

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SCENES AT MOOSEPATH.

HOW THE CROWD BURST AROUND DR. FENDLETON

When They Thought That They had Not Received Their Money's Worth—Mr. Carvill Carried off his Throat and Drove, but He Went Around the Circle Alone.

Nearly a thousand persons attended the horse races at Moosepath Park on Monday afternoon last. The weather was all that could be desired, and those in attendance looked for contests of more than ordinary interest. The crowd had not been long assembled before the fun commenced. No less than three team loads of men, who at the time did not know whether they were at Moosepath or upon the billowy Atlantic arrived, and their maudlin conversation punctuated by numerous tumbles off the vehicles, helped fill in the long wait before the races commenced.

A delegation of colored gentlemen from the wilds of Duke street, driving a "caricature of a horse" and seated in a junk-shop carriage, were very conspicuous. Before the races were over a practical joker removed one of the nuts off the axle of the wagon and in starting its dusky occupants were thrown overboard in a grand mix-up. Four fights was the outcome of this little occurrence and officers Killen and Anderson were for a time quite busy.

Perhaps the greatest drawing card on Monday was in the unannouncement that Driver George Carvill of "Speculation" fame would drive in the three minute trot, despite the ruling of the National Trotting Association of America, who only a couple of years before expelled him from all N. T. A. tracks for several alleged offences, chiefly that of acting in a decidedly unsportsmanlike manner in appealing to courts of law in certain matters instead of seeking the protection and advice of the big trotting organization. A fine was imposed upon Mr. Carvill and it yet remains unpaid.

After the judges had taken their position in the stand the first race was called. Three horses out of the programmed five started, and with a little show of favoritism on the part of the extremely judicial committee in the elevated box, the trotters got away. Mary Mack with Fred Watson handling the ribbons and four lengths ahead when the two scored. It goes without saying the North End mare captured the purse, although two far superior trotters were her rivals. The colt race was amusing and more like an old time polymorphan parade than anything else. The more wealthy owners had the equine babies fitted out in bike sulkies and the most modern accoutrements while the other youngsters had to drag along old fashioned gigs. Nevertheless the contest was quite spirited at times, the securing of second place by Amos. Tower's colt being hailed with applause. Beside hauling a 250 lb. man the little horse was hatched to a road sulky.

True to his threat Mr. Carvill appeared on the track behind "Spec. Jr.," and playing the role of the hero, which upon this occasion was not an easy one, he sped back and forward in front of the grandstand bowing and scraping to that portion of the crowd who thought it well to applaud his act. Both driver and horse seemed to be gotten up especially for the occasion. When the bell rang and the remainder of the drivers faced the judges, Mr. Carvill was informed by Mr. Stockford that the owners of other horses had refused to allow their animals to trot in a race with him. Not in the least abashed the disputed driver started "Spec. Jr." alone, and, covering the required distance demanded the purse, glory and all. After this part of the programme had been enacted a crowd of angry people led by an ambitious citizen well known as a police force aspirant, political heeler etc., surrounded Dr. Fendleton who was in a bewildered state, and demanding their money back threatened direful things if he did not comply with their request. The doctor was not the man however to be frightened by persons of this calibre and stood his ground manfully. He was finally taken home in a coach guarded by three police officers. The races broke up in a general rattle and now Mr. Carvill has given notice that he will next Thursday sue Dr. Fendleton for the purse he alleges to have won. An interesting suit is expected and upon it depends in no little degree the future of horse-racing in St. John.

He Caught Something.

The bright young son of a St. John physician accompanied his parents on a little excursion out of the city on the Queen's birth-

day, and upon his return was describing the glories of the day to a friend of the family. It was a little chilly that day, it will be remembered, and the lad contracted a slight cold. "I fished," said the child, "I fished nearly three hours I guess with my own fishing rod." "And did you catch anything?" enquired the friend. "Catch anything!" was the astonished reply, "Well I guess I caught a bad cold; and that was enough for one day. Just hear me cough," and the youngster proceeded to demonstrate that it is sometimes easier to snare a bad cough than it is to catch fish.

THAT DIPHTHERIA SCARE.

The Board of Health Thinks It Warranted all Precautions Taken.

Mr. C. E. Northrup, secretary of health district No. 7, Moncton, writes PROGRESS as follows in regard to an article which appeared some weeks ago in connection with the diphtheritic epidemic in that town:

In your valuable paper of May the 8th there appeared an unsigned article referring to diphtheria in Moncton headed, "Moncton gets excited" I have no desire to criticize the article in question merely for the sake of criticism, but the same is so at variance with the facts that I feel it my duty to make a statement of the situation as it really was at the time the Board of Health took the very strongest measures they did in the interest of the public. Your correspondent says "that any body of men in the full possession of their faculties should be capable of the extraordinary mistake of closing not only the schools and Sunday Schools but actually the Churches, Y. M. C. A. meetings, Salvation Army services, in short everything resembling a place of worship in the city, on account of seventeen cases of the mildest form of diphtheria seems almost beyond belief, but that is what was done last week by that assembly of wise acres."

It does seem regrettable that your correspondent had not sought information at the Board of Health Office, where the books are open for inspection to any person who may wish to know the true state of affairs. I am sure they would never have written the article in question. Instead of seventeen cases of the "mildest form of diphtheria," there were just twenty-four, twelve of which had been reported in the last forty-eight hours preceding the Board's action and were generally distributed throughout the city, several of them so severe that when the patients had been under medical treatment from four to seven days, the physicians in reporting to the board stated that they could not give a definite answer as to probable results. It is true there were some mild cases, but contagion or infection contracted from a "mild case" does not in any sense insure similar results. The Board of Health was in no way excited, but fully realizing the gravity of the situation, and the responsibility resting upon them discharged what in no sense was to them a pleasant duty, and in which we are pleased to state that we had the support and sympathy of leading citizens in the city including clergymen, physicians and the other professions, also the commercial and other interests.

The Board of Health are composed of gentlemen who have homes of their own to guard, and they represent medical, legal, and commercial interest of the city, are connected all of them with some of the various religious organization of Moncton, holding common interest with the public.

I am pleased to state that as a result of the efforts the Board has put forth the disease is now being rapidly stamped out, as has resulted in many similar cases we could name, under the care of the state and provincial Boards of Health.

HE NEVER CAME BACK.

He got a Word of Warning in Time and So he Fled.

There is a young man in this city who is congratulating himself upon what he thinks was a little bit of wisdom on his part a couple of weeks ago.

In one of the companies at the Opera house not long since was a shapely little actress who sang her way into the heart of a well known young man who forsook his favorite pastime of pool and billiards for the Opera house, his evenings and afternoons being spent there. He had an acquaintance among the male members of the company and to the latter he applied for an introduction to the young lady. His request was favorably considered and soon everything was arranged satisfactorily. An afternoon after

the matinee was decided upon and the young man was in a fever of impatience till the time arrived. On the day in question, he and his thespian friend strolled towards the young lady's boarding house. During the walk the young man was given several pointers as to how he might manage to win the lady's affections, among which suppers, flowers and other expensive luxuries were mentioned.

The man in question isn't exactly a millionaire and the prospect of an acquaintance did not seem quite so alluring with the suppers and flowers as necessary adjuncts. He however said nothing, for just then the young lady was seen in the distance. The affair called for prompt measures one way or the other and so doubtless thinking that in this case discretion was the better part of valor he made a hurried excuse about having forgotten something at his hotel and left just as the young lady came up to the hotel. He did not return.

JOSEPH LEFT HURRIEDLY.

He Owed a Fredericton Lad; a Large Sized Board Bill.

FREDERICTON May 27. Several weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brundage came here while pursuing the work of book agents boarded with Miss Russell of George Street. Mr. Brundage set forth the value of a book entitled "A Business Guide and Council" and also of one "For Men Only". Mrs. B. was equally enthusiastic over "Stories of the Bible" and book for women. For the first week the energetic couple worked very cautiously so that they might avoid having to pay license. Finally Mr. B. was obliged to pay the required amount but Mrs. Brundage managed to steer clear of the authorities altogether.

All the time they were here they without luggage of any kind and had not even a change of clothing saying that they daily expected their trunks from the Island; and as every day they expected to leave Fredericton on the one following, Mr. Brundage put up with his board bill. After four weeks had passed Mr. Brundage appeared before Miss Russell, with a book under his arm and telling her he would be back in a few days, asked her to take good care of Mrs. Brundage. Two weeks passed and Joseph did not return. Mrs. Brundage however was the recipient of two letters a day from her affectionate husband. Then one day a telegram came. "Joe" had got uneasy, so she said, as he had not received two letters from her, and had wired to hear from her.

The next evening Mrs. Brundage did not return to tea and on going to her room Miss Russel found a note saying that she had become very lonesome and had gone to St. Stephen to meet Joey and if Miss Russel would send her bill to that town her bill would be paid. Mrs. Brundage alleged as her reason for the silent departure was because she was afraid Miss Russel would laugh at her for having the "blues." The bird had flown all her belongings having been transported under a faithful and ever worn cape. Miss Russel was left to mourn her bill of \$30.00. She sent the bill to St. Stephen but Joseph has not yet forwarded the amount due. Meantime Miss Russel would be glad to hear of their whereabouts. They said they were newly married and hailed from St. John.

THOUGHT HE HAD A JAG.

Two Ministers Manage to Distinguish Them selves in Different Ways.

HALIFAX, May 29.—Two good ministers of this city have obtained some prominence this week, the one in a public way, the other more quietly. One charged that he saw a policeman stagger on the street, intoxicated. The policeman—"Pat" McLarey was a candidate for a vacant sergeantship and the minister's blow was a severe one. The police commission, however, had a protracted meeting to investigate the charge and they honorably acquitted the officer. The evidence conclusively showed that he was not drunk at all, but illness and the effects of powders administered by Dr. Wallace, who freely stated what their effect might be to a man like McLarey.

The other minister has had a love affair for some time, but "distance made the heart grow cold," and he became attached to one nearer home. The consequence is that the poor country girl finds herself frozen out, as it were, by the city rival, and the engagement is off. The end of this may be not yet. Many are talking about the anti-drinking minister but only a favored few know of the other affair.

WHAT IS THE TROUBLE.

THE REGULARS AT HALIFAX NOT IN USUAL FORM.

Words of Praise for the Fredericton School Men—How the Officers Carried Their Swords—Some of Them did Splendid but Others Were Careless.

HALIFAX, May 29.—It is not customary to criticize the work of the British soldiers stationed at this garrison. It is the rule to say that everything they do is right, and the custom to remark that it is done in the best way possible. This being the case it will be considered remarkable to utter anything but words of the highest praise of the review of the British troops which took place in this city on the Queen's birthday. But the fact is that it would not be truthful to say that everything was lovely. The marching which passed before the critical eye of Colonel Leich, V. C., was not what it should have been. It was not ones whit better, on the part either of officers or men than could have been done by the militia of this city. The rank and file were not up to the mark; the officers were no better. The bearing of many of these was superb, but that of others was essentially careless, showing great lack of that training which is the mark of the true soldier. Some of the officers, for instance, carried their swords as though they were bearing their walking sticks at some garden party. This was evident more with some of the officers of the Berkshire regiment than with the engineer or artillery. It is yet early in the season and probably the drill will improve as the summer wears on. It is to be hoped it may, or some of the yankee visitors expected here in jubilee week will draw some obvious comparisons with one or two of the crack regiments of United States cities.

One company that deserves not one word of this adverse criticism, and for whom it is not intended, is the company from Fredericton attached to the Berkshires. The men marched quite as well as any in the review, their bearing was excellent, and the captain in command of the company was apparently every inch a soldier in every particular. The crowd applauded them heartily as they passed the saluting point.

General Montgomery Moore is at present on a visit to England but it is not this that caused the raggedness complained of. He will probably hear of this when he returns and see that there is no reason in the future for similar criticisms.

GETS DINNER IN STYLE.

An Official Who Converts a Public Office into a Kitchen.

HALIFAX, May 29.—One of the officers in the province building, not many yards from the provincial secretary's office, has the misfortune to have made more than one enemy in the building. The cause of this sad condition of affairs may have been mutal, but the consensus of opinion seems to be that the official in question has no one but himself or herself to blame. Whether "herself" or "himself" is the correct pronoun matters not—the feud exists.

Fuel has recently been added to the flames by the fact that the official in question has taken to cooking a mid-day repast within the sacred precincts of the provincial building. This is a preceeding which some of the other servants of the province there do not relish. This dislike on their part may, however, add to the "relief" with which—enjoys the said mid-day meal, with some degree of daintiness prepared as stated by the official's own hands. Perhaps one reason why this objectionable cooking has been started is the example of the much debated cookery school. This institution has been regularly established by the ladies of the Halifax women's council, and has become a great success. Can it be that a rival cookery school is to be established and so near the provincial secretary's office as this mid day kitchen.

The friction caused by this new industry might not have been caused had the enterprising official been better liked by fellow employees in the province building, but it is the last straw on the back of the governmental clerical staff of Nova Scotia.

Held Free Races.

HALIFAX, May 29.—The split in the Halifax driving club resulted in an afternoon of free sport on the commons on the Queen's birthday, provided by the aggrieved club. The design of this free show was undoubtedly to kill the patronage of the races proposed to be held in the riding ground by the members of the club, who,

on their own account, leased the race track. Whether it was the driving club that succeeded in knocking out the paid races or not, they certainly were knocked out, or rather they did not come off, the reason assigned for this being that the entries did not fill. There promises to be a long and bitter feud among horsemen in this city over this split in the Halifax driving club. The sports on the common way have afforded some amusement, but they were rather poor.

TROUBLE OVER THE SITE.

The Attorney General and Mr. Keefe Have a Little Misunderstanding.

HALIFAX, May 29.—It may pretty safely be taken for granted that there will be no provincial exhibition in this city this season. A fight has been going on for six months or more regarding a site. Now it seems to be in a measure a question between Attorney General Longley and Mr. E. Keefe regarding the erection of the main building. Hon. Mr. Longley, acting on a letter from Mr. Keefe, said, last Saturday, that he believed the work could not now be satisfactorily done in time, immediately took that as equivalent to Mr. Keefe's declining to go on with the work, and asked consent of his colleagues on the commission to give the job to Curry Brothers & Bent of Bridgetown, in the county which he represents in the house of assembly. Mr. Keefe's tender was \$17,900, and the Bridgetown firm asked \$100 more. On the back of this Mr. Keefe comes forward and says that he has pleased till he is tired with the commission to sign his contract. Over three weeks of precious time has gone and still he could not get Mr. Langley to sign. Yet in the face of this, because Mr. Keefe expresses the belief that so much time has now elapsed while he has been waiting for the signing of the contract by the commission, that he doubts if the buildings can be erected by September, the statement is made that Keefe, having declined, Curry Brothers & Bent should get the contract. This conduct has, to a certain extent aggravated the ex-mayor of Halifax. If the policy of the commission, in seeking a site, was anything like that followed with contractor Keefe it is no wonder the exhibition commission has been beset with trouble from the beginning till now, and that the sports who have followed the controversy were not afraid to bet that Halifax would see no provincial exhibition this fall, even though \$30,000 has been pledged between them by city and province.

INORNSED AT HIS DEPARTURE.

Some of the Men who are Angry with Rev. Dyson Hague.

HALIFAX, May 29.—The acceptance of a professorship in Wycliffe college Toronto by Rev. Dyson Hague rector of St. Paul's church, this city, is much regretted by people in Halifax of all churches, in common with the congregation of St. Paul's, or rather they do not regret his going to Wycliffe, but they sorrow that he is leaving Halifax. Rev. Mr. Hague has been a good man every way.

In St. Paul's church this feeling is said to be mixed, in some cases, with a touch of resentment at Rev. Mr. Hague. Some of the leading people there think the rector has done wrong in deciding to leave St. Paul's. Hon. A. G. Jones, who with Judge Ritchie, was chiefly instrumental in bringing Mr. Hague to Halifax, is one of these men who felt most deeply aggrieved. He is credited with having expressed his opinions on this point to that the departing rector could make no mistake about his sentiments. A number of less important people in the church have also spoken out quite strongly in condemnation of Mr. Hague, for deciding to leave the church which so prized his services, indeed some of them have said that they would not re-enter St. Paul's on this account. This is unreasonable, for in going west Rev. Mr. Hagal doubtless goes to a lower salary than he received at St. Paul's, and he certainly follows what he considers the call of duty.

C. A. Evans, T. Mowbray, C. C. Blackadar, Judge Ritchie and A. Mackinlay, were appointed a committee to deal with the question of a successor to Rev. Mr. Hague. They will report to the vestry and that body to a parish meeting.

Too Late For Comment.

The fact that PROGRESS goes to press early Friday prevented such a criticism of the amateur performance of the Mikado at the institute as it deserved. The attendance was fair Thursday evening.

ROADS.

al Railway.

Y, the 7th September of this Railway will be accepted, as follows.

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TINGER,
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September, 1894.

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ary Yarmouth 3.55 p. m.	10.00
ary Digby 10.47 a. m.	10.00
ary Halifax 5.45 p. m.	10.00
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BOURKE

STREET

IN ENGLAND'S CAPITAL. WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY IN THE GREAT CITY.

Donnie Scots and Their new Conquest of England—Programme of Jubilee Week—Just What Will Happen During the Victorian Jubilee Days—Gossip of London.

LONDON, May 12.—I thought I should like to have a good close look at our dear old Queen after her return from foreign ports, and by the kindness of a friend, who is a director of the Great Western Railway Company, I was permitted to be present on the platform at Paddington on Monday when her Majesty arrived from Windsor in order to hold the drawing room of the season yesterday. The dear old lady looked splendid for once; she was dressed right royally, and in lieu of a rather dowdy beadgear we are accustomed to see, she wore a bonnet, quite a stylish affair in shape and make of the present fashion, white appearing in the trimming, and quite a tall cigarette sticking up jauntily at the back.

The grand old lady seemed really to fancy herself in this dainty millinery, and it was evident she was discussing arrangements for the jubilee week in the gayest mood. She looked full of health, with a good color and walked across the platform with a firm step and unaided to her carriage. The brilliancy of yesterday's drawingroom fulfilled our liveliest expectations. Thanks to the kindness of the Duchess of Albany I had again my old position in the grand corridor and can safely say that never has there been in my recollection so brilliant a display of dresses, jewels and beauty. Some of the debutantes arrived in the hall so early that their carriages were sent back by the police. Heads were dressed in the early hour of the morning and L., who strolled about the park for some hours, was amused at the maids coming to many of the carriages to give a final touch to their mistresses' dresses before they entered the sacred precincts after passing many hours of impatient waiting in their carriages under the soothing influence of a cold east wind.

The Scotch are determined to push the conquest of England to the bitter end. A fiery Scotch patriot is, it seems, preparing a monster petition to be signed by all Scotchmen and to be presented to the House of Commons, praying that in commemoration of the diamond jubilee the word 'England' may be officially abolished and the word 'Britain' substituted for it. At the same time the word 'English' is also to disappear and 'British' to take its place.

It is certainly the most daring and original suggestion that has yet been made for the commemoration of the Queen of England—Britain's, I should say—record occupation of the throne. I cannot find words in the British language to express my admiration for the—the—the—well, let us say 'ruddy cheek' of the Scotch patriots who have put the suggestion forward in all sober Scotch seriousness. To celebrate the Queen of England's Diamond Jubilee the words 'England' 'English' and 'Englishman' are to be abolished by act of Parliament. Eh, mon, mon! he that hews aboon his head may get a spae in his ee.

Considerable disappointment is in store for those who have taken seats in St. Paul's churchyard for June 22. The dean and chapter have had under consideration the advisability of erecting an awning over the steps of the main entrance, and so much farther out as shall embrace the stand occupied by her Majesty's carriage. The proverbial uncertainty of the weather in June is responsible for the proposal. At first the Cathedral heads hoped to provide a covering made of Spitalfield's silk, but the expense of this has been found to be too great, and it will now be of the material used for marquees. In thus providing for possible rain the needs of aged and bareheaded ecclesiastical dignitaries have been considered quite as much as the health of her Majesty, who, it is well known, little minds rain.

This week promises to be very gay, and I am told there are to be four balls every night for the next three weeks, Monday beginning with the arrival of the queen in London and the opening of the Italian Opera. I found the house very much improved—some attention was paid to decorations—the old worn fittings no longer offend the eye, and there are plentiful signs of garnishments, and the subscribers had turned out in full force and made a goodly display in stalls and boxes. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Fife occupied one box, while among the general public were the Duchesses of St. Albans, Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, and Lord William Beresford; the Countess of Derby, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Lurgan, Lord and Lady de Gray, Lady Randolph Churchill and all the usual first-nighters. The season began with 'Faust,' and the cast was for the most part familiar.

We all know the Marguerite of Madame

Emma Eames, the Sibel of Madame Buzzi, the Martha of Madame Begermeister, the Mephistopheles of Mr. Fincon and the Faust of Mr. Bonnard. But with these more or less familiar creations came a new Valentine in the person of Mr. Note—a baritone who uses an assertive voice, on no account to be ignored, with resolution and confidence which one is bound to feel.

Yesterday several charity banquets and some small dances took place. Today Viscountess Maitland gives a dance at Dover Street. Arthur Kennard and Mrs. Adler also have dances, and an enormous gathering of some three thousand people will be entertained at Oxford by the Mayor in honor of the Prince of Wales' visit to the town. On Thursday the Hon. Mrs. Stanley's party takes place, and on Friday Mrs. Arthur Wilson was to have had a dance, but she is not well and has been sent off to Carlebad. There are balls at Lady Ancester's, Lady Zetland's, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck's, Lady Hulidax's and Mrs. Oppenheim has sent out a most beautifully decorated card for a 'Flower Ball,' in which every lady is to be dressed to represent a flower, and even the chaperons are requested to cover themselves with garlands. Mrs. Oppenheim also asks every lady to send a buttonhole of the same flowers as she wears to her gentleman, which might be most embarrassing, but many of my friends say they don't intend to send flowers to anyone, and so the jeunesses doree will be saved from a most delicate position. Then there is to be a fancy dress ball at Devonshire House, but I really know nothing more than I heard Lady Feo Sturt was going as Semiramis, and was to be attended by six pages, and that on the strength of the rumor a good many people have ordered their costumes.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Walter Crane gave a charming fancy dress ball to celebrate the coming of age of their eldest son, Mr. Walter Crane was Cimbabue, painter and poet; Mrs. Walter Crane 'The Rose Queen;' Miss Crane, 'The Herald of the House;' Mr. Lionel Crane, the hero of the occasion, wore a Utopian costume of the future, another son being the Knave of Clubs; Sir James Linton, a venetian Senator in red and gold. Mr. Rowley was in a fine Chinese dress. Several ladies wore dresses designed by Mr. Walter Crane—one as a 'Britomart' creating quite a sensation. The success of the evening belonged, however, to Mr. Preterus, whose dress was that of Pawnee chief from Santa Fe, with a huge crown of feathers.

I have just heard all about the Jubilee week, and what is to happen. On Monday the 21st, the day the Queen comes to London, she is to give a banquet at Buckingham Palace, and a reception to the Corps Diplomatique and the members of the Government after dinner, when her guests will witness a tattoo of all the bands of the different regiments stationed in London, which will be a magnificent sight, and take place in the gardens of the palace. Tuesday will be Jubilee day, and that is enough. There will be a gala night at the Opera on Wednesday. On Thursday Mr. Chamberlain will give a banquet to the Colonials, and there will be a party given by some member of the Government. On Friday there will be a state ball, and the naval review on Saturday, and on Monday the garden party at Buckingham Palace, at which the Queen will be present.

All the royal family have been very anxious about the Duchess of Teck, who was much more seriously ill than the general public was permitted to know. She even was in great danger, and for a couple of days it was feared she would not recover. Happily, however, she is doing as well as possible, and one trusts all anxiety is at an end; but her illness has been as sudden as it was dangerous. She will not, I fear, be well enough to take part in the Jubilee festivities, but everyone will be thankful to hear she is no longer in danger.

'The Yeoman of the Guard,' which has been revived at the Savoy, comes up as fresh and bright as 'The flowers that used to bloom in the spring—'Thea.' I always think the music of this opera is in Sir Arthur Sullivan's best vein, pretty melodies alternating with that fine writing in which the traces may be discovered of the composer's early training in English church music, while the intrigue of the story has such striking dramatic surprises. Indeed, in all Mr. Gilbert's plays there is never a more exciting scene than that at the end of the first act, where the executioner stands waiting at the block, and Colonel Fairfax, disguised as a tower warder, has to announce that the prisoner, who is none other than himself, has escaped from his cell. Miss F. Perry has the part of Thea, and it she cannot make the old playgoer forget Miss Jessie Bond's performance, she sings with point and with perfect enunciation, and acts amazingly well. Her delivery of the pretty song, 'Were I Thy Bride,' is a pure delight. Miss Rosina Brandram, as Dame Carruthers, plays her old part as it were eight days, not eight years, since she made it her own.

Newmarket was extremely pleasant last week; there was plenty of sunshine and it was very agreeable to stroll about the Bird-ge during the afternoon. I stayed with Dick and Eva, at their little box, and the number of house parties was about the same as usual. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, who stayed at the Jockey club rooms, dined out every night. The Duke and Duchess of Portland, who were not at any of the meetings last season, came direct from Scotland, and no one looked better on the Guinness day than the Duchess, in a plain dress of black cloth, with a cluster of her favorite Malmaisons. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were at their house, opposite the rooms, with Lord Charles Montagu and Lady Alice Stanley, but Lord Stanley was detained in London by his duties as Junior Whip on the Two Thousand day. Lord and Lady Londonderry and Lady Stewart were at the Heath House, though Lord Londonderry and Lady Helen were obliged to hurry off to London on Wednesday evening, and Lord and Lady Cadogan. Lord and Lady Lurgan and Sophia Scott were at Rutland Cottage. Lord Ellesmere had a few friends at Stechoworth, and Mr. Harry M'Calmont was generally congratulated on his approaching marriage.

The other day I was told such a pretty story about Queen Margherita. A little girl to knit her a pair of silk stockings as a birthday gift, and gave her twenty lire to buy the material. The Queen forgot the circumstance till her birthday came, when she was reminded of it by the arrival of a packet at the Quirinal, containing a pair of beautifully knitted silk stockings, to which were joined the maker's best wishes for a happy birthday. Not to be undone, Queen Margherita, who was always kind and thoughtful, sent a pair of very beautifully-knit stockings to her young friend as a return gift, the one being filled with lire pieces and the other with bonbons. They were accompanied by a little note: 'Tell me, my dear, which you like best.' A reply reached the palace next day: 'Dearest Queen—Both the stockings have made me shed many bitter tears. Papa took the one with the money and my brother the other!'

In London. The following advertisement lately appeared in the London Truth: 'Wanted by a dowager too aged to ride a cycle (84), an experienced lady cyclist accustomed to the very best society. Must be able to ride twenty miles an hour, so as to keep in sight youngest daughter, who is agile and judicious. Apply to A. B. C., 62 Belgrave square.' In another advertisement in the same paper a chaperone wants a position, and says of herself:— 'A lady, highly connected, is prepared to chaperone (on a cycle) the ambitious daughters of a millionaire. Is an expert in all paces (cycling). Can be trusted to keep alongside of the swiftest detrimental and to lag discreetly in the rear of an eligible younger son.'

School Teacher, Why not fit yourself for an excellent position in a business office? The work is steady, pleasant, and pays good wages. A short course of six weeks for \$10. Send for circular Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line. 1 PERMO B. CAMERA, with two extra plate holders, \$15.00. 1 Bull's Eye Camera, 3 1/2 x 2 1/4, \$8.00. 3 Pocket Kodaks, each \$6. 2 Tripods, each \$2.25. All new and in good order; 20 per cent. discount of these. J. A. SILLAR, 42 Dock street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED APPRENTICE GIRLS wanted to learn dress making. Apply to MISS DALY, 65 City Road.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW MARVELLOUS Transforming sign; nothing like it; pays big money; saleable to all merchants. Address SPECIALTY CO., 24 Adelaide street, East Toronto.

AGENTS—VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN. The book of the year. Over one hundred illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices. Prospectus free to workers. Write quickly for particulars. G. M. ROSE & SONS, Toronto.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO OUTFIT, for making Photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business, to the latter we can give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods; easy and simple for any one. Address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 94 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

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

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian bank, Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, 'Your Place in Life,' free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bothsay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbsey Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 24-6-1

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TREE'S HYGENIC BATH CABINET. expels all humors and impurities from the system by luxurious bathing and makes you feel like a new being. Used in any room as substitute for water bath, the summer heat will not trouble you. A boon to rheumatica. Price \$5.00.

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New Cloths FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR. Just opened, a full stock of Cloths for the coming season, consisting of English and Scotch Suitings, Trouserings and Overcoatings, Black and Colored Worsteds, Black and Blue Serges and Cheviots. Beautiful both in finish and design. By ordering early, customers will avoid the annoyance of having to wait, which is necessary later in the season. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, GERMAIN STREET.

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

Buctouche Oysters. RECEIVED THIS WEEK: 20 Bbls. Buctouche Bar Oysters At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

Spring Lamb, Lettuce and Radish. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical events of this week, and in local regard, the events for many weeks past, are the productions of "Mikado" at the Mechanics Institute on Thursday and Friday evenings. It is a matter of special regret that these productions have occurred so late in the week as to preclude the possibility of a more extended notice now. It is said in advance of the performances that the lady who assumes the role of Yum Yum sings well, while the vocal powers of the others more prominent in the cast are not unknown. The chorus ought to be good because Mr. Ford, who is musical director, is a good disciplinarian and one who will endeavour to provide for excellence on the part of that all important feature—the chorus. The talent engaged is all amateur and many of the singers no doubt have heard the opera given by professionals and know how it should be done.

Next week's musical event will be the concert at the Opera house to be given by Sousa's famous Band. As customary the Band brings with them a soprano soloist and this season the soprano is Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup. This lady's work is favorably commented upon by the press of other cities in which she has appeared. She is said to have a very pleasing stage presence. I observe in reading some of these notices that her favorite selections are the "Shadow Song" by Meyerbeer and "Comin' thro' the Rye" for an encore song. Of the work of the Band under the guidance of its famous leader remark is unnecessary. It has been heard here before. Its work is remembered. Its record is unsurpassed, and in hearing it this time, those who heard it when here on its first visit to the maritime provinces, will but renew and revive former delights.

From information recently obtained I learn that there is more than a possibility that Miss Mary Louise Clary,—"America's greatest alto" will again be heard in a concert here. This possibility may materialize in the early autumn. If so, it will be a source of genuine pleasure for large numbers who were prevented from hearing her sing on the occasion of her first visit here, because of the season in which it was then alone possible for her to sing in this city. For the sake of all lovers of good singing I trust this will speedily develop into much more than even a probability.

Tones and Undertones.

Madam Patti has been offered a fee of one thousand guineas if she will sing three songs in a concert to be given in London during the coming jubilee celebration.

At the recent concert in Massey Hall by the Toronto Philharmonic society, the chorus numbered about one hundred and forty voices and there was an orchestra of thirty five performers. The work of both chorus and orchestra has been pronounced exceedingly creditable to the society.

A recent notice of the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra gives opportunity for the remark that "Boston has indeed a special reputation for its orchestras." The one under notice presents standard orchestra works with loyalty, refinement, artistry and effectiveness." Its membership is indicated by its name.

Cherubini the composer, whose full name was Maria Luigi Cherubini, at the time of his death left behind him three hundred and thirty five compositions, many of them voluminous.

"Tristan and Isolde" was not received with unqualified enthusiasm when recently given in Turin. It will be produced, nevertheless, in Rome, Milan, Florence and Naples.

The first production of Sir Arthur Sullivan's ballet "Victoria and Merrie England" took place at the Alhambra in London on Tuesday last.

Roberto Stagno a well known tenor singer, died of heart disease, at Genoa, a short time ago. He had sung in opera in New York and was the original Turiddu in the first production of Cavalleria Rusticana at Milan when Gemma Bellinconi was a famous Italian prima donna, was the Santuzza. Signor Stagno was fifty six years age.

Signor Pizzi is said to have discovered a Mass composed by Donizetti for the funeral of Bellini in 1839. It will be performed next August in the Cathedral at Bergamo with grand orchestra chorus and soloists.

A recent number of the Musical Courier contains a portrait of Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup, the soprano with Sousa's Band this season.

Miss Mary Louise Clary has recently sung the part of Delilah in a production of "Samson and Delilah" at Bridgeport, Conn. She was most powerful and intensely



dramatic in her scorn of Samson when she calls him a coward. Her work is enthusiastically commended.

A Boston critic reviewing the musical season in that city says, "The operatic event of the season was the appearance of Calve as Marguerite," and when dealing with the miscellaneous concerts, says they "were not of a high average. The most important, those of genuine worth and peculiar brilliancy, were the piano recitals of Teresa Carreno, Adele Aus der Obe, Madame Szumowska and the violin playing of Charles Gregorowitsch."

Eugene Cowles the basso of "The Bostonians" is being sued for a divorce says an American paper.

Australia receives not a few of the theatrical successes of other parts of the world. The latest play to visit there is "The Sign of the Cross."

It is said that after Miss Marie Wainwright returns from Europe she will make her debut in Vaudeville. Isabelle Urquhart has already joined the Keith circuit.

The Hengler sisters, the daughters of the once famous clog dancer Hengler in minstrel days have recently made a great hit at the Folies-Bergeres in Paris and are to appear in London at the Alhambra on June 7th.

Miss Olga Netherole will and the role of Cyprienne in "Divorcons" to her repertoire. Mr. Leigh who is a member of Harkins present company, and who was here last summer also, was with Miss Netherole last season.

Miss Julia Neilson the leading lady in "The Princess and the Butterfly" at the St. James theatre, London, fell ill recently and her place was taken by Miss Julie Opp a beautiful young American actress, who was in the cast.

"Under the Red Robe" which closed its New York season last Saturday night at the Empire theatre is still being played at the Haymarket theatre, London.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

"Shall we forgive her" and "A Bowery girl" are the names of the plays given by Harkins' dramatic company since the last writing in this department, and the former is undoubtedly the best play offered during the present season. It possesses much intrinsic merit and was the medium of excellent work by several members of the company who had but little opportunity in the opening piece, the work of all being so

good that an admirable performance was given. Special mention is due to Miss Ryan for consistent work as Joanna Lightfoot a "Christian woman," and to Mr. Malcolm Bradley in the role of Neil Garth. Mr. Deyo as the "Parson" was also a good impersonation and a good illustration of muscular christianity, while "Tom" Wise I thought, has rarely done better work than in his short part of Dr. McKerron. It was very life like and very natural indeed. Charles French as James Stapleton was also a really creditable performance, and just here, it occurs to me to remind this gentleman that when he plays the part of the old mill hand in "The Cotton King" again, he should take the precaution to either remove or conceal his finger ring. I omitted to mention this last week. I am satisfied however that it was due to forgetfulness or oversight that he retained it for he is too good an actor not to see its inconsistency. In "Shall we Forgive Her" too Miss White has done her best work of the season and her opportunities are great throughout the piece. The other play "A Bowery Girl" is not likely to become popular here no matter by whom presented. It is too local in its character. It presents types of character well known in New York and probably would be appreciated by New York audiences but the reflection presents itself that it is really not worthy of the talents of the gentlemen and ladies who are engaged in its production. There is nothing to it. It is very flimsy. There is one good scene in it very realistic—the house on fire, upon which the curtain falls. "Brother for Brother" is the title of the play given the last three days of the week. The Company closes the present season to night.

Thomas E. Shea begins a two weeks engagement at the Opera House next Monday evening. The initial play will be the "Man o' war man." It is new to St. John. Except on the first two evenings of each week, and one night given up to Sousa's Band, a nightly change is promised.

Rose Coghlan has decided not to enter into Vaudeville after all.

Richard Mansfield has purchased another new play for production next October. It is entitled "Nellie Moray" and is the joint product of Henri Dumas and William Schuyler of St. Louis.

The season of "Under the Red Robe" which had been extended for a week beyond the original date of closing at the Empire theatre, closed last Saturday night. This play is one of the most successful of the comparatively few successes of the season just ended.

Henry C. Miner declares he is not a candidate for the presidency of the Actor's Fund of America. The indications are that Louis Aldrich, the present vice president, will be elected.

Miss Catherine Lewis, who two seasons ago was a member of Augustin Daly's company in New York, has been engaged by that manager to play the role of Madame Drivelli at Daly's theatre.

Frank C. Bangs is considering an offer made to him to appear in variety and act, with supers and scenic effects, the forum scene from "Julius Caesar." He used to play, and with much distinction, the role of Marc Antony, with the late Lawrence Barrett and E. L. Davenport in the Booth's theatre production of that great play.

Clara Morris too has joined the vaudeville ranks and made her first appearance in that line of work at Gilmore's auditorium, Philadelphia last week. The medium was a one act play entitled "Blind Justice" by Kenneth Lee.

A St. Louis newspaper man named Geo. S. Johns has sold an original modern play entitled "David" to Robert Downing. The play will be given by Mr. Downing next season with Miss Eugenia Blair as leading lady.

"The Heart of Maryland" will begin its next (the third) season on the 17th August next at the Baldwin theatre, San Francisco. Nine weeks will be devoted to the far west and the company will play east via St. Louis and end their tour at the Academy of Music in New York.

During his season of thirty six weeks recently closed, Louis James produced with much success a new comedy entitled "My Lord and Some Ladies". Next season this gentleman may revive "Rinaldo", "The Fool's Revenge", and "The Robbers."

E. H. Sothorn's next season will begin at the Lyceum theatre, New York about the 1st September with a new play entitled "Change Alley", written by Louis

N. Parker and Murray Carson. The story is placed in the reign of George 1st and has reference to the South sea bubble excitement.

Walter S. Hawkins of the "Cadet" theatrical performers is shortly going on the professional stage.

The theatrical "trust or combine" in New York is said to comprise the following eight men, viz., "Frohman, Hayman, Klaw, Erlanger, Rich, Harris, Nixon, (otherwise Nerdlinger) and Zimmerman." They have formulated a decree that hereafter the trust will refuse to engage any person who has ever appeared in vaudeville. A very pretty row is among the possibilities in the near future as a consequence.

Food Value of Cocoa.

The International Journal of Surgery says:—

Experience has shown that a properly prepared cocoa product constitutes an ideal beverage for invalids and convalescents, acting as a mild nerve stimulant and at the same time supplying a considerable amount of available nutritive material.

Such a product is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa which differs from all preparations of its kind in that in the process of manufacture great care is taken to retain, in a pure unaltered form, those active principles and nutritive elements of cocoa seed which render it both a luxury and a food.

This preparation is esteemed an agreeable, comforting, and nourishing beverage in chronic disorders, during convalescence from exhausting diseases, for feeble children, and during the after treatment of severe surgical operations.

Won Lee's Letter.

The postmaster of a Western town received a letter from a Chinaman in Omaha who gave proof of the surprising possibilities of the English language by writing as follows:

DEAR SIR POSTMASTER:—I have a letter for you, Sir, and I have to ask you in that town how many inhabitants to live, Sir, and how many steam laundry here and how many Chinamen to keeping Laundry, here, Sir, and if you want me to come, Sir, and how much rent I will pay. You tell me all about that town and your answer for me will here come and I say thank you now, Sir.

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Indigestion, Weak Stomach.

- No. 10 corrects the Digestion.
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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29.

NO LASTING MEMORIAL.

Preparations for the celebration of the Queen's sexagenary goes on apace, and everybody is getting ready to do his high silk hat and march around the city in some case of the many processions that will do honor to the great event.

There are meetings innumerable to decide upon something, and much valuable time is consumed in arranging what looks like comparatively easy work; but after all St. John isn't going to do anything so very wonderful, and there is no necessity whatever for the unseasonable jostling of Moncton's want of loyalty. Is this city doing anything out of the ordinary to commemorate the longest and most brilliant reign in history? Processions, special religious services and speech-making are very good in their way and give many individuals a chance to distinguish themselves, but similar demonstrations have marked other great events that did not involve any question of loyalty. It would seem therefore as if some more tangible and lasting memorial of the diamond jubilee would give stronger proof of this city's loyalty.

Fredericton has gone bravely to work and without a particle of fuss or unnecessary talk has raised about ten thousand dollars in a few weeks, which amount will be devoted to a good cause, and one that will recall memories of our beloved Queen, long after processions and other merry makings are forgotten.

It is not too late yet for St. John to do something in the way of a memorial and it is to be hoped that the city will not allow her great event to pass unremembered.

Go west young woman! Such is the advice of the New York Tribune, which lately upon the great chances for the female sex in the western world, where there are thousands of acres of government land yet unclaimed. Still supporting women have here an opportunity to obtain land and homes in the west. The discomforts and loneliness incident to pioneering are the greatest drawbacks, but they are materially lessened when friends go in colonies. The length of residence in a homestead is in a certain degree optional with the "filer." The filing fee, including all expenses is \$18. At the end of five years one may make final proof on the land but the homesteader is not compelled to make final proof until the end of seven years. Where a claimant temporarily leaves her land for the purpose of earning an honest livelihood, coupled with a bona-fide intention of complying with the law, such absence is accounted a constructive residence.

The new cable now building for the French Cable Company will be the longest ever constructed—3,250 nautical miles. The conductor will have a casing of thirteen strands requiring 975,000 kilograms of copper, while the wrapping will take 845,000 kilograms of raw gutta percha. The strands of galvanized steel which forms the first armature will need 4,687,000 kilograms of steel, and it will be necessary to have a further sheathing of iron to protect the parts of the cable submerged near the coast. In all, the total weight of the cable for the full length is estimated at the enormous figure of 10,976,350 kilograms. The cable will be laid between France, and New York this summer, four steamers being required for the work.

The disappointments which followed the apparent failure of the original Koch lymph as a "cure" for consumption may tend, though unjustly, to check interest in the more perfect method of inoculation lately developed by Dr. Koch, who has been working upon it for five years. The bacteriologist never claimed as much for his remedy as his patients hoped for it and was by no means responsible for the

disappointment that grew out of that hope. But he did believe in it as a possible remedy in some cases and his devotion to the perfection of it is both interesting and admirable. He has affected already an apparent improvement in certain cases, which, however, are still too recent to be pronounced cures.

A good idea that is being put into practical use by boards of education, in several cities is the use of effluometer cards. It is claimed for these bits of card board that they will give such prompt indications of impurities in the air of school rooms that teachers and janitors can take immediate steps to get proper ventilation. Each card is provided with several stripes of chemically prepared paper. When one of these stripes loses its natural color, it indicates a change in the condition of the atmosphere, and the teacher may be governed accordingly. With one of the cards hung up within sight of the teacher it is expected the presence of bad air will be detected quickly and remedied at once.

Justice doesn't seem to be very evenly distributed in Johannesburg, or else those distributing it have peculiar ideas as to the punishment fitting the crime, if the following selections from a newspaper, just received from the Dark Continent may be accepted as a criterion. One of them reads: "A cab driver named CORNELIUS convicted of driving a couple of lady passengers out of town and shamefully assaulting them, was ordered to pay a fine of £50 or undergo four months of hard labor." The other is as follows: "HERMAN CHISSIN was today mulcted in the sum of £50 for selling a bottle of liquor to a Kaffir."

The northern limit of true forest land has been found by a German student, to reach its highest latitude 72 1/2 degrees, in the Talmay peninsula, from which it runs eastward to the Tchuktsche peninsula, then bends rapidly southward. On the Alaska coast it is near the Arctic circle, and goes gradually northward to the McKenzie delta, where it attains its highest American latitude in about 69 degrees. From its most southerly point it crosses Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland in the direction of the North Cape.

Bacteria, as one might infer from their simple structure, seems to have appeared with the first life on earth. In a study of the early rocks there have been found indications of the presence of microbes in bones, scales, teeth and coprolites as well as an abundance in vegetable tissue, especially in the fern. The globular form appears to have been earlier than the bacillary or rod shaped, the species as a rule having been different from those now living.

Crime seems to be on the increase according to the daily press of Europe and America, and the character of each crime is more JERRYLL and HYDE like. Statistics show that the increase is ahead of the growth of population. Minor crime follows in its footsteps. It would seem as if a general laxity in business and morals was accountable for the awful record beyond any ordinary human weakness.

A portable crematory for military purposes is to be introduced into Continental armies. It has the appearance of an army baking oven but is much higher and heavier, and is drawn by eight horses. It is intended for the disposal of the bodies of soldiers killed in battle, so as to avoid the danger of epidemics from the burial of great numbers of men.

The wealthy Pennsylvanian who committed suicide the other day, because, as he explained in a note to his family, he wanted to learn something of the world beyond, is likely to find out all he wants to know. The expedition is not likely to benefit the scientific world in any way.

Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German Army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metals storing heat even, to blistering the forehead of the wearers.

An edict has been issued in Japan requiring the people to eat meat, in order that they may grow tall. How is this for "artificial aids to evolution."

The Spanish government has ordered a new loan of \$40,000,000 to meet the cost of military operations in Cuba and the Philippine Islands.

Astronomers make known the fact that 1,000,000 "shooting stars" fall into the sun for every one that comes into our atmosphere.

The Paris Fire Brigade authorities are quietly making some trials with a hose propelled by means of a petroleum motor.

A law has been passed abolishing the death penalty in Nicaragua.

Ohio Ro-seated, Omo, Splint, Perforated Dental, 27 Waterloo.

VERSES OF THE SATURDAY AND TODAY

A Sweet Red Rose
A red rose in her dark brown hair,
Just blushing in the twilight air;
The fairest face made doubly fair!
On that lovely night in June.
But she herself a joy complete
The sweetest rose one e'er could meet;
With love's soft tones of language sweet,
Set all my heart in tune.
A harp Eolian's clearest chord,
Could ne'er unto my soul afford,
A voice with such deep rapture stored;
As when she told me true.
Of love, the purest heart can know,
The fondest woman's faith can show;
I gave you freely long ago;
The sweetest is for you.
Ne'er spoke a de-rar heart to mine,
Or voice more like a dream divine;
Than her sweetest light and soft shine,
When her sweetest passion's light doth shine,
I feel her arms about me yet;
Her lovely face I'd ne'er forget;
Her absence is my life's regret;
Looking beyond the grave.

A Spray of Honeysuckle.
Do you remember that sunny September
How the sun shone on the beautiful sea?
How the trees waved in their lovely resplendence
Rich in their golden hues, tossing and free.
Down by the sea foamy wavelets splashing,
Upon the cliff sides a wreath of green.
Trees the c aggy-rocket growing and making
A sunlit picture, a radiant scene.
A tiny path to some stone steps leading—
Almost hidden amid the trees,
Soft perfume from the wild flowers wafted,
Far on the wings of the gentle breeze.
And high o'er the heads of the two who are climbing
That rocky way is the sunlight glow.
Hangs a beautiful spray of honeysuckle,—
Said one looking up, "I should like that so."
Do you remember the other one springing
Upon the boughs, and with earnest wish
Hurrahing each power in ardent endeavor
That blossom to gain, that escape him still.
Too high alas! it waves in its beauty,
Delicate petals by zephyrs fanned,
Its fragile stem is with briars surrounded,
And out of reach of that strong young hand.
He must give it up. But do you remember
How the other one said, "Dear, you tried your best
To reach the crown of that radiant blossom,
To see the glow of the youth's joy and light.
I see as in vision life's winding pathway
And that steep ascent to the latter height;
I hear the sound of the rattling billows,
I feel the glow of the youth's joy and light.
Climb the stony track, for it trendeth upward
To nobler prospects and purer air.
Upward to wider and clearer outlook—
Joy and blessings await you there.
And I see overhead, like those fragrant flowers
Your foot has touched the head that will rain it,
Whose fragrance even death cannot seal away.
A voice breathes low,—"You call my brother
Gather for me that unfolding flower—
That voice—you know it—there is no other
That speaks to the spirit with such sweet power."
Will you not strive filled with love's strong and eager
Thought to cost you effort and pain and loss?
Briars wounded the hand that reached for the flower,
His were wounded too—but upon the Cross.

Some where.
Somewhere, I know, we shall find them all,
The roses that blossomed beyond our reach,
The stars that hid "neath an ink-ball wall,
Just as we staggered across the beach;
The bird that still is his cunning song,
Just as we passed a moment in his domain;
The words unspoken on our lips and tongue,
The words which were his own;
The heart's best passions beat sweet and fast.

Some where, the laurel we missed while here,
The bay our forehead reached for in vain,
Somewhere the chaplain shall ne'er grow sore
Nor lose poor victor's e'er lagged gear;
The glory he real that once was dream,
The mountain he loved to climb below,
And the shall span the fiercest stream,
Our feet no longer be halt nor slow.

Some where, is the rest for which we strive,
The breast to pillow a weary head.
A priest to listen and cheer and shrive,
A life where living where naught is dead;
A place as gentle as yonder cloud
That with heavy slumbering wings,
Shall fill with its soft and soothing sound,
Are trilling music that ne'er can die.

The Pilgrims.
"Whither, pilgrim, whither bound
Past slowly with no sound?"
One by one they journey by,
Gliding, gliding silently;
Slowly, slowly, dim and gray,
Hold they on their ghostly way.
"Father, children, making May
Of the solemn autumn day,
Who were they but now west by west?
While the dead weeds gave a sigh?
Who the pilgrims, dim and gray,
Stopped and looked upon your play?"
"Who were we, my boys, here on the shore;
Here where some one hides the flowers;
We heard laughter in the grass,
But we saw no pilgrim pass,
Whisper one—none-checked it she—
"Shapes went by; they beckoned me."
—John Vance Cheney in Century.

Life and Death.
Life is a river, whose parental source
Springs from above;
The sweetest life, ever blooming in its course
Is human love.
Death is a cavern, whose dark boundaries have
Eternal scope;
The only bud that blossoms near the grave
Is human hope.
—Charles B. Soule.

"Beautiful Nova Scotia."
Such is the title under which the Yarmouth S. S. Co., is circulating a charming bit of literature for the benefit of tourists. The book is beautifully illustrated with scenes from the most interesting parts of the province, and the great advantages for fishing, hunting, boating and bathing are told in interesting and captivating language. The Steamship Co. are sending out 10,000 of these books and they should be a great factor in attracting tourist travel to that part of the country.

THE SHAH AND THE SCOTCH GIRL.

A Highland Fling by Five Hundred Maids That Took the Eye of Persia's Monarch.

"When I was at the Paris Exposition," said Malcolm Duncan of Glasgow yesterday, "the Shah of Persia was one of the honored guests. He was a good soul. Western civilization had made an impression on him, and no ruler in the Orient had a profounder respect for the wonders that British and American genius have accomplished. Western trade and commerce had no more liberal or intelligent patron than this same Shah. Persia lost a liberal ruler when the assassin's bullet laid him low. But this has naught to do with my story."

"One night the Shah visited one of the French theatres of the lower grade. When he arrived the house was full. The Oriental monarch received the best the house afforded, but that was not even one exclusive box. The Shah and his friends were ushered into one of the front boxes. In it sat a typical Scotchman, staid and solemn as his race. In the course of the evening a pretty and lithe-limbed danseuse cipated nimbly upon the stage. Instantly the Shah was all attention. He feasted his eyes on the gyrating form and even forgot his kingly dignity in his admiration for the actress. Persia's proud ruler sat in front of the Scot, who was the only occupant of the box when his party arrived. When his enthusiasm carried him to his feet the Scot's vision was obscured. Shah or no Shah, the Scot had paid to see the show, and see the show he proposed to do.

"Laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of the Oriental despot, the Scot said: 'If you ever come to Scotland ask for Mackenzie, the laird of Kintoul. He'll show you better things than Paris ever saw.' The earnestness of the Scot impressed the Shah even more than his heavy hand. Mackenzie, the laird of Kintoul, was a name that lodged in his memory, the more because with it was associated the promise of rights to the Persian yet unknown. A few months thereafter it befell that the Shah, in the course of his trip through the British Isles, visited Scotland. The laird of Kintoul's invitation still rung in his ears. The inquiry revealed that Mackenzie was the head of a numerous and powerful clan, and the Shah went out of his course to meet him and remind him of his promise.

"The highland chief is the soul of honor. He felt complimented by the visit and in duty bound to make good his promise. The fair lassies for all the country round were assembled in the laird's ancestral castle. Five hundred young women tossed their slippers skyward at the first note of the Scotch bagpipe. Then 500 plain-clothed forms gyrated through the movements of an old-fashioned highland fling. Those thousand feet that stole boldly out and then modestly retired beneath the shelter of the national colors, made a sight which the harem of the Sultan and the feasts of the East could not equal. The Shah was captivated. He glided into the midst of the feminine throng and a pretty lassie who is now married to a Glasgow shipbuilder has the honor of being the only woman with whom Persia's ruler danced during his visit in Queen Victoria's domain. In my part of Scotland the Shah and his visit to the Laird of Kintoul is still one of the subjects of neighborly gossip."

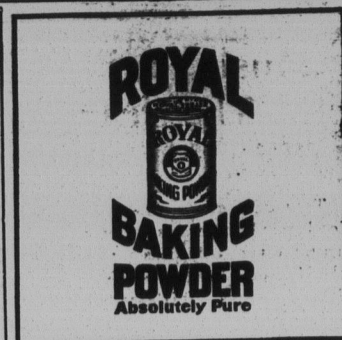
TRAPPING A MOUNTAIN LION.

How a California Boy Got Even With One for Chasing Him.

"It was when I was sheep ranching in the Hermosa district, in southern California, that I was, in a way, concerned in a very queer trapping operation," said James Smith of Geneva, N. Y. "I was a partner in a large ranch, and we were getting along swimmingly when one spring a mountain lion came into the neighborhood and set to killing our sheep and lambs. We tried hunting, traps, and poison to rid ourselves of the beast, but could neither get him nor drive him away. The beast not only killed our sheep but one night a herder in our employ, a boy from one of the middle Western States, came running to the ranch house a good deal frightened, and complained that a mountain lion had chased him. He had had a long run, and the creature had followed him to within fifty yards of the house.

"With the morning light the boy recovered courage and went out to his herding again, but he mullered over the run and the scare the lion had given him and vowed he would get even with the beast. Along the creek that bordered the range was a good growth of timber, and the boy, remembering his rabbit-snares feasts in the East, rigged a 'jump-up' trap on a large scale for the benefit of the lion. He built an enclosure that could be entered only by a passage on one side. Thin he bent down a stiff sapling and secured its top to a notched tree stump in such a way that if it were moved, ever so little, it would fly up. To this top he attached a stout rope, with a slip noose so arranged that any creature entering the enclosure would be caught by the noose and at the same time cause the sapling to spring upright. When everything was ready he put a lamb in the enclosure at night and waited.

"The lamb's bleating attracted the lion, and at midnight the boy, who slept in an outbuilding, came to the ranch house to tell us that the beast was caught. Once awakened we needed no telling of the fact, for the lion's cries came plainly to our ears



from up the creek. We got our guns and started for the trap. The night was dark, and as we floundered along among the trees and brushwood the foremost man nearly ran into the lion, hanging by the rope to the sapling. The beast had evidently tried to leap through the noose, for he was caught, not by the neck, but round the body, just forward of the hind-quarters. As he dangled from the sapling trying to turn so as to bite off the rope, his claws and contortions were something wonderful to see, and at every failure he let out a screech that could have been heard a mile away. "Turn and twist as he might he could not get to the rope with his teeth. But lest something might slip or give way and let him loose we lost no time in backing off to a safe distance, and then we finished him with our firearms. We were all mighty pleased to get rid of him, but I reckon the boy that trapped him got the most satisfaction out of the business—and he got the skin and bounty."

WRITING A LEADER.

How it Sometimes is Accompanied by Strange Movements of the Face.

The late Alexander Russell, the famous editor of the Scotsman, the leading journal of Scotland, was not an easy writer—that is, he was neither fluent nor quick with his pen. He rarely wrote under pressure, for he disliked to be pushed, and declared that haste militated against good writing and sound thinking. He cared for ideas expressed in 'good phrasing,' but the form was always to him of less value than the substance.

When Mr. Russell had chosen the topic for a leader,—he insisted that the leading article of to-day was all the better for being on the subject of the day before yesterday,—he would walk about the room, thinking over the matter, and jot down his thoughts in shorthand at his writing-table.

Unconsciously to the thinker, the process of thinking out a leader was associated with odd motions of his arms and hands. Once the absurdity of his method was revealed to him by a lady, an excellent mimic. The story is told in "An Editor's Retrospect," the title of Mr. C. A. Cooper's book.

Mr. Russell had shut himself up in a country house to work, unaware that his room was overlooked from a neighboring window. After dinner, this lady, who had observed him, asked their host if he would like to know how a leading article was written. Getting up and walking about the room, she mimicked the editor's throe, shrugs, jerks, head-scratching, pen-bitings, and other incongruous movements. "Mr. Barrie, in his recent memoir of his mother, 'Margaret Ogilvie,' describes himself as making strange faces over his writing. 'It is my contemptible weakness,' he writes, 'that if I am a character suited vacuously, I must smile vacuously; if he frowns or leers, I frown vacuously; if he is a coward or given to contortions, I cringe or twist my legs until I have to stop writing to undo the knot. I bow with him, eat with him, and gnaw my mustache with him. If the character be a lady, with an exquisite laugh, I suddenly terrify you by laughing exquisitely.'

When Mr. Russell's children were very young, he would often have one or two of them in the room where he was writing that he might split himself by romping with them. Once Mr. Cooper remarked to Russell's sister that a certain article of his must have been written while he was in excellent spirits. "Yes," said she, "the last paragraph means that he had a roll on the carpet with Johnny and Janet."

LACONIC CRITICISM.

Mrs. Garrick, the wife of the famous actor, would never admit that any one in the profession approached her husband in ability, save perhaps Kean, in the part of 'Richard III.' One criticism of hers received unexpected confirmation. After seeing Kean play 'Abel Druggar,' she sat down and wrote him: "Dear Sir,—You cannot act 'Abel Druggar.'"

"Yours, M. Garrick."

His reply was equally to the point: "Madam—I know it. Yours, E. Kean."

RIVALRY FOR FAME.

"I'm going to introduce a bill," declared the first legislator, "prohibiting any and all persons from going up in a balloon." "There's where you show your lack of statesmanship," sneered the second legislator. "My bill will make it an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to fall out of a balloon."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ONLY MACHINE IN TOWN.

Fox doing up ladies shirt waists, is just being put in by us. We guarantee them to look like new. Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works.



We got our guns and The night was dark and along among them...

Accompanied by Mrs. Russell, the famous author...

shu: himself up in a work, unaware that his red from a neighboring...

the wife of the famous R. Adams, she admitted that anyone in...

on cannot act 'Abel Druggist' Yours, M. Garrick. equally to the point: knowit. Yours, E. Kean.'

introduce a bill," declared Mr. Cooper, "prohibiting any and all going up in a balloon. you show your lack of snered the second legisl will make it an offense and imprisonment to fall on." -Detroit Free Press.



Crowned with a regulation crown Adorns the usual throne; And, for her sixty years of fame, And many acts of grace, Five hundred millions about her name— Head of the British race.

A party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. D. P. Chisholm drove out to Duck Cove, Monday afternoon on the new and comfortable trolley...

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Peters of Waterloo street, brought together many friends of the family...

Mrs. Peters who looked very stately and charming in a black silk gown and bonnet lace, was a bright and cheery as the youngest of the guests...

Mrs. Wm. Peters, Mrs. Wm. Peters, Jr., and Mrs. Peters, Masters L. B. Peters, Maurice Peters, Walker Peters, F. Carleton Peters...

The following address, beautifully done in mauve and white, was the work of Mr. Francis Walker: VICTORIA'S TORCH TO ANOTHER JUNILEN GOVERNMENT. Two Queens we celebrate this year— The first were widely known.

Big cannon's boom, bright flags are seen, And bands strike up, "God Save the Queen." The second Queen we have to praise No guns and bands annoy, Her crown is called "Contentment"...

Mr. Joshua Clawson and other members of his family spent the 24th in Fredericton. Mr. Gordon Blair spent Monday in Moncton...

Mr. George W. Daniels has returned to Moncton after a pleasant stay in St. John's three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Scott have been visiting the latter's parents at Partridge Island lately.

Mr. A. T. Clarke of Calais Me., spent a short time in the city this week. Mr. James Carr of Woodstock was here for a day or two this week.

Mr. J. V. Ellis M. P., and Mrs. Ellis were in Fredericton this week attending the closing exercises at the University. Mr. C. D. Smith returned the first of the week from a visit to Alma.

Mr. T. T. Lantianum removed this week to West-Bridford for the summer months. Dr. Gordon of Sackville expects to leave in a week or two for England to be present at the Hexagenary celebration.

Mr. Wm. Peters, Mrs. Wm. Peters, Jr., and Mrs. Peters, Masters L. B. Peters, Maurice Peters, Walker Peters, F. Carleton Peters and Miss Hilda Peters...

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Last Saturday a charming company of little folks were entertained by Miss Marion Peters in honor of her birthday. The hours were enjoyably spent in childish games, a dainty supper being not the least...

Mr. J. A. Porter of Amherst is staying in the city. Doctors S. O. and E. A. Tuttle of Massachusetts are in the city. Mr. A. J. Montague of Quebec was a visitor to the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Wallace arrived in St. John this week from Euseburg on a brief visit. Miss Elsie White of Houlton Me., is visiting city friends. Mr. Arthur Branscombe spent Sunday with Fredericton friends.

Mr. George H. Moore of Boston spent part of the week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. P. Pothier, Miss Pothier and Miss McCallin came over from Yarmouth the middle of the week. Mr. Z. L. Richards of New York is in the city.

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\$38.50 Cash And 300 WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS FOR A HIGH GRADE BICYCLE. Option of Ladies', Gentlemen's or Boy's Wheels. Write us for full particulars.

As Good as Gold. Is the friend that stands by us in an emergency. "QUICKCURE" is the Great Emergency Remedy.

Blue Flame Oil Stoves. SAFE AND DURABLE. 2 or 3 Burners. Boils one quart of water in four minutes.

Drink Montserrat In Hot Weather. It is the pure juice of ripe fruit—and a wholesome summer beverage. It is cheaper and more convenient than lemons.

When You Order Pelee Island Wines. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. While PELEE ISLAND WINE is highly recommended for La Grippe, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., etc., it is the only Canadian wine so recommended.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale Halifax by the newbook and at the following news stands and centers...

The marriage takes place on the 9th June, in St. Paul's church, at 7 a. m., by Rev. Dyson Hague...

Miss Reverley Robinson, who was here with Alban, has introduced morning concerts in Toronto...

The marriage is announced to take place on June 17th, of John E. Bauld and Miss George, daughter of D. F. George, Esq., merchant, of Fredericton...

Wm. G. Robertson of Wm. Robertson & Son, hardware merchants, and Miss Florence Anderson, daughter of Willoughby Anderson, Esq., is announced for 1st June...

F. A. Young and Miss Eva F., daughter of the late Robert Thomson, are to be married at the North Baptist church, Wednesday, June 2.

A large dinner was given at the Government House on the evening of the Queen's birthday and it is needless to say that it was quite as successful as any function that has been given in the past by his Honor the Lieut. Governor and Mrs. Daly.

Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse. May 28.—Mrs. McCormack is visiting her sister Mrs. Wright. Miss Edna Wright is home from Halifax to remain the summer.

KEEP THE SKIN SOFT AND WHITE WITH BABY'S OWN SOAP.... BEST INGREDIENTS MAKE IT GOOD. BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Spring Possibilities AT..... The Parisian

Opportunities for early bargain buying have never been so great as they are now. The first prices placed on our Millinery are not the usual exorbitant charges for the season's novelties, but show only a fair profit for conveying to you the best products from Paris, New York and London. Such a display of Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Laces and Novelties was never before seen in this city.

The Parisian Cor. Union and Coburg Sts.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased so easily? The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT assure us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST, and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

MINARD'S 'KING OF PAIN' LINIMENT

RHEUMATISM CURED Sufferers from rheumatism have found great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.



'STRONGEST AND BEST.'—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health." Fry's Pure Concentrated COCOA. OVER 200 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Mr. Stuart Jenks and Dr. Corbett were the judges surrounded with big dictionaries for reference. There were two sides in this contest each having a captain. Mr. Morris MacKenzie and Mr. Hugh Mosher were the captains, the others were the Misses Woodworth, Miss Wotton, Misses Ellis Hatfield, Marion MacKenzie, Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Chambers, Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. Perkins and Mr. Russell Ross.

The town was nearly deserted on the 24th. A large party left by the Acadia at 6 a. m. for Kentville to take part in the celebration there. The literary club with some invited guests went by train to Lakeside, fishing. There were other fishing parties large and small to various places, Westbrook, Diligent river, Fox river and Halfway river. Everybody seems to have enjoyed the day thoroughly.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore of St. John are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Jenks. Mr. W. Crane of Halifax is here since Saturday. Mrs. Teller of Fredericton is visiting her sister Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Miss Clara Gillespie has returned from Boston. Miss Welton who has been the guest of Mrs. Howe, took her departure by the boat this morning.

Mr. C. Cummings of Amherst conducted the service in St. George's parish on Sunday. Fr. Bresnan returned on Saturday from Halifax his health somewhat improved by the change. Mrs. C. H. Smith of Amherst is spending a few days here with her relatives. Mr. Smith and Master Vincent were also here on their way to and from Windsor.

TEBUO. Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fullon, and D. H. Smith and Co. May 26.—Mrs. Geo. Hyde arrived on Sunday last per Quebec express from New York, and is at present a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bent at Ashleigh House. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Patterson and family leave tomorrow for Horton landing Kings Co., their future home, St. Andrews cottage, their charming home here will have new occupants in Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bigelow and family who have recently concluded his purchase.

BRIDGETOWN. May 25.—H. S. Sancton arrived home on Friday last from Liverpool. Mrs. Mary McCormick has gone to Digby to spend a few days. W. E. Palfrey Esq. of Lawrence town was in town last Friday. E. F. Henderson spent the Queen's birthday with friends at Wolfville. Dr. Johnson of Sussex N. B. has been at the Grand Central for a few days. Miss Lily Smith spent Sunday and Monday with friends at Annapolis Royal. Mr. B. Fairweather of St. John N. B. spent Sunday at the home of Miss George Bath. Mr. C. H. Harvey of Dartmouth was the guest of Mrs. E. Randolph on Saturday till Tuesday. Miss Bertha Ruggles has been for a few days a visitor at the home of her friend, Miss Lyle McCormick. The Misses Winnie and Lily Morse spent Sunday last with friends at Lawrence town and Williamston. Miss Bessie Ervin, who is attending school in Halifax, spent a few days this week at her Bridgetown home. J. Herbert Hicks arrived in town on Friday last, having come all the way from Liverpool on his bicycle. Mrs. Arthur Johnston of Dartmouth who has been making a brief visit at her old home, returned yesterday. Mrs. Jack Fay is visiting Bridgetown friends, on

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celeries or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves. Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

her way to Montreal, where she intends to take up her residence. W. C. Cassidy of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent Sunday and Monday with friends at Annapolis and Digby. Mrs. Wurstburg and Mr. Burton, sister and nephew of Mrs. Wier, have been guests at her home for a few days past. Mr. A. Young, of St. George, N. B. arrived in town on Wednesday and is at the home of his son, Rev. F. M. Young. Mr. and Mrs. F. Steadman and children, who have been visiting friends in town, returned to their home at Weymouth on Tuesday. Mr. F. C. Harris, who is but slowly recouping his health after a severe attack of pneumonia, has been spending a few days in town. Miss Wraldo, the well known Yarmouth artist, spent a few days in town, passing through on her way to St. John and Fredericton. Miss Ella Whitman arrived from Boston on Saturday last and will remain the summer at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Silas Whitman. Dr. F. Primrose and family arrived in town on Saturday from Springfield, Ill., and will spend a short time with his sister, Mrs. J. G. H. Parker, before leaving for London England, where he expects to reside in the future. The best wishes of a host of friends, for their future prosperity and well-being, will follow them to their distant home.

LAWRENCE TOWN, N. S. MAY 27.—Mrs. McGregor and Miss Florence Saunders spent Sunday with their parents. Mr. John McIntyre has the sympathy of many friends in his severe illness. After the ladies' society at Wolfville closes Miss B. Morse goes to Truro to take charge of a pipe organ and a class of music pupils formerly presided over by Miss King. Miss Wrelock was in Middleton this week teaching in Miss Phinney's place, the latter having had trouble with her eyes. Miss Helen Morse was added to the staff these some months ago. Mr. J. E. Elliott soon leaves for England and will be in London for the sexagenary celebration. The Misses Winfred and Lillian Morse of Bridgetown, have been spending a few days with friends here, and on the 24th they together with the Misses Randolph and Misses Hall went fishing. Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Goucher were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Schaffner over Sunday. Capt. and Mrs. West were also guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Prince at their residence, which is greatly admired.

PARADISE, N. S. MAY 27.—Rumors of marriages are in the air and several of these interesting events are possibilities of the near future. Mrs. Merry of Nictaux is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Durling. W. C. W. Marshall left this week for Pleasant where he will spend the summer. Among the young people who attended a nautical dance at Dalhousie on Monday evening were Miss Jackson and Mr. E. Brooks jr. Principal Schaffner and Miss Morse attended the teachers' association at Digby. Mrs. Calne and little niece have been spending a few days at Mrs. H. W. Longley's. The short life of the tiny girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Longley on Wednesday last week is much regretted.

PORT LOYNE. May 26.—Capt. Joseph Anderson has been home for a few days. Mr. Arthur Beardsley left this week for St. John N. B. The funeral of Mr. Charles Banks which took place on the 11th instant was very largely attended. The Sunday school has reopened under the management of Deacon Walter Graves. Mr. Loring Beardsley has moved to his brother Capt. Samuel Beardsley's residence. Mr. Edmund Hall of New Glasgow is visiting her parents Capt. and Mrs. Joseph Sprinton.

RICHIBUCTO. Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore P. Graham. May 26.—Rev. Father O'Leary of Kingslear York Co., spent last week in town the guest of Mr. Henry O'Leary. Mr. Jas. D. Phinney returned to Fredericton on Tuesday morning. Miss Gossline of Boston, who has spent the past month in town the guest of Miss MacFarlane left on Monday for P. E. Island to visit friends. Mr. W. E. Forbes went to Chatham on Monday where he will spend a few days. Mrs. Fred Ferguson went to Dorchester on Monday called there by the serious illness of her grandfather, Mr. John Hickman jr. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLeod were pleased to welcome a little stranger into their home last week, a daughter. Mrs. Hiram Thompson after spending the past few weeks in Chatham returned home yesterday. Mrs. John Short arrived here on Tuesday after a visit to St. John. If rumor has it correctly we are to have two June brides in our midst. Mrs. W. A. Ferguson of Kingston went to Newcastle on Monday. AURORA. MAY 26.—Mr. Irving Mason of Middleton was home for a short time this week. Miss Mildred Starratt of Nineveh, spent a few days at her home here lately. Miss Lizzie Stoddart's friends will be pleased to learn that after her long and dangerous illness she is convalescing. Mr. and Mrs. Omer Stoddart are the happy parents of a bright little daughter who arrived at their home on the 13th instant. The Methodist church has organized a Sunday school with Mr. George Prince as superintendent. Mr. George Freeman of Middleton spent the holidays with his parents here. Rev. Mr. Lawson has been succeeded here by Rev. Mr. Stewart. Rev. J. Webb has had a communication from Lady Aberdeen, asking his cooperation the movement towards establishing an order of nurses in honor of the Queen's jubilee. Mr. Webb will place the matter before the Springfield circuit.

A Row in the Choir

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that the evangelization of the world could never be accomplished until the church choir was dispensed with. It is proverbial that choirs are given to internal dissension. We do not pose as missionaries. We are selling Throat Kumforts for the money there is to be made out of it. But it has been shown time and again that where we have introduced Throat Kumforts into choirs the enthusiasm they have created has spread oil on the troubled waters. They make the voice clear as a bell for speaking and singing, and the choir that has once used them will never thereafter be without them. Put up in neat tablet form, convenient to carry and use. Invaluable for smokers' sore throat. Try a box for next Sunday.

MANLE'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO.

The Greatest Cropper The Finest Flavor I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896. JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS: Per Pound, 40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00 Address all orders to J. H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

Teaberry FOR THE Teeth RESTORES NATURAL WHITENESS PLEASANT & HARMLESS TO USE 25c. ZOPESA-CHEMICAL Co. TORONTO

Jewelry.

In BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, PENDENTS, LOCKETS, NECK CHAINS, GUARDS, LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, STICK PINS, HAT PINS, Etc. We have a large stock to select from, and will make prices right. FERGUSON & PAGE. 41 KING STREET.

WINES. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter case and Octives. For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Concentrated COCOA. FIRM. to distinguish it from Row in the Choir

... Beecher used to say... gelization of the world... accomplished until... choir was dispensed with... that choirs are given... We do not... We are selling... for the money... made out of it. But... and again... we have introduced... into choirs the... they have created has... a troubled waters... the voice clear as a bell... and singing, and the... as once used them will... after be without them... at tablet form, conveni-... and use. Invaluable... sore throat. Try a box... lay.

LE'S EARLY...oughbred...TATO.

est Cropper...e Finest Flavor...9 pounds, or over 3 1/2... one pound in year... JOHN H. KING, ... Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

TERMS: ...40c., 3 Pounds, \$1.00... orders to... J. H. KING, ... Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

best... FOR THE... Teeth... HARMLESS-TO-USE-A... CHEMICAL - TORONTO

elry...LETS, BROOCHES, ...S, PENDENTS, ...NECK CHAINS, ...LINKS, STUDS, RINGS, ...NS, HAT PINS, Etc. ...stock to select from, and ...price right. ...SON & PAGE, ...KING STREET. ...NES. ...ex "Escalona". ...est" in quarter case and Octives. ...L. BOURKE ...ER STREET.

MR. WILSON'S VISIT.

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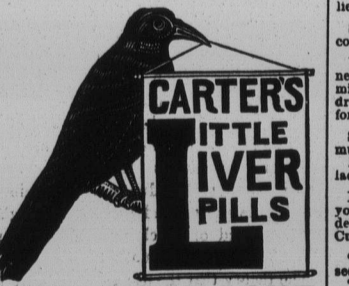
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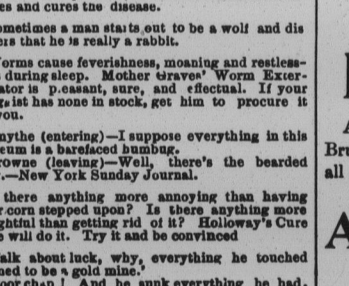
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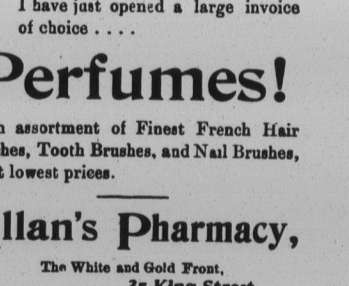
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue,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



DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Price 50 cents per Box, or 6 for \$2.50. At Druggists, or Mailed on Receipt of Price by T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.



Kitchen Work... Is hard enough at the best. You are often blamed for another's fault. Poor bread, perhaps. Courage! Try a sensible flour; get 'Tillson's Pride' of your grocer. THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tilsonburg, Ont.

Something Choice. I have just opened a large invoice of choice... Perfumes! An assortment of Finest French Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, and Nail Brushes, all at lowest prices. Allan's Pharmacy, The White and Gold Front, 35 King Street. Where Physicians' Prescriptions are accurately dispensed. Very... Elegant Barouche. Cost \$680, used one season, for \$175. ONE USED SIX MONTHS FOR \$135. BERLIN HACK, fine style, for \$150. LIGHT HACK for \$100; One for \$50. COUPE, in fine order, \$60. GOOD LANDAU, \$50; Six-Seater, \$40. 2000 Vehicles, new and second hand. HENDERSON BROS., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS. T. O'LEARY, RETAIL DEALER IN... Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars. 16 DUKE STREET

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)
HARCOURT.
[Progress is for sale in Harcourt by Mrs. B. Livingston.]
May 28.—Mr. S. M. Dunn left this morning on a business trip to Bathurst and other points north.
Mr. James P. Case of St. John was here yesterday.

Mr. H. T. Colpitts spent a few days with his family at Richibucto and returned here today.
Rev. Mr. Logan of Nova Scotia, is the guest of Rev. J. K. and Mrs. McCreary.
Mr. Rantenberg, the converted Jew, entertained a large audience in the Wesleyan church here on Sunday evening giving an account of his life.
Mr. Rantenberg and his son, Bernie, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey while in Harcourt.

Mr. James W. Morton and family of Kent Junction have taken up their residence in Harcourt in the premises recently vacated by Mr. B. McLeod who has moved into Mrs. M. J. Wilson's house.
At a temperance meeting held last evening in the town hall, addresses were made by Rev's Messrs. Patterson, Logan, McCreary and Johnston, and by Mr. John F. Dorothy, Councilor L. J. Watson and the chairman, Mr. Andrew Dunn.
Mrs. M. J. Wilson has moved into the old manse building.

MORE NUTRITIOUS THAN PALATABLE.

How a Man Made 88 Carry Him Through a Long Siege.
An artist, in a recent description of life in the students' quarter in Paris, gave an amusing account of an odd American who has lived there for many years, and has been the companion and friend of many of his young countrymen and others who have been his neighbors while following the difficult road that leads to artistic success.

This oddity, who, from his wide knowledge, has been nicknamed by the students 'Dictionary Snyder,' was a resident of Paris during the siege. He was very poor; indeed, he possessed not quite eight dollars in the world when the investment of the city began; but he determined that, with the exercise of proper forethought, he could make this sum carry him through the siege.
Of course he knew that the price of food would soon rise, as indeed it did, to almost fabulous figures; but he laid in before people had thought of such an article of diet, or of its inevitable rise in value, three bottles of olive oil.

Then he bought bread from day to day, as he required it; and soaking it in oil, and adding and stirring in water until the mess was as nearly combined into soup as oil and water could be made to combine, he lived upon this nutritious but unattractive fare until the siege was nearly ended.
His health did not suffer, but he became at last so desperately sick of bread and oil that he could endure it no longer, and resolved upon a single handed sortie in search of a 'square meal.' He left the city secretly and walked boldly up to a German picket, who of course challenged and halted him, but was persuaded, when finally convinced that he was no French spy, but only a half-starved American to become his accomplice in a harmless ruse. Snyder ran past him and made a dash for camp; the sentry, whose orders were to allow no one to pass, fired his gun after him—but in the air; and Snyder arrived safely among a much-astonished group of amiable Teutonic soldiers, who gave him a hearty welcome.

SALT RHEUM

Most torturing and disfiguring of itching, burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else fails.

Cuticura

Sold throughout the world. PORTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Prop., Boston. 'How to Cure Salt Rheum.' Free.
FALLING HAIR. Pimples, Faces, Baby Blemishes. Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

THROUGH THE QUICKSANDS.
An Interesting Episode of Travel in Far New Mexico.
'You'd better see whether last night's rain has loosened the sands up much before you venture into the river,' said old man 'Hickey' at the American corral as Johnson, my driver picked the reins up to drive out. The scene was Mesilla, New Mexico. Johnson and I had stopped here two days to rest our horses after their hard trip across the Jornada del Muerto, and now we were resuming our journey to Silver City, a hundred miles to the westward.

'If the water's high or the sands are quick you'll do better to come back and wait another day,' continued the old man. 'There's many a team gone down at the crossing and no eye ever saw it afterward. If you get over the river all right keep a good look out for Sam Kirkbrek. He's at large again. The Sheriff's posse was at Los Cruces last night hunting him. Good luck.'
We had heard of the gentleman to whom he referred, and the exploits in the way of holding up stages and robbing of individuals which for some years had made him notorious and much sought after by sheriffs in southern New Mexico. But the Rio Grande to be forded was a subject of more immediate concern to us than 'Hold-up Sam.' We drove through the old town, with its great willows drooping above the acquia, and came to the river. It had been swollen by the heavy rain of the past night, and at first sight seemed one unbroken sheet of brown water, moving swiftly along and which might be of great depth. But looking more closely swirls could be seen when the current passed over shallows, and here and there little shifting islands of sand appeared at the surface travelling to left or right, up or down stream, according to the caprice of the waters. There evidently was a streak of shallow water extending across the river, with a deeper channel below it.

On the western shore a Mexican wagon train, bringing copper east from the Santa Rita mines, had halted at the brink, while the wagon master, a handsome young Mexican, rode into the water to try the bottom. His costume was adapted to the occasion, consisting of shirt, sombrero, and a pair of spurs. A Mexican guide, one of the dwellers by the river, clad as primitively, ran before him carrying a long staff with which he tried the depth of water and braced himself against the current. They came on across, sinking in the sands at every step, but keeping from going quite down by constant motion. The wagon master told me that we could get across with our team and buckboard, so, engaging the guide to lead the way, we started in.

Once in the water there was no turning back. Our wheels went at once down to the bubbs to the fine sand of the bottom, and our horses sank in it to their knees. Our only salvation was to keep going. The water was anywhere from one to three feet deep—the loose sands beneath it could have engulfed a cathedral and left no sign of where it had stood. Plunging into holes where the horses went under almost out of sight, and the water rose above our knees as we sat in the buckboard, again rising to shallows, where the water ran only a few inches deep above the sands—we massaged to keep our course, directed by the Mexican guide, running to and fro the skirt of his own garment puffed balloon like by the waters, as he turned from sounding the bottom, to gesticulate to us and to call out instructions in a language that neither Johnston nor I understood. A dozen times the horses came to a standstill, unable for the moment to keep the buckboard in motion, and we could feel how fast we were sinking. Then by a great effort they pulled the buckboard along, and we were saved again. The breaking of a trace—a delay of ten seconds from any cause—and team and buckboard would have been hopelessly lost, and it would have been a close call for Johnston and me to save ourselves.

I want never such an experience again—but we pulled through, and glad enough we were to draw up on the opposite bank, the horses trembling from exhaustion. We were thoroughly drenched, and, as we halted to rest, the fine sand fell in showers from our clothes and the horses and the buckboard as the water dried from them. Johnson was examining the harness to see that it was all right before starting on, when I saw him stop to gaze across the river.

'Well, what's coming now,' he exclaimed. 'There's a man that quicksands don't scare. See him go.'
I looked across the ford just in time to see the mounted man leap his horse from the bank far out into the stream. He had come from Mesilla Plaza, his horse on the bank and run, and now he was floundering through the quicksands as if he were in an uncommon hurry to get across. After him rode three men at a pace as reckless, and as they came to the river bank they put their horses at the water with as little hesitation as he had shown. He was almost half way across the river when the first man of the three behind him went into the water, but it was evident that they knew the ford better than he did, and they overhauled him fast. It was a struggle for life against the quicksands, as well as a chase, with all of the foremen; but with their horses struggling, swimming, leaping forward to keep from sinking, they opened up a duel with pistols as soon as they were near enough together for the foremost man turning round in his saddle to fire back on his pursuers. If any one was hit he gave no sign of it. The man rode out of the water fifty yards ahead of his pursuers and, passing between our buckboard and the wagon train, put his horse up the trail leading through the sand hills to the high plain beyond. The three men in pursuit made no pause at the bank and said nothing to us in passing, but took straight up the trail after him, and all of them were lost to view.

'He the Sheriff,' said our Mexican guide, struggling with his English. 'He try to catch that fellow. That fellow he Sam—Sam he rob the stages. May mal hombre.'
It is a trip of three hours up through the sand hills from the river. As we toiled up the trail we could see the hoofmarks of the four horses, and that their riders had forced them along for all they were worth. The sands were hit enough to blister the bare skin, and the heat among the hills was like an oven, but that had seemed to make little difference in the chase. We heard the sound of shooting ahead and when we were almost out of the sand hills our horses abated and balked, and it was with much difficulty that we could force them along. A little further and we saw the cause of their alarm. By the side of the trail one of the men who had been in pursuit was lying on his back dead with a bullet wound in his breast. We could of course do nothing for him; so we kept on our way. Upon the plain, a half mile beyond the sand hills, we saw the end of the tragedy. The outlaw—for the fugitive was Sam Kirkbrek—lay desperately wounded on the ground, with the Sheriff and his surviving deputy beside him, discussing ways to get back to Mesilla alive. It was no solicitude for the welfare of the outlaw that moved them, but the fact that there was a considerable reward dependent upon his being captured alive. The matter was settled by our taking the Sheriff into our buckboard and carrying him to the next stage station, where he procured a team and wagon with which to take his dead deputy and the wounded outlaw back to Mesilla. What became of Sam Kirkbrek and whether he lived or died, I never learned positively. There was a report that he was killed six months later trying to break jail.

LANGUAGE OF CRIME.
Thieves Have Special Words to Express Stealing of Every Kind.
The language of criminals—the argot of Paris, the 'patter' of London—has been carefully investigated by numerous writers with variant results.
Its origin is difficult to explain. Criminals, say many authors, have found it necessary to adopt a technical language for their own protection, that they may be able to converse in public without being understood. 'They have been forced to do this and have made a language as sinister and as vile as themselves. This theory cannot be admitted. Certainly the argot is sinister and vile and thoroughly represented of the class that uses it, but futher than this we cannot go.

The theory that the use of this dialect is of any assistance to the criminal is inadmissible. Most policemen and all prison officers know this slang, sometimes better than the thieves. To speak in the hearing of a detective is to invite arrest; to speak it in the presence of the general public would arouse suspicion and attract attention—two things which are especially to be avoided. Why, then, does it exist? Dr. Laurent of the Sante prison in Paris has given an explanation which has at least nothing to contradict it: The persons engaged in every trade form a species of dialect or technical phraseology which is spoken and understood by only themselves. Criminals, who practice a trade as old as any have gradually acquired a language more adapted to their wants, more in keeping with their ideas and thoughts. Miserable, heartless, engaged in a perpetual struggle against morality, law and decency, they have acquired a

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Paint 'em, and save your back. Paint will not allow the grease, water and dirt to settle into the grain of the wood. It keeps them on the surface, where you can get at them. Paint on a kitchen floor will save many a tired hour's work. You can clean it quickly, easily and clean.
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS SPECIAL FLOOR PAINT
is made for floors, and no other purpose. It is made to walk on. It is easy to put on, and it 'stays put.' We make paints for every painting. Aspecial paint for cupboards, shelves, baseboards; another for tables, chairs, settees; another for barns, fences, roofs; another for houses, another for bath tubs.
Our booklet, 'Paint Points,' tells why each paint is the best for its purpose. It tells what is good paint and what is poor paint. It tells just what kind of brushes to use, and how to take care of them, and all the little things you would like to know about paint. It is free for the asking. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.
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MONTREAL

language of debased words and cynical expressions and obscene synonyms.
This dialect has mutilated the mothers tongue. It has also borrowed liberally from other languages, but without method or etymology. Criminals are not grammarians. Neither are they linguists, and at first sight it would seem strange that they should import words from other countries. We will find, however, that in any prison the percentage of inmates of foreign birth will be large. In America it is about 15 per cent. A foreign expression which seems apt or an improvement on the one in present use is rapidly diffused through the prison. In cases where it is especially descriptive it may become permanent, but its life is usually short. The argot of the crime class changes materially every two or three years. It is ephemeral, as shifting as its users. Victor Hugo exaggerates only slightly when he says, 'The argot changes more in ten years than the language does in ten centuries.' Thus in the last three years there have been three different terms for 'watch'—'super,' 'thimble' and 'yellow and white'—each of which was in its turn the only one used.

Every writer on the subject has noticed that the argot is rich in expressions to denote certain common actions. This is a peculiarity shared by all primitive languages, the only difference being in the selection of the common acts. Thus in Sanskrit there are nearly 100 roots which express the idea of killing or wounding, without counting secondary derivations. Some of these roots are embodied in our language to day. In the dialect of the thieves there are nearly 100 expressions to signify theft. It was necessary for the pick-pocket to describe the various pockets in a man's clothing and in a woman's dress. The average man does not often need to specify a particular pocket. When he does he lays his hand on it to assist the poverty of his language. The thief has a separate name for each separate pocket.
But in spite of this richness in synonyms in its itself a marked sign of degeneracy, for the tendency of a language is to eliminate its synonyms, giving to each a different shade of meaning, the argot is a poor language. It has not a single expression for abstract emotion. To attempt to render a philosophic thought, a moral emotion a synthetic or æsthetic idea into the dialect of the thief would be like attempting to translate 'electricity' or 'steam engine' into Latin. It is impossible because the words criminal has no more conception of abstract emotion than a blind man has of color.

A fact which does not seem to ally the argot to a primitive language is its ability to form additional words from its own resources, a power of self development which we find in the old Anglo-Saxon, and especially in the German of today. This trait is the more striking as it seems in direct contradiction to the impotence of the English language in this respect. It relies on the Greek and Latin languages for the extension of its vocabulary.—A. T. B. Crofton in Popular Science Monthly.
A SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS.
Extraordinary Superstition Once Prevalent in England.
The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: 'Oae Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, cloudy day, when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones—the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rops move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, how, still held fast by that stone, and a great noise was heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor. When he had loosened it, the villagers seized hold of him and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.
'About an hour after the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.
Employed to Get Down Balls that had Lodged in the Roof Garden.
'Good natured' said the old circus man. 'Why! The best in the world. When the old man's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the eaves of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old eighteen footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy.
'One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter, he went as usual after the giraffe. When the giraffe looked along the gutter that day there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:
'Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?'
'And the boy said 'sure,' and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.
'They wondered about this, for it was the first time the giraffe had ever failed to get the ball, and they knew it must be there, but it was soon explained. A day or two later there came a big rain storm. Instead of running a big noisy stream as usual, the till water pipe from the roof ran just a little bit of a stream, and the water that should have run off in that way overflowed the gutters and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe.'
A famous Scotch dean used to a ghost story, the clew to which is in the question, 'Well, master ghast, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a daunter frae yer grave yb yerself?'—Argonaut.

Help
Is needed by poor, tired mothers, overworked and burdened with care, debilitated and run down because of poor, thin and impoverished blood. Help is needed by the nervous sufferer, the men and women tortured with rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, scrofula, catarrh. Help Comes Quickly
When Hood's Sarsaparilla begins to enrich, purify and vitalize the blood, and sends it in a healing, nourishing, invigorating stream to the nerves, muscles and organs of the body. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the weak and broken down system, and cures all blood diseases, because Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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THREE TRIPS A WEEK
FOR
BOSTON.
COMMENCING May 31st.
The Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every
Monday,
Wednesday
and Friday
morning, at 8:45 o'clock, standard. Returning, leave Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings at 8:45 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p.m. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 6 o'clock.
C. E. LARSEN, Agent.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 29 1897.

THEIR FIELDS OF LABOR.

SOME WESTERN WOMEN WHO HAVE NOVEL EMPLOYMENT.

A Bright Girl who Earns a Large Salary as a River Pilot in California—How a Young Lady Became a Deputy Sheriff—Other Fields of Work.

The new woman seems to be having rather a serious time of it on the Pacific coast! That is to say she is being taken very seriously and allowed an amount of latitude in the pursuance of her chosen vocations that would surprise many of her more conservative sisters in the East. No matter what occupation she takes up, no one seems to object or to molest her in any way, so long as she shows that she is in earnest, and attends strictly to her own affairs without interfering with those of her neighbors. It is a broad minded place, the Golden West and men seem to have less time for criticism than they have in our part of the world; and if a woman proves her ability to compete with men in any particular vocation, so far from showing the acrimonious jealousy so commonly encountered by our sex in their efforts for success, they really seem to admire her pluck, and give her a helping hand when she requires it.

Strange as it may seem to us, women have been filling positions in California for years past that with us are considered only suitable for men, railway station agents, lawyers, ministers of the different churches, fruit growers, bookkeepers, barbers, school commissioners and even gold miners, are found arrayed in skirts, and looking just like ordinary women, but at the same time fulfilling their different duties with a zeal and faithfulness many men would do well to emulate.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of woman's adaptability to new conditions is the case of a certain Miss Jennie Vincent who is known as the woman pilot of San Pedro harbor. This wonderful girl, for she is but twenty three years old, believes herself to be the only woman in the world whose regular occupation is that of a steamboat pilot, and she is naturally very proud of her position.

Miss Vincent's history is that of many other women now earning their bread in California, in fact the California New Woman is usually a development of the immigration problem, which bids fair to set that vexed question at rest once for all. Thousands of strong, resolute, self-confident young women have gone out to California from the Eastern States, to make new homes, having accompanied husbands, fathers or brothers, and come to the new county filled with the same determination to succeed that animated the male relatives. Naturally only the stronger and more resolute natures were among the number, as the very fact of their emigration proved. Arrived at their new homes they found the conditions vastly different from any they had ever faced before; and removed as they were from the narrow conventionalities of their former life they dared do many things that could never have been done in their native towns, and eagerly embraced opportunities that could never have come to them before.

Miss Vincent is one of these: born at Marblehead, and coming of sturdy New England stock she came out to California to keep house for her two brothers who had embarked in the sardine packing industry. But the brothers failed to make a success of the new business, and soon there was no house for poor Miss Vincent to keep, and she had to look about her for some means of earning a living.

At this crisis of her life the old days at Marblehead came back to her and she thought of the days at a time, that she used to spend with an uncle, on a steam craft, of which he was the engineer, and how she had often tried her hand at piloting for him. The memory came as an inspiration and she resolved at once to become a pilot. From her childhood she had been familiar with the machinery in small propeller steamboats, and the knowledge served her in good stead. She studied navigation learned the laws of pilotage, and while she was prosecuting her studies earned some money to help her along, as pilot on a little tug in the harbor. Last September this brave girl passed the examination required by the State Board of Pilot Commissioners, and in January she obtained her certificate as a second class pilot. During the last few months she has piloted coast ships into San Diego and San Pedro harbors, and now makes from ninety to

one hundred and twenty dollars a month, and her ambition is to become sufficiently expert at her chosen profession, to pass the examination for a first class pilot in San Francisco bay, where she can earn double what she does now.

The old pilots have not shown the least jealousy of this slight, blue eyed, fair haired girl who has so courageously entered into competition with them at their own calling. On the contrary they show her the greatest courtesy, and watch her with a sort of good natured curiosity puzzled to understand how any woman ever became possessed of sufficient skill for so masculine a profession.

But Miss Vincent is by no means alone in the choice of a profession, for San Francisco itself has possessed a woman deputy sheriff for the past two years. She is a Miss May Simpson, and is a bright dark haired girl of twenty five, with large gray eyes, and a very quiet manner and her choice of a vocation was the result of an accident. Happening to be in one of the court rooms two years ago, she saw a young insane woman hustled off to the asylum by two burly policemen, and as she was then looking for some employment out of the usual path of feminine work, a sudden idea came into her mind and she summoned up courage to ask the sheriff if she could not make herself useful as special deputy in woman cases, provided she proved herself worthy, and did not lose her prisoner or insane patient. The question took the sheriff so completely by surprise that he took a whole week to think the matter over and then sending for Miss Simpson and satisfying himself that she had the requisite nerve and steadfastness for the position, he gave her a regular appointment and she has proved her ability to retain it, having proved herself invaluable to the sheriff and court officers in restraining insane and vicious women in court. With the insane her success has been equally remarkable, as she has devoted herself to the study of her work, and the authorities at the Agnew Naps, and Stockton asylums say that she understands better than anyone else how to manage insane patients having the kindness and quick perception of a woman with the firmness of a man. Miss Simpson earns eighty dollars a month at her novel profession.

Mrs. Olive Mason Strong, who was early left a widow with three little children to support, and whose husband came to California in the last stage of consumption, runs a saw mill and shingle factory in the San Jacinto mountains, working at the mill ten hours a day, and understanding every bit of machinery in her plant so well that she is frequently the engineer. She was born in the pine regions of Maine, and her father and brothers were timber men and shingle makers, so when she had to depend on herself she turned to the business she understood best, and is now a prosperous mill owner and shingle manufacturer. Mrs. Mary A. Costa of San Jose, California, is a bank cashier, and every day that the bank of Costa & Co. is open she is to be found at the cashier's window. She handles thousands of dollars daily, and is noted throughout central California for her nice discrimination between genuine, and forged signatures, can talk business in their own languages to Italian, German, and French customers, say "no" to a man whose credit is doubtful, decline an overdraft, and, in case of an attempt to rob, can be relied upon to make excellent use of a brace of loaded revolvers, that are always within reach beneath her desk.

The cattle ranger who ranks second in importance in Monterey county is a young woman, Mrs. Abrams, and she not only understands her business thoroughly but manages it entirely herself. There are at least a dozen successful orange and lemon growers who are women, and last and most extraordinary of all there is a Mrs. Bailey who was the leading undertaker and embalmer in Pomona, until a few years ago, when she retired from business with an independent fortune. She was the first woman who ever graduated as an embalmer from an institution in Philadelphia where embalming was taught, and in two or three years she had the best business in Pomona.

So much for the New Woman and her place in the business world in the land of the "Setting Sun." ASTRAL.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON ALL STOMACH TROUBLES. Cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 50c. and \$1. From C. E. Slocum, St. John, N. B.

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15 { 39 and 41 Germain St. } MARKET SQUARE GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

HAMMOCKS



- With one Spreader, 75c.; with two Spreaders, \$1.00.
- With Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.00.
- Canvas Weave, with one Spreader, \$1 25; with Pillow and one Spreader, \$1.35.
- Canvas Weave, with one Pillow and one Spreader, \$1 60 and \$1.80; with Valance, Pillow and one Spreader, \$2 75; with Valance, Pillow, Spreader, and two Wooden Bars, \$3.15; do., extra large, \$4.00.
- Child's Hammock, with two Curved Spreaders, 90c.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

BARBOON HUNTS IN AFRICA.

War to the Death Waged by Afrikanders Upon Monkeys.

The South African colonists have got rid of their lions and elephants, but they have not yet been able to get the better of the baboons says the Paris Figaro. A baboon, although some what like a dog, has all the mischievousness of a man. It is the ugliest animal in all creation. The Boers call him Adonis, and never designate him under the official name that has been given to him by science.

Now, this creature is the curse of Cape Colony. He commits depredations for the love of the thing. Any imprudent tomcat that ventures too far from home is sure to be captured and strangled for fun by a baboon. Nearly all the Angoras, the choicest and most costly animals imported by the colonists, have been destroyed by these huge monkeys. Even the dogs share the same fate. The bravest and most pugnacious of the English canine breeds are unable to cope with adversaries armed with just as powerful jaws, and with the immense advantage of having four hands instead of four paws. With a dexterity that conspicuously exhibits his surgical aptitudes the baboon bleeds his enemy in the throat, and in less than a minute the duel ends in the death of the dog.

When the shepherd is away and the dog has been disposed of the flock is left without defence. Although the baboon generally feeds upon lizards and beetles, he does not despise a few mouthfuls of mutton, which he devours seated on the back of his living victim. Unfortunately are the goats and sheep that are attacked by these cynocephali! When Adonis finds his appetite fully satisfied he enjoys at a little distance the contortions of his victim. He frequently attacks cows, but never attempts to get into close quarters with a bull. The ostrich, thanks to its extraordinary speed, can easily get away from the baboon, but it is very much afraid of him, and immediately runs off on hearing his bark. It is noteworthy that nature has given to the baboon not only the head of a dog but also the voice of a dog. All birds that are not remarkable for their intelligence have an insurmountable dread of the cynocephalus.

One of the principal amusements of these big monkeys is to gambol around the wire fences that protect the tame ostriches just to terrify them. The panic among them is so great that they often break their legs in their wild rushes. This is a pastime which the monkeys seem to enjoy hugely. It is known that a broken leg for an ostrich means a death sentence.

A baboon runs away from a man, but he has no fear of a woman. After all there is no good ground for the mortal terror which Adonis inspires among some of the negro women of South Africa. As a matter of fact, the fear of the cynocephali is often merely a pretext among the young Zulu and Basuto belles to get the escorts of their choice to accompany them to the wells. The baboon is a very bad fellow and an intolerable neighbor, but he should not be slandered.

The Adonises travel in packs of about fifty or sixty. They always keep out of gun shot range and watch for a chance to do mischief in the absence of shepherds or guards. To get rid of the ugly marauders the colonists some time ago established poisoning clubs, which were subsidized by

the British authorities. All the old poisons and the new discoveries of chemistry were tried, but they proved worthless. A hungry panther or jackal might easily enough swallow a few grains of arsenic or a strychnine pill placed in a piece of raw meat, but a baboon is never deceived by so simple a method. He is a delicate and refined fellow accustomed generally to live upon eggs, fruits, lizards, and different kinds of insects. He becomes carnivorous at rare intervals only, and apparently, in some degree at least, for the pleasure of torturing the unfortunate domestic animals that may fall into his clutches. His infallible instinct teaches him to distrust man, even when they are offering presents. With a marvelous scent that might well do honor to a professional snuff, he detects the presence of a mineral or vegetable poison in the quarter of mutton that he finds by chance as he travels along. Moreover, he is thoroughly aware of the fact that wise apes in permanent contract with barbarians from Europe should never swallow pills.

These animals are possessed of almost human intelligence. It is impossible to get near them in the day time, and at night during their hours of repose they are always surrounded by a cordon of sentinels, whose vigilance is absolute. At the slightest indication of the approach of an enemy, one of the sentinels yells out, 'Yah hou! Yah hou!' And in an instant the whole troop disappears. It is unfortunate that, in his dictionary of the language of monkeys, Mr. Garner does not give us the exact derivation of 'Yah hou!'

It is also noteworthy that the baboons never attempt to fly if the man who comes to trouble their repose is not armed with a gun. Although they exhibit extraordinary power of measuring by instinct the average range of a rifle, and cautiously keep out of the way, they exhibit no fear whatever of cold steel. If they find themselves confronted by a settler with no means of defence except a hunter's knife, they send a shower of stones at him, and the lord of creation is obliged to retreat before a battalion of cynocephali that hurl projectiles at him while keeping him at a distance, because a man, even when he is beaten, never entirely loses his prestige among baboons.

It is in the darkness of the night that the Cape colonists prepare their war of revenge against these enemies whose depredations ruin in a few moments the most flourishing agricultural establishments. A

baboon hunt resembles an expedition against a tribe of Basutos or Zulus. The farmers of a region infested by baboons commence by calling out the rear guard of their shepherds. These precious auxiliaries of African agriculture are Kaffirs who in the baboon hunts play a dangerous and often self-sacrificing part. Before sunset they receive an order to form a circle around the ground covered with bushes and pear trees where the baboons have established their camp. When the men are at their post, they begin to march with extreme slowness and caution manoeuvring in a way to force the cynocephali to close their ranks and move toward the high ground, where they are accustomed to take refuge in case of danger. The movement to bring about their concentration requires prudence and caution. The animals must not be alarmed too much.

After having partaken of some of the substantial refreshments for which South African hospitality is noted, the colonists sleep two or three hours, and then start out for their baboon hunt. They surround the hill where the enemy is collected. Each one is separated from his companion by an interval of about 100 metres, with the exception of two of the best shots in the company, who climb to the summit of the hill to cut off the retreat. These marksmen are executed in profound silence and when each man is in the place assigned to him, he has nothing more to do except to light his pipe and quietly wait for sunrise. At about 4 o'clock the crackling of a branch generally gives notice that the animals are waking up. One of them advances cautiously to see if there is anything suspicious in the horizon. After making about three or four paces he receives a bullet which sends him bounding into the air with an almost human cry. Then the rest appear, and the hunters blaze away. Few of the enemy escape. The hunters then advance, but instead of taking scalps they cut off tails, which furnish the evidence of their prowess and entitle them to the reward fixed by the Government. Each tail is worth about 75 cents.

An old Boer, on being asked if he was satisfied with a recent hunt, replied: 'Perfectly. We had splendid sport. We killed forty monkeys and two men!'

That gives one an idea of the dangers incurred in the pastime. These unfortunate accidents cannot be attributed to any want of skill in the use of the rifle. A true Afrikander, as each colonist of the Cape, of the Orange State and of the Transvaal calls himself, never misses a shot, but before firing, he does not always take time to reflect. It one of the crack shots in ambush on the high ground makes the slightest movement, he runs the risk of receiving a bullet in his head. But it is among the natives that the bullets of the hunters makes the most victims. In the gray light which precedes the dawn it is not always easy to distinguish a baboon from a Basuto.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Floors. Paint will not settle into the surface, on a kitchen floor. You can clean it. JAMES CO. is the best for its paint. It tells of them, and all it is free for the Montreal. JAMES CO. things of church door out the anchor. It is further hinges are still to be evidence much like "whirreth he once oon." If you doubted the confronted with the rope, or queer tale about this merchant of Bristol, it with his cargo for Ireland, while his family were at suddenly fell in through a ble. When the merchant the knife, he declared and said that on such a bur, while sailing in an un-sea, he dropped the and the day and the to be exactly the time ng the window. All of implicitly believed by rded as incontrovertible ence of a sea above the loss to conjecture how that the sea' connected with physical geography show-be no small curiosity.—

Down Hills that had lodge the Roof Garden. P said the old circus man. in the world. When the to get a baseball lodged ceaves of the house—this re off the road in winter er used to get out at the ab down the roof and take off and breaking his neck ed to go to the barn and raffa. The old eighteen ot along after the boy at was wanted—till they e and then walk along the own into the gutter as he e came to the bill, and ck it up and bend his head to the boy. the youngster had thrown roof and had seen it roll litter, he went as usual When the giraffe looked that day there was no ball his nose out of the gutter at the boy in the yard rrogation mark in each t say: "It roll off somewhere" said "nave," and then the gain, but it wasn't there, reported with a solemn d, and was driven back to ed about this, for it was giraffe had ever failed to and they knew it must be soon explained. A day ere came a big rain storm. ing a big noisy stream as ter pipes from the roof ran a stream, and the water run off in that way over- and dripped in a thin side of the house. Then the giraffe couldn't find the led down the water pipes. ch dean used to a ghost o which is in the question, ghast, is this a general riet taking a daunder frae yer P—Argonaut.

onal S. S. Co. TRIPS A WEEK FOR STON. COMMENCING May 31st, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Fortland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. 6 o'clock, standard. Returning Monday, Wednesday and Friday 6 o'clock, and Fortland at 8 p.m. as Eastport with steamer Sea and St. Stephen, daily up to 6 o'clock. C. E. LABOULEUR, Agent.

ELLEN'S ASSASSIN.

There was a man hanged under mob law in Southern Ohio several years ago. It was the first incident of the kind that had ever occurred in that part of the state, and the people thereabouts were naturally greatly excited over it. The man's crime had been a heinous one. He had shot down in cold blood, and without the slightest provocation, two women and wounded a third. The rest of the women and children were wrought up to a high degree of frenzy, and even after the desperado was hanged the sight of a strange man was enough to send them into spasms of terror.

Perhaps the person who suffered most acutely at the time was Miss Ellen Latimer. Miss Ellen was well-to-do. In her younger days she had spent two seasons in 'society,' in the nearest city, and in the top drawer of her bureau was a satin-lined rosewood box filled with costly jewels and other mementoes of that happy period. Then there was her silver; her knives and forks were the best in the country and her spoons couldn't be matched anywhere. In addition to that she always kept a little ready money on hand. All things considered, a villain who had plundered for his object could not find a more profitable victim than Miss Latimer.

Besides, Miss Ellen's mode of living was a singular standing invitation to ill-disposed persons to come and do their worst. Her sole companion was Harvey Hempstead, a ball-witted boy of 12, whom Miss Latimer, in the goodness of her heart, had taken from the poorhouse when he was a little fellow and brought up as a sort of social experiment. Miss Ellen and Harvey lived in the red brick house that had sheltered the last three generations of the Latimers. It was a very lonesome place, being situated on the edge of a large field at the end of a lane that extended fully a quarter of a mile back from the main highway. Miss Latimer had often been urged to take some one into the great house for her protection, but even after the shock attendant upon the shooting and subsequent hanging she stolidly refused to do so on the ground that she couldn't afford to be bothered.

'I don't deny that I'm afraid,' said Miss Ellen one day to her married brother, who had earnestly implored her to do something to insure herself against danger from possible robbers. 'but I really think that Harvey and I are better off as we are. You can't trust anybody nowadays. I wouldn't dare to have even a hired girl around, and if I undertook to allow one of the farm hands to sleep on the place I'm sure we would be murdered before morning. There's Pat Henning, for instance. He's been doing chores around the house and barn for more than two years, yet I'm as afraid as death of him. The only really easy moment I have is when I see him lock the stable door at night and strike out across the field toward his own home. Harvey is 12 years old and strong, and nobody would touch a hair of our heads without our giving him a lively tussle. No, thank you, brother, I don't want anybody here but Harvey.' As the months passed and nothing further transpired to break the monotony of existence in that neighborhood Miss Latimer's fears gradually subsided, and she remarked that 'she guessed it would be a cold day when another woman killer set his foot on that soil.' But that hopeful view of the case was not shared by Harvey. Harvey Hempstead was a boy who said little, but who, when his weak mind was once set on any particular subject, never ceased thinking of it. He had never expressed himself very freely on the question of the hanging, but for all that not a day passed that he did not expect to receive some caller on evil bent before the night came, and he made preparation accordingly. That was the first thing he thought of when one Wednesday morning in May, Miss Latimer announced her intention of going to the neighborhood village to spend the day.

'S'posin' he comes to day-to-day-to-day, while I'm alone—alone—alone—alone,' lamented Harvey, in his drawing, disjointed way.

'Who?' demanded Miss Ellen, sharply.

'Somebody like him that was hanged—hanged—hanged,' faltered Harvey.

'Nonsense,' returned Miss Latimer. 'That's a thing of the past. You mustn't think of such stuff if you get lonesome you can get one of Pat Henning's boys to come over and stay with you.'

Patty Henning had brought the horse and buggy around to the door and Miss Latimer climbed into the vehicle and drove away, leaving Harvey looking after her through a swirl of apple blossoms. The brown horse jogged leisurely down the lane and out into the highway. The woods never seemed so fragrant, the air so balmy, nor the sky so blue. She could remember but one other morning when all the elements of nature had conspired to produce so fair a scene and that was many years before when she had ridden over the same road—but not alone.

It all came back to her that bright May day with startling vividness. She could see him as plainly as if he were then at her side. She met him the first season she was in 'society.' She was young and pretty then, and he made no effort to conceal his admiration for her. Throughout those happy months she spent in the city he was her devoted admirer and when she came home in response to a call from her sick mother, he soon followed. He stayed a week, and it was arranged that he should come again in autumn for their marriage. She drove him over the smooth yellow road to the railroad station one radiant morning in May.

That was the last time she saw him. She never even heard from him directly, but three months later the news came through a mutual friend that he had married a girl in a Canadian town whether he had gone on business.

Many times throughout the ensuing months Miss Ellen assured herself that her love for the man was dead, but as she drove slowly towards the village that spring day twenty years after their last

meeting, the flood of recollection that surged over her heart brought home the truth that affection such as she had given cannot die and that in her loveliness and loneliness she had lost the very essence of life.

In the meantime Harvey, being installed boushkeeper at Latimer place for the day set about his duties. He busied himself in the kitchen and cellar for an hour or more, then went into the woodyard and began to bring order out of the chaos of stovewood, which Pat Henning had split the day before. That done he went around to the porch, and sitting down in the shade, rocked his long, anky body slowly to and fro until the shifting shadows warned him of the approach of noontime. Then he started into the house to prepare luncheon. Just as he stepped over the threshold he heard the clicking of the latch of the front gate, and, turning quickly round, he saw a man coming down the path. The man was a stranger, with a black beard, black clothes and a black straw hat.

'Good morning,' he said politely.

Harvey's tongue was benumbed and he could not answer.

'Is Miss Latimer in?' asked the stranger. Harvey's voice was returning by degrees and he said, 'No,' very faintly.

'Will she be here soon?'

'No, not till night—night—night,' quavered Harvey.

To the boy's dismay the man sat down on the edge of the porch and began to fan himself with his slouch hat.

'That's too bad,' he said in a tone of genuine regret, 'but I'll wait till she comes if I have to stay a week. I must see her. My boy, I'm hungry. Do you think you could get me something to eat?'

Like a flash Harvey's ordinarily dull mind conceived the situation over which he had secretly pondered for many months and with equal agility the few rays of his concentrated intelligence planned a way out of the difficulty.

'I guess I can,' said Harvey, forgetting in his enthusiasm to repeat the final word of his sentence.

In less than an hour after the black-whiskered man had eaten his luncheon he had fallen asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. As soon as his deep, regular breathing announced that he had fallen into a stupor from which he could not be easily aroused Harvey quickly pushed the narrow couch into the long dark closet that ran far back under the stairway; then locking the closet door, he took up his station beside it and impatiently awaited the arrival of Miss Latimer. It was 5 o'clock when that lady came home. Harvey heard the wheels when she turned into the gate and went out to meet her.

'Miss Ellen,' he said in an awed whisper, 'he came.'

'What are you talking about?' queried Miss Ellen.

'That man came to steal your silver. He wanted you, too—too—too. He said he'd have you if he had to stay a week—week—week,' and his voice arose in a shrill treble indicative of the excitement under which he was laboring.

Miss Latimer let the reins slip from her nervous fingers and regarded the boy through a film, which sudden fear had quickly brought before her eyes.

'My goodness, Harvey,' said, 'And not an officer in the neighborhood. Which way did he go? He'll come back to-night and kill us, sure.'

Harvey shook his head. 'He didn't go,' he said with unusual rapidity. 'He's in the clo-o-set. I put him to sleep with a dose of laudanum.'

Miss Latimer did not wait to hear the termination of the series of 'audanum' but drove around to the barn and unhitched and stabled the horse.

'Now, Harvey,' she said, 'hurry right over to Pat Henning's house and tell him to fetch the Sheriff as quickly as possible. I'll stay here and watch the closet door till you get back.'

Harvey needed no second bidding. Pat Henning had just started over to the Latimer place when he neared the little cottage.

'There's a man up there come to shoot Miss Ellen,' he shouted, as soon as he turned the corner of the house. 'Go for the Sheriff—Sheriff.'

Neither did Pat Henning wait to hear the end of the command. He caught the gist of Harvey's communication, and in an incredibly short time he had saddled his own sorrel mare and was off for the country seat, only stopping on the way to tell friends, or perchance, strangers, whom he happened to meet that there was another desperado in the community and that he had assaulted Miss Ellen Latimer. Pat Henning was barely on the way when Harvey started across the fields at steady lope. He reached the house none too soon, for the effects of the sleeping potion having worked off, the man who was imprisoned in the closet was emphatically demanding his release, and Miss Latimer was beside herself with fear. She had taken refuge in the back yard, but even there the threats and entreaties shouted out by the prisoner were distinctly audible, and it was plain, not only to her and Harvey, but to the neighbors who soon began

to drop in, that her situation was critical. They held a consultation, and it was decided that it was best for no one to venture into the house until after the arrival of the sheriff.

It was almost ten o'clock when that worthy accompanied by his deputy, Pat Henning and three other men whom he had picked up on the way rode pell mell up to the front gate, and, hastily dismounting, stalked bravely toward the house. At the Sheriff's urgent request Miss Latimer continued to rusticate in the back yard until the trying ordeal should be over and the would-be assassin carried away in chains.

She was surprised by the shouts of the men within, when the prisoner was dragged forth from the closet and the handcuffs clapped on his wrists. Then she watched them go to ride away, but for some reason they still lingered. She could hear the stentorian voice of the Sheriff raised in the noisy altercation with another person, whose voice was too low for her to distinguish either the tones of the words. Presently the officer appeared in the doorway. She could see by the light of the lantern he carried that he was flushed and vexed about something.

'Miss Latimer,' he said, advancing toward her; 'this man insists upon seeing you a moment. He says there has been a grievous mistake and that if he can only speak a few words to you everything will be all right. You needn't be afraid. His hands are bound. Will you come?'

'Certainly,' said Miss Latimer.

She took Harvey's cold hand in hers and the two followed the Sheriff into the house. The prisoner was sitting dejectedly on a low chair near the closet door. His head was bent, and only his profile was visible as she approached him. But there was something in the in the very air of the man that made her start and clutch Harvey's hand more and more tightly. She stood before him and he looked up. A smile passed over his bearded face. She leaned on Harvey for support then, but quickly mastering her emotion she signified her desire to speak with her assassin alone. Harvey discreetly looked out of the farthest window.

'Ellen,' he said, meekly, 'I wasn't expecting such a reception as this after the lapse of all these years. I wasn't counting on being locked up as an assassin.'

'No,' she returned calmly. 'Neither was I counting on your running away as you did twenty-one years ago. You are worse than an assassin. You murdered my heart.'

'She was on the point of breaking out a torrent of reproach and scold, but in an instant she seemed to be riding over the yellow road again with him by her side and the fragrance of the rich, dark earth rising round them like an incense. The sudden transition of thought brought with it a corresponding change, and the love thrills of the morning pulsed through her veins enflaming her comely face with becoming blushes. She drew a step nearer and laid her hands on his shoulders.

'Why did you come back, John?' she asked, softly.

'I felt tempted to take her hand in his, but those useful members being for the time incapacitated for duty he only looked the eloquence his tongue could not utter alone.

'Why?' he repeated. 'Because I love you.'

'And was that the reason you left me?'

'Ellen, Ellen, be just—'

'As you have been?' she remarked.

'As you alone know how to be,' he went on. 'I've been an idiot and a rascal. All men are if you'll give them half a chance. It's their nature. I didn't know my own mind. A man never does. Ellen, I haven't a word to say in my self-defence except that I love you. Neither have I a word to utter against the woman I married. She was a dear, good wife. But I love you and always have. Ellen, you'll have to be good to me. Haven't you tried to keep me by taking me prisoner?' he added facetiously.

'Do you know your own mind now?' She meant her voice to be very severe, but it sounded like strains of sweet music instead.

'I take these handcuffs off,' he thundered 'and I'll show you, I'll kill that rascally boy of yours.'

'I know it,' wailed Harvey, whose ear had caught the final threat. 'I know he was an assassin—assassin—'

'Hush, Harvey,' said Miss Latimer. She stopped down and kissed the man's dark, wrinkled face—and, oh, what a tender kiss it was! Then she went to the door and called the sheriff.

'I find there has indeed been a mistake,' she said. 'This gentleman is an old friend who called in my absence. Harvey drugged him and locked him up. I'm sorry to have troubled you. You may free his hands these bonds are needed no longer.'

'It was a mistake—mistake—mistake,' echoed Harvey, who stood by her side.

There was much disappointment at the Latimer place that night over being cheated out of a possible lynching, and even after the prisoner was freed the people still lingered, hoping that something would turn up, after all. Miss Latimer and her



TIRED?
Oh, No.



This soap greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics. SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

lover did not heed them. Long after midnight the two sat by the window, through which the apple blossoms were drifting on the night wind ever and anon and talked over the past and future. Harvey did not take the persistence of the neighbors so affably, however.

'It's all a mistake—a-ake,' he shouted from the kitchen door. 'You'd better go home—home—home.'

And at length they went.—Pittsburg Press.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

DOCTORS COULD NOT AGREE AS TO THE TROUBLE.

A New Brunswick Lady the Victim—Suffered for Thirty Years—The Attack Caused Partial Blindness and a Feeling of Semi-Paralysis.

From the Woodstock, N. S., Sentinel.

Mrs. E. P. Ross, of Riley Brook, N. B., says:—I have been a sufferer for thirty years, and I am sure I would still be in the same lamentable condition had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was married at the age of twenty and am now fifty-one years old. I had always enjoyed good health until after my first child was born. About a month later the illness attacked me which has since made my life miserable. I consulted different doctors, but they did not agree as to the nature of my trouble. One said it was a species of paralysis, others said symptoms of fits. I would be feeling very well when I would suddenly have a sensation of partial blindness, and everything before me would sparkle. Then my hand and arm on one side would become numb, and after about ten minutes this sensation would pass to my lower limbs, then my tongue would become affected, as would also my hearing. Voices, no matter how close to me, would seem dim and far away. These symptoms would last for about



forty minutes, I would have a violent pain over the eyes, which would continue for twelve hours or more. Notwithstanding all that was done for me, these spells were coming more frequently, and at last I would sometimes have two attacks a day. I was also troubled with bronchitis, which added to my misery. I could not sew or knit, or do any work that required close attention to it. All this trouble had never left me for years, and at the age of 48 I consulted another doctor. The medicine he gave me, however, made me worse instead of better. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was using the third box before I found any benefit, but then there was a decided change. By the time I used twelve boxes I felt as well as I did in my young days. Every symptom of the trouble that had so long made my life miserable had disappeared. For eighteen months I did not use the pills and was as well as ever I had been in my life. Then one morning I felt a slight attack of the old trouble and determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills again. I got a box and took an occasional pill and have never since had a symptom of the trouble. To say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done wonders for me is putting it mildly, and I strongly urge their use on all who may be ill. Pink Pills were also of great benefit to a niece of mine, Miss Effie J. Everett. Her mother died when she was quite young, and naturally much of the care of the household developed upon her, and as she grew up she became weak, easily tired, subject to headaches and her complexion was pale and wax like. A young lady teacher who was boarding with the family, and who had used Pink Pills with great success urged her to try them. The result was that she soon was enjoying the best of health and is a fine robust young lady who shows no traces of her former illness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerve, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

THROUGH THE NILE RAPIDS.

The Boatmen are Saved from Death by Their Swimming Powers.

Voyages down the Nile through the rapids are undertaken only by the special boats which are made for the purpose in the Sudan. About ten percent are smashed on the voyage, and that the percentage of deaths is not equally high is simply due to the matchless swimming powers of the Nubian boatmen. Even when they are dashed by the waves against a rock, they do not always drown. A. E. Brehm in 'From North Pole to Equator' describes one of these descents.

At length each skipper orders his men to their posts. 'Let go the sail!' he shouts. 'Row, men, row—row in the name of Allah, the All-Merciful!' Then he strikes up a song with an ever recurring refrain in which the men join.

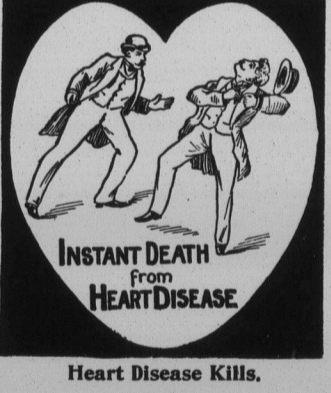
Slowly the bark gains the middle of the stream; quicker and quicker it glides onward; in a few minutes it is rushing more swiftly than an eel among the rocky islands above the rapid. More and more quickly the oars dip into the turbid flood; the men are naked to the loins, and the sweat pours down their bodies as they strain every muscle.

Praise and blame, flattery and reproaches promises and threats, blessings and curse fall from the skipper's mouth according as the boat fills or disappoints his wishes.

'Bend to your oars; work, work, my sons; display your prowess; do honor to the prophet, all ye faithful! Larboard, I say, ye dogs, ye children of dogs, ye grandchildren and great-grandchildren and litter of Christians, ye heathen! Better, better, better yet, ye cowards, ye strengthless, ye sapless! Help us, help us, O Mohammed!'

The rocks on both sides seem to whirl round; the surge floods the deck, and its thunder drowns every order. Unreeling, the frail craft is borne toward the neck of rock,—the drenched spot is behind the stern, the foaming backwash has saved the imperilled boat,—but two oars have been shivered like glass. Their loss hinders control of the boat, and it sweeps on without answering to the rudder. on to a formidable waterfall.

A wild cry from the boatmen, and all throw themselves flat on the deck and hold on like grim death; a deafening crash and an overwhelming rush of hissing, gurgling waves; for the space of a moment the water is ever all, and then the boat gives a leap upward: they have passed the cataract and escaped the jaws of death.



INSTANT DEATH FROM HEART DISEASE

Heart Disease Kills. Relief in 30 Minutes. The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness, or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

Shown in His Face. The Washington Post, without mentioning names, reports a sharp thrust at one of the many private secretaries at the national capital.

He is still new to his honors, the Post says, and with the rest of his airs possesses a drawl that makes him offensive. One day a newspaper woman, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out.

'Can you tell me when he will be in?' she asked.

'Really,' drawled the clerk, 'I haven't an idea.'

'Well,' said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, 'I must say you look it.'

Established 1780.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

Sunday Reading. THE CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.

There died in a New Hampshire hill-town not many years ago, a poor half-witted fellow who by common consent had won the name of the Children's Guardian.

Johnny G. was born in the almshouse of what is now one of our large cities. He came of a good, God-fearing family, and it seemed a strange thing that he should have to open his eyes for the first time in such a place.

As he grew, he developed one strange talent—that of peacemaker. No one must fight where he was. Those great, blue, unreasoning eyes could not bear the sight or sound of wrangling.

When he was about eighteen or nineteen years old, a great change came over him. He said that he had seen the Lord Jesus and spoken to him. Perhaps he dreamed it; perhaps—I only tell you what he always used to say.

For sixty years he remained a consistent member of the church, and there is no telling the amount of good he did in that long time. For he kept up his character of peacemaker, and his thick, stumbling tongue was listened to by men who would have quickly silenced a more eloquent one.

Those New Neighbors. When Friendly Advances would be a Truly Christian Act. With many of us the month of May, especially in the larger towns, has come to be the season of migration.

Those of you who have yourselves been 'birds of passage,' hardly need to have your sympathies appealed to in behalf of these new-comers.

Do you know there will never be a time like the present for helping these new neighbors. An act of kindness will not mean half so much when they are comfortably settled.

When the heart is full of sympathy, some of it is bound to overflow. It may not manifest itself in words, to be sure, but it will find some equally effective way of cheering or consoling.

heart that wise old adage. 'He gives twice who gives promptly.' Perhaps some of the young people in these new families are in school; they may be in your classes.

A family moving into a city apartment house, after several hours of hard work, were surprised by a knock at their back door. When it was opened it disclosed a young girl from the flat above, with a steaming coffee-pot in her hand.

A formal call upon people who have not yet got their carpets down would hardly be an entering wedge of friendship, but neighbourly kindness does not need to wait for the house to be set in order.

'AS THE FLOWERS OF MAY.' How One Could Use Talents to the Best Advantage.

'As welcome as the flowers [in May], is as emphatic a way of stating appreciation as one can think of. But the familiar saying gathers fresh force when we stop to reflect why it is that May's flowers are so welcome.

You have a gift for conversation, perhaps. You have the knack of stating commonplace things in a way that makes them full of interest. You know how to tell a story with just that touch of pathos or of fun that goes straight to the hearts of your listeners.

To fall back on another significant old proverb, most of us seem to regard 'taking coals to Newcastle' as a sensible and natural proceeding. We carry good cheer to spots that are already bright and cheerful.

THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY. A Sympathetic Spirit May Often Comfort Great Sorrow. When the heart is full of sympathy, some of it is bound to overflow.

Not a word had the young girl spoken. Indeed she was not wise enough to comfort sorrow by means of speech. But as those who followed the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth found healing in the mere touch of His garments, so her loving presence

MODERN METHODS.

Up-to-Date is a modern expression, You know what it means. Applied to an argument it carries conviction, to business it means success, to a medicine it means success.



Doan's Kidney Pills are a modern medicine of modern methods. No attempt made to cure all human ills, no claim that they will do so.

Up-to-Date in Kidney knowledge is bringing hope to many a sufferer. People are beginning to understand that backache means kidney ache, lame back means lame kidneys, weak back means weak kidneys.



The public nowadays want endorsement. Yes, I know you say so, but who backs it? That is how they talk. Doan's Kidney Pills answer: We cured your neighbor. Ask him. The reply is UP-TO-DATE.

Up-to-Date in its action. Not a relief only for the aching back, but a cure. Better than plasters or liniments, for it reaches the cause. A kidney specialist, a kidney cure. Such is UP-TO-DATE.

All druggists 50 cents per box.

T. MILBURN & CO., TORONTO.



No.

work freely. Work. Sweet fabrics well.

RAPIDS.

Death by Their.

through the rapids. The special boats. The men are smashed on. The percentage of. It is simply due to. The men are dashed. They do not. From. Describes one of.

orders his men to. 'Hail!' he shouts. The name of Allah, strikes up a refrain in which.

middle of the. It glides on. Rushing more. The rocky islands. More quickly. Flood; the men. The sweat. As they strain.

ry and reproaches. Curses and curses. According as his wishes. Work, work, my. Do honor to. Larboard, I. Dogs, ye grand-children and litter. Better, better, strengthless, ye. O Mohammed!

seem to whirl. The deck, and its. Unresisting. Ward the neck of. Behind the. Has saved the. Oars have been. Loss hinders. Sweeps on with-der. On to a for-

ostmen, and all. The deck and hold. Opening, crash and. Missing, gurgling. Moment the water. Out gives a leap. The cataract and.



Kills.

minutes.

Some of heart disease. Shortness of breath. Swelling of feet. Hunger or exhausted. Causing head-aches. In short, whenever. Pain is imperative. Dr. Thousands of. Lives perfect relief in 30.

Face.

without mention- up thrust at one of. At the national. Honors, the Post. His airs possess. Offensive. One full of business, secretary's chief.

he will be in? clerk, 'I haven't.

paper woman, as say you look it.'

in a little town in New Hampshire, received word of the death of her only son, a young man of great promise, who at the time was travelling in Europe.

'What can we do for her, poor soul?' said the head of the house, casting a pitying glance toward the closed room within which a heart was breaking.

'I don't see that we can do anything,' returned his wife. 'I'm sure I don't know what to say to her. And besides, I don't believe she is the sort of person that likes to hear expressions of sympathy.'

'I'm almost sure she would like to feel that some one was near who was sorry for her,' said Ethel, a girl of sixteen. 'And unless you think I'd better not, I'm going into her room.'

Not a word had the young girl spoken. Indeed she was not wise enough to comfort sorrow by means of speech. But as those who followed the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth found healing in the mere touch of His garments, so her loving presence

and sympathetic touch had been as a balm of consolation to a bruised and broken spirit.

KIDNEY SENSE.

Cure-alls are out of the Question in Kidney Disorders—A Liquid Solvent—A Specific Kidney Tonic is the Only Safe Remedy.

How Many Discover When It Is Too Late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these organs.

It is seldom that a great man is greater than his work, and the following story from Dr. Max Muller's reminiscences in Cosmopolis will not deprive this fact.

My wife, a young housekeeper, did her best for our unexpected guest. He was known to be a gourmand, and at dinner he was evidently put out by finding the sauce with the salmon was not the one he preferred.

He was pleased, however, with the wing of a chicken, and said it was the only advantage of being a poet-laureate, that he generally received the liver-wing of a chicken.

The next morning at breakfast we had rather plumed ourselves on having been able to get a dish of outlets, and were not a little surprised when our guest arrived to see him whip off the cover of the hot dish, and to hear the exclamation, 'Mutton chops! The staple of every bad inn in England!'

INTEREST ON CHARITY.

How a Simple Act of Charity was Repaid Tenfold.

Baron James de Rothschild, being a great lover of art, consented at one time to pose a beggar in a painting which his friend, Eugene Delacroix, was engaged on.

On the appointed day Baron de Rothschild appeared at the studio. The famous painter placed a tunic round the banker's shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the step of an ancient Roman temple.

Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, the pupil seized an opportunity to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand.

In answer to enquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that the young man possessed talent, but no means. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter, stating that charity bore interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was now the sum of ten thousand francs to the young artist's credit at Rothschild's.

GONE TO A SHADOW.

Racked by Pain, Bed-Ridden, Life Despaired of—South American Rheumatic Cure was the Good Angel Which Sifted the Tempest and Filleted Safely Into the Harbor of Health.

'I was so troubled with sciatica that at times the pain and suffering I experienced was excruciating. I failed in flesh to almost a shadow. I was almost continually in bed for a year, and I had spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring. I had almost given up hope of a cure. A relative who had been cured of the same disease by South American Rheumatic Cure, induced me to try it. The first dose gave me instant relief. After using three bottles I was completely cured.' William Marshall, Varney P. O., Ont.

Notches on The Stick

This memorial of a notable man of letters, furnished to us by one who knew him, we think will be found of interest to the readers of PROGRESS:

"The Times and other London, Eng., papers recently contained the obituary of a distinguished scholar, R. v. Robert Hunter, A. M., L. L. D., F. G. S. Vc., editor of the Encyclopedic Dictionary, who died rather suddenly at his residence Epping Forest, Essex, England. Mr. Hunter spent the first part of his life in India as coadjutor at Nagpur of the missionary geologist Rev. Stephen Hislop; (who a few years ago was drowned in crossing a stream, to the great loss of science and of his church.) Their joint memoirs to the Geological Society threw great light on the geology of Central India. Each of them discovered a new metal, now known by their respective names Hislopite and Hunterite. Hunter's health breaking down, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature of the more erudite stamp. When Messrs Cassels, publishers, London, determined to issue at great cost an encyclopedic dictionary, to make it a work of the century, they gladly availed themselves of his services as editor; for which, as the Times says, he was specially fitted by his linguistic attainments, being well versed in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, while his residence in India had made him acquainted with Hindustani and the study of Arabic. A site for an editorial office was selected at a suitable distance from London, on which a range of iron buildings, lined with pigeon-holes, was erected; and here he, with a staff, laboured unremittingly for seventeen years before the first of the seven volumes was offered to the public,—the result being all that was anticipated. The editorship-in-chief, of what Professor Owen called "a colossal work," kept him in constant association with Huxley and the first scholars of the day. The cost of the venture was enormous, but the sales were equally enormous. Messrs. Cassels afterwards sold to Lloyd's newspaper the right to publish a cheaper edition of which the sales in America have been very large, several American universities having adopted the work as their standard. He never married. In character and habits he was singularly single-minded and unassuming;—the sister of one of the Governors-General who met him in India, appropriately described him as "a second Melancthon."

The third brother, with his wife and child, perished in the Indian mutiny, their fate being kept in remembrance by a memorial church at Salkote in "the Punjab."

The antiquarian scholar and poet, John Hunter Davar, of Hernewood, P. E. I. is a brother of the Rev. Robert Hunter, and a partaker of his mental and literary characteristics.

Among the briefer poetic tributes to Robert Louis Stevenson, and one of the better class, is that by Robert MacFarlane (John Arbory) of Montreal. It is founded on the following passages of the great romancer, passages that speak his heart's yearning toward that country he had left so far and for ever behind.

"I do not even know if I desire to live there (in Scotland); but let me hear in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, 'Oh, why left I my home?' and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I think I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods.

"I will say it fairly, it grows on me every year; there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street lamps. When I forget thee, Auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning."

A Grave in Samoa.

The wild birds strangely call,
And silent dawns and purple eves are here,
Where Southern stars upon his grave look down,
Calm-eyed and wondrous clear;

No strife his resting mars;
And yet we deem far off iron tropic steeps,
His spirit cleaves the pathways of the storm
Where dark Tantara keeps.

For still in plaintive woe,
By haunting memory of his yearning led
The wave-worn Mother of the misty strand
Mourns for her absent dead.

"Ah, bear him gently home,
To where Dunedin's streets are quaint and gray,
And ruddy lights, across the streaming rains,
Shine soft at close of day."

"In The Heart of America" is the title of a patriotic poem, by Mrs. Lillian Rczell Messenger, illustrated by Geo. Y. Coffin, and elegantly printed, at Richmond, Va., by the J. L. Hill Printing Co. 1890. The Atlanta Exposition furnished the occasion,

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Cassaguard

at the opening of which it was read; while primitive life in the central part of the Republic supplies the theme. The following extract will enable the reader to judge fairly of the style and substance of the whole:

"I saw the lightning fierce, God's scimitar,
Smite sharp the dusk, and cleave the darker sea;
A storm cloud in the dim southwest rose high
In sudden wrath to crush the blooming dawn,
Bat fell, and 'neath the golden lances strong
Of day's sentries; thence in the break of light
I followed far, while all the matin birds
Did praise their God, and praise their leafy homes,
And sing for love of song, and love, and life!
"Far lands and glory-climes may boast their songs!
Of Eden birds, of ink and nightingale,
The mocking-bird's the South's own winged voice;
He thrills the fragrant clime at morn and noon
At will, and greets the angel of the dawn;
And midnights blue, full of deep summer's breath,
There carolled in moonlight's gentle gold,
He waits such songs to love,—to Nature's ear,
That, in delight and fear, the human soul
Caught in its magic spell, listens in awe,
In wonderment,—whence came the minstrel true.
"Of every note he trills exultant songs,
As tho' the scents of flowers, the sigh of winds,
The plaint of doves, of streamlets gay and sad—
The moan of seas, the moan of lost, lost loves,
Had made divine this winged melody!
All rare sweet flowers like vari-colored flames
Burned thro' perfumed air at the dramatic South
With large and radiant eyes sent back their smiles—
In exaltation prou'd them to her lips."

Mrs. Messenger is a native of Alabama, with a heart full of the sunny South. She is the daughter of a physician, Dr. Rczell, and spent her childhood in a pleasant home, under conditions that ministered to taste and intelligence. She is the author of "Fragments From an Old Inn," "Columbus," "The Southern Cross," and other books of verse. She devotes her time to study and literature, and is at the present time a resident of Washington D. C.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the ex-Premier, has retired from the first vice-principalship of Newham College. She will have nobler care and a more exalted vocation at Hwarden, where she will be the guardian and companion of her parents in their declining years. Her successor at Newham is Miss Katherine Stephen, daughter of the late Sir James Stephen. Miss Stephen has been at the head of Clough Hill, but her promotion to Sedgwick hall, makes room for a very fit appointment,—that of Miss B. A. Clough, younger daughter of Arthur Hugh Clough, the distinguished poet.

One of the most beneficent institutions in the state of Maine is The Good Will Farm, at East Fairfield, where boys and girls, deprived of their natural guardians, are given a helping hand. The work is carried on entirely by the unsolicited free will offerings of the people, under the general superintendance of Rev. George W. Hinckley, a Baptist minister, with whom it had its inception, and has grown to proportions commanding attention and sympathy throughout England. The Farm occupies a beautiful sight on the Kennebec River, nine miles north of Waterville, and consists of 300 acres, 8 Cottage homes; The Charles E. Moody School Building, and a stone chapel, to be dedicated in a few weeks. On the opposite shore of the river is a noble grove known as the 'Pines' where an Annual Assembly is held, the proceedings of which are published in a magazine entitled 'The Good Will Pines'. The Assembly for the present season is announced, and will occur July 28th to August 4th, when speakers from the various schools and professions will be there to give instructions and addresses. Hezekiah Butterworth was the special literary attraction last year; this year he will be Dr. Orson Swett Marden, author of the popular books "Pushing to the Front" and "Architects of Fate." A monthly journal, "The Good-Will Record," is published by the Institution and edited by the superintendent. The Association, which is undenominational, hold the property in trust, and are incorporated according to the laws of the State of Maine.

The fiftieth anniversary of Bismarck's entrance upon public life was signalized by something of social, if not public demonstration. Many visitors assembled at his home in Friedrichshagen to listen to his words and present their congratulations. His speech was brief, but pithy. Among the memorable things he said, this is perhaps its most significant: "One of the advantages of becoming old is that one be-

comes indifferent to hatred, insult, and calumny, while one's capacity for love and good-will is increased."

We are told that for his poetry Mr. Kipling receives \$12 per line. But let not any brother who cultivates the muse take hope or discouragement there from. Let him it be curious, ask ninety-nine out of the hundred who rhyme,—and what do you get? PASTOR FELIX.

Reasons on Both Sides.

There are plenty of reasons for taking our meals regularly. Everybody can tell what they are. It's as easy as counting the peas in a pod. But did you ever think there might be reasons against it? There stands a glass of fresh, pure water, for instance. It is fit to drink, and ready to your hand. But you are not thirsty, and so you don't touch it. You don't even consider the matter in your mind; you don't want it, and you let it alone. That's all; the condition of the body decides the question without argument.

But is it so with eating? No; it isn't. The meal is there on the table; the ra won't be another for some hours. The family sit down to it. It is a sort of function; it represents a habit. Thus people are continually eating when they ought to fast. They eat against Nature's protest, and she serves them out for it. Take an illustration.

"I was strong and healthy," says Mr. W. J. Harding, "Up to the spring of 1891. Then I fell ill. At first I felt heavy, tired, and sleepy. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and in the morning I was very sick. My appetite was poor, and after meals I had great weight and oppression at the chest. I was also troubled with a strange fluttering of the heart, and sometimes I feared it would stop beating. At such times I could scarcely get my breath and after the attack passed off it left me weak and trembling. As time went on I got weaker and weaker, and was often at work when I ought to have been in bed. For over a year I was in this condition. I consulted three doctors in all, but they did me no good. No medicines helped me. In July, 1892, my wife persuaded me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a short time was greatly relieved; my breathing became easier, and I gradually gained strength. Whenever I feel any symptoms of my old complaint the Syrup never fails to relieve them. (Signed) Wm. John Harding, Western Cottage, Bureledon, near Southampton, April 6th, 1893."

Another man: "In September, 1887, I began to feel unaccountably tired and drowsy. As I had heretofore been strong and healthy, I didn't know what to make of it. I had a foul taste in the month and a poor appetite. What I did eat gave me pain and tightness at the chest, sometimes so bad I could hardly breathe. After awhile the shortness of breath got worse, and as I went to work I had to stop and rest. Often I had to fight for my breath and it seemed as if I should suffocate. I was a year this way, all the time getting worse, nothing that I took doing me any good.

"One friend after another spoke to me of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying what benefit they had derived from it. At last I concluded it must be a good thing, and in October, 1888, I got a bottle from the Co-operative Stores in Alma Street. Before I had taken half the bottle I felt better, and when I had finished it I was cured, and have enjoyed good health ever since. I have recommended the remedy to my mates in the dockyard. (Signed) R. Sweetingham, 10, Albion Place, Saeerness, December 8th, 1892."

Mr. Sweetingham is a joiner in the Sheerness Dockyard. One moment, please. These two letters are merely examples of thousands received by us, all saying the same thing, and most of them in almost the same words. All say this: "After eating I suffered, &c., &c."

Then, we say, These people should not have eaten. But, answers the reader, What would they do—starve to death? We reply to that, That is what they were already doing—slowly starving to death. Indigestion and dyspepsia, continued, always ends that way. But, you say once more, that is a dilemma. If they don't eat they starve. If they do eat they suffer, and then starve.

Exactly. That's the truth; no man can make it otherwise. The thing to do is to cure the disease by the same means these gentlemen employed. Don't suffer; don't starve. This is written to show you how to avoid both.

There He Drow the Line.

"Pardon me," said the polite highwayman, "but I must ask you to stand and deliver."

The coach stopped. The door opened with surprising alacrity, and a young woman with a very large hat stepped out into the moonlight. In her hand she held a small leather-covered box.

"Here they are," she said, cheerfully. "What?" said the highwayman.

"My diamonds," said the lady. "I am an actress, you know, and—"

The highwayman leaped upon his horse. "Madam," said he, removing his hat gracefully, you must excuse me. I may be a highwayman, but I am not an advertisement."

Downright Desolation.

She was not a woman who could see suffering without wanting to give relief. "I think," she said to her husband, "that something ought to be done for the Barkers in the next block. I don't believe the neighbors realize how desperately poor they are."

"Why, I thought they were fairly well off," he answered in surprise. "Oh, dear, no," she explained. "They have to endure all sorts of privation, Why, there's only one bicycle in the family, and even that is not a '97 wheel."

Colds Chaps Colic Coughs Chafing Croup Catarrh Chilblains Cramps

Are ill to which all flesh is heir. You can relieve and speedily cure all of these by the free use of our old reliable Anodyne. Generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down the knowledge of its worth to their children as a valuable inheritance. Could a remedy have existed for eighty years except that it possesses great merit for family use? It was originated to cure all ailments attended with inflammation; such as asthma, abscesses, bites, burns, bruises, bronchitis, all forms of sore throat, earache, headache, ache, la grippe, lame back, mumps, muscular soreness, neuralgia, scalds, stings, sprains, stiff joints, toothache, tonsillitis and whooping cough. The great vital and muscle nerve.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

It soothes every ache, every bruise, every cramp, every irritation, every lameness, every swelling everywhere. It is for INTERNAL, as much as EXTERNAL use. It was originated in 1810, by Dr. A. Johnson, an old Family Physician. Every Mother should have it in the house.

"Best Liver Pill Made." Parsons' Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, Liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from using them. Price 25c; five \$1. Sold everywhere.

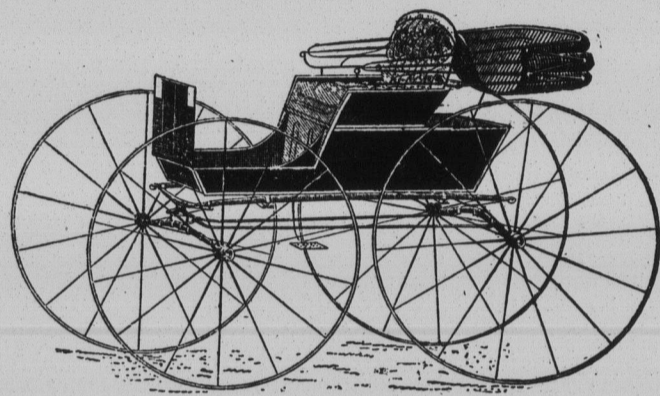
I use Johnson's Liniment for catarrh. I had tried almost everything recommended for catarrh, but find Johnson's Anodyne Liniment far superior to any. I use it as you direct. J. E. WHIPPLE, South Windham, Vt.

Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. All Druggists. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable, well constructed and elegantly finished.

Here Are Two Distinct Styles.



SINGLE-SEATED BUGGY.

A very handsome and convenient carriage for all purposes



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MAIDEN BLUSHES

How They Fade When the Hand of Disease and Disorder Lays Hands on Them.—What a God-send is a Reliable and Well-Tried Remedy—How we Halt the Return of the Pink of Health Under its Influence.—It's Good for the Maiden, It's Good for the Mother.

"My daughter had been ailing for nearly two years with nervous prostration, indigestion and other complaints which girls in their teens are subject to. For days at a time she was confined to her bed, and could retain nothing on her stomach. Our family physician finally declared she was in a decline. We despaired of her recovery. She gradually grew worse. I had found no little benefit from remedies I was skeptical about trying South American Nerve. I, however, procured a bottle and relief came like magic; the pain left her in a day, and after taking five bottles she was completely cured, and as well and hearty as ever she had been." Mrs. Geo. Booth, Orangeville, Ont.

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as a 'mess o' children.'

It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen. "I want a purple against William Davis," said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the justice's office; "that is what I want,—a purple against William Davis. He won't keep his bones off of my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's different with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy among 'em! So what I want is a purple."

Don't Forget.

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required 's to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns. B. L. E.

Colic
Croup
Cramps

All of these by the free use of it with entire satisfaction. It is a valuable inheritance of our great-grandfathers; such as colic, croup, cramps, headache, neuralgia, and muscle nerve.

Medicine

every illness, every ailment. It was originated and has it in the house.

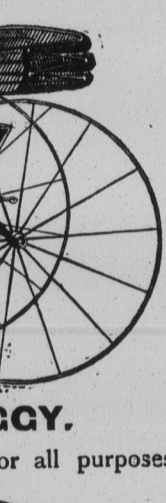
ment for catarrh. I had been recommended for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used it as you direct. South Windham, Vt.

or Diseases" Mailed Free. Directions on every bottle. Dr. J. C. Williams & Co., Boston, Mass.

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Woman and
Her Work

Would you be well, and beautiful, and hearty, healthy and happy, with an excellent digestion and a complexion to match; and would you live an indefinite number of years without experiencing any of the inconveniences of growing old? Of course you would; Well then straightway begin going without any breakfast. It is this breakfast, this useless, superfluous meal which nearly all of us persist in devouring, that is at the bottom of all our troubles, and most of our ill health. Therefore discard this unnecessary indulgence while there is yet time, and learn what benefits are to be derived from beginning the duties of the day with an empty stomach, and a clear head. You won't like it at first I can assure you, and you will probably have a terrific headache and a bad bilious attack for the first few days, but you must not mind that. Many of our most cherished tastes were originally acquired with infinite pains, and carefully cultivated for a long time afterwards. It was so with tomatoes and bananas, yet how difficult the lovers of both these products of civilization would find it to dispense with them now.

It is the same with the no-breakfast people, at least so they say, and to go back to the heathen darkness of even coffee, and rolls at eight o'clock in the morning, and be little short of suicide after having lived in the full glory of breakfastless enlightenment.

I do not think the no-breakfast theory is by any means new, it has cropped up on various occasions and every now and then a few people become converted, but whether they slide back again into the darkness from which they emerged and are no more heard of, or whether they continue to keep the even, and breakfastless tenor of their way, I know not. Suffice it is to say that there must be a good many people very much in earnest about it now, for the idea is steadily growing in favor in the United States, and numbers of people in New York practise it.

The founder of this singular theory is a Dr. Dewey of Philadelphia, a physician of the old school who has been in practice for thirty years, and who believes that every organ of the body needs rest, but that the stomach is the only one which never gets it. We go in at six o'clock in the evening he says, tired out from the day's work, and set the stomach to work on a hearty meal which keeps it busy for four or five hours, and then when we get up in the morning our stomachs are really no more ready for food than a new born infant is for solid nourishment, and if we think we are hungry we make a very great mistake; what we feel is simply a false appetite, and the impression that we must have food has simply grown out of a misapprehension. All we want of food, says this authority is to replace waste, we do not eat to get strength, because we could not assimilate food unless we had strength to digest it; therefore the eating of breakfast is merely a habit which has become second nature with most people, and from which they should be only too glad to break away.

The no-breakfast folk rise in the morning just like their gluttonous neighbours, and instead of gratefully sniffing the appetizing odors of coffee, boiling, and bacon broiling as the more carnal minded of us while dressing, they simply go about their daily avocations as if no such thing as food existed. The business man goes to his office, the housewife to her duties without any cheerful gathering about the family board, or merry clatter of knives and forks, and until eleven o'clock no thought of food allowed to interfere with the daily duties; then the first meal of the day is served and it never consists of more than coffee, fruit, a cereal of some kind, and rolls. "I can't explain to you" says an ardent advocate of the new regime. "What a delight it is to get up in the morning and go to work without having to stop and go through the bother of eating/breakfast. The brain is so much clearer and more active, and we all find that we are able to accomplish three times the amount of work that we formerly did."

"But don't you get faint, and didn't it inconvenience you at first?" asks the searcher after knowledge. "Not for one day, or even for one minute" responds the enthusiast emphatically "my husband says that breakfast at eleven is as much of a surprise to him now, as it used to be at seven. We simply don't think anything about it, that is all there is to be said, and we are both much better off physically and mentally. I never ask my servants to adopt this plan, but three of them have done so voluntarily and are as much delighted with the result as we are."

Now for the wonderful results that are

supposed to follow abstinence from breakfast—if you have been delicate or a dyspeptic and obliged to follow a rigid diet, you have only to become converted to the no-breakfast theory in order to be able to eat anything and everything, and enjoy it as you did when a child.

If you have lumbago, sciatica or even plain rheumatism no breakfast will make you as good as new again, and if you are too thin for beauty it will put you in such perfect health that you will soon have rounded curves where the angles were; while if too much fat is your trouble the same plan will enable you to get rid of the superfluous adipose matter, tone up the muscles and restore the figure to symmetry.

In short we all eat too much, and have always done so, and the appetite for food which most healthy people feel upon just arising, and which they fondly imagine is a sign of perfect health, is in reality as much of a false appetite as the toper's craving for drink. Our energies are exhausted in getting rid of masses of unnecessary food, and our constitutions are undermined in the process.

But all the same I fancy that most of us will continue to regard our morning hunger as a healthy sign, and to enjoy our eight o'clock breakfast, at least until further notice.

The attempts to revive the early Victorian fashions form an interesting sort of study just now, and it will be amusing, later on to see how many people will be willing to make guys of themselves for the sake of paying a compliment to the "Widow at Windsor" who will be blissfully unconscious of their efforts to please her. It will indeed be a test of loyalty to adopt the early Victorian coiffure which is one of the very latest English fashions in hair-dressing, and consists of one or two upstanding loops of hair on the top of the head with a bow of ribbon and a comb, as a finish at the back, and the hair drawn slightly down at the temples in front. It will scarcely be a becoming fashion however unique it may be.

I believe the ladies who are to attend the men's jubilee garden party at Buckingham Palace, are to wear real Victorian hats and bonnets, and that the latter will be genuine time-honored pokes, but we are given the consolation of knowing that in the skillful hands of the French milliners even these uncompromising ugly head-dresses will be transformed into things of beauty, and that miniature poke bonnets have great possibilities with a pretty young face inside. Unfortunately pretty young faces are rather in minority, but then as long as the young and pretty ones look well, those who are neither don't count. The dresses to be worn with these bonnets will be a sort of combination of old and modern styles, which will harmonize with the quaint headgear. Everyone will be glad to hear that black grenadines are coming in again, and that they will be worn by women of all ages!

No material has ever been found to quite take the place of the evar useful, and ever beautiful black grenadine which was quite good enough for a ball and quite plain enough for a summer street costume according to the manner in which it was made. Many of this season's grenadine gowns are lined with black, the touch of color which is essential to the success of any gown now, being given either by bows or killed trills of silk on the bodice. The skirts are sometimes trimmed with narrow black satin ribbon put on in various designs; and sometimes with triple ruffles of the material set on from the knee down. Rows and rows of milliner's folds trim some of the skirts while others are garnished with numerous rows of tucks and insertions. Panels have taken a new lease of life, and many of the newest dresses, show side panels, front panels, and plaited panels set in the two front seams and flaring out at the foot in fan fashion. Indeed every device in skirt trimmings which either past or present fashions can suggest seems to be utilized; but still the plain skirt holds its own.

The newest and most popular bodice is opened and trimmed on the left side, and the very latest fancy is a revival of the diagonally fastened bodice which opens from the left shoulder to the right side and is finished on the edge with accordion plaited frills of silk, chiffon or lace in double rows. For slender long waited women it is a most graceful and pretty style, but like so many other pretty fashions it is forbidden for the short stout dame.

That drapery is really coming in again, seems a fact that can no longer be disputed; we have all heard something like this before I know, but this time there is no mistake about it, the oracles say that we shall soon be flourishing in elaborately draped skirts and feeling quite as well dressed in them as we do now in our trim straight hanging garments.

Foulard silks are quite as popular as they promised to be earlier in the season, and it

We have been talking...

a good deal lately about medium and high priced footwear, now we want to let Everybody know that in the low priced shoes we also lead.

IN MENS' BALMORALS we have what can fairly be called HANDSOME stylish lines at \$1.25, and \$1.50,

And in Womens' Dongola Kid Button Boots, our lines at \$1.00, \$1.25, and \$1.50, will be found the best value in the city.

Unquestionably ours is the store for low priced stylish footwear.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

is made up in many designs both for street, home and evening wear, and some of the contrasts they display are very startling at first. For example a blue and white check trimmed with green is a very favorite contrast, while black with blue and white finds almost equal favor. One foulard gown of blue and white check has a yoke of perpendicular rows of black and white lace insertion, a black satin belt, and a full bodice of the foulard with five cordings an inch apart running around below the yoke. The skirt is made loose from the lining, plainly hemmed and eight fine cords are set in around the hips twelve inches below the waist, beginning at the front breadth, thus folding the fulness in check. Cording and tucking are special features of fashion particularly in the thin dresses, and the finer the tucks the more up to date they are. Tiny tucks drawn up in shirings close together in groups, form one of the favorite effects for muslin gowns and they are all arranged around the hips on the skirts, and for the yokes on the bodices.

ASTRA.

PAST YOUR PRIME.

Perhaps not in years, but in energy. Your health is not good, yet you hardly know what is the matter with you. Your business, too, is on the decline. People miss the old elastic spirit you showed in former years. The secret of all this is that your constitution is worn out and your blood is bad. Set both right by the use of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One box will cure you.

- Dyspepsia.
Rheumatism.
Headache.
Albumens peculiar to women.
Sciatica.
Ersuasion.
Poor blood.
Indigestion.
Liver complaint.
Lack of appetite.
Severe kidney disease.

Thousands of sufferers have publicly testified to the efficacy of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They are the best, so use the best. One pill a dose, one cent a dose; 25 cents a box.

For sale by all dealers, or by the manufacturers, Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Use Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for all throat and lung troubles. Large bottle small dose, small price, 25c.

A SPIDER MOTHEE.

A Device by Which She Knew When Little Ones Were Harmed.

"God's gift to the weak," a poetic definition of instinct, is illustrated by an incident related by Mrs. Traill in her 'Pearls and Pebbles.' As she was rambling along the rocky margin of a Canadian lake one morning, she noticed a ball of yellowish silk hanging in a maple bush.

The ball, about the size of a pigeon's egg, was held in place by a number of strong lines. On Mrs. Traill's touching one of the lines, dozens of small spiders rushed out from the ball, and from the bottom of the bush, to which several of the threads were attached, came a large black spider.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.



A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

.....And FOULD'S..... MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

Up she hurried to the rescue of her brood. Examining the lines and finding nothing injured, she ordered the frightened little ones back to their cradle-bed. As soon as she saw them safely housed she retired to her post at the foot of the bush. Again Mrs. Traill touched one of the strings; the little spiders again ran out, and up came the mother, angry at being annoyed, but anxious to see what had caused the vibration. Close observation showed Mrs. Traill that a thread was attached to each of the little spiders and fastened to the centre of the web. When they ran out they formed a circle, and their movements caused the threads connected with the mother below to inform her that the brood were out of their nest. Mrs. Traill could not but admire the marvellous instinct of maternity implanted as strongly in this little animal's breast as in that of any human mother.

4,000 DUELS IN A YEAR IN GERMANY.

1,000 a Year in France and 2,759 Duels in the Last Ten Years in Italy.

More duels are fought in Germany than in any other country. Most of them, however, are student duels, which culminate in nothing more serious than slashed checks or torn scalps. Of all German university towns little Jena and Goettingen are most devoted to the code. In Goettingen the number of duels averages one a day, year in and year out. On one day several years ago twelve duels were fought in Goettingen in twenty four hours. In Jena the record for one day in recent times is twenty-one. Fully 4,000 student duels are fought every year in the German empire. In addition to these there are the more serious duels between officers and civilians. Among Germans of mature years the annual number of duels is about one hundred.

Next to Germany, France is most given to the duelling habit. She has every year uncounted meetings, 'merely to satisfy honor'; that is, merely to give two men the opportunity to wipe out insults by crossing swords or firing pistols in such a way as to preclude the slightest chance of injury. In the duel statistics these meetings are not reckoned, as they are far less perilous than even the German student duels. Of the serious duels, France can boast fully 1,000 from New Year's to New Year's. The majority of these are among army officers. More than half of these results in wounds; nearly 20 per cent. in serious wounds.

Italy has had 2,759 duels in the last ten years, and has lost fifty citizens by death on the field of honor. Some 2,400 of these meetings were consummated with sabres, 170 with pistols 90 with rapiers, and one with revolvers. In 974 cases the insult was given in newspaper articles or in public letters regarding literary quarrels. More than 700 principals were insulted by word of mouth Political discussions led to 559 religious discussions to 29. Women were the cause of 189. Quarrels at the gambling table were responsible for 189. A summary shows that, as regards numbers, the sequence of duelling countries is: Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Russia. As regards deadliness of duels Italy comes first. Then come Germany, France, Russia and Austria in the order named. For the most serious duels the pistol is the favorite weapon in all five countries.

The Liquor Habit—Alcoholism.

The crave for intoxicating liquor is entirely removed in 2 or 3 days by my new vegetable medicine and permanently cured in three weeks without a moment's loss of time from business—medicine is taken privately—nobody need know and results are normal sleep—appetite and clear brain—I guarantee this and invite the

strictest investigation—Indisputable testimony sent teled.—A. Hutton Dixon—129 Avenue Road Toronto—Canada.

His Little Mistake.

An exchange tells of a clerk who was showing a lady some parasols. He had a good command of language, and knew how to commend his goods.

As he picked up a parasol from the lot on the counter and opened it, he struck an attitude of admiration, and holding it up said:

'Now, there, isn't it lovely? Look at that silk. Particularly observe the quality the finish, the general effect. Pass your hand over it,' he said, as he handed it to the lady; 'isn't it a beauty?'

'Yes,' said the lady; 'that's my old one. I just laid it down there.'

\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897. For full particulars see advertisements, or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 23 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONOTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and newest models. Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

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

WHERE WOULD CARTHAGE BE?

Ambition of the German Emperor to Humiliate Mercantile Peoples.

M. Ayme, a Parisian, has published an interesting volume regarding what he saw and heard as the tutor of Prince William of Prussia now German Emperor.

Nor was M. Ayme's office a sinecure. Prince William was always opinionated and sometimes bellicose.

'Everybody in Germany was deceived in France's financial power. It was a mistake that Germany took only five milliards war indemnity.

Whether this was intended for a joke or not, M. Ayme did not appreciate it.

'Perhaps we will not be the ones to pay the indemnity next time.'

This exchange of hostilities was folled by a coolness of several days between teacher and pupil.

'If I were a Frenchman,' he told Ayme, 'I would be necessarily for the Republican form of government.

'What wonders these two nations could accomplish together!' he exclaimed one day. 'They would obtain the supremacy of the world.

At another time the young Prince uttered this sentiment, which bears interesting evidence of his original attitude to England:

Here is Ayme's summary of William's character as he found it:

'The German Emperor is a person to be reckoned with, whether he appears in brilliant costume, like a hero in a Wagnerian opera, or delivers fiery speeches and sounds the war cry.

The Prince's ideals of manhood, M. Ayme says, were Frederick the Great and the old Emperor.

'He made no difference between nobleman simple burger,' writes Ayme. 'To him Jew and Gentile were the same.

'What would the German Emperor be best fitted to do for a living if he were not on a throne?'

Mr. C. Donnelly, wholesale liquor dealer, Alliston, Ont., was troubled with itching Piles.

The pink of perfection is the color of the baby's feet.—Somerville Journal.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE ONLY IN 1lb and 2lb TIN CANS FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

French P D Corsets

Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.



The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world.

Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style.

Wholesale only. KOENIG & STUEFFMANN, Victoria Square, Montreal.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Billiard and Pool Tables

BOWLING ALLEYS, &c.

Importers of Billiard Cloth, Balls, Tips, etc. Our Columbian Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.

88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

Give the Baby a Chance

Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 29 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue E.

YOUR SPARE TIME

Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising.

Blair, Ruel & Blair, BARRISTERS, ETC., 49 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

CARRIER PIGEONS FOR HAWAII.

A Winged Messenger Service to be Adopted and Save Expense of Cable.

A carrier pigeon service on a large scale is about to be established on the Hawaiian Islands.

Commissioner Joseph Marsden of Honolulu, who is at the head of the new company, has mailed maps of the islands to the best homing pigeon men in this country.

The need of more frequent and speedy transmission of messages between the islands of the Hawaiian group has been strongly felt.

A very similar scheme to that of the Hawaiians is also being established between Alaska and Puget Sound.

DRIFTING SEAWARD.

How a boy was Taken Seaward on a Floating Ice Cake.

The following dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., to the New York Herald, on the sixth of February last, is still good reading for boys who are foolish enough to try to outdo their fellows in running needless risks:

Schoolboys were amusing themselves in the harbor today by jumping from one ice cake to another.

The other boys did not notice at first what had happened, and when they did notice it they were so frightened that they failed to give the alarm until their companion had drifted some distance from the harbor.

The land was sighted by the steamboat Kate Miller, whose captain, after deciding that the boy was not sailing on his novel craft of his own accord, turned his boat and quickly steamed in the direction of the lad.

WHAT AILS YOU? A Cold in the Head? Some Sneezing? Pains Over the Eyes? Disturbing Drooping in the Throat? Headache?—It May Mean that the Seeds of Catarrh Have Been Sown.—Don't Neglect it an Hour.—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will Give Relief in 10 Minutes.

'I had chronic catarrh for a number of years. Water would run from my nose and eyes for days at a time.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE DAY OF HOPE. reaches out to suffering humanity in the form of a safe, sure and effective remedy for the ills to which flesh is heir.

Ladies! You will save time and patience if you USE Glapperton's Thread. It is STRONG, EVEN, RELIABLE. WILL NOT BREAK FOR SNAIL.

When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as

MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA.

in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents. JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

UNEXPLORED BATS.

Found in a Cavern 100 Feet Below the Surface of the Earth.

A nest of live bats was found 100 feet under ground in Snowshoe Gulch, near Cottage Grove, the other day.

The tunnel runs obliquely, and a few days ago, when a depth of 150 feet had been reached, the rock began to assume a different condition.

But a quite different matter attracted their attention when they went back to the end of the tunnel, and the circumstances have been the wonder of the entire country ever since.

Instead of finding ore or any particular change in the rock they found the tunnel full of bats.

The only solution of the strange occurrence that has yet been offered lies in the fact that the rock is of metamorphic and aqueous origin, and being in the Cascade Range, the rock is a closely bedded shale.

Useless To Wait.

Since the fact has been published that bundles left in trains are often picked up by dishonest passengers who make a practice of being among the last to leave the car, some disagreeable complications have arisen.

'It won't do you any good to wait mister' she said. 'I'm not going to forget this umbrella and walk out and leave it. I'm a little lame. That's why I don't crowd out with the rest of 'em.'

Favorites For Long Years.

For long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in the Dominion of Canada; and although imitation package dyes have been plentifully offered for sale, their great inferiority to the 'Diamond' in strength, fastness, beauty of color and brilliancy was known to the great majority of women, and they were condemned and avoided by all who valued good and bright colors.

With the look of an injured man the other passenger got up and made his way as rapidly as possible to the rear door.

Long Sleepers.

The American in England affords matter for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen.

'So?' said the American; 'same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?'

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily?

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST, and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.

Grandmother Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table.

'We might as well have supper,' she said. 'Your father probably won't be back till late.'

Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

'I'm as hungry as a bear,' observed Fred between mouthfuls. 'I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springfield that has to go half so far as we do.'

'I don't see why father doesn't move down there,' complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush.

'He could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place.'

'You must remember that your father isn't a rich man,' answered Grandmother Melton, gently. 'He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another home and perhaps he couldn't sell this one.'

The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows, and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads creaked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept up the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springfield.

As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

'They'll all get ahead of me,' Polly had sobbed; 'and I can't pass my examinations.'

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and others points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

'It's after 9 o'clock now,' said Polly, as she arose from the table; 'I wonder where father is.'

'I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard,' said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway anxiously.

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

'It's the flood,' said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath.

By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprang from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

'The levee's broken,' said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. 'Do you think we'll be washed away?'

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building.

Grandmother Melton, who was usually cool and brave under the most trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.

'Run up stairs,' shouted Fred, 'and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us.'

Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand—grandmother's rocking-chair—and struggled up the stairs with it.

'We'll need clothing more'n anything else,' called Grandmother Melton.

'Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears, and when Fred brought the loads to the stairway she ran with them to the bedroom where Grandmother Melton was sitting.

By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.

'She's going soon,' shouted Fred. 'I'm afraid the water will reach us up here,' suggested Grandmother Melton.

Fred looked up. The ceiling was low and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above

they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred piled a trunk on top of the table and climbed out the roof.

He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sunk: he felt sure that they would all be drowned. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

'We're going! We're going!' screamed Polly.

'We're just off the foundation,' answered Fred, as bravely as he could.

Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trap door to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran down for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

'Hold on!' shouted Fred.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairs, and then the lamp was capsize and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water.

'Fred! Fred!' came the agonized voice of Polly.

'Here I am!' spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap door and Polly helped him to the roof.

'We had all we could do to hold on,' gasped Grandmother Melton.

'We're moving,' shouted Polly. They rocked and scraped and bumped along with the water swirling and crashing around them.

'It's our first voyage,' said Fred, with an effort to laugh; 'praps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico.'

But Polly didn't laugh, neither did Grandmother Melton.

A few minutes later they heard some one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before.

They were compelled to cling firmly to the ropes and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

'Well, we're anchored,' said Fred. 'I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi.'

'Do you think we have reached Memphis?' asked Polly, anxiously.

To Polly it seemed as if they had been drifting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

'There's lights,' cried Polly, joyfully.

Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

'It's Memphis,' said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as if they were looking for some sign of life. It grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

'I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that,' said Polly.

'It isn't Memphis,' said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; it's Springfield.'

'Springfield!' 'And Springfield it was. They could see the little weather-beaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

'But haven't we come only four miles?' said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found her father in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood had subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home.

Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.

'I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school.'

And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there to-day, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

A LABORING MAN'S LEG.

A RUNNING SORE RENDERED IT USELESS. HE COULDN'T WORK TILL HE HAD IT CURED BY KOOTENAY WHICH CONTAINS THE NEW INGREDIENT.

It goes without saying that the average working man finds it difficult to ply his daily avocation without the aid of a pair of good sound legs. To have either of his lower extremities incapacitated by disease is a serious matter. It means inability to provide for himself and those depending on him for support, to which is added the distress and suffering both mental and physical he is called upon in consequence to endure.

Mr. John Dawson, a respectable laborer living at 77 Jones St., Hamilton, Ont., states under oath that about seven years ago an inflammation appeared upon his knee which continued to grow worse until about three years ago when it got so bad he was unable to work. He tried ointments and various remedies, but the sore continued discharging and the pains in his back were very severe. Last winter he commenced taking RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE and in a comparatively short time the sore healed up, the pain disappeared from his back and he was able to resume his work. He thinks there's nothing can beat Kootenay, and he's right.

The whole secret of the cure lies in the thorough blood cleansing properties of the "new ingredient," which is the essential element of Kootenay.

It goes right through the system and eradicates all humors from the blood and in consequence there is a rapid replacing of diseased or decaying tissue by a healthy healing process. Don't be cajoled into taking any substitute for RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE. If your druggist does not keep it, send \$1.50 for a bottle to the RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Hamilton, Ont.

Chart book sent free to any address. One bottle lasts over a month.

STUART AS A READER OF OHAR ACTS.

He regarded the Shape of the Nose as of Great Importance.

'I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is; the face is what I care about,' said Stuart the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face; he replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport, Rhode Island, celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British Museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, 'I see you have a head of "Calculating Jemmy".'

'Calculating Jemmy!' repeated the curator, in amazement. 'That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton.'

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privately called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

'Tell me what sort of a man he is!'

'I may speak frankly?'

'By all means.'

'Well if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand, he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society.'

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonest acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

'The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Madame Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound; the kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was like to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment, and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

'Why boy,' said he,—so he used to address me—you must not mix your colors with turpentine; you must have some oil!'

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait-painter of merit.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.

'He can take the Bible apart as good as any man I ever seed,' said a colored gentleman, in criticism of his pastor, 'but he can't put it together again.'

GRENADIER AND BUTCHER

A Military Bandsman of 50 Years' Standing and a Young Butcher Experience the Marvellous Curative Power of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A NEWSPAPER INVESTIGATION.

In the Case of Mr. Henry Pye Diabetes Had Brought on Paralysis—Two Doctors Said Wm. Wade Was Dying of Bright's Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Them.

Each of them tells an interesting story to a newspaper Reporter—Mr. Pye played in the Marine Band at the Duke of Wellington's funeral—in the Royal Grenadiers' Band for over 20 years—He had given up hope when Dodd's Kidney Pills cured him—Wm. Wade, after being sick for years with Bright's Disease and his life despaired of, tests the power of Dodd's Kidney Pills and is now in good health.

From Mail and Empire.

The reputation which Dodd's Kidney Pills enjoy today must have been built upon a broad foundation of sure curative qualities. To verify this view, a Mail and Empire representative yesterday investigated two wonderful cures that have been talked of in the East End of the city, and the results of the enquiry are worth recording.

The first man interviewed was Mr. Henry Pye, 115 Pape ave. He is a genial, happy, prosperous-looking man of sixty-five years, and was very pleased to see any one who wished to talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills. 'Why shouldn't I talk about Dodd's Kidney Pills?' asked Mr. Pye. 'In the first place, they saved my life—no doubt about that—and in the second place it hadn't been for them, I couldn't have kept my situation. A neighbor of mine, Mrs. Farrell, she's a great Methodist, was cured by them, and she calls them God's Kidney Pills.'

'But you want to hear my story. I'm a bandsman, you know. By trade I'm a shoemaker, but six years ago I laid away my last, and since then have given all my time to music. I've been a member of the Royal Grenadiers' band for twenty years. It's just fifty years ago last month since I joined the Marine Band in England. I played at the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852.'

'For thirty-five years I have lived in Toronto.

'In the winter I play at the rinks. Two years ago the first night was very cold, and I got chilled through. This was the beginning of my sickness. Last summer, when the Grenadiers went to Berlin, I could hardly get through the day. The next morning I got up feeling pretty well. But after breakfast I was taken with frightful pains in my back. I had to send for a doctor. He gave me morphine, and pronounced it a very bad case of diabetes. I would drink so much water that I would go in and vomit. But I would come in with just as great a thirst as ever. I must have drank gallons of it a day.'

'But could you still get round all right?'

'Well, no. My right leg began to be paralyzed, and at times my foot would swing about as if I had no control of it. I was living on Grant street then, but as I couldn't walk, I thought I might as well ride a bit farther, and come out here to get the country air.'

'I had been accustomed to play in the band at the Exhibition, and last year, as the Exhibition time drew near, I was anxious to stick it out for that engagement, thinking it would be my last. I was beginning to feel the paralysis in my fingers, so that I could scarcely work the keys. My friends, too, thought it was all up with me.'

'During the Exhibition I stayed with my daughter, who lives in Parkdale. I was getting worse every day. My son-in-law

gigs, and beaming with comfortable feeling, 'give me some good cigars for myself.'

Have You Any of These? Palpitation, Fluttering of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Swelling of the Ankles, Nightmare, Spells of Hunger and Exhaustion. These are the most pronounced symptoms of Heart Disease. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart will give relief inside of 30 minutes, and will effect a speedy cure in most stubborn cases. It's vegetable, it's liquid, it's harmless, it's wonderful.

A woman don't cure how cold she is, only she doesn't look frozen.

Dockery Got His Kind. Col. Joe Johnston, who has been a Post Office Inspector for long years, is an old chum of Dockery of Missouri. The other day after dinner at Willard's the two stepped to the cigar stand to get what is indisputable to every true Missourian.

'Let's have some of the kind of cigars Dockery always smokes,' said Col. Johnston. 'Here, Dockery, take one, and put two or three in your pocket,' added the Colonel, with much exhibition of conscious liberality.

Dockery availed himself of the treat, but without great enthusiasm. 'Now,' said the Colonel to the man of

had heard of several women in Parkdale who had been cured of kidney disease by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. So he got a box for me, and I started taking them. Before two days I began to feel better. I took that box and ten others. By that time I felt so well that I stopped taking them, except occasionally. My health is now first-rate, but I still take the pills, off and on.

'Last winter I played sixty nights at the rink without the least inconvenience. Yesterday I walked ten miles. Last summer I could no more have done that than fly. Really, I feel myself getting stronger every day. I can run up the four flights of stairs to the band practice-room easier than I could crawl up them last summer. I'm just about my healthy weight and fit as a fiddle.

'I tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right. I've started a dozen people taking them since I was cured. My daughter, who has been sick and doctoring for a long time has begun to take the Tablets, and she says they help her as nothing else has done.'

William Wade, the nineteen-year-old son of Mr. Henry Wade, the well-known East End butcher, 940 Queen street east, was another who was reported to have been marvelously cured. When seen by a Mail and Empire representative, he was in the act of hoisting a hundred-and-forty pound quarter of beef to his shoulder and carrying it into the shop.

'Are you the boy that was thought to be dying of Bright's disease a year and a half ago, and had been given up by two doctors?' asked the newspaper man.

'I am, and it was a pretty close shave I had.'

'Well, you don't look much of an infant or invalid now.'

'You saw what I was doing. Well, I was as good as a corpse a year and a half ago. I'll just take a minute to tell you about it.'

'Six years ago I had a bad attack of diphtheria. I was just over it when I went hunting, and go a relapse kidney trouble set in. It would come back every spring and fall for three or four weeks. Of course, the attacks became more severe, and in the intervals I was of little use to myself or anyone else.'

'A year ago last fall I got so bad that two doctors were attending me daily. It was Bright's disease, they said. They said, too, that if I got over that attack I would not be able to work for six years. Before long they gave me up altogether, and said my death was a matter of a few weeks. It was then that some one brought me a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I took fifteen boxes, and was cured.'

'I continue to take the pills occasionally, especially after heavy lifting. Now I can do a heavy day's work and feel first-rate after it. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to everyone that I know his kidney trouble.'

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