yours are looking into mine."

He took her slim hands, and pressed them to his lips, then drew her into his arms and kissed her upturned face.

"I love you," he said, in a thrilling whisper. "Oh, my own, how I love you!"

She wanted nothing more—only to hear him say that—only to feel she was nearer and dearer to him than anyone else.

Approaching steps and voices warned them that their quiet retreat was about to be invaded, and, with a last long fond look at one another, they left it.

And then their hostess came up to them, introduced a man to Shirley, and carried Virian off with her, and for the rest of the afternoon they barely caught a glimpse of one another.

But Shirley was too profoundly happy to mind that much.

It was almost sufficient joy for her to see how much her lover was sought after.

"West, the artist, is the handsomest man

I have ever seen," she heard one woman say to another.

"He is the most fascinating young fellow I have ever met," the other returned. "No wonder every woman wants him to paint her portrait."

"Is it a fact that he is engaged? These adorable creatures always are."

"I believe he is going to marry Lady Ayerst's sister."

"Really—suppose the money?"

"She hasn't a half penny, my dear. A case of her face is her fortune."

They passed on then.

"I thought it the very nicest garden-party I had ever been to in my life," Shirley said, that evening. "I never enjoyed myself more."

"Then you are easily satisfied," Madge returned. "It appeared to me horribly slow. They had asked too many people; one could not move without a crowd."

"That comes of being a beauty, Lady Ayerst," Grey observed. "I noticed your bete-noire was there in great form."

"Who was that?"

"I did not notice him—there was a great many people I did not know. Would you pass my love? Thank you—it is such a warm night."

Dinner was over.

The windows of the drawing room stood wide open.

It was a breathless summer evening—not a leaf or flower stirred in the still, warm air.

Nearly everyone had left the house for the verandah or garden.

Captain Grey had seated himself beside Lady Ayerst.

At a short distance from them glowed the red end of a cigar.

The smoker was standing in the shadow. He had been there for some time, but had not spoken.

Madge knew who it was.

She was conscious, also, that a pair of eyes were watching her all the while.

Shirley, with her arm linked in Vivian West's, had passed in passing, to make her remark about the garden-party.

"I think Mr. Devitt one of the nicest men I know," she said. "No one can say he is anything but a gentleman."

Madge gave her little disdainful laugh.

"My dear child, you know so much about him! How can you say what he is?"

"The only time I ever had any conversation with him, I thought him an absolute cad."

"I don't believe anyone else ever thought him that," Shirley returned indignantly. "People always will speak well of him. I never hear anyone abuse him but you."

"You don't mean to say that I am the only person about here possessing any discrimination?"

"I don't say anything of the sort. I say you are very prejudiced. You don't like him because of his father—and the father is dead and you never knew him."

"And the son is living, and I don't want to know him. What a little silly you are, Shirley! Take her away, Vivian. It is so much too warm to argue."

After a while, Sir Henry came to the window and asked Grey to join in a game of billiard.

The younger man rose rather reluctantly, and followed his host.

Madge left her heart beat a little quicker when he had gone. She was alone now, except for that silent watcher.

She wondered if he would speak; but a long minute slipped away, and he did not move.

She had ignored his presence for the last half hour she had been sitting there, and, for some indefinite reason, she did not want him to know that she had been aware of it.

She waited another minute or so; then, gracefully rising, she left the verandah for the garden, walking slowly, expecting every instant to hear a footstep on the gravel behind her, but it did not come, and she quickened her pace, feeling desperately angry with herself and with him, her face flushing hotly with mortification.

Why did he behave like this—why did she care? The man was a regular bear. He was hideous, too. She hated his cruel, ugly face, and would be so glad and relieved when his visit was over.

So her thoughts ran on.

It was not often that Lady Ayerst's serene content was ruffled.

She chanced to have followed a path leading to a part of the garden which had not been chosen by her friends that evening and, finding that she met no one she began to retrace her steps.

They were probably cantering on the lake, she thought, and turned in that direction.

The sound of voices soon told her she was right.

She was near enough to hear the occasional splashes of the ruddies, when a dark figure crossed her path, and Lord Carborough's voice said—

"What ghost comes here?"

"I was about to make the same enquiry," "Ah, it is your ladyship! It is some what strange for you to be wandering alone. Have you had enough of your own society, madam, and may I join you?"

"Certainly. I am going to the lake."

The Royal Heath lake was a wide stretch of water into which dipped weeping willows.

A small island rose in the centre.

It was a very pretty spot, and a very favourite one.

Little groups of people were wandering along the mossy banks, and small canoes were gliding over the smooth water, across which voices came in sweet harmony.

Someone began to sing.

Lady Ayerst and her companion paused to listen.

"That is Lucy Bredt," Madge said. "She has a very sweet voice."

"It lacks to insignificant beside yours. Your ladyship does not understand the art of flattery."

"I confess I do not; therefore, I never indulge in it. Nevertheless, I should like a lesson. There is one hard and fast rule, never overdraw your praise. Take what you said just now, for instance, about my voice. I know that Miss Bredt is far superior to mine. When you made that remark I knew you were insincere. Had you said, 'I infinitely prefer yours—'

"You foolish woman! I said what I meant—believe it or not, as you please. Do you think I should say to you anything that I did not mean?"

"Why should you be so exceptionally truthful to me?"

"That is a question it is wiser not to answer."

"I consider that reply a clever one. You are never at a loss in an emergency. I detect a sneer in that remark. Why?"

She turned to him with a mischievous laugh.

"That is a question it is wiser not to answer," she retorted, repeating his own words.

His eyes gleamed in the faint light as they scanned her delicate oval face.

"You would dare to mock me," he said, "when I am most serious. Has your ladyship never learnt that it is dangerous to play with fire?"

"There is danger in nothing, if you know how to manage the thing you choose to play with."

"Make not too sure of that, my lady. Do you think you can raise a man's strongest passions without getting scorched yourself?"

"If you are careful—certainly."

"You would have to be cold as ice to do it."

"I am."

She was feeling vaguely uneasy.

His manner, and the thinly-veiled meaning of his words, all warned her she was reading on dangerous ground.

It would have been quite possible for her to have put an end to the conversation by joining some of her friends, yet she did not do so, for this man had the power to fascinate her as none other had ever done.

"You think you are," he said. "But it is possible you make a mistake."

"I know myself," she answered.

"You cannot be sure of yourself," he argued. "Some day you will love, and then, my lady, you will be no icicle."

My dear Lord Carborough, you are talking nonsense, and evidently quite overlook the fact that I have a husband."

"Love! nothing concerning you," he replied, impressively. "You have a husband. You do not love him—he does not love you."

"Lord Carborough! How dare you talk like this?"

"Forgive me—I am but speaking the truth, and to you. What harm is there in my doing so? Do you imagine I should talk like this to anyone else? Do you think I do not have an opinion of you as to believe you capable of loving a man like Henry Ayerst—an animal, with little sense and no refinement—a brute who has bought you with his vile money?"

She felt faint and frightened.

The concentrated passion of his voice seemed to be vibrating through all her nerves.

They had reached a seat beneath a clump of willows.

She leaned against it for support.

"I thought," she said, with a little catch in her breath, "that you were his friend?"

"I have befriended him," he said, slowly, "for your sake. It lay in my power to help him through a financial difficulty, and I did so."

"It was kind of you," she said, struggling bravely to appear perfectly calm. "I, at least, am truly grateful, though I scarce know how to thank you."

"I need no thanks. All I ask, in return, is your friendship, your confidence. You have many admirers—many who, perhaps, love you; but will you remember there is one grim old soldier who would give his life to you, asking nothing in return?"

He had taken her hands, and she felt them lie in her strong sinewy clasp.

"I am not offering you the adoration that such fellows as young Grey throw at your feet. What offer you is a very different thing; but, believe me, it is not unworthy of your ladyship's acceptance."

"Believe you," she said, her fair face flushing and paling beneath the glitter of his eyes. "From to-night I shall consider you my—friend."

Almost unconsciously she laid an emphasis on the last word.

Perhaps he noticed it, for he said—

"I talk nothing more. Let me seal the compact so, and so."

He lifted one hand and then the other to his lips.

His kisses ran like fire through her veins.

The starlit sky and the lake, with its many reflections, seemed to spin round her, and then she was walking quietly forward with him, and he was speaking of the beauty of the night.

eyes, and so demurely, that Sir Henry gave vent to a loud laugh.

"You are a little witch?" he declared. "Gad, I wouldn't care to stand in Mother's shoes! You'll lend him a kiss of it, or I am much mistaken."

"I shall inspire him with proper awe and reverence for his wife," she said, with mock dignity. "Tell me, Sir Henry, do you not think I shall make a charming Lady Mother?"

"By Jove! yes. What a thousand pities I cannot ask you to be Lady Ayerst instead."

"Ah! we must not think of that. You have your wife. I shall have my husband, and—aiding an inch or so nearer to him—my friend—my big handsome friend, whom I adore. Is that your answer about my waist? I don't think you are permitted to do that. Lady Ayerst might not be quite agreeable."

"What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve," Sir Henry quoted.

"Some eye might see," Cora returned, springing to her feet and standing before him, her dark eyes looking alluringly into his. "We will not risk it. I have a letter to write, so a revoir."

She kissed her hand to him and ran away.

"Men are such fools," she said to herself, slackening to a more sober pace. "I wonder, is there any man living I could not twist round and round my little finger?"

That afternoon, while Dorrien was smoking a pipe on the terrace at Melberell Court, a note was brought to him.

It had come from Royal Heath.

He knew, at once, who had written it, and an evil smile of triumph illumined his face.

"Should like to see you," the note ran. "Gilbert returns home to-night. Meet me on the cliffs, at five."

There was no signature.

Dorrien read the words twice through, then tore the paper to tiny fragments, and watched the sea breeze carry them away.

"Nothing could have been better," he said. "I felt cock sure she would play into my hands. I wonder what mischief she is up to? She is a dangerous snake, and the sooner she is crushed the better. It is very certain, if I don't make away with her she will with me. Well, she has made it easy—the saints be praised for that!"

He emptied his pipe, refilled it, and continued quietly smoking while his wicked brain worked on and on.

Sir Martin had gone for one of the long, lonely rides he was so fond of taking, and Dorrien had the afternoon to himself.

He had intended calling upon some people in Coddington, and, accordingly, about four o'clock he set out for that purpose.

Afterwards he made a circuitation route to the cliffs, reaching them without meeting anyone he knew.

The sun had gone in, the afternoon was grey and misty, a damp fog was coming from the sea.

It was high tide, and the waves were booming at the foot of the cliffs.

All things, even the weather, seemed to favour him on this occasion. Dorrien, thought, as he walked slowly towards Royal Heath, his eyes straining to catch the first glimpse of Cora Rozier.

She came at last, walking quickly, a little out of breath.

"I am late," she said, "I feared you would have turned back."

"I was about to do so," he replied. "Your note was a surprise to me. What is it you want?"

They began walking slowly towards Coddington.

High gorse bushes grew on the edge of the cliff here, and Sir Henry had had a fence placed for safety; but, further on, the ground had broken away, and the cliff went sheer down to the rocks beneath.

As Dorrien walked beside Cora, he looked towards the spot.

"I want to know a thing or two," she said. "It will be wiser for you not to tell me lies."

"Lies!" he repeated, with an awkward laugh. "I have no special need to tell you any."

"You have told me some already," she said. "I want to know your reason."

She had stopped.

Her dark eyes were fixed on his, as if she would read his inmost thoughts.

"Pon my word, I don't understand you," he declared. "Explain as we walk on."

"I cannot come further. I must be home by six."

He half thought she had divined his intention.

His face fell with the dread of defeat. It had all seemed so easy.

He had felt so certain of winning his game.

But now, he saw that she might, after all, escape him.

And every moment lessened his chance,

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I don't intend to stay here another day. Never had such a duced slow time of it before, and I'll be hanged if I ever come here again."

"You are one great stupid, my dear Gilbert. As for me, I intend to stay just a little longer, just to annoy you a little. Madge, who would give her ears to get rid of me. But what can she say when Sir Henry presses me to remain? She is afraid of him; she dare not refuse to do as he desires."

"I can't think what you want to stay here for. I hate the whole show," and Mr. Gilbert Metherell kicked up a tuft of grass with the toe of his shoe, his face disfigured with a peevish frown. "Anyhow, I intend to clear you to-day."

"But what excuse will you make, mon ami?"

"Hang the excuse!" he returned, irritably. "Shocking!" Cora exclaimed, with playful reproach. She never allowed herself to be put out by anything Gilbert said or did, though at times a look would come into her eyes which suggested that at some future date she might not be quite so agreeable.

"There are so many things you can say which would sound pleasant and true. Sir Martin is lonely, for example, or the preparations for our wedding demand your attention. Dieu, how close it is!"

"Beginning to get nervous, eh?"

"Oh, Gilbert, when I adore you so! How can you say so cruel a thing?"

"I didn't say that I was getting nervous," he said, sulkily. "It is rather to late to think of backing out of it now, isn't it?" and the light watery eyes sought hers, questioningly.

She clasped her arms round his neck.

Much, much to late," she declared, emphatically. "I am glad—overjoyed that it is so much too late, for we will have such a jolly time together. You'll never have a cross look, or a dull feeling. I'll show you how to live."

"And how to spend my money," he added, rather ungraciously, shaking himself free from her embrace. And then, as if half ashamed: "You don't know who can see us—there is always someone about. I dare say we shall be happy enough. Well, I'm off now. I am going to tell the Ayersts that I can't stay a day longer."

"You will be quite polite?"

"Don't you think I know how to behave myself?" he queried. "I shall say I've got a friend at the Court, and must go and entertain him."

"A friend!" Cora repeated, with well-feigned surprise. "And who is he?"

"A fellow named Dorrien. You don't know him. He was staying with us last summer—awfully jolly chap—regular man of the world, don't you know?"

"Shall you invite him to our wedding?"

"Rather—and hope his visit will have a better ending than the last."

"Than the last! Did his visit not end well?"

"He came down for my coming of age you know. I need not say any more."

"He was there when my poor mother—"

"Yes."

"You are positive?"

"Of course I am. What do you mean?"

"Nothing; only, if he knew my dear little mother, I would like also to know him."

"I don't think he did know her any better than the rest did. She was a stranger to all of us except the dad."

"But they were staying in the same house at the same time?"

"Oh, yes; we had a host of people. Well, I'm off."

And Metherell hurried away, leaving Cora on the garden seat where he had found her, buried in a French novel.

"So, my friend, you were not in Scotland," she muttered aloud. "Why do you tell me so many lies? You said you did not know who Madame Rozier was. You only heard of the murder. What do you know about it—what do you want to hide from me? Can it be possible that you were implicated with Sir Martin; or that, like myself, you discovered his secret, and are making something out of it? We must find out, and stop your little game."

She sat there for a long while, staring at the open book, as if she was reading; but an hour went by, and the open page still bore the same numbers.

The scent of a cigar at length disturbed her thoughts.

A moment later, Sir Henry appeared upon the scene.

"Here again, as usual," he exclaimed. "How strange that we should always manage to meet in this sequestered spot! Now, you little bit of diabolism, what have you got to amuse me to-day?"

He had seated himself beside her, leaning back, and crossing his legs, while he blew a whiff of smoke from his lips.

She regarded him with a droll expression of regret.

"Ah, monsieur, there is absolutely nothing of interest! I have heard nothing—seen nothing—it is too hot for anyone to be amusing."

"Is that so? Well, and why has your dear Gilbert—mimicking her expression—"taking it into his clever head that he must go? Been quarrelling?"

"Monsieur, do I look as if I would quarrel? He has a friend who desires his company."

"What excellent taste that friend must have, mademoiselle!"

"Excellent," Cora agreed, with downcast

Women Need Not Suffer

From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery.

Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.

Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N. B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist. I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered."

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New Strength
FOR THE OLD, WORN AND FEIBLE.
Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

ENAMELINE
THE MODERN Stove Polish
PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID.
The only up to date Stove Polish in the market.
J.L. Prescott & Co. New York.

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Sunday Reading

A Great Salvation.

The Gospel salvation is great because it comes from God. It is great in the preparation made for it. For thousands of years the prophets were preparing the way and lighting up the people for it. All transpiring events were made to trend in this one direction. It is great because proclaimed by God's Son. The loftiest being in the universe stoops from his throne to bring this salvation to guilty men. It is great in its work. Its purpose is to take away sin, and to make men pure. It entails great responsibilities. It requires us to give earnest heed lest we drift away from its opportunities and so lose them. It is great because of its penalties to those who neglect its call—eternal banishment from the presence of God, and in its recompense of reward to those who accept it—eternal life, and a joint inheritance with Christ, our Elder Brother, to all the blessedness and joys of the heavenly world. By the Spirit and the Word of God we thus become the children of God. Our regeneration is the necessary outcome of the work of redemption to those who believe.

If we reject Christ and his salvation there is then no possible salvation for the sinner, for God can offer nothing more. Christ is the final revelation of God to men. In him all the fullness of his love, the widest possible expression of his mercy. In him goodness reaches its greatest height, forgiveness stoops to its greatest depth. It is infinite wisdom and infinite love combined—the fullness of the Godhead veiled in flesh and shrouded in humanity. What more can God do in behalf of sinful man? It is indeed amazing grace, and for the sinner to reject all this, shows at once the awful turpitude of sin and the amazing ingratitude of the sinner so hardened as to reject it. What can be pleaded against such awful guilt when he shall stand at the last day before his Creator and Judge? Better indeed for such that they had never been born.

Christ is the visible manifestation of God. We behold the Father in the Son. All the teachings of the Old Testament, all the prophecies in ages past, lead to Christ, and all the trend of events prepared for his coming, and since that wonderful event have been, and are now, working together for the accomplishment of his complete and universal triumph. Events are moving on with an ever increasing acceleration. More has been accomplished during the century now closing than in the eighteen centuries which preceded it. Already the highest peaks of the mountain tops are catching the glow of the coming day. It is a time for Christians to pray with great earnestness. 'Thy kingdom come.' It has been delayed through their weakness, lukewarmness and unfaithfulness. It is time now for them to awake out of sleep, to cast aside slothfulness, and, in the full and invincible strength of love—love to Christ and love to their fellow men—to go forward and make way for the coming of the blessed Master.

Christ's great work of redemption is done. He declared upon the cross, 'It is finished!' Finished, all the toil and agony, all the suffering and shame, but his full and complete recognition waits, his universal dominion is still incomplete. It is for Christians themselves to retard or hasten that. It is no time for half-hearted service. Christ gave for us the best he had, and he requires from us in return the best we can do. And how freely and joyfully we should do this! Surely that heart must be wanting in love that cannot heartily respond. 'Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

But this great redemptive work of Christ—this Christ himself—what is the sinner going to do with him? Will he reject him,

Why is it that nearly all aged persons are thin? And yet, when you think of it, what could you expect? Three score years of wear and tear are enough to make the digestion weak. Yet the body must be fed. In Scott's Emulsion, the work is all done; that is, the oil in it is digested, all ready to be taken into the blood. The body rests, while the oil feeds and nourishes, and the hypophosphites makes the nerves steady and strong.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

as the Jews did in his time, or will he receive him with his heart and give him a willing and joyful obedience? Great results hang upon the decision—heaven with its indescribable glories and its unspendable joys, or hell with its unutterable woes. It is a free choice. No sinner will ever be coerced against his free will, nor will any ever suffer the supreme penalty because heaven was beyond his reach.

All who will may come to Christ and find in him their Saviour. None are accepted, however deeply they may have fallen into sin. The only thing that can shut heaven against the sinner is his own continued impenitency. Whosoever will, may come and take of the water of life freely.

Would You be a Christian? I wish to say a few plain and affectionate words to those who are agitating the vital questions: 'Ought I to become a Christian? And if so, how shall I become one?'

Yes, you ought to be a follower of Jesus Christ, and for three good reasons. It is your duty; for God both commands and invites you. It is for your interest; if you choose Jesus Christ as your Saviour and guide, you will be better, stronger, happier, and more useful in this world. You will secure the salvation of your immortal soul.

Whether you become a Christian or not depends upon your own choice; no one else can decide for you.

A loving God says to you in his Word, 'I set before you life and death; choose life.' When Joshua submitted the alternatives, 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' he addressed his hearers as free moral agents, and such are you. When Christ said to James and John, 'Follow me,' he talked to them as rational beings; for if they could not follow him, why did he ask them?

You have the power of choice; choose life! By that expressive word, in the Bible, is meant—the favor of God, the pardon of your sins, the sustaining strength to do right; it is the union of your heart with Jesus in this world and an unending heaven beyond the grave. 'Death' is the absence of all these; it means the dominion of sin in this world, and the punishment of sin in the world to come.

But you may say, 'I am not choosing death; it is inconceivable that any sane person should deliberately decide to be eternally wretched when he or she might be eternally happy.' I admit that people do not usually set success and happiness on the one hand, and ruin on the other hand, and then deliberately choose to be ruined. Yet it is equally true that multitudes are selecting and pursuing courses that inevitably lead to ruin.

Here is a young man setting out in life. Of course his preference would be to become rich and prosperous. But his choices lead a life of indolence and thriftlessness, which inevitably brings him to poverty and keeps him there.

Again, no man voluntarily chooses the disease, disgrace and horrors of drunkenness. Yet tens of thousands do choose to tamper with the seductive intoxicating glass, and their own free choice brings them to the drunkard's self-damnation. Did that foolish girl who gave her heart and hand to the showy rake who stole her affections choose to become a wretched wife? Yet she did choose to marry him; and dearly does she pay the consequences of her choice.

In like manner, my friend, when you decide to refuse that loving Saviour who is even now knocking at the door of your heart, you choose to risk the consequences. When you choose to continue on in sin, to follow the devices and desires of an unconverted heart, to refuse to be all that Christ would make you, and to grieve away the Holy Spirit of love, you are deliberately choosing eternal death; for you choose the path that leads to death.

You are not, and you cannot be in a position of neutrality. Not to accept Jesus Christ is to reject Jesus Christ, and thus throw away all the infinite advantages and blessings which he offers you. Instead of asking yourself the question, 'Ought I to become a Christian?' you had better face the other question, 'Have I refused to be a Christian?'

It is no unkindness to say to you, that the only effectual hindrance to your becoming a Christian and securing eternal life, is your own sins. Until you break off from them, you cannot hold on Christ by faith, and come into heart-union with him, and obedience to his commandments. No man can serve two masters; you cannot go in two opposite directions at the same time. Every day you spend away from Christ is a lost day. The longer you live as you are, the harder it will be to become a strong, happy and useful follower of Jesus. Your habits of thought and action will become the more deeply rooted. You will have just so many more weeds to pull up; sin is terribly self-propagating. Some persons may tell you that it is a

very easy thing to become a Christian—as easy as lifting your hand. Yes; it is an infinitely easy thing for the omnipotent Spirit of God to renew your heart in answer to prayer; it will be a very simple and possible thing for you to become a Christian if you are willing to cut loose from your old sinful self, and to fasten your heart-hold on the Divine Saviour.

Do not ask for any easier salvation than that; it will not be worth the having if it does not bring you a new character and a new style of conduct. Thorough weed pulling and thorough plowing are essential to a good crop. 'Some people,' said quaint Scotch Rutherford, 'want to have Christ for about nothing, and never have a sick night over their own sins. This maketh loose work.' It is just such loose work that produces the half-converted Christians, and it takes a good many half Christians to make a single whole one. The gate into the path of purity and peace and power is too narrow for you to smuggle in a whole back-load of sins, even if conscience would let you attempt it.

Repentance and cutting loose from the dominion of sin must be attended with a cleaving to Jesus Christ. A single contact of the soul with Christ has made many a one a Christian. The first honest approach to him—the first sincere prayer for pardon—the first act to obey and please him—these have been like the touch of that woman who had the long malady; they have brought the blessing.

A man who had shamefully wronged a neighbour was brought under conviction of sin and could find no peace. Attending a religious service where he espied his neighbour, he called him out into the vestibule and begged his pardon for the wrong committed. That was the beginning with him of a Christian life.

Conversion is the act of turning to Jesus as the only Saviour—the Saviour who died to redeem you. As soon as you begin to trust him and to obey him the healing comes. You must understand that faith is vastly more than an opinion or a right feeling. It is a transaction—it is the contact of a person with a Divine Person, of a weak, sinful, penitent soul with an all-sufficient Redeemer. You need to be shut up to this one tremendous truth—either Jesus Christ must save me, or I am lost!

Attendance upon church service, Bible reading, or the best of sermons, or an 'inquirer's meeting,' or prayer, or any other good thing will be useless if you attempt to put them in the place of a personal grasp on Jesus Christ. Faith is indispensable just as the bucket is indispensable if you wish to draw up water from a deep well; but it is the water you are after.

True faith puts your soul into living contact with the loving Son of God. A touch is enough to begin with; it must be followed by a strong and constant cleaving. The graft that is inserted in the cleft bough of an apple tree must become united to the tree before it yields fruit. Abiding in Christ, and only through that abiding, will you be a vigorous, fruitful and joyful Christian.

And if you become such a Christian, your wonder and your sorrow will be that you never became one before. Men have

Permanent Cure of Chronic Constipation.

Perhaps you've suffered with constipation for years, tried all the pills and purgatives you ever heard of or read of, without getting any more relief than the one dose of the medicine afforded.

Then you were left worse than before, bowels bound harder than ever, the constipation aggravated instead of cured. All the miseries of constipation—Headache, Sick Stomach, Biliousness, Pimples, Eruptions, Blood Humors, Blisters, Piles, and a thousand and one other ills crowded back on you again with redoubled severity.

Wouldn't you consider it a blessing to be cured of your constipation so that it would stay cured? So that a repetition of all the suffering you have endured would never come again? Burdock Blood Bitters can cure you—cure so that the cure will be permanent.

That's where it differs from all other remedies. It makes a thorough renovation of the whole intestinal tract, tones the bowel wall, acts on the liver and stomach, and causes all the digestive and secretory organs to so work harmoniously and perform their functions properly and perfectly that constipation, with all its attendant sickness, suffering and ill health, becomes a thing of the past.

Miss Arabella Jolie, living at 99 Carrière Street, Montreal, Que., bears out all we say in regard to the efficacy of Burdock Blood Bitters in curing constipation permanently. This is her statement: 'For over a year I suffered a great deal from persistent constipation and could only get temporary relief from the various remedies I tried until I started using Burdock Blood Bitters. I am thankful to say that this remedy has completely and permanently cured me and I have had no return of the constipation.'



A temper-wrecker

—wash-day with soap. Standing on feet, hard work in the midst of soiled clothes and feid steam, aching back, wear and tear to things washed—enough to make any one grumpy. Fine occupation for a civilized woman!

A temper-soother—wash-day with Pearlina—wash-day with the unpleasant features left out. Easier, quicker, better, healthier. No woman can find fault with it. Soaking, boiling, rinsing, instead of rubbing on a washboard.



lived to regret almost every conceivable step; but I never heard of a person who repented of loving, obeying and serving the Lord Jesus Christ.

A marked and growing characteristic of the Church of Christ to-day, and the promise of a bright future near at hand, is the prominence given to the Holy Spirit. The increased recognition of the third person of the blessed Trinity is evident to any one who has for the last dozen years or more attended ecclesiastical gatherings and other religious meetings. There is a deep feeling amounting to a conviction which best expresses itself in the lines of Watts' hymn, 'Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers.' It is also evidenced by the numerous articles constantly appearing in the journals: the increasing number of books written and published on the subject; the many gatherings of Christians, often in small numbers, for the purpose of information and prayer; the frequency with which it is presented in the pulpit; and above all, the glad response it is meeting with on the part of many earnest Christians.

The Church is beginning to understand that this is the age of the Holy Spirit. Many of the followers of Jesus have only recently experienced, according to information from many sources, that there is a holy ghost. They were taught it from their infancy: they believed and confessed it; but they had no practical demonstration of his power in their lives. To day more than at any time during the century so nearly closed has the Church realized that the highest joy and the greatest efficiency in Christian service is by the Holy Spirit.

'The Spirit it came to the Church With His unfaltering power; He is the living idea that beats Within her at this hour.'

But while this increasing interest has its present reward and specially promises a bright future, it does not necessarily avert the doom that hung over their city by repentance, so on the other hand showers of blessings which are visible in our religious heavens may for various reasons fail to descend.

There is apparent danger on the part of individuals and the Church of losing sight of what Christ said, 'He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.' Our attention, like our sight, when it is clearly fixed on an important matter, is in danger of overlooking other things that are equally so. The true working of the Spirit magnifies Christ. If Christ grows less in our thoughts and desires, and if his person and work fall into the background, it is a sure sign, whatever our imaginations may be, that we are not in possession of him. The love of God, manifest in the atoning death of Jesus Christ, who rose from the dead, and the forgiveness of sins, and a new and growing spiritual life on the basis of this death—these are the things that the Spirit shows to the believer. As the rays of the sun are inseparable from the sun, so the influences of the Holy Spirit all radiate Christ.

Britons Unable to Speak English.

It is not generally realized what a large number of Britons, born and bred at home, have never succeeded in mastering the national language. In Wales, according to the last census taken, there are no fewer than 508,036 people who cannot speak English, Welsh being the only language. In Scotland there are 43,735 persons who can speak nothing but Gaelic. And in Ireland there are 82,121 who can express themselves only in the Irish tongue. Of course, these are mostly old people, and English is gradually displacing the native languages of Ireland and Wales. It is a curious circumstance that while in Wales fewer people speak both English and Welsh than Welsh only, in Scotland nearly five times as many use both languages as those speaking Gaelic alone; while in Ireland twenty times as many speak English and Irish as those who speak Irish only.

House Agent: 'I think I can sell this place for you, but I can't get the £1,000 you ask. You'll have to take £999 16s 11d.'

Owner That's queer. Why, should the extra penny stand in the way?

House Agent: 'My customer is a woman.'

Interpreting Trademen. These are certainly days of trademen's enterprise. A Bristol trademan, on a purchase to the amount of 3s., gives the customer a coupon entitling him to have one tooth drawn. Another trademan has hit on a happier idea of a cumulative system of coupons, whereby a customer may secure for himself a free passage and hotel expenses in Paris for the exhibition of 1900.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pico, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A Tax on Amusements.

Russia has probably the most curious tax in the world. It is called the 'amusement tax' and was instituted a year or two ago to found an institution for the poor, under the title of the 'Empress Marie Amusement Ticket' sold, and the managers raise the price accordingly. Already more than 1,000,000 roubles have been raised in this way.

NO CENSORSHIP.

In Givitt the News of the Great Cures Effected by South American Nervine—It Has Saved an Army of Sufferers from the Pangs of Indigestion and Nerve Troubles. L. M. Holmes, of Parriboro, N. S., was taken severely ill about a year ago with nervousness and indigestion, and for some time was completely prostrated. He consulted best doctors, but they failed to help him. A newspaper advertisement brought South American Nervine to his notice. He tried it with the result that he was greatly benefited from the first bottle, and six bottles completely cured him, and he would be pleased to give all details of his case to any person asking him. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.

Lighthouse in a Cemetery.

Throughout the world there are hundreds of lighthouses dotted along the coast but a lighthouse in the midst of a cemetery is a rare thing. Such a one, however, has recently been erected in the cemetery at Ulverston, Lancashire. A Miss Wilson had it built in memory of her father, who died over a year ago. The structure, which is 23 ft. in height, with a spreading base 26 ft. in circumference and 8 ft. in diameter, is constructed of white Carrara marble.

CATARRAH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The trouble is that while an old man's heart may be young, his stomach which is more important is old.

EMERALINE THE MODERN GIVE POLISH STEEL, CAKE OR LIQUID. Only up to date Stove Polish in the market. Scott & Co New York.

Notches on The Stick

Ah, where are they whom we have known whose voices we have listened to, whose faces we loved to gaze on, — our teachers, our companions, our loving friends? Where are the revered ones; the makers of beautiful things, the singers of songs; the revivers of old days, the forecasters of the new; the promoters of our faith; the mirrors and example of life; the ministers of love? Alas! they are gone! Yesterday that witnessed their presence, has melted into to-day, and they are gone. They, too, like yesterday's sun, have melted away. From some strange lips, perchance, we hear the word—Departed. Whither, we know not—for who knoweth the way of the vanished spirit?—but way and place are good. It is well, we doubt not. But when shall others be to us as they have been? When shall the new be as the old? We still linger awhile, to muse of them, to gather up their memorials, to write their epitaphs, to make ready for the announcement of to-morrow—He, too, has departed.

Sarah Ann Curzon is now a name that must be written in the annals of mortality, — a name of significance in the literary history of Canada. Her death preceded that of Duvar and that of Lampman by several weeks; but the present writer has recently learned the fact through the casual mention of a correspondent. How quickly is awakened, a train of reminiscence, half pleasing, yet saddening, — as faded hopes and fancies are apt to be. For she was one of that hopeful company who hearkened to us a distinctive era in Canadian letters, — an era however postponed, we yet foresee will at last arrive.

We will subjoin the account of this excellent and highly gifted lady given by Mr. Henry James Morgan in his "Canadian Men and Women of the time," — the more willingly that his subject is too little known among the intelligent citizens of Canada. "Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon, author, was born near Birmingham, England, in 1833, and with the exception of three or four years spent at a girl's school at Birmingham, received the usual education given at ladies' schools, taking language and music from private tutors. In addition, she owes much intellectual aid to her parents. She was married in 1858, to Robert Curzon, of Norfolk (now deceased); she came with him to Canada in 1862, and has since resided in Toronto. In early years she wrote little stories and hymns for the home circle, and sent various competitive pieces, in prose and verse, to the popular family periodicals of the day. On the founding of the Canadian Monthly, by Prof. Goldwin Smith, in 1872, her attention was drawn to Canadian literature, and she contributed to that magazine several papers of a simple character, as also a little verse. Later, becoming deeply interested in the status of woman, she took up the question of a woman's right to all college and university privileges in Arts, Science and Medicine; and, as a member of the then Toronto Woman's Club, contributed industriously to the discussions thereon in the daily press. She was also a strong advocate of Woman Suffrage writing in support of it in Canadian, English, and American newspapers, and editing a woman's page on the same lines in the Canada Citizen (Toronto). For two years she was sub-editor of that paper. Not finding it convenient to assume regular press duties, Mrs. Curzon's literary work has continued in its old form of occasional contributions fiction, essay and verse to periodicals of high standing published in Canada, among them being The Week, The Dominion Illustrated, Grip, The Evangelical Churchman, The Canadian Magazine. Her pen, however, has always been at the service of the public, and she has consequently done a good deal of unclassified writing. In 1887, she brought out "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812," a drama, illustrating a striking episode in Canadian history. This book aroused a very general feeling of interest in all the events of the campaign of 1812-14, and led to the formation of several historical societies and organizations having for their object the prosecution of original research and investigation. Since 1867 the greater part of her contributions to Canadian literature has been on historical subjects, to which have been added translation into English from Le Moine, Sulte, and other well known writers in the Province

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 100-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills

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

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

of Quebec. Mrs. Curzon has written pamphlets and papers for the Lady Lane Historical Society, and she has read papers before the York Pioneer and Historical Society, and before the National Council of Women, presided over by the Countess of Aberdeen. She is an honorary member of the two societies first named, and of the Women's Art Association of Canada, and in 1895 was elected President of the Women's Canadian Historical Society. A member of the church of England, she is in politics a Liberal-Conservative. Protection she considers a necessity to Canada's commercial security, and she supports Imperial Federation, as the best hope of colonial development and national status.

It may be added that Mrs. Curzon was a woman of warm domestic affection, and of a disposition hospitable and friendly. Her character was such as to ensure general respect and confidence, and gave her great influence, apart from her literary abilities, in any direction she chose to exert herself. She won the commendation of high authorities. We remember a highly favorable review of her "Laura Secord" written by Hunter Duvar. Sir Edwin Arnold declared that she wrote poetry "with power and spirit." "She stands," said Mrs. Mary L. Campbell, "alone among women as representing the patriotism of old Upper Canada." Her later years were saddened by the death of her son, a young Canadian military officer, and by the prolonged illness and death of her husband. Her late residence is 15 Grenville street, Toronto.

We have a letter in rhyme from our too infrequent correspondent, Thomas Hutchinson, of Pegwood, Morpeth, Northumberland, England. We trust the readers of PROGRESS will not be dissatisfied with a small portion. We would give them the whole did not our modesty restrain us. We select the stanzas relating to Canadian poets and poetry in general:

"Canadian poetry is still
One of my bookish hobbies,
Though, entre nous, I fear it will
Not quickly equal "Robb's,"
Yet if it only, does but breathe
The country's strenuous spirit,
Then it is to souls to allure,
Sans any other merit.
"Who are your leading poets now?"
Is Carman felt of bliss and?
Does Roberts deadliness I've avow
To each Pargasian muse, still?
Are the two Scotas still in the away
Of the poetic scramble?
Does Lampman still light up the way?
What now is heard of Campbell?
On dit—and I suppose it's true
As, say, a Sunday sermon—
To Canada has his bid adieu
Her lit. at recital, Sherman:
To Cuba he has gone, I'm told,
To watch o'er dime and dollar,
And show how he his own can hold
As poet and as scholar.
"I wish him luck in his new sphere,
And hope that in Havana,
He'll win himself a comely dear,
And in the fair Diana.
For man's not made to live alone—
A kind of walking tube, eh?
A fact, I fancy, not unknown
To the 'mas'm.'elles' of Cuba."

Mr. Louis M. Elshamus contributes two memorial sonnets to our weekly magazine. One was written on reading a notice prematurely recording the death of Lampman in 1893; and a second when his actual demise was announced. Our readers will judge their literary merit:

To Archibald Lampman.
Thou unpretentious singer in the cloister,
Which all the world doth rarely wander to—
Thou singest as the birds that blossom woe;
When May unbosoms all her timid roses;
Alone, unheard, yet sweetly as the lark;
Sincerely, as the wind to brooks and woods;
Yet wast unknown to world's dull multitudes
And of its praise, while living, couldst not win
A line.
But since thy lot is fallen to the grave,
The world reads what thy poet-soul let it see.
How cruel is the world that treats us so!
It is a joy to know our songs should have
Sweet hearing, while we live unthought, alone—
But thou didst die ere aught of thee was known.
He's dead, the young fair singer of the North!
Grim winter slew him; Nature had no ruth;
She bent the bow and loosed the fateful youth!
And now, so few their sorrow's dire and fern—
For he of nature sang, and not of man.
Another victim of the blizzard's chill,
He lay ill, well attended, while a thrill
Of fond concern through all the people ran.
He sang of the large world, but could not tame
His type to the joys of rose-loved Jinn,
O Muse! so fars he with the faintest poet:
He dies, unthought by popp'les and kings—
While he, who writ of the common things
Too world applauds and teases—an I Fame doth
know it!

Mr. Elshamus writes of Kipling's illness: "I wrote the above sonnet, last week while the whole world was wild with anxiety about Kipling, who is improving now. Kipling is as great as the Pope, according to the prominence he received in the daily papers of New York city. Can he, Kipling, expect more?"

Dr. Theodore H. Rand, writing of the recent departed, says: "Hunter Duvar, Lampman, and, before them both, Mrs. Curzon, of Toronto,—three poets of note within six months; This is a large break. Duvar was our medievalist. He has, as he wrote me last summer, much unpublished manuscript on hand. I have some fresh things of his in my volume ("A treasure of Canadian verse," soon to be published,) which have a unique witchery. . . I liked Lampman personally,—gentle, and of fine fibre, and I very much admired the conscious sweetness of his muse, and the flawless way in which she built her verse. His early going is a loss indeed. I do not speak with full conviction, but from a conversation with him, of comparative recency, I entertained the idea that his muse would very soon assert her divine self in quest of the spirit and essence behind the sensuous glory of the world. We have a glimpse of this in 'An Athenian Reverie':
Yet is that thought I do revoke myself,
Too little given to probe the inner heart,
But rather wont with the luxurious eye,
To catch from life its outer loveliness.
It would seem that Kipling's work is not done yet. How wonderful his popularity! He is both a result and a cause, and belongs to his time and day."

The New Brunswick Magazine for March contains the translation of an article written originally in French, by Hon. Pascal Poirier, entitled "The Acadians Desolate." The article, which is elegant and pathetic in its English dress furnished to the Magazine by its author. The second paper on "Old Times in Victoria Ward," by I. Allan Jack, D. C. L. besides its local interest as a record of that suburb of St. John, has the advantage of a lucid easy style. The praise given to the articles in former numbers to Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A. and to James Hannay, is due to their continuation of the same subjects in the current issue. The magazine opens with a portrait of Lieut-Colonel Maunsell, D. O. C. and a First Paper by him on "The New Brunswick Militia." The series promises to be of much interest. In illustration of Dr. Jack's papers appears an engraving of "Lily Lake in 1840 showing a portion of the city in the distance." The number closes with the usual editorial addenda.

We have by the favour of Hon. Charles H. Collins Hillsboro, Ohio, a copy of "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," by Minnie Walter Myers,—a highly interesting book descriptive of that luxurious summer land Mr. Collins recently visited in a most unpropitious season, when the winter-spirit had scattered broad-cast over the continent his morsels of ice and snow, and who was induced to curtail his visit on that account. Miss Myers a most agreeable writer, is the sister of a devoted physician who resigned his life in the discharge of duty at Memphis some years ago when the city was scourged with yellow fever. We have recounted the history and legend, of the choctaw and cherokee Indians, and other primitive natives of the Gulf shore. Then the early French, the Creoles, and their English successors. The Acadians have also their chapter; and we have a vivid picture of New Orleans and its society, spirit, habits and customs. Beauvoir the residence of Jefferson Davis in his later years, and the "mysterious music of the sea," to be heard on the shore at Pascagoula, are the subjects of charming discourse. We can commend this work as a manual to any one who proposes to visit the scenes it so lovingly describes.

By favor of Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, of Ward, Del. Co Penn., we have copies of "The Phoenix," a literary organ of Swarthmore College, near West Chester. It contains several fine poems by Prof. Russell Hayes, heretofore mentioned in these columns, as the author of a volume of verse of excellent quality. We copy the following sonnet:
Ujima and Bottom.
What charm and beauty in that scene!
We were forgetful of the world's pace
The while we marked the spirit's grace
Of airy oases around their wisest queen.
There in the dim, deep moonlight, vest green;
And but for Bottom with his morose face,
Earth's one intrusion on that fairy place,
It were a dream, harmonious and serene.
Shakespeare's beauty and Shakespear's wit
In this immortal comedy combine,
A pagan fair of mirth and melody,
Wherein the Bard with wondrous hand doth link,
In link on link of fragrant poetry,
The union of the earthly and divine.

Hon. Charles H. Collins writes us:

Our Farmers Require Health and Strength for Their Life Work.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Is the World's Best Spring Medicine.

It Restores All Sick and Physically Broken Down Farmers to Perfect Manhood and Strength.

The successful farmer must be a healthy man. The sick and physically broken down farmer cannot successfully compete with his vigorous strong and hustling neighbor. Farm work and the care of stock may be looked after by paid help, but the results are usually unsatisfactory. There are serious leaks and losses from work carelessly or half done; this is clearly seen when the harvest is gathered in. Farming work when properly pursued in conducive to health, strength and robustness. Farmers, however, like men in other occupations, neglect the fundamental rules of health that their fathers so carefully observed in their time. Worries and anxieties about riches and position, overwork, irregular dieting, exposure to sudden changes of weather, late hours, lack of sleep and proper rest, make wrecks of many farmers before they are middle-aged. To-day the ordinary farmer's troubles may be enumerated as follows: dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver complaints, kidney disease and blood trouble; there are some of the commonest life destroyers. Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L. L. D., America's greatest physician, was in his time esteemed as the "farmer's friend." He closely and honestly studied the important subject of "constantly increasing sickness and mortality in rural life"; he noted the causes, and his life



work was devoted to the perfecting of his world-famed prescription, Paine's Celery Compound, which has proved of such incalculable value as a life saver. No class of men are more deeply indebted to Dr. Phelps than the farmers, because he saved thousands of them from the grave. The farmer who had tired, sickly feelings at times, pains in the back and side, who is restless, sleepless, despondent, dyspeptic, rheumatic or suffering from blood diseases, should not fail to use Paine's Celery Compound. No other medicine so quickly reaches the root of trouble and danger. The ailing man is soon made active, energetic, healthy and robust. The shrunken, tired nerves, the tissues and the muscles are all truly fed and nourished; the digestive organs are toned and work with perfect regularity, and the blood becomes fresh and pure. In addition to all this grand work, Paine's Celery Compound bestows a long and happy life, keeping the user of the great medicine free from aches and infirmities of advancing years. Dear farmer friends, health and strength should be your portion. If you fully value life and its great work, and desire to extend your usefulness in your sphere of life, follow the example of the thousands who have banished disease by using Paine's Celery Compound nature's life renewer.

"Charles G. D. Roberts is making a name in the United States. He is the one Canadian writer (unless we cite Carman as an equal in repute) who has a reputation in the United States equal to any of the American writers, and he deserves it. I read all his prose and verse with much pleasure, and recognize him as entitled to a front rank in literature with writers of this or any other country." His recent poems too well known for citation here, entitled "A Ballad of Manila Bay," and "Jonathan and John," have a genuinely American ring.

Zangwill's critical sentences are like burns to stick, and are as pregnant as epigrammatic. Take the following for example: "Behind the great novel lies all the brainwork which makes the historian and essayist, plus the magic work of creation . . . Fiction is not only the fullest, but the highest, truth. The novelist is not only a scientist but an artist. He has to stimulate the sense of beauty. Humor is the true way of reading life. Humor is the smile in the eyes of wisdom. Without humor I hold that there can be no great novel of life."

We have recently been reading some reminiscences and memorials of the Civil War, especially the actions on the Gulf shore and the Lower Mississippi. The following lines may be taken to be our note and comment thereon:
Campfire Memories.
Ours is the memory of those glorious days
When bugle notes awoke the slumbering mora,
When drums made sound for battles to be born,
And fields of blood o'er met the soldiers' gaze,
As the batteries of Fort Hudson blaze,
And rearing dragons thunder a reply,
As dancin' Farragut goes sailing by,
Wh' fleet almost the hostile shores that graze.
Ours are the memories can never die,
While all a comrade lives who wore the blue,
Who at Chalmette his ready rifle knew,
And saw at Irish Bend the foeman fly,
Such scenes in song and story live again,
When at their campfires meet the boys of Maine.
PASTOR FELIX.
THE HEART WALLS.
O! Thousands Have Been Turned Into the Joy Songs of the Cured by the Almost Magic Medicines, Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—It Restores in Thirty Minutes.
Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, was for five years a great sufferer from heart disease—spent some time under expert in Kingston hospital without getting any benefit and was pronounced incurable. She commenced taking Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and when she had taken three bottles all dropsical tendencies, palpitation and pain left her, and she has had no return of it, and ascribes her cure to this greatest of heart remedies. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists.
A Bright Detective.—Inspector of Police "Why didn't you report at eleven o'clock, as I told you to? It is after twelve now." Detective: "Confound it, sir, one of those pickpockets I was shadowing has stolen my watch!"
Dr. Bolus: "I'll tell you what, Squills, drugs ought to be cheaper." Squills (chemist): "Cheaper! Why? Bolus: "So as to bring sickness within the reach of all."

FRIDAY

The details and coloring range in variety play of color in the shops also, one in difference, and long in falling to the coming, perhaps needle-run lace flowers of lace with appliqué collar bands with hemstitched ruffles, but some of satin with a cords these are bordered—also borders with made up into a of leaf shaped air of chiffon; are a Many of the made in lace in the back a frills forming a of the box plait "Something get silk potticoat is caded silk with lace made of a satin ribbon and frill on the edge be made of glass predominates in top and bottom.

Feather bonnets spring. Grey or white tippings, a be very popular. A novelty among Eton front, a posy revers and collar ed cream satin. There are many wraps. They are back or round, short in front, with fancy seems to be or velvet under all around with frills. The pale foundation, for covered with frills. All the capes fit but are moderate. A new canvas of wool mixed hosiery ular.

Cream color and lovely gowns with Wide-striped all dots are made up are large plaids. Polka dots are in the millinery the new dress gowns sizes worn in or may be. In this uncertain rumors and conjecture are more in evidence themselves, the pro and how to make the To be sure, they are outumes for a summer needed, but the Cur ing if not progress her needs and prompt for torrid weather. This has become a at this time of the ideas are forthcoming making of thin cotton a sublime trust in fa result which will later on.

Dainty organdies really are so pretty chance of not making newest models does ance against the com

Dr. Bolus: "I'll tell you what, Squills, drugs ought to be cheaper." Squills (chemist): "Cheaper! Why? Bolus: "So as to bring sickness within the reach of all."

KNIVES FOR STAMPS
1847 ROGERS
ARE GENUINE
Meriden
THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE

re Health and Life Work.

COMPOUND Spring Medicine.

Broken Down Farmers and Strength.

riches and position, overwork, dieting, exposure to sudden changes of weather, late hours, lack of proper rest, make wrecks of farmers before they are middle-aged.



Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The blood becomes fresh and the tissues and the muscles are toned and nourished.

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FRILLS OF FASHION.

The details of dress are very important and nothing can furnish a much wider range of variety than the present display of neckwear.

Something gorgeous in the way of a silk petticoat is a petunia and white brocade silk with a deep flounce from the knee made of alternate rows of petunia satin ribbon and lace insertion.

A novelty among the new coats has an Eton front, a postilion back, and wide revers and collar covered with embroidered cream satin.

There are many caps among the new wraps. They are deeply pointed in the back or round, as you fancy, and rather short in front, with sloping corners.

Polka dots are everywhere, on our parasols, in the millinery and scattered over the new dress goods, in all colors and sizes woven in or embroidered, as the case may be.

In this uncertain season of fashion, when rumors and conjectures of coming modes are more in evidence than new fashions themselves, the problem of muslin gowns and how to make them up for consideration.

Advertisement for Knives, Forks, and Spoons, featuring the Meriden Britannia Co. logo and text: '1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.'

of having them ready for wear and well out of the way before the more important and expensive gowns come in sight.

The clinging effect around the hips will be universally adopted in all kinds of materials, no matter how gauze-like they may be.

Ruffles, plaited frills, and flounces of lace and chiffon will adorn our new thin gowns directly at the bottom, giving abundant trou-trou around the feet.

A tunic overdress of slightly gored breadths tucked in groups up and down all around the hips and down below the knee.

A tunic overdress of slightly gored breadths tucked in groups up and down all around the hips and down below the knee.

Poleros are one of the leading features of the new spring gowns in either thick or thin materials, but the prettiest effects are made with heavy lace and mirror velvet.

Between tucking and stitching expert machine sewing is at a premium among the dress trimmings. While embroideries and beaded trimmings of all sorts are extravagantly used, the less expensive decoration is quite as good style.

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and bodices. If this cannot be accomplished in any other way, the tucking is done in separate straight bands and applied so skillfully in the desired groups that it has the appearance of being tucked in the tunic itself.

For trimming cashmere, and crepe de chine gowns as well, silk fringes are fast coming into favor, and the most novel of all the new dress materials is a kind of mousseline de soie in pretty pale colors.

Foulard gowns as well as muslins are being made up rapidly now for the coming season, and one pretty model in red and white is trimmed with a new guipure insertion, outlined with gathered white satin ribbon.

Margie Drawing Rooms, as the English call this function when it happens to be in high mourning, were the result of the death of Prince Albert of Coburg.

An American girl, Miss Burdlett by name, hopes to make a good thing out of the coming Paris Exposition.

'Miss Luciter' is the nickname which some ingenious player on words gave to Mlle. Lucie Faure, daughter of the late President of France.

Mrs. Archibald Little, an English woman who lived in western China for eleven years, says that there is a growing sentiment against the practice of crippling women's feet.

Advertisement for 'Drap' Corset, featuring an illustration of a woman in a corset and text: 'Drap OF ALL CORSETS THE BEST. Modelled in many different shapes to suit various types of figures. The Art of Dressing is brought to the highest degree of perfection by the adoption of the Drap Corset. It lasts longer, looks richer and wears better than any other. For sale by all first class dry-goods dealers. PRICE: \$1.00 TO \$3.50 PAIR.'

in the Cleo de Merode fashion. She and her father were great comrades even after her recent marriage to M. Paul Deschanel.

London dealers in that commodity. Most of it comes from France and Italy, although there are consignments from all over the world.

American women own some of the most splendid jewels in the world. Mrs. George Vanderbilt is said to have the finest rope of solitaire rubies in the country, if not in the world.

Earrings seem to be coming in on the return tide of fashion. An English woman says that the young Queen of Holland has only recently had her ears pierced.

The late Empress Elizabeth of Austria did many things which appeal to the unconventionality of American women more than they did to the formalists by whom she was surrounded.

The court ladies had another blow when the Empress insisted on wearing a pair of boots a month or more. The rules had required an Empress to wear her shoes only once.

Norway has a law dealing with cremation. According to the Act, every person over fifteen years of age can be cremated after death if he or she has made a declaration in the presence of two witnesses.

Lieutenant (to his Orderly): 'John go to the restaurant and bring me a beefsteak with onions.' Orderly: 'Lieutenant, I take the liberty of reminding you that you are invited out to dinner to-day.'



It is Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, reason enough why it is popular.

The New Brunswick 5 cent stamp, with the head of O'Connell, has fetched £30. The two Remonin stamps, the 15 and 30 cents, are valued at £100.

A Quebec Farmer Tells How He Was Restored From Almost Hopeless Suffering to Complete Health.

Mr. Wm Goodard, a well-known farmer living near Knowlton, Que., says: 'A few years ago my health gave way and I was completely prostrated. The least exertion would use me up and make it difficult for me to breathe. I suffered from headaches, had no appetite, and I fell off in weight until I was reduced to 130 pounds.'

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WAVY HAIR SWITCHES are our specialty. Made of Natural wavy hair which will remain wavy. We can match any shade of hair.

Advertisement for Wavy Hair Switches, featuring the J. Palmer & Son logo and text: 'J. PALMER & SON, 1745 Notre Dame St.'

MILLIONAIRES A PENNY APiece

Money-Making Your Dependence as Rich as Croesus.

The miracle of a penny has yet to be written. How lightly we toss it to the beggar across the street!

Let us assume that our beggar has no other penny in the world. It would seem sheer mockery to tell him, as you throw the penny on the pavement, that if he took good care of it it would make his descendants millionaires.

And to do this they need not themselves to no more trouble than to invest a penny. There is no reason why they should not invest more if they choose, but a penny will do quite well.

The only drawback to the investment is that it can never benefit the investor. Your tombstone will have crumbled into dust before the million comes, but it would be mean to keep your penny in your pocket for no other reason than that.

In 250 years at 5 per cent, compound interest, your penny will have grown to £1,000, and in less than 150 years more—in 393 years from the day you invested it—it will have drawn to itself 339,999,999 other pennies and become £1,000,000.

Then it would be advisable for your descendant to draw it, or if his anxiety for posterity was greater than his interest in himself, he could let it roll on eleven generations more, when the penny would have grown to such an extent that the withdrawal of the account would probably run every bank in the world dry.

It will be said, of course, that it is all very well to write an article of this kind, but the writer knows very well that nobody can invest a penny at 5 per cent, on the lines indicated. But, surely, at this time of day, we have learned the lesson of combination.

The 40,000,000 pennies would then be invested on the plan already stated, and if the money were allowed to accumulate for 400 years it would banish poverty for ever from this country and make Great Britain a nation of millionaires.

Or the money might be devoted to the common good, as was the idea of the Birmingham tradesman who the other day sent the Birmingham Corporation a note for £10.

Birmingham is not usually lacking in enterprise, but the cheque was returned, in spite of the picture the sender drew of what might be done with the money.

years the proceeds of that stamp would pay off the National Debt, abolish taxation for ever, and buy up every marketable thing in the world.

MRS. HATTIE MORRIS Got New Life From Dodd's Kidney Pills.

She was Totally run Down in Health—A Costly Case Where no Medicine Helped Till she Took Dodd's Kidney Pills and was Cured.

Barth's Corners, N. B., March 13—The women of Canada are the strongest believers in Dodd's Kidney Pills because they are in closer contact with sickness than men are, and know better what remedies produce the best results in the sickness of their friends.

Women are more subject to disease than men, though they complain less. Therefore, they know more than men do, about the virtues of the many remedies on the market.

It is perfectly safe to take the opinion and advice of a lady on this matter. Take Mrs. Hattie M. Morris, of this place, for instance. She is an earnest advocate of the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills in all cases of "worn-out constitution," thin, watery, watery blood, and similar complaints.

Mrs. Morris became dull and low-spirited, lost all interest in her work, and, in short, became a striking example of what deadly injury a defect in the kidneys will cause.

She was advised to use Dodd's Kidney Pills for her trouble, and, although she says she had little or no faith in them, she began to take them. Three boxes cured her, made her a girl again, gave clearness to her complexion, brought back her eyes, and sprang her to her step.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for all kinds of Female Troubles. They are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Recent Scientific Research Has, it seems, resulted in a sure cure for disease, a most offensive and insidious disease, until lately considered incurable. This remedy is called Catarrhoxone, and is simply inhaled, being carried by the air directly to the diseased parts of the throat or nasal passages, thus superseding former disgusting and useless snuffs and ointments.

get birds can be similarly treated in case of a fracture of a leg, only the splints are substituted by pieces of cardboard, and the bandage is left but two weeks on the little winged patients.

Indication follows as sure as night follows the day. Nature has supplied in the pineapple a wonderful supply of vegetable peeps. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets contain all the elements in a pure, harmless vegetable compound that heal all forms of stomach disorders in quick time.

The demand for new bills for shopping is on the increase among women, said a local bank teller, and is getting to be a nuisance. A great many women won't handle any currency that is not absolutely fresh and crisp, and in the North all the banks that make a specialty of catering to women's custom keep a supply constantly on hand for that particular purpose.

It is not generally known, but bills can be washed and ironed as easily as a pocket handkerchief. A wealthy woman of my acquaintance has all her money laundered before she uses it. She turns the note over to her maid, who washes them thoroughly in hot water with ordinary soap suds and spreads them out on a table to dry.

A New York jeweller has combined patriotism with a very fine advertisement by making a copy of the Stars and Stripes which is probably the most expensive flag in the whole world. It is quite small, only 7in. by 4in., but is worth at least £3,500. It is entirely composed of precious stones.

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Lady (engaging a footman): 'Are you clever at the table?' James: 'Yes, mum.' Lady and you know your way to announce?' James: 'Well, mum; I know my weight to a pound or so, but I should hardly like to say to an ounce.'

SKIN LIKE BABY'S

Skin diseases from the merest pimples to the most obstinate eczema, salt rheum, running sores, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—35 cents.

Who does not envy a baby its soft velvety skin? How many suffer from distressing skin diseases—Do you suffer? Have you tetter—salt rheum—scald head—ring worm—eczema—ulcers—blotches on the skin—chronic erysipelas—liver spots and what not else of these distasteful and aggravating disorders which disfigure and discourage? Dr. Agnew's Ointment allays the distressing itching, burning, stinging sensations which are part and parcel of such troubles, and in a thousand cases where internal treatments have failed to heal and eradicate them it has worked wonderful and permanent cures—and no skin disease, no matter of how long standing, has baffled its curative qualities.



Do you suffer from piles—itching, blind, bleeding or ulcerated?—No remedy has brought so quick relief, spared painful surgical operations as Dr. Agnew's Ointment—it has proved itself an absolute cure for piles in all forms and at all stages—one application will relieve the itching, irritating sensations in an instant—and long standing cases disappear after from three to five nights' treatment—the pain and soreness quit you and the tumors vanish.

The baby of another lady living on Pacific Ave. in Toronto, was terribly afflicted with scald-head and eczema—the tried washes prescribed by her physician, and soaps advertised for such purposes, but the disease remained. Dr. Agnew's Ointment was her good friend; half a box cured the baby and cured herself of troublesome piles which had been the bane of her life since baby's birth.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Whenever a girl begins to lecture a young man on financial economy, he can safely ask her to name the happy day.

Maud has promised to become my wife. Well, don't worry about it, my lad. Women frequently break their promises.

The maiden: 'And where did you, Baron first see the light of the world?' The Baron: 'When I met you.'

Maud says she is madly in love with her new bicycle. 'Hah! Another case where man is displaced by machinery.'

I may not be very wealthy, but I can afford my own carriage and pair, said the loud father, as he wheeled his twins along the pavement.

I say, Trivet can you lend me a fiver for a few days? 'I have only a sovereign about me, Dicey.' 'Well, I'll try to make that do.'

Mistress: 'Charley writes me that he will coach his class this season. Isn't he a son to be proud of?' Bridget: 'He is indeed, mum, an 'we kin both fide thar prudence, ter it's mesil that has a bye who is a coachman too.'

Schoolmaster: 'Now, Smithson, that we have read of the principal reigning monarchs of the world, tell me which rule inspires the most respect and fear?' Smithson (thinking of his knuckles, still sore): 'The one on your desk sir.'

Near Sighted Old Gentleman: 'Can you tell me what inscription is on that board over there?' Irish Rustic: 'Sure O'im in the boat, sor! It was mighty little schoolin' Oi had when Oi was a bhoy mesil, sorr!'

Small Boy: 'Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee; I've dropped the lump you gave me.' Mother: 'There you are. Where did you drop it?' Small Boy: 'In the coffee.'

The only objection, said the stern parent, I have against the young man, my dear child, is that he has no noble ambition—no high or worthy object in life.' 'Why, papa, how can you say that? He wants me!'

'How's this? You're already advertising again a dog lost. That's the third dog you've lost in a month!' 'Oh, it's just my luck! Since my daughter has been taking singing lessons, I can't keep an animal in the place!'

Anxious Mamma: 'Little Dick is upstairs crying with the toothache.' Practical Papa: 'Take him around to the dentist's.'

I haven't any money. You won't need any money. The toothache will stop before you get him there.'

Tom: 'So the heiress refused Jack?' Dick: 'Yes; it's too bad! He made a very fair proposition too.' Tom: 'What was it?' Dick: 'He promised to be a most devoted husband, and offered to refund the money if he did not turn out as exactly as represented.'

A young lady of very extraordinary capacity lately addressed the following letter to her cousin: 'We is all well; and mother's got his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh; and sister Ann has got a babe; and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your affectionate kuzzen.'

Energy Easily Earned. Wasted energy must be made up or the body will weaken and perhaps perish.

For a long time prior to taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my nerve system was greatly deranged and I was terribly nervous, so much so that in my business (Lineaman of the Kingston Electric Light Co.) my extreme nervousness naturally made the following of my business extremely hazardous. Before taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills my kidneys had been affected for some time. I had constant soreness and stiffness across my loins and the small of my back. My appetite was variable and very poor. I also suffered greatly with constant headaches. I am glad to be able to inform you that Dr. Ward's Pills completely cured me of all the above ailments and made me a well man. I have found no medicine like Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, although I have tried many different kinds. They acted quickly and effectually on my nerve system, making my nerves strong and removing all indications of nervousness. These valuable pills also removed all kidney and back trouble and restored to me a healthy vigorous appetite. I have had no headache since five months ago and feel justified in saying that they are a wonderful remedy. They not only removed nervousness, but gave me healthy kidneys, removed all soreness and stiffness from my back and loins, cured me of headache and gave me a good appetite, consequently I am highly pleased. I know of no medicine that equals Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills for nervousness, chronic headache, sore kidneys and back and loss of appetite. Yours truly, John McCutcheon, 528 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.

All good druggists sell them. If they won't, we will supply you by mail on receipt of price, 50c per box, or 5 boxes for \$3.00. The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for Benson's Porous Plaster, featuring a logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Carbolic Soaps, featuring a logo and text describing their purity and uses.

Are You Weak? There's a Remedy that will make you strong; give you vitality and energy; invigorate the heart; enrich the blood; make the pale cheek rosy.

It's Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Mrs. Mehlenbacher, who lives at 29 Ann St., Berlin, Ont., made the following statement: 'I have suffered from nervous prostration and general debility for the past four years, often despairing of a cure. Since I have taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, however, the future looks bright to me. I have taken four boxes of them and the benefit I derived is wonderful. They have made my nerves strong, restored their elasticity and given me physical strength to a greater degree than I could have anticipated. Beyond doubt, they are the best restorative for nerve trouble, weakness, debility, etc., in existence, and I heartily recommend them to all who suffer as I did.'

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorials, Interior Decorations, and Small Pils, featuring a logo and contact information for Castle & Son.

Continued from... Why? Cora said... You know what... I'll never breathe a word... Her fingers sought... I'll never breathe a word... Her fingers sought... I'll never breathe a word... Her fingers sought... I'll never breathe a word... Her fingers sought...

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured Little...

They also relieve D... Indigestion and Too H... foot remedy for Dis... ness, Bad Tests in t... Pain in the Side, TOR... Regulate the Bowels.

Small Pils. See you get... Ask for Carte... Insist and de... Carter's Little...

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Be Sure To Demand, and See That You Get a

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Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Soaps, featuring a seal stamp and text: 'Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient'.

Advertisement for 'Are You Weak?' featuring text: 'There's a Remedy that will make you strong; give you vitality and energy; invigorate the heart; enrich the blood; make the pale cheek rosy.'

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of the product box and text: 'SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills.'

Advertisement for Castle & Son's Memorials, Interior Decorations, featuring text: 'CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal'.

Continued from last page. The damp air lay clammy and cold upon his face and clothes. A horror seized upon him, an overpowering terror which made his limbs quake beneath him. He fancied he heard a voice—a faint, far-off voice, crying for help and mercy; while his fingers seemed to press about his throat and lips, and stifled him. He left the cliff, and striking across a field, traversed the green cover under foot in his frenzied flight. Reaching the road, he paused for an instant to regain his breath; then, fancying he heard pursuing steps, hastened forward again. The moisture was dripping from his forehead when he reached the gates of Matherell Court. With a shaking hand he drew out his handkerchief and wiped it off; then, straightened his tie and coat, lifted his hat, and smoothed his sleek hair. His hardier nature was coming to the rescue. He even smiled—or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say grimaced—as he gave a great sigh of relief. 'That little affair is settled,' he said, half aloud. 'Thank goodness for that! A decidedly nasty undertaking, with an irrepressible shudder and a quick, nervous glance behind him. Then he drew himself up and squared his shoulders, and commenced walking at a good, swinging pace up the drive. But on reaching the house he again halted. His heart was still thumping heavily against his side. His big, thick hands still shook in a noticeable way; they were scratched and bleeding, too. 'God,' he said, looking at them, 'how the little cat did claw!' With the thought that someone might be looking from one of the many windows, he lighted a cigar, and strolled up and down the lawn. Half-an-hour later he went whistling into the house. 'Mr. Matherell has returned, and has been asking for you, sir,' the butler informed him. 'He is now in the smoke room.' Dorrien went to him at once. Gilbert was sitting with his legs hanging over the arms of a chair. He sprang up as the other entered. 'Jove! old fellow, I'm glad to see you!' he exclaimed. 'Beastly day, isn't it—where have you been?' 'For the last hour I have been walking the deck, or rather the lawn, and meditating on the ways of this wicked world,' Dorrien said, throwing himself on to a lounge. 'Had no idea you were expected, or I would have met you.'

'I biked over. Couldn't stand that Royal Heath set any longer. I say, why the deuce didn't you let me know when you came the other afternoon? Haven't the ghost of an idea you were down here, or I'd have been over before this.' 'That afternoon,' Dorrien explained, 'tugging at his heavy moustache, 'I did not feel quite in the mood to meet anyone, my dear chap. The girl I believed as true as steel, turned out about as false as they make 'em.' 'Heard something about it; but they're all alike. Defend me from women! I say! They are all very well to have a bit of fun with; but go beyond that, and you come a cropper.' 'I say, Matherell, don't give vent to that sort of sentiment. They are all very well for a disappointed chap like myself; but your father said something about you getting married shortly. Who is the fair lady? He didn't seem keen to talk about it, so I changed the subject. Doesn't he approve?' 'Rather! I should think he did! Why, I should never have come up to the scratch if it had not been for him. Proposed when I was drunk—fact! He argued I was bound to stick to my word. She isn't a bad little girl, awfully smart-looking, and clever in the word for it. She's as sharp as a needle. But, hang it, I'm only just twenty-two, and I've no doubt I shall meet a dozen women I shall like better than her, before I'm thirty-two. P.A.T.S. 'Rather more than one a year,' Dorrien said, yawning. He was not at all interested in Matherell's love-affairs. 'Well, we are told there is safety in numbers. But, man alive, if you don't want to marry the girl, throw her over; don't have any scruples about it. She'd do the same to you, even at the eleventh hour, if a better offer came her way, you can bet your bottom dollar on that.' Matherell shook his head. 'His vanity prevented him from taking such a view of the case. 'She is most awfully fond of me,' he said, striking match after match, in the futile attempt to light a pipe which refused to draw; 'kiss the ground under your feet sort of thing. She isn't a bad little girl, I'm fond of her, you know—especially when I'm with her. She isn't the sort to let you feel dull. You must see her, and we'll hear your opinion.' 'Where does the churmer dwell?' 'Oh—well—here, I suppose! She hasn't got any home, you know. It's an awfully funny thing, but she happens to be the daughter of that Madame Rosier, who was—you know—murdered here last year.' Dorrien sat bolt upright. 'Cor! Rosier!' he ejaculated. Matherell nodded. 'That's her. Why do you look so astonished? How do you know her name?' 'That is just what I am trying to remember,' Dorrien said, returning to his lounging attitude. 'Can't in the least recall who I heard speaking about her. Someone here, I suppose, I shall be awfully pleased to make her acquaintance, and I wish you all joy, my dear fellow. Can hardly remember Madame Rosier, but she was rather a handsome woman, was she not?' 'Decided fine woman! Hallo, there goes the gong!' That evening Sir Martin left the two

younger men sitting over their wine at the dinner table. They were both in high spirits, talking and laughing loudly. Dorrien had a fund of amusing stories, and knew how to tell them in the mood to listen. But Sir Martin was not in the mood to listen. The calm glory of the summer evening attracted him more, and, rising from the table, he stood for a moment or so by the open window, admiring the sunset. The mist had entirely disappeared, myriads of little insects danced in the evening air, a thrush was singing in a tree close by, and now and again a drowsy bee would go droning by on its homeward way. Dorrien's thick voice, and Gilbert's shrill laughter, jarred on Sir Martin's nerves. He stepped through the window, and, with a cigarette between his lips, and his hands clasped behind him, went walking slowly, almost unconsciously, binding his steps in the direction of the avenue, where sunlight and shadow danced together. Rosier grew the west, the distant hills took a more purple hue, the shadows lengthened and darkened, and a little breeze, springing up, stirred the big green leaves of the chestnuts beneath which Sir Martin was walking. He had almost reached the entrance-gates, with the dragons grinning from either pillar. As he lifted his eyes from the ground, on which for the last ten minutes they had been fixed, they rested on a slim, dark figure standing outside the iron rails, and peering through. But, as he glanced at her, she moved hastily from his sight. People often stopped to look through the gates, either from curiosity or admiration, and Sir Martin never gave the solitary figure a second thought, as turning, he began to retrace his steps. Could he have had eyes behind him, he would have seen that same figure return to its place of observation, and stand there with two hands pressed tightly to her heart, till, with a sudden impulsive movement, she opened the smaller gate, hesitated for an instant, as if undecided whether to advance or retire, took a few steps forward and stepped again. And then Sir Martin, pausing in his walk, looked round and saw her. He was lit for her, but she did not move. A long black veil concealed her face. He went a little nearer to her. 'You wish to see someone at the house?' he said. 'I—I would speak to you,' the woman answered, in a faint, faltering tone. 'You are, I believe, Sir Martin Matherell?' 'Yes,' he said, with a slight bow, 'and at your service.' He wondered vaguely who this woman could be. Her voice and bearing were those of a gentlewoman. Then he noticed that she wore the garb of a hospital nurse, and that one small white hand, guileless of rings, was holding the gauze veil across her face, as if to hide it from him. 'I thought I was not mistaken,' she said, tremulously. 'If you will spare me a few moments I shall be grateful.' Her breath seemed to fail her, for her voice died away to a whisper. He waited, in courteous attention, for her to proceed. When at length she did so, her utterance was quite steady and clear. 'That which I would know of you to answer me honestly—to tell me, in fact, all you know concerning—a person in whom I am interested.' 'If it lies in my power, I feel justified in doing so,' he replied. 'Last year,' she began, 'there was living in Coddington, a young artist, known as Vivian West. You saw a great deal of him—he visits you frequently now—who is he?' To the anxious listener it appeared an eternity before the baronet spoke. 'You have asked me a question I cannot answer,' he said, slowly. 'I know little of him. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say I know nothing of him, since I know nothing but what others know. He is an orphan, and an artist of exceptional talent. I regret I can give you no further information; but since, I take it, he is a friend of yours, cannot you gather from him all you desire to learn?' She shook her head. 'That which I would know, he is ignorant of. Have you no knowledge whatever of who his parents were?' 'None. Why come to me for such information? How can I know more of him than he knows of himself?' 'Could Only Whisper.'

'The name. Does it bring nothing to your memory?' 'Nothing,' he declared, with emphasis. 'Why you should have thought I could help you in this matter, I cannot conceive. I am sorry to find I can be of so little use to you.' He moved towards the gates as he spoke, as if to end the interview. 'The name,' she said again. 'It must surely remind you of one you knew long ago. Your past is no secret to me, I—I was a friend of the girl you so cruelly betrayed. You cannot have entirely forgotten—Lillian West?' He was in the act of stretching out his hand to open the gate; but, at the sound of that name, it fell to his side, as if powerless. 'Lillian West!' he repeated, hoarsely. 'What of her? And who are you?' 'I know her. Sir Martin, for piety's sake, tell me the truth. Is this Vivian West her son?' 'If you knew the person you speak of, you would know that both she and her child died many years ago.' The fingers holding the veil trembled, then drew it aside, revealing the sad, sweet face of Nurse Patience. 'Would to God,' she said—and her voice vibrated with suppressed emotion—'she had died, and so ended her unhappy life. But fate decreed otherwise, and she has been forced to live on and on through the dreary clouded years, striving to wait patiently for the end and the peace that is so long coming. 'I never thought to see you again—I never wished to see you again—until quite lately, when there came upon me a great longing to visit this place, to see you in your home, with your wife—prosperous and happy. It was a strange wish. Yet I could not reason it away.' Sir Martin had stood like one turned to stone, his face an ashen pallor, his incredulous gaze fixed on the delicate features before him. There were silver threads in the sunny brown hair, there were lines of sorrow and care about the sensitive lips, and the roundness and glow of youth and health had gone; but it was Lillian West, and with a great tearing, tearless sob, he uttered her name. He had thought her dead—this woman he had wronged so vilely, yet who, nevertheless, was the one love of his life. And now, in the fading summer light, she had come back to him. For one brief, mad moment he forgot the guilt that yawned between them, forgot the past years, his sin—all. He was a young man again, and she his love, his wife. He stretched out his arms to gather her to him, and then the delusion vanished. 'Forgive me!' he cried, brokenly. 'I know I have no right to touch you—no right to breathe the same air as you. You can but look upon me with loathing and contempt—too base a thing to merit your hatred.' 'I did not come to talk of these things,' she said, gently. 'The past is unalterable—it is better not to speak of it. You have already heard what has brought me here this evening. Nothing but a very strong motive could have induced me to make myself known to you; but I thought that, perhaps, that which you would not tell to a stranger, you might to me. You must be aware of how my child was taken from me—the one thing left me to love—my one comfort; afterwards, when I found life unbearable without him, and begged to have him again, I was told that he had died. 'I never thought of doubting the truth of that statement; but the shock was too much for me, coming as it did when I was in such deep trouble. For a time I seemed to lose my senses. I was ill. Some kind charitable people took care of me, and nursed me back to life. It was when I was growing stronger, that I read in an old paper, the account of my supposed death. I felt it was a marvellous mistake. I wanted all who had known me to think I was dead. It was better so. I saw no wrong in what I did. I wanted only to hide myself and my shame. 'All that time I believed my boy dead—all these years I have thought of him lying in his little, unknown grave; but now, since I have met this Vivian West—oh, Martin Matherell, be merciful to me, and tell me the truth! My own heart tells me he is my son. He is—he is not?' The passionately imploring voice ceased, the upturned face was painful in its intensity of expression. Matherell loved this woman; but he also loved his son. She could never be anything to him; but between him and Vivian West was a strong affection. The younger man looked up to him, respected him, loved him. It was the one thing which made the baronet's life bearable—his one solace—his one happiness. He knew that, when Vivian West learnt the secret of his birth, he would lose this; hatred and contempt would be given him in its place. He felt that this would be worse than any death—any trial he had gone through. And against these feelings was a great compassion for Lillian West, a vast pity and biting remorse for the life he had so heartlessly wrecked. 'Speak!' she urged. 'Do not keep me in this awful suspense.' He passed his hand across his eyes; but, when he removed it, he still avoided looking at her. 'What makes you think it possible he can be your son?' 'I called my boy Vivian West, because it is my own name, and the only one I had to give him. He has no knowledge of who his parents are; and—and in his face I trace something of what I was long ago.' 'You have spoken to him of this?' 'No one, but you. Sometimes I have felt certain that what my heart tells me is true; at others, I fear it may only be some cruel irony of Fate—a strange coincidence.'

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'The name. Does it bring nothing to your memory?' 'Nothing,' he declared, with emphasis. 'Why you should have thought I could help you in this matter, I cannot conceive. I am sorry to find I can be of so little use to you.' He moved towards the gates as he spoke, as if to end the interview. 'The name,' she said again. 'It must surely remind you of one you knew long ago. Your past is no secret to me, I—I was a friend of the girl you so cruelly betrayed. You cannot have entirely forgotten—Lillian West?' He was in the act of stretching out his hand to open the gate; but, at the sound of that name, it fell to his side, as if powerless. 'Lillian West!' he repeated, hoarsely. 'What of her? And who are you?' 'I know her. Sir Martin, for piety's sake, tell me the truth. Is this Vivian West her son?' 'If you knew the person you speak of, you would know that both she and her child died many years ago.' The fingers holding the veil trembled, then drew it aside, revealing the sad, sweet face of Nurse Patience. 'Would to God,' she said—and her voice vibrated with suppressed emotion—'she had died, and so ended her unhappy life. But fate decreed otherwise, and she has been forced to live on and on through the dreary clouded years, striving to wait patiently for the end and the peace that is so long coming. 'I never thought to see you again—I never wished to see you again—until quite lately, when there came upon me a great longing to visit this place, to see you in your home, with your wife—prosperous and happy. It was a strange wish. Yet I could not reason it away.' Sir Martin had stood like one turned to stone, his face an ashen pallor, his incredulous gaze fixed on the delicate features before him. There were silver threads in the sunny brown hair, there were lines of sorrow and care about the sensitive lips, and the roundness and glow of youth and health had gone; but it was Lillian West, and with a great tearing, tearless sob, he uttered her name. He had thought her dead—this woman he had wronged so vilely, yet who, nevertheless, was the one love of his life. And now, in the fading summer light, she had come back to him. For one brief, mad moment he forgot the guilt that yawned between them, forgot the past years, his sin—all. He was a young man again, and she his love, his wife. He stretched out his arms to gather her to him, and then the delusion vanished. 'Forgive me!' he cried, brokenly. 'I know I have no right to touch you—no right to breathe the same air as you. You can but look upon me with loathing and contempt—too base a thing to merit your hatred.' 'I did not come to talk of these things,' she said, gently. 'The past is unalterable—it is better not to speak of it. You have already heard what has brought me here this evening. Nothing but a very strong motive could have induced me to make myself known to you; but I thought that, perhaps, that which you would not tell to a stranger, you might to me. You must be aware of how my child was taken from me—the one thing left me to love—my one comfort; afterwards, when I found life unbearable without him, and begged to have him again, I was told that he had died. 'I never thought of doubting the truth of that statement; but the shock was too much for me, coming as it did when I was in such deep trouble. For a time I seemed to lose my senses. I was ill. Some kind charitable people took care of me, and nursed me back to life. It was when I was growing stronger, that I read in an old paper, the account of my supposed death. I felt it was a marvellous mistake. I wanted all who had known me to think I was dead. It was better so. I saw no wrong in what I did. I wanted only to hide myself and my shame. 'All that time I believed my boy dead—all these years I have thought of him lying in his little, unknown grave; but now, since I have met this Vivian West—oh, Martin Matherell, be merciful to me, and tell me the truth! My own heart tells me he is my son. He is—he is not?' The passionately imploring voice ceased, the upturned face was painful in its intensity of expression. Matherell loved this woman; but he also loved his son. She could never be anything to him; but between him and Vivian West was a strong affection. The younger man looked up to him, respected him, loved him. It was the one thing which made the baronet's life bearable—his one solace—his one happiness. He knew that, when Vivian West learnt the secret of his birth, he would lose this; hatred and contempt would be given him in its place. He felt that this would be worse than any death—any trial he had gone through. 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Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, featuring an illustration of a pine tree and text: 'Laxative Pills cure constipation without any griping, weakening or sickening. Price 50c., all druggists.'

Advertisement for S.H. & M. Bias Brush Edge, featuring an illustration of a brush and text: 'Binding of Wear. S.H. & M. Bias Brush Edge. When you buy a ready-made shirt, be sure it is bound with it, and look for the initials S. H. & M. Bias Brush Edge brand. It is in the mark of shirt quality. It is not just any binding, but a binding on a shirt of shoddy fabric.'

'It is so,' Sir Martin said. 'A strange coincidence. He is—not your son.' She put her fingers to her throat, as if it pained her. 'You would not deceive me again?' she cried, with a piteous catch in her breath. 'You swear this is true?' 'I swear it,' he said. 'I have been fooling myself,' she said, in a whisper, 'observing a false hope, seeing the sun behind the clouds when it is not there. How dark it is—dark dark and no light anywhere.' Like a shadow she flitted from him. He heard the gate fall too behind her. She had gone. He tried to utter her name; but his rigid lips refused to move. The light had faded from the west, a vapory grey was stealing over the sky, and the breeze, seeming to gather strength tossed the green leaves overhead, and went whispering and sighing on its way. His hour for atonement had come, and he had let it pass from him. To be Continued.

Advertisement for Paine's Celery Compound, featuring text: 'INSRINGTIME Paine's Celery Compound. Is the Giver of Health and New Life to the Sick and Diseased.'

Spring, with its bright sunshine, lengthening days, warm rains, and its promises of a new life in nature, is fast approaching and will be hailed with true delight by the old and young who are enjoying full health and bodily activity. To thousands the coming spring means a fuller cup of agony and suffering; it is a time when the dark grave claims many victims. When men and women are burdened with death-dealing sicknesses, such as kidney disease, liver complaint, blood troubles, rheumatism, neuralgia, and the terrible after effects of grippe, spring has no charm for them. They have allowed themselves to sink into a condition of misery and helplessness during the winter that must terminate life unless the true health and life giver, Paine's Celery Compound, be made use of without delay. The nervous system, weak and unstrung must be fortified; the blood, sluggish, impure and watery, must be made clean and fast flowing, and every organ of digestion must be toned up to a true health pitch. Nature's wonderfully successful medicine Paine's Celery Compound, does this good work as no other remedy can do. It acts as a nerve and brain food, it gives life to stagnant blood, it banishes permanently kidney disease, liver complaint, rheumatism, dyspepsia and other troubles that make life a misery. The thousands of thankful letters received from Canada's best people are the best and strongest proofs that Paine's Celery Compound cures. When your life is in danger do not be misled by common advertised medicines, as many of them are dangerous and unsafe. Ask for the kind that has cured your friends and your neighbors—the kind that "makes people well."

Advertisement for Patents, featuring text: 'PATENTS. When you want to procure or sell a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be wary of firms who offer schemes—Our 30 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms. U.S. Office, 808 F St., N.W., Washington, D.C. DUTER & BISHOPP, 100 Henry St., Montreal.'

The Typist at Carruthers'

Noel Stephens was nothing it is not gains. It pained him excessively to be obliged to tell Sir George Beeslock that the £250 this unfortunate baronet had been persuaded to invest in the patent self-affixing postage stamps, concern had all gone to smoke; but he hoped nevertheless that Sir George would still let him marry Joan by-and-by. Noel's fertile brain had forgotten the idea for the postage stamps; that same brain invented the micarriage of the invention, but immediately set to work to devise something else.

It was thus engaged, indeed, when he entered the carriage drive of High Green where Sir George lived his impetuous days. He was to dine in the quietest possible way with the baronet and Joan, and after dinner he meant in one breath to tell about his heart's trouble and the £250. Before dinner he had five blissful minutes alone in the drawing room with Joan.

'Oh, Noel, Noel,' the girl lamented, when she heard about the pecuniary loss; 'I'm afraid you hardly realize what that means to papa.'

'The money! Oh bohemian! We'll make that good in something else fast enough, you'll see. It doesn't mean anything to you, dearest, does it?' he asked, smiling.

'A pretty frown crossed the girl's forehead. 'You ought to know me better,' she said reproachfully. 'I daresay I'm foolish to well, love such a bare-brained—'

'Thank you, my dear, that will do!' Noel exclaimed, as the baronet's steps were heard. The baronet's greeting of 'Well, my young inventor!' speedily followed.

'Still, as Joan had judiciously surmised, after dinner there was a little trouble. Poor Sir George whose poverty was encumbered by his title, had expected much from that £250. He spilt the wine he was drinking when the blow fell, and seemed about to become angry. Then he laughed that easy, resigned laugh of his which was so pathetic to his daughter.

'I suppose I must grin and bear,' he said. 'There's something else, Sir George,' then said young Stephens, and he told about his heart's affairs just as coolly as he had told of the collapse of the tramp-sticking company.

'I have some three or four hundred a year but I can't meddle with, and there's not the smallest doubt that one of my many eggs will hatch out well besides. That window-lastener for example—two or three men are after it already.'

This to Noel was terrible news, for more reasons than one. 'Joan, Joan! where are you?' he cried in his heart, and he sought her as men do seek for lost individuals in these days. But neither the agony columns nor the firm of business sleuth-hounds yielded any satisfaction. The Beeslock solicitors had no information either, nor did they expect to have any more business to transact in the matter of the late Sir George's post-mortem bankruptcy.

So months passed until, at a hint about the resurrection of the sheep-shearing scheme, Noel obtained leave of absence from his colleagues of the window-fastening company and returned to Australia.

II. The window-fastening company was Carruthers, Limited, and in its clerical department Mr. Ernest Carpenter was managing clerk. Mr. Carpenter had excellent credentials, and until Miss Hill came into the office as typist, nothing seemed to disturb his business powers.

'I may say, Miss Hill,' this gentleman had observed quietly, when engaging her, 'that your work will be entirely secretarial at my dictation. Therefore you will share my private office.'

The girl did not seem to care intensely for the prospect. She colored slightly, indeed, and her eyebrows lifted. 'I suppose that can't be helped,' she said, however, rather oddly. 'I want a situation so badly.'

'You live all alone, I understood you to say?' Mr. Carpenter asked. 'And the girl colored again as she replied: 'Circumstances compels me to do so.'

The testimonial she brought was from the vicar of a West-End parish. It was short, but pointed:— 'Miss Hill's character is in my opinion unimpeachable.'

Thus began a very unpleasant phase in Miss Hill's life. Not that she had much to object to at first in Mr. Carpenter's attentions. These were merely perfunctory, and altogether honourable. Mr. Carpenter was one of those men, who having put off matrimony until middle-age, then make for their aim with extraordinary directness.

A month went by, and he ventured to tell his lady typist how he felt towards her. 'I can offer you a comfortable home and my entire devotion,' he said.

'When, with some pain, the girl told him that his offer was not acceptable, he seemed surprised. 'I will wait a little,' he said 'and you must not, my dear Miss Hill, allow my words to trouble you in your daily intercourse, which has become the chief pleasure of my life.'

But Miss Hill did not feel so sure. The situation irked her. She had never been so oppressed by her loneliness, and there were times when she was tempted to resign her position in Carruthers, Limited, immediately, and ask the help of Mr. Willoughby, the very obliging old gentleman who was constantly looking in at the office, merely, as it seemed to say 'Good Morning.' Willoughby was she understood a confidential friend of one of the principals. He was white-haired and alert, and on the second of his visits since Miss Hill's engagement had found an opportunity of speaking to her in private, and with fatherly kindness, had asked if he could be of any use to her at any time.

She was in her humble room, pondering what to do when a constable appeared. 'I have to ask you to accompany me to the office of Carruthers and Co.,' he said. She had no option, it seemed, but to obey—with fears of she knew not what.

Here she was asked by Mr. Carpenter, in the presence of two of the principals, to explain about the registered letter that ought to have had £50 in it, but had nothing.

She was about to be arrested on a warrant, after no satisfactory explanation, when Mr. Willoughby appeared. 'You must stop that,' he said, 'on my authority.' This with a look at Mr. Carpenter, which that gentleman did not enjoy. Further, he said a word or two in one of the principals, and took Miss Hill into the managing clerk's room and shut the door. But hardly had he begun to justify his conduct when the door opened and Noel Stephens came in, with joy in his eyes.

'At last!' he exclaimed, and without permission he took poor Joan to his arms. There she cried quietly—Mr. Willoughby (professional sleuth-hound) having slipped out—and by-and-by confessed that she loved Noel more than her own independence.

But it was not until evening that the extent of Mr. Carpenter's infamy was declared. He had put the bank notes between the outer (brown paper) and the proper cover of a book which Joan had brought with her to read in the omnibus. His plot of course, failed, and his connection with Carruthers, Limited, of course, also ended.

As They call it. The Snelpaardeloos-zonder-spoorwegpetrolrijtuig is being introduced into progressive South Africa, as into other parts of the world. The snelpaardeloos-zonder-spoorwegpetrolrijtuig is, as our readers will doubtless have noted at a glance, the mellifluous Dutch name of the quick horseless-upon-ordinary-road-running-petroleum carriage or motor-car, which is soon to be a familiar object in Johannesburg as it is already in Amsterdam.

Ohio, Feb. 9, James Ross, 60. Halifax, Mar. 9, Maud Hogan, 2. Spots, Feb. 6, Thomas Barlow, 22. Denver, Col., Mrs. Amy Silver, 76. Halifax, Mar. 2, Annie Kelly, 65. St. John, March 4, John Sande, 25. M. McNair, Alex. E. Abree to Annie McPhie. St. Stephen, Feb. 25, by Rev. W. E. Morgan, Charles P. Leland to Miss M. Young. Smith's Cove, Mar. 8, by Rev. W. F. Young, Orville C. Jones to Jessie Barreux. Pleasant Harbor, by Rev. W. W. McNair, Simon S. Stephen, F. H. 23, by Rev. W. G. Goucher, Andrew Lawler to Bertha L. Robinson. St. Stephen, Mar. 1, by Rev. W. M. Tait, John G. Cameron to Jessie R. McLaughlin. North East Harbor, Mar. 4, by Rev. John Phalen, Arthur Greenwood to Estelle Bower. Roxbury, Mar. 2, by Rev. Thos. Syer, Almir M. Marshall to William S. Brown. Bath, 1, Feb. 1, King Co. N. B., Feb. 27, by Rev. D. E. Ervine, Henry E. Husley to Atlantic Henderson.

DIED. Halifax, Mar. 2, Mrs. Robert Murray, 79. North End, March 11, Elizabeth Chapman, 78. Dunbarton, March 7, Norman McLennan, 2. Kentville, March 6, Jessie W. Bogg, 36. Carletonville, March 2, Elizabeth Gamge, 65. Blomidon, Feb. 21, Mrs. Michael Ryan, 76. Campbellville, Feb. 28, John Thurber, 3 moos. Glenora, March 4, Donald Thomson, 52. Glasgow, Feb. 24, John T. Davidson, 84. Fort Medway, Feb. 21, George Martin, 81. Hopewell Cape, March 6, Myrtle Bishop, 7. Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 9, James E. Ross, 60. Glen Margaret, March 5, James Fraser, 38. Halifax, March 8, Mrs. Fanny Britton, 81. Centredale, March 1, Annie Mackenzie, 60. Deer Island, Feb. 23, Mrs. Louise Cline, 80. Liverpool, March 2, Mrs. Selma Mulhall, 76. Canton, Mass., Jan. 7, James C. Sandford, 67. Grand Fre., March 1, Mrs. Emily Stewart, 94. North End, Feb. 26, James B. Towksbury, 89. St. Stephen, March 2, Mrs. Mary J. Fisher, 62. Wallace Bay, March 5, Mrs. Martha Tuttle, 73. Cheverie, Feb. 25, Mrs. F. M. McMillan, 63. St. Stephen, March 4, Jeremiah E. Trimble, 81. Mechanic Settlement, March 5, Robert Bursard, 76. Bridgetown, March 2, Mrs. James Armstrong, 74. South Nelson, Feb. 24, Mrs. Harriet Davidson, 81. Steam Mill Village, Feb. 24, Mrs. Hugh Patterson. Chatham, N. B., Mrs. Catherine T. McCurdy, 84. Bathurst, N. B., March 5, Mrs. Isabella Ferguson, 80.

MARRIED. Springfield, Mar. 4, by Rev. J. Gee, Bunton Labadie to Emma Ripley. River John, Mar. 4, by Rev. Mr. Gordon, William Beeson to Lily Grant. Springhaven, Mar. 2, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Elisha Gaven to Eva Harbort. Fort Louis, Mar. 1, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, Alton Vidino to Annie Young. Hantsport, Mar. 1, by Rev. G. R. White, Andrew Beckwith to Selis Riley. Bellisle, Mar. 1, by Rev. P. M. Young, John McCormick to Belle C. Bent. New Glasgow, Mar. 3, by Rev. W. Thomson, Chas. Green to Cassie McLennan. Wittenburg, Mar. 1, by Rev. A. Chipman, Geo. H. Taylor to Jennie C. Sibley. Shelburne, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. E. Davis, W. Erac Ferry to Ida F. Swaine. Liverpool, Feb. 27, by Rev. E. S. Shaw, Augustus Anderson to Emma Wolfe. Bridgetown, Mar. 1, by Rev. F. M. Young, Arthur Johnson to Beatrice Taylor. Hantsport, Feb. 1, by Rev. G. R. White, Alden L. Spier to Lydia M. Bennett. Springfield, Mar. 4, by Rev. David Wright, Samuel H. Smith to Emma Taylor. Shelburne, Feb. 23, by Rev. W. S. Morton, John Turpin to Annie Blackmore. Chatham, Mar. 7, by Rev. Canon Forsyth, Richard D. Treor to Emaline Crook. New Mexico, Feb. 12, by Rev. Mr. Morrison, J. B. Roy to Adelaide Y. Cook. Marystown, Mar. 1, by Rev. W. Was, Thomas Buchanan to Mrs. Esther Curran. Bayport, Mar. 5, by Rev. W. McNeil, John E. Crockett to Minnie McDonald.

III. The events of the next day were to Miss Hill (as she continued to call herself) like a lifetime compressed into ten hours.

For 30 Years THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS They are made in the best way and put up so they can be applied in the best manner and will give the best results. Send for our little book (it's free) and get acquainted. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. Canadian Dept. 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal

- Acadia Mines, Mar. 5, by Rev. J. McLean, Arthur T. McInnis to Christi McLean. Argyle Square, Feb. 25, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Epitaph to Mrs. M. Young. Sheet Harbor, Mar. 2, by Rev. W. McNair, Alex. E. Abree to Annie McPhie. St. Stephen, Feb. 25, by Rev. W. E. Morgan, Charles P. Leland to Miss M. Young. Smith's Cove, Mar. 8, by Rev. W. F. Young, Orville C. Jones to Jessie Barreux. Pleasant Harbor, by Rev. W. W. McNair, Simon S. Stephen, F. H. 23, by Rev. W. G. Goucher, Andrew Lawler to Bertha L. Robinson. St. Stephen, Mar. 1, by Rev. W. M. Tait, John G. Cameron to Jessie R. McLaughlin. North East Harbor, Mar. 4, by Rev. John Phalen, Arthur Greenwood to Estelle Bower. Roxbury, Mar. 2, by Rev. Thos. Syer, Almir M. Marshall to William S. Brown. Bath, 1, Feb. 1, King Co. N. B., Feb. 27, by Rev. D. E. Ervine, Henry E. Husley to Atlantic Henderson.

Worcester Lake, March 1, George A. Rushton, 76. Bridgewater, N. S., March 6, Mrs. James McLennan, 50. Upper Gasworks, N. B., Feb. 11, Mrs. Frances A. Coy 63. Canton, Mississippi, Oct. 29, 1898, Mrs. Ann S. Sanford, 53. Upper Snowicks, Feb. 23, Mr. James Robinson Ellis, 50. Fenobiqui, K. Co., March 2, Mrs. Oshab McCready, 53. Nauwigewank, K. Co., March 2, Margaret E. Price, 7 moos.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSION tickets on sale. To the Public, March 30th, to April 3rd, inclusive, good for return until April 3rd; and to Parents and Teachers in Schools and Colleges, between points in Canada on Atlantic Division, also to points in Quebec and Ontario, east of Fort William, on surrender of Standard Certificates from principal, March 25th, to April 1st, inclusive, good for return until April 1st, inclusive, good for return until April 10, 1899, at One Fare for the round trip. For further information enquire of Ticket Agents or to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Passer, Agent St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 a.m.; Lve. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p.m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. Digby 10.00 p.m.; Lve. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.55 p.m.; Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.45 a.m.; Lve. Digby 11.55 a.m., arr. Halifax 3.45 p.m.; Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday; Lve. Digby 8.30 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m.

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Louisbourg, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamships and Palace Car Express Trains. Steerages can be obtained on application to City Agents. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 116 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Farmer and Steamer, from whom same-berth and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1899 the rates of this Railway will be as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 7.00. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 8.00. Express for Quebec, Montreal, and Ottawa, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 10.00. Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, 12.00. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Quebec, 8.30. Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal, 10.00. Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney, 12.00. Accommodation from Boston, 12.45. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line. Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Bowd's Point), every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, and weekly thereafter. Steamers of this line leave NEW YORK, FIER 1, BOSTON, and other ports, every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 10.00 a.m. and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. Superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements, which we have secured by our connections with the WEST AND SOUTH, will enable us to handle all the business entrusted to us with the greatest SATISFACTION. OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. H. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager, 4-11 Broadway, New York City.

Two weeks from the city will be quite general. Simon Proctor has become a good thing to be alarmed. As yet there are no particular issues. Even the old academy is no course every granted that economical intention as though what economic people on that seems to have assessment law people to think be abridged for an easy matter law and it may no law will be parties. Had M capturing the small general poll by those citizens the laboring have voted for measure. But aside the whole The majority of the most important candidate. A re him and after consideration he was the newspaper. The friends of over cause the race be a very close one some of his support a mayor should prevail more than this too may be with Dr. Daniel's However, it be K. Storey is and Notwithstanding street merchant since has an idea who have not seen enough to secure which pictures he takes a good picture done him justice. anyone has a head covered but ble to imagine Mr. That is the way he meet him again way PROGRESS is unique in this city wants a new man to fill the bil his landlord but inces relations with what he considers an idea that the come to the front anxious and request he root general interest it was nothing left to forward. There says and is evident. It is not kn of his complaint whether he object capacity or as a suspicion that he in either sense his paign have not go Mr. Storey is that Mr. Sears was the week was the W. B. Wallidg mayor. Mr. W man fashion way newspapers and the people. He coming recognition rights of citizens the highest office Mr. Wallace did tion. That is one days and it may be roughly of ever tremendous require all a certain office elected. It trans had promoted that the gentlemen