

CHOOSING CANDIDATES.

TALK ABOUT THE ALDERMANIC ELECTION IN HALIFAX.

Some of the Effects of the Ward System of Elections—The Class of Men they Produce in Certain Cases—Names of Some of the Present Aspirants.

HALIFAX, Mar. 11.—The work of candidate-selecting for the city council elections which will take place next spring is now fully under way. There are two principles which invariably underlie this business in Halifax. The first is some citizen who himself desires to be a candidate, who brings himself forward, who gets a requisition signed to himself, and who thus alone works his way into the council; and the second principle is that which brings out a candidate because a certain set of men wish thereby to defeat another candidate or to hold the representation of the ward in their own hands. This is one result of our ward system of municipal elections. Generally it is the second principle which prevails.

An instance of the combination of both is furnished at the present juncture in ward 4. Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell worked his way into the council because he was determined to get there if he could by any means do so, and there was a group of peculiar politicians in the ward who thought it would be a good joke to place him among the other city fathers. Between them they succeeded. Now Alderman O'Donnell has to face the ward again. He is as anxious as ever to stay in the council, but to a certain extent, instead of the men who were at his back helping him along there is now a powerful group determined if possible to keep O'Donnell out. These men are more numerous out of ward 4 than within it, though there are many influential members of this party in the ward. They have been scanning the horizon for weeks to find a man willing to run against "Neddy." Possible candidate after candidate has been talked about, but till within the past few days none has been found willing to come to the scratch with O'Donnell. But at last a man for the occasion has been discovered in the person of W. E. Bremner, a commission merchant of Barrington street, though even yet Mr. Bremner has only consented to run on condition that he is given a very strong requisition and that he receive assurances from the aldermen and others that they will give him personal assistance in the canvass that will have to be undertaken, for Alderman O'Donnell has been talking to the ward for the past six months, and has laid well his plans for election day. This contest between O'Donnell and Bremner, with the forces at the back of each, if it materializes, will make a very interesting fight indeed. The chances are that Bremner will run, and those who are urging him out think he should easily win.

George F. Faulkner is being requisitioned to offer in ward 1 in succession to Alderman W. J. Stewart, who retires owing to pressure of business. Mr. Faulkner's candidature is not of his own seeking, nor is he being put forward in the interest of a few wire-pullers. Alderman Stewart and a number of other leading men of the ward think that Mr. Faulkner is the best available representative. Up till recently he was the agent in this city of R. G. Dun & Co., a position from which he retired to go into the insurance business, and he has the reputation of being one of the most progressive and substantial young men of the community.

During the past few days great changes have come over the situation in ward 2, changes which make "Progress" prediction of some weeks ago regarding this ward exactly true. It was then stated that Ald. Dennis would accept a nomination for the ward if his election should be unopposed, but on no account would he enter upon a contest. T. J. Barry, who is running is a perennial candidate who is always in the fray though never reaping the fruits of victory, and his candidature was hardly considered serious opposition. But now a candidate has been brought out who cannot be looked upon in the same light, for he and his friends mean business. According to Ald. Dennis true to his word retires. He has seen seven years of civic life, there are great demands upon his time, and he has had enough of it. Mr. W. P. C. Inglis and other "ward workers" who have brought out this opposition, Ald. Dennis considers his best friends, all on account of their energy in placing opposition to him in the aldermanic field. There is no doubt that if Ald. Dennis took off his coat and went to work he could easily win his election but he does not consider the prize worth a tithing of the effort that would be necessary to gain it, and he gladly lets it go. Ald. Dennis' exit from the council will be a serious loss to the intelligence of that body. He has become thoroughly versed in civic affairs, a subject to which he conscientiously gave a great deal of time and attention. This loss will not be felt alone within the council, but citizens generally will suffer the disadvantage of a deprivation of the services of a civic father who had become acquainted with every detail of the work. In the withdrawal of Ald. Stewart and Ald. Dennis the council will be without two of the best aldermen who ever held a seat within the rail.

The new candidate is D. H. Campbell

ARRESTED A LIVE LORD.

THE KING OF DUNRAVEN WHEN IN NOVA SCOTIA.

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LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS.

A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN PESTILENCE.

The Story of a Nova Scotia Lady Who Almost Lost Her Life Through the Ravages of This Trouble—Unable to Feed Herself and Had to be Carried to and From Bed.

In the spring of 1894 the many friends of Mrs. Mary Freeman, in Wolfville, N. S., very gladly welcomed her return home after a long absence from her native town, but it was with the deepest grief that they beheld in her her prey of a disease of almost incredible severity. It appeared to all that the brightest future in store for her was but a few months of suffering existence. Not long after her return, however, the people of Wolfville were surprised to hear that after using a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had become almost completely well. Anxious to hear the truth of this surprising report, our reporter waited on Mrs. Freeman at the earliest opportunity. From her he received a full account of her painful illness and remarkable recovery.

In January of 1893, Mrs. Freeman, who was then living in Foxbury, Mass., was severely attacked by a grippé. She had partly recovered when a relapse followed, and while recovering from its effects, she was seized by acute rheumatism and neuralgia. The combined sickness resulted in completely breaking down her constitution. Upon recovering from neuralgia, she once again noticed a little trouble on her ankle which became exceedingly painful. It grew rapidly, soon becoming as large as a gold dollar and breaking into a running sore. Others immediately followed and soon the whole body was covered, the limbs becoming terribly swollen. The most eminent physicians of Boston were appealed to, but beyond informing her that the ailment was due to a completely run-down system, they rendered her no assistance. In the spring of 1894, she came to Nova Scotia, hoping that a change of climate would effect a cure, but to no purpose. Bone aches, and those who are afflicted with the sore's which first appeared, manifested themselves. She soon lost the use of her limbs, became unable to feed herself, and was compelled to be carried to and from her bed. Her eyes became weak and she was thus denied the enjoyment of reading. After many remedies had failed and proved useless, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were finally appealed to. Scarcely six boxes had been consumed when the ulcers showed symptoms of healing, the appetite grew better and her general health greatly improved. Since that time her condition has steadily improved, and her health is now far better than it was previous to her serious illness. Save a slight stiffness of the limbs, she shows no signs of the terrible scourge she has passed through. Mrs. Freeman is not unmindful of the great obligation she is under to this remarkable medicine, and she is anxious that the wonderful cure which it has effected should be generally known.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

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Lord Wolsley proposes to begin reform in the British army by abolishing the cocked hats and feathers worn by staff officers.

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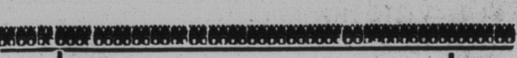
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Columbia and Hartford

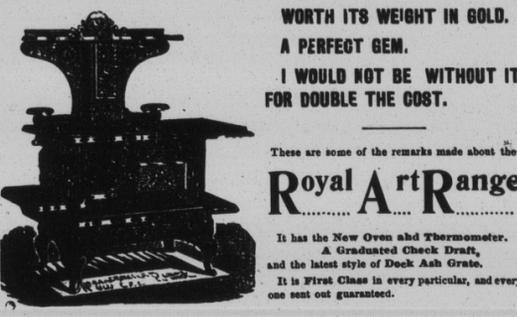


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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The week ending today has been somewhat eventful in a musical sense, compared with a number of weeks preceding.

The first and in a local sense, perhaps the most important, event of the week was the annual meeting of the St. John Oratorio Society. The report of the year's business as read by Secretary Pickett indicated that the society's affairs were in a highly satisfactory condition and the prospects for the coming year most favorable. The officers for the year were elected and Mr. J. F. Robertson was again chosen as president with the Rev. Mr. Mathers, vice-president. One very important matter in this connection was the resignation by Mr. H. H. Pickett of his position as secretary of the society. This young gentleman finds it impossible in view of his business duties to retain the secretaryship although urgently requested to continue. He has been always punctual, energetic and painstaking, courteous and careful and he retires from office with the good will, esteem and respect of every member of the society. He is succeeded by Mr. F. O. Allison.

A material loss has been suffered by the society—and incidentally a number of private musical circles in the city have experienced similar deprivation in the fact that Mr. A. M. Smith, the basso, has left St. John with a view to taking up his residence in the United States. "Fred" was one of the very best and most consistent and loyal among the active members of the Oratorio. He always was a hard working member too and a source of much encouragement to new members both by precept and example. He will be much missed on all sides, but we will hope his material hopes, and aspirations in another land will be abundantly realized.

The fact that Mrs. C. W. Harrison sang at Exmouth street church last Monday evening was the reason why that edifice was crowded to its capacity, and by an exceptionally representative audience. This remark it may be said is without prejudice to the well known good work of Harrison's Orchestra which, with Mr. A. C. Ritchie supported the programme outside of Mrs. Harrison's solos, and here I might say I think I never knew the orchestra to do better work than on the occasion under consideration. Mrs. Harrison had not pre-

viously been heard here for some time and much anticipation had been indulged in as to the extent of improvement in her singing in the interval, supplemented by the press notices of her extended compass. Her every number was of course encored but to my mind her first solo "Let the bright Seraphim" with cornet obligato was not so good at first as towards the close of the piece and though an occasional "jump" was made it was not generally observed. For this the singer was not directly responsible, perhaps, as the motrumentation the result of evident nervousness. There is no doubt of the lady's compass of voice, because in "Lo Hear the Gentle Lark" she sang E. in alt, with the greatest apparent ease and it was a full, true, tone, which in a previous cadenza she touched G. in alt. Many of her tones are good in quality but, in my opinion the register is quite uneven, the lower tones as sung at this concert suggesting a closed throat and producing a somewhat strident effect. There will be a good deal to unlearn as well as learn when this lady becomes a pupil of Madame Muroch. So delighted was the large audience, however, with "Lo Hear the Gentle Lark" that applause was continued until she yielded to the unanimous demand by singing "The Song of Trust." This piece was given with a reverence and an expression that caused many present to consider it the best piece of the evening. It matters not very much what critics may say so long as audiences are pleased and majorities rule.

The "Hispania" club from Halifax will give two productions of the burlesque opera from which they take their name, at the Opera house here today, a matinee and an evening performance. The press notices commend the club for their productions in Halifax and there is no doubt that these comments have been merited. The advent of this club is a new thing in St. John musical circles and on that account apart from a question of merit they will doubtless receive liberal patronage. Indeed I think it is a good idea for St. John and Halifax to develop this idea, and each city in turn give the other any choice thing they have in the musical line.

Mr. J. W. Titu promises a fine concert in the opera house April 16th. The soloists will be Miss Ida King Tarbox, unquestionably the most artistic soprano heard here in the last two years, and Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock of Boston,

one of America's finest concert Baritone.

Tones and Understans. Rosenthal, the great pianist who has been such a pronounced success in England last year, has been engaged for a series of fifty concerts in the United States. The tour will begin about next November. Pachmann played in Berlin last month and much fault was found with his work. He is said to have deteriorated very much. Dr. Dvorak on the 19th inst. will conduct one of his new orchestral pieces at the London Philharmonic.

Melba will sail for Europe on the 26th April to enter upon her Paris engagement. She will afterwards go to Covent Garden for the London season.

Here are the official dates of the performances which are to be given at Bayreuth this year: The "Anneau du Nibelung" will be performed five times during the following days: First performance, July 19, 20, 21, and 22; second performance, July 25, 27, 28 and 29; third performance, August 2, 3, 4, and 5; fourth performance, August 9, 10, 11, and 12; fifth performance, August 16, 17, 18, and 19. It will be remembered that this work is composed of four dramas, the "O du Rhin," the "Valkyrie," "Siegfried," and the "Crepuscule des Dieux."

The eighteenth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was given in Music hall Boston yesterday afternoon, March 13, at 2.30 o'clock, and this evening, March 14, at 8 o'clock:

"Melpomene" Overture Chadwick
Concerto for Piano, in G minor, Saint-Saens
Symphony, "Antarctica" Balakirev
(First Time.)
Academic Overture Brahms
Sollis, Miss Antoinette Szumowska.

Sarasate once found his memory deserting him at a recital; but he discovered the reason of the mishap in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of the stalls. The violinist stopped playing. "Madam," he said, "how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" The lady shut up her fan and the recital was concluded successfully.

Josef Hofman, the pianist is coming to the United States this year again. His season will open in New York on the 10th of November at the Metropolitan Opera House. He will have with him on that occasion an orchestra numbering about one hundred persons.

Violet Dene who is a member of "His Excellency" company is a sister of Cissy Fitzgerald. She was a member of "The Gaiety Girl" company last year. It is said the libretto of Damrosch's opera

"The Scarlet Letter" has been published with illustrations and is worth owning for its literary and artistic merit. It would make a fine souvenir.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera is called "The Grand Duke, or the Statuary Duett." It was given at the Savoy theatre London last week. It is said to be by no means the best of their productions.

A series of grand operas will be given at the Castle Square theatre Boston. The first of them "Mignon" was given last Monday evening. The title role Mignon was cast to Miss Edith Mason and Miss Lane.

The Black Patti is singing at Keith's theatre, Boston, this week. So also at this same house has been playing the Italian violinist, Miss Giacinti de la Rocca. Of this latter it is said that in her playing of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "there was" a delicacy and feeling that showed here was an artist of rare ability.

Boston, Mass., will have the distinction of seeing the first production of De Wolf Hopper's new opera "El Capitaine." A recent Boston paper says that "Next to Lydia Pinkham's, Ellen Beach Yaw's portrait is most often in evidence."

Lesser, Klaw and Erlanger will next season produce Barnet's newest burlesque "Jack and the Beanstalk" which was the annual offering of the Calety's this year. It will be staged sumptuously.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Madames Duse, Bernhardt, and Davenport, will all be playing an engagement in Boston at the same time. Their work in the same roles can then easily be contrasted.

Augustin Daly has left the home theatre and started on his spring tour with Ada Rehan and company. They travel South first, then back to Boston and in May next they go to the Pacific coast. In August next they sail for London.

It is said of Fanny Davenport that she began her starring career in St. Louis, Jan. 6, 1879, opening in London Assurance and playing that first week "Frou Frou." "School for Scandal" and "Oliver Twist." At that time she was supported by the stock company of the Olympia theatre and was under the management of Augustin Daly.

Neil Burgess has been presenting "The County Fair" at the Park theatre, Boston to crowded houses.

Allan Dale, the well known dramatic critic speaking of Mrs. Potter as Juliet says that she made "a very up-to-date fine de diecle Juliet who had seen life and was not

to be taken in,—a Juliet who could smuggle French novels into her room and then explain to her mother that she was studying "Pilgrim's Progress." "When she told Romeo that 'parting is such sweet sorrow,' you were disappointed because she put it that way, instead of saying, 'Well, old boy, I'll be off. Awtally sorry to leave you, but the old gooseberry inside is getting fidgety.'"

The anti-tights bill has been killed in the New York legislature.

Rose Coghlan will star in a new play written for her by her brother Charles.

Madame Duse has signed a contract to return to the United States next season.

"The Artist's Model," which play was put on at the Hollis theatre, Boston, last week is described by a critic of that city as follows: "A rather bright play, with no complicated plot to follow, but still a little one and very nice when you find it; rather broad in its speeches at times, but all right to the innocent who know no evil; pretty girls, pretty music; good actors, who are at times comical; handsome and tasteful costumes. In a way it is superior; to the average English production of its kind that reaches Boston."

"And then there is Marie Studholme."

Richard Mansfield is to lecture the coming summer. July and August. His subject will be "The Modern Stage." He expects to be \$25,000 richer in consequence.

Miss Johnstone Bennett nearly lost her life by fire, in Omaha last Saturday. Miss Bennett, who is a member of Richard Mansfield's company was cleaning a dress with gasoline, in her room at the hotel when the accident occurred through the careless handling of the fluid in connection with a lamp. Friends came to the rescue and prevented the flames from reaching her face. The lady was seriously burned however.

Wadsworth Harris gave a dramatic and poetic recital in Chicago recently which was largely attended. Among the patrons and patronesses on the occasion were Count Bozents, Madame Mojeska and Miss Ellen Terry. On the programme were many important selections from Shakespeare.

Just Filed the Bill.

Critic—That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character?
Novelist—I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness my wife attributes to me when she is angry.

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Casseberry street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamp for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 14.

FRUITS OF PROHIBITION.

The people who would like to see St. John made a city where no licenses are granted will find a whole sermon in the remarks made by the mayor of Portland, Maine, in his inaugural this week. Mayor BAXTER, having now entered on his fourth term, may be supposed to know what he is talking about, and his statements are the result of his experience. When he says that Portland, under prohibition, has four hundred saloons, that an increase of the police force is necessary and that public opinion seems opposed to the enforcement of the law, he is saying what must be accepted as the truth.

Portland is about the size of St. John, and the Maine law has been tried there for many years, with NEAL DOW in person to urge its enforcement. Yet Portland has now five times as many saloons as St. John and the mayor, a man chosen by the people four years in succession, declares prohibition to be a failure. It would be an equal failure, or a worse one, if attempted in this city, and yet there are men who, for the sake of riding their own hobby would like to see the same mischievous experiment tried in this place. We do not want prohibition, or anything designed to be equivalent to it, especially when the burden of increased taxation is to be forced upon the people.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

In dealing with the question of domestic help, the contention of PROGRESS has been that the vocation of a servant should be raised above its present level and that the domestic should be a woman qualified to be a housekeeper and not a mere drudge. Her position in assisting her employer should be one similar to that of a trained nurse in a household where there is sickness, for there is no reason why refinement and intelligence should not be brought into requisition in waiting on those who are well, as much as it is in waiting on those who are not well. To this end, it has been suggested that there should be training schools from which the best class of domestics could be graduated, and thus a new line of employment might be opened to many who now work in factories and stores at scanty pay and under unpleasant conditions. Let the vocation of a domestic be freed from its old time idea of servitude, and instead of only the ignorant and stupid seeking this class of employment, a bright, well informed and in every way reliable class of helpers would be created, and domestic service for girls would be considered as desirable an occupation as any other in which skilled manual labor is an element.

A Chicago woman has been trying an experiment which seems to bear out the theory that good girls can be induced to go into service if they are sure that the employers will treat them with that consideration which their character merits. In other words, domestic helpers can be procured who are far above the traditional idea of the mere hireling servant, and it there were schools from which these helpers could be graduated there would always be a supply where now the procuring of an occasional one is merely a matter of rare good luck. The lady in question had experienced the usual trials of endeavoring to get a girl who would suit her, and had about given up in despair when a happy idea occurred to her.

This was to give up the search for a servant and try to get a companion. She accordingly advertised for "a nice companionable young lady to do general housework (no washing) for a family of two; must be refined and quiet." This advertisement met the eye of a girl who was making scanty wages in a necktie factory. She was a girl who, under ordinary circumstances, would never have dreamed of housework as an occupation, but the idea

of being employed as a companionable assistant impressed her favorably. She replied to the advertisement, an interview followed, and both mistress and maid liked the appearance of each other. An engagement was made. This was a year ago, and employer and employed are still mutually satisfied.

In her new situation the girl has been treated more as a governess than a servant. She has had a good room, the privilege of receiving friends in the parlor and has been treated with consideration in all other ways. For her part, she has done all that can be done to lighten the labors and take the care of the household from her employers' shoulders. The housework is done not as a hireling would do it, but as if the girl, was in her own home and had a pride in having everything as near perfection as circumstances would permit. The servant girl problem has been solved in the happiest way.

This, of course, is an exceptional case, but it shows the possibility of a condition of things greatly to be desired. With employers who will recognize the employed as more than mere servants and with a class of girls who will bring honesty, intelligence and refinement as part of their equipment, there is no reason why the new domestic should not be a mere useful acquisition to social life then the new woman. There are great possibilities ahead.

SQUEEZING A SQUEEZER.

The courts of New York have been squeezing RUSSELL SAGE pretty hard for the last four years, and are not through with him yet. He is a tough subject, however, being an adept in the quizzing business himself, and he intends to continue to fight as long as his money will give him a fighting chance. He hates to part with money at the best of times, and that is what one court after another has said he must do, while he vigorously insists that he will not. The fight in question is in the celebrated bomb-throwing suit.

In December, 1891, a crank named NONCROSS, or rather one who called himself by that name, called at SAGE's office and discharged an explosive bomb at the man of millions. SAGE had no time to retreat, but it is claimed he did the best thing by firing a clerk named LAIDLAW, putting him in front of him and thus using him as a shield. In the general economy of things this was doubtless just the right thing to do. SAGE was a man worth millions, who controlled the destinies of a large number of people and his death would be a loss to the world of finance. LAIDLAW, on the contrary, was merely a clerk on a salary, and might never be anything else. New York, and indeed the world, has a surplus of men of this kind and when they die nobody misses them except their immediate relatives. In comparison with SAGE's safety the question of LAIDLAW's life was not to be considered, and if he had been an old time retainer, he would have felt proud to suffer, or even to die, that a greater man than he was might be saved.

When the bomb exploded, SAGE received comparatively little injury, thanks to the human shield which interposed between him and danger. LAIDLAW, however, was badly broken up. Far from being satisfied with the fame which the adventure gave him, he considered that SAGE ought to pay him a handsome compensation, and failing to get what he wanted, he brought an action for damages. The defence was that he got injured simply by being in the way, and that SAGE did not use him for a shield as was alleged.

At the first trial, in June, 1892, LAIDLAW's complaint was dismissed, but he secured a new trial and in 1894 he got a verdict for \$25,000. This verdict was reversed and a third trial, in 1895, resulted in a disagreement. The fourth trial took place last June, and LAIDLAW succeeded in getting a verdict for \$40,000. An appeal from this was taken by SAGE, but the verdict has just been affirmed, with costs, which now amount to about \$3,500 more.

This does not settle the matter, however, for there is a higher court of appeals in which a final fight is to be made. SAGE will escape from the verdict if money can win the fight, but if he fails he will have about \$50,000 to pay, or double the sum awarded to LAIDLAW in the first instance. The outcome of the appeal will be awaited with considerable interest.

The judges of the supreme court in Nova Scotia have awakened to a realization of the fact that the newspapers have already tried and condemned PETER WHEELER for the Bear River murder. In no case of recent years, in this part of the American continent, has there been so much comment unfavorable to the accused, and every sort of a rumor calculated to injure his character has been eagerly seized upon and printed. POWER, the man sent from Halifax to investigate the case, seems to have not only formed a theory and adjusted the facts to fit it, but he appears to have gone around with his mouth open to tell everyone what he thought. The treatment of WHEELER has been shamefully unfair from the first. The man may be guilty, but it is let it be shown in the proper way. As yet there is no evidence against him which may not be rebutted, but the people have already virtually condemned him.

It is no wonder that Judge RITCHIE and Judge TOWNSEND have felt it their duty to speak out and declare that if such a course is permitted to continue the man cannot get a fair trial. They further intimate that the papers which have aided in trying to condemn the man in advance should be taught a wholesome lesson, as the law certainly can take cognizance of their course.

The aldermen whose term will soon draw to a close have good reason to feel satisfied with their administration of civic affairs during the past twelve months. They have done their work quietly and well, and not only is the state of the civic finances good, but the outlook is equally good. At the meeting of the council on THURSDAY, Ald McGOLDRIK spoke of the good work done by the council during the last two years. One of his fellow aldermen asked him if he did not give any credit to the work done by councils in previous years, and then it was agreed that all councils had probably tried to do as well as they could. The fact remains, however, that the council of the last two years has been a wonderful improvement on the boards of previous years. With the reduction in the number of the aldermen and the system of election by the people at large, the undesirable element has been weeded out and will not easily get back again. The present council is a business board in which brawling and jobbing do not come to the front, and even the sectionalism is becoming more and more obliterated each year, as a natural result of the abolition of ward elections.

Judge Yanwart at the opening of the circuit court a few days ago congratulated the grand jury upon the absence of a criminal docket. This is not an unusual event in our courts in these later days and it is some of the best evidence that St. John is an orderly, quiet city in spite of the licensed saloons. It is only when there is a crusade against licenses that the supporters of that system begin to compare the present condition of affairs with that which existed in the past. Let the police make the comparison and the showing would indeed be a startling one. The best advocates of temperance, who, while they might like to see prohibition throughout the whole country are stronger daily in their opposition to a change of the law in St. John. They do not agree with the gentleman who declares "he wants to drive the business into the slums." That is a mistake. Keep the business where the restrictions can be carried into effect, and the slums clear of those dens which breed crime of every description.

The business men of the city are not likely to accept the increased rate of the insurance companies with calmness. Though it applies only to a few buildings and firms at present still there is no doubt that it will spread and the increased rate become more general. The burdens upon business are heavy enough now without such an additional imposition, without, apparently any sufficient reason.

It would seem on good scientific authority that even the time-honored belief that a ring around the moon betokens bad weather has no good foundation. A series of observations has shown that the lunar halo preceded bad weather in only thirty-four out of sixty-one instances, so that a ring around the moon is as apt to mean sunshine as rain.

The proposition introduced into the legislature to give the control of the liquor licenses into the hands of the municipalities cannot be discussed intelligently until the full text of the bill is learned. If the intention is to apply the proceeds of the licenses for provincial purposes there will no doubt be much opposition to the measure.

The report that Mrs. MAYBRICK was to be released from prison appears to have been premature. The English Home Secretary has not found the evidence submitted sufficient to convince him that she is being punished for a crime of which she is innocent.

The sum of \$50,000 has been recommended to the Massachusetts legislature as an appropriation for a statue of BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and this despite the protest of a few narrow minded people who will never forgive him for being an enemy of shame.

After the long series of sad tidings from the island colony, it is a relief to hear from Newfoundland that something is plentiful. The something in this instance is seals, and an abundance of them means much to the people around the coast.

Halifax can congratulate itself on having a new fire department which appears to be considerably more expensive than the department of St. John, though the latter seems equal to all the demands upon it.

Wants to Know Why. To THE EDITOR PROGRESS: How is it that the flag belonging to the post office was not hoisted last Tuesday the day on which that faithful servant Mr. Hill was buried? Surely it is not because he was only a common letter carrier. What explanation has P. O. Inspector King or Postmaster Hanington to give in this matter. J. USTON.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Angel of Bethesda's waters, As our lives all calmly glide; Still the flowing stream is troubled, Dark night storms split the tide. In the midst of earth's joys hallowed, Where dost thou come to heaven be; Then dost ever onward lead us, Through deep shadows ere we see, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Happiness that is to be. What though lives long used to pleasure, Into darkest anguish move; Must we not in troubled waters, Find true health restoring love. Oh! the sweet green leaves of mercy, Dip far oars in sorrow's stream, Oh! the bitter night of parting, Lead us where love's day stars gleam Angel of Bethesda's waters, Shining through this passing dream. O white lilies green pad sheltered, Perfume wrapped in slender calm; Snow white as the white robed spirit, Coming winged with heavenly balm, When its spreading wings disturb you, Trouble all your slumbers round; Fain would we step in beside you, Stand with you on lonely ground, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Grace is us from these be found. Through life's flowers comes this angel, Comes through roses white and red; Comes among the world's bright gardens, With God's glory ever spread. Gather them and takes them weeping, Through a troubled sea of pain; Leads them far away forever, Far across life's stormy main, Angel of Bethesda's waters, Here they ne'er return again. Angel from far lands perennial, Lincensed with celestial grace; Where beside love's crystal river Sharon's rose splits its face, Bring my soul its fragrance blessed; While in tears for thee I wait; Wait beside the troubled waters, Waiting ere it be too late, Angel of Bethesda's fountain, Suffering in love's estate. CYPRUS GOLDS. Rose Dell, Feb. 1896.

The Frieze of Portland.

(A Memorial of Willis) Tides running swift in storms and calm, Past rocky headlands, fight lone, And nowhere staved with softer charms Than where the fi of cresting army Round Salmon Neck are thrown. Manly stands gazing on the bay, On the ocean's open breast, For coming light he sees the day, And Graham sees it fade away, Behind Chocoma's crest. So was it when was young and fair The century now worn and old, With destiny led gently there, To life's bright bounds a favored pair With gifts of price untold. How eagerly with listening ear The world was waiting for a song! Som poet's full-throated voice to hear Ring out its gladness loud and clear,— So he had waited long. These sang, as murmurs sang of old, "The perfect world by Adam trod," One bard, the Golden Legend told, One took his theme from tragedy and told;— With song they faded abroad. One wailed the grief of Israel's king, Dark words of parabolic strife; The other, gently comforting, Poor human hearts, did softly sing "The world's sweet Psalm of Life. Manly still greets the morning gray, Still Bramhall watches late and long; The fair love seated by the bay Holds in her heart of hearts today Her gifted son of song. — Isaac Bassett Johnston. In Home Journal.

Children of Yesterday.

Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, What are you weaving— Labor or sorrow? Look to you; looms again; Faster and faster, Fly the great shuttles Prepared by the Master. Life in the loom, Room for it—room! Children of yesterday, Heirs of tomorrow, Lighten the labor, And sweeten the sorrow. Now—While the shuttles fly Faster and faster, Up and be at it!— At work with the master, He stands at your loom, Room for him—room!

Children of Tomorrow.

Children of tomorrow, Look at your fabric Of labor and sorrow, With despair and disaster. Turn it—and so. The design of the Master! The Loom at the loom, Room for him—room! —Mary A. Rathbun.

By the Fireside.

I care not how, in reckless rove, The ruddy glow the leaves about; Nor how, in summer vales serene, They lose the white above the green! I have here, here no cold winds by, A kindly cot that covereth me, And one who sits beside me, In the strong circle of mine arm; Vain is the winter's joy art; While her dear love doth warm my heart! Within the lights and shadows shed; On sweet, warm forms tucked up in bed; Hath glory such a lurid gleam As children smiling in their dreams? Oh, world of waste and wintry snow, Give me but this—my friend's glow, A corner in the storm and strife, With love of wee ones and of wife, And I shall yield all other things, For just that love that warms my heart! —Atlanta Constitution.

At Lauds.

'Tis sweet to wake before the dawn, When all the cocks are crowing, And from my window on the lawn, To watch the veil of night withdrawn, And feel the fresh wind blowing. The murmur of the falls I hear, Is not his long vigil keeping; And softly now, as if in ear, To rouse their neighbors slumbering near, The tones wake from their sleeping. Dear Lord, such wondrous thoughts of Thee My raptured soul are filling, That, like a bird upon the tree, With sweet but wordless melody My inmost heart is thrilling. —Frederick George Scott, In "My Lullaby, and Other Poems."

The Maple.

O, twice the maple blushes, blushes rose, rosy red; The blushes in the Spring, the blushes in the fall; When aroused from winter's sleep, The fields henceforth make a peep,— O, then the maple blushes, blushes rose, rosy red. Once again the maple blushes, blushes rose, rosy red; She blushes in the Autumn, When she lays her robes aside For the long, long sleep of Winter, And leads her feet which to hide, O, then the maple blushes, blushes rose, rosy red. —James Edwin Campbell, "Echoes from The Cabin and Elsewhere."

WAITING FOR HIS SHORS.

Names of Some of the Men Who May Succeed Judge Johnson.

HALIFAX, March 12.—For a long time the eyes of a section of the bar in this city have been turned to the Halifax county court judgeship. They have been turned thitherward in more ways than one, but the aspect of their glances, which will now be noted, is that which asks this question: "When Judge Johnston retires who will be called to the bench?" The excellence of the service rendered by Judge Johnston is apparent from the fact that at its annual meeting the Nova Scotia bar association requested that his salary be increased from \$2,400 to \$3,000 per annum. This resolution was voted by Recorder Maccoy, and passed unanimously. A body of lawyers like the Nova Scotia bar association, or such of them as reside in Halifax, would never think of taking such action unless they were heart and soul full of approval of the way the learned judge discharges his duties. Never! At least such is the way poor benighted laymen look at the situation.

Judge Johnson was appointed in 1877, at the institution of the Nova Scotia county court system, and in the natural course of events he will soon retire. If he serves a couple of years more he will receive a superannuation allowance amounting to about two-thirds of his salary. As already stated, for a long time the eyes of many lawyers have been turned towards the court of the county judge,—the eyes of lawyers who would like to be judges, even county court judges at a salary of \$2,400 and travelling expenses, not to speak of the \$3,000 which the bar so magnanimously petitioned for.

The Halifax members of the bar are divided into three classes in regard to this succession which must come in the not distant future, and which has been considered from the "distant past." First there are those who would not take the position if it were offered them; secondly, those who would be glad to get it and who think they have a chance; and thirdly those who have not the ghost of a chance, apart from political considerations, for a lawyer to get the appointment now must be a conservative.

Such men as R. L. Borden, Q. C., C. S. Harrington, Q. C., J. A. Chisholm and Hector MacInnes would not accept the position for they are better off as they are. There are nine liberal-conservative lawyers, however, who would gladly accept the appointment when the time comes to make it. They are J. M. Chisholm, B. H. Eaton, E. D. King, W. F. Parker, F. P. Bligh, W. W. McMillan, H. W. C. Boak, Wallace McDonald, and F. J. Tremaine. One thing is pretty sure, and that is that if the present government make the appointment the name of the lucky man will be found in the list just printed. One name, above all others in this list, which has been mentioned in connection with the position is that of F. J. Tremaine. He is the senior candidate, so far as length of popularly supposed candidacy is concerned. Another strong name, which has lately come to the front is that of Wallace McDonald. The latter is a young man of good parts and with connections in which would make him a formidable rival to any other competitor for the position. He is a son of the chief justice of Nova Scotia and a brother-in-law of Sir Hibbert Tupper. There are other conservative lawyers in this city, but they can hardly be said to have entered for the race for the prospective vacancy on the county court bench. The number of liberal lawyers who would like the position is legion but it remains a contest among the conservatives Wallace McDonald should stand a pretty good chance of coming in first.

SARS KEPT ON TAP.

Various Useful Remedies Suggested for Frost Touched Ears. My Dear PROGRESS—You may not be aware of the fact, but I sometimes give way to the wild yearnings within me and take to poet—I mean, verse-writing. It is with the intention of inditing a few impassioned strains that I take up the pen today, but my ears forbid. Not that I write solely by ear. I have written to my tailor several times by note, substantially endorsed.—But here are the facts: If you remember, last Monday was somewhat chilly in the reception it gave some of our best citizens. Well, as I have been recently going into a rapid decline (not from lack of merit, but from unavailability), I took a little passer of about five hundred yards on the morning in question, with the result that I froze the upper halves of my pink shell-like aures. A vigorous rubbing with snow at the hands of kind friends to whom I am indebted for—but that is another story—soon brought the circulation back. Then a few remedies were recommended. One friend (who sixty minutes afterward froze his own nose two times in rapid succession) advised a poultice of grated turnips. [Query: Did he convert his nose into a turn-up? (sic).]—Well, I tried the turnips. Then another friend suggested preserved strawberries. I tried the strawberries on one ear and left the turnips on the other; a third friend said the other two remedies were exploded myths long ago. His remedy was grate

Colored Clothes for Men.

It is reported that certain New York merchant tailors have recently been again conferring over the question of putting colored goods for evening dress on the market. The question has been hanging fire for two years, and now, it is said, the tailors are determined to test the mind of the public. The colors for the new cloth will be plum shade. There are subdued shades of plum and dahlia colored cloth that are pleasing to the eye, and would be a decided relief from the conventional black. The new dress coat will probably have a velvet collar. The waistcoat will be silk faced and will probably have four buttons, and the trousers will have a stripe or two down each leg. While this dress innovation would be welcomed by a great many men, there is considerable opposition to the movement, and the men who have influence enough to bring the change about shrink from the notoriety they would thus obtain.

She Will be Missed.

Miss Annie Russell, of PROGRESS composing room, left this week for Brooklyn, N. Y., when she will pursue her vocation. Miss Russell, who belongs to Chatham, has been connected with PROGRESS for more than three years, and was one of the most skilled and faithful employees of the office. There can be no doubt of her success wherever she may go. Before leaving St. John, the employees of the office in the presentation of a handsome ring and a suitable address expressed their esteem for her as a friend and fellow worker.

Rough on the Tramp.

The dark cell in the city jail at Phoenix Ariz, seems to be an unusually unpleasant sort of place. A lazy tramp prisoner was placed in it the other day, and the fact was noted in a local paper that he would not get the chance to loaf he might expect, because of the spikes driven upward through the floor, which preclude a prisoner from sitting down. There is room for the occupant to stand up between the spikes with some degree of comfort.

rew the turp and to the dogs and tried to-day as I write my "scissors" have swollen me of a canvas- the shade of the red, er as an eighty-cent sing: "Last night, "ept," but he evidently perhaps you never tried panied by two red- at the sand fraught as'es was a Nansen rson? You can sleep rone on your back, el to port or starboard night-watch you give als, while Mr. Frost, ouble mockingly snape window. A friend of rist on a church paper, ke me look like Boss and that this Platt- out of the stoop of my nking out a scheme to tonight. I shall screw a eiling over the head of er from a flange, long h I can slip my head l elevation, and can- throughout my troubled ing my ears against shall file away on the es. As I believe this hing I shall vigorously, rs, too ear to come, CARY TAP.



"How doth the clever housekeeper Improve each shining hour? By using WELCOME liberally Because she knows its power.

A sure promoter for THAT GLAD FEELING. Try it.

St. John, N. B.

Tin and Tin

What a difference. A wash boiler is a wash boiler, you may say, but it's made out of cheap, low-priced tin, and sold for less than a dollar, you are throwing away your money almost in buying it. We don't try to sell such stuff, and when you find your boiler full of holes in a short time, then perhaps you will wish you had put a few cents to the amount you spent for the cheap boiler and came to us and bought one of our extra heavy COPPER BOTTOM BOILERS. They cost a little more than the tin bottom at the start, but are good when two of the cheap ones are worn out. Wholesale and Retail.

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.

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Social and Personal.

Less, and his various self denial demands, has not prevented many little pleasures, mild cases of course during the past week. There are always among the permissible luxuries and there have been several lately—all small but very bright and cheery. The following description of a pink table is from a magazine regarding the always beautiful and latest correct thing in decorations and in fact being quite up in all social questions. This little bit of information may be useful to some hostess, who is thinking of giving a tea and though the color men loathed her need not necessarily be read. At the tea referred to the table was covered and was covered with a piece of Mexican drawn work, exactly fitting the top of the table. The centre-piece was of white satin, embroidered with garlands of pink roses tied with white ribbon bows; the edge was button holed black with pink roses. The silver service was placed in the new fan-shaped silver flower-holder, placed near each of the four corners. Between these flower stands stood a silver candelabra making four in all; two of these had four brackets and the other two only accommodated two pink candles but in each case the shades corresponded with those on the electrolers. The confectionery, consisting of candied rose leaves, pink and white braided oxbest cherries, was all pink as well as the lace and the things on the cakes. The sandwiches were pink for the correct thing now is the coloring of bread to correspond with the prevailing color used in the decorations; these are cut in crescent shape or however one may wish. The china was a dainty collection of pink and gold pieces, other silver was used exclusively. The hostess giving a tea of this kind would wear a pink gown and an essential feature is the lighting of the tea room with pink shaded light.

A dainty tea at which yellow and white were the prevailing colors, was given by Mrs. Austin of Queen Square from four to six last Tuesday afternoon. The table was very artistically arranged with tulips and white hyscynthas. Mrs. Howard McLeod and Miss Eaton poured tea, and the hostess, who looked exceptionally well in a black and white striped silk was assisted by the following young ladies, Miss Annie Smith, who wore a lovely blue silk bodice that was most becoming, and black skirt; Miss Pugsley was very charming in a white silk with blue trimmings, and Miss Easton, who looked peculiarly dainty and pretty in blue. Miss Blanch Jones looked exceedingly graceful and bright in a white, angora trimmed, gown; Miss Mary McLaughlin looked well in a lawn silk, as did Miss Cruikshank in a mauve silk bodice with black skirt; Miss Adams wore a fresh and pretty pink gown. The afternoon was very fine and clear and the ladies who attended were all nicely gowned. About two hundred guests were present, and the function was a particularly brilliant and enjoyable one.

Among the ladies who called were, Mrs. Horace King, Lady Tiley, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Keltie Jones, Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Chas. Scammel, Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. Park, Mrs. McLintire, Miss McDunn, Mrs. Arthur Treuman, Miss Manning Skinner, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. T. R. Jones, Miss B. Jones, Mrs. Currie, Mrs. A. G. Blair, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss Alice Tuck, Mrs. Phil Palmer, Miss Mary McKillop, Miss Louise Harrison, Mrs. A. A. Stockton, Mrs. E. G. Scovill, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Steeves, Mrs. Scovill, Miss Magee, Miss Raymond, Mrs. Whittaker, Mrs. McAvity, Mrs. Howard Troop, Mrs. Walter White, Mrs. Bruce, Misses Pugsley, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Gertrude Skinner, Mrs. Dufresne Breese, Mrs. Vassie, Misses Vassie, Misses Reid.

Friends of Mr. F. T. C. Burpee of this city will be sorry to learn that she is ill at the home of her daughter, in Staffordshire, England, where she has been visiting for some time. Mr. Edward Stone is confined to his residence with an attack of erysipelas. Miss B. Forbes, who has been visiting in Fredericton has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. Allen MacKenzie of Montreal and Mrs. Drinkwater left the first of the week for a trip to Boston and New York. Miss Pugsley returned last Saturday from a pleasant visit to Truro friends. Mrs. H. P. Timmerman gave a small but delightful tea Monday afternoon at the residence of her sister Mrs. MacKenzie of Montreal. Everything was arranged with a view to the comfort of those present and the informal little gathering was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. D. Russell Jack was one of the hosts of Tuesday evening and a delightful party, chaperoned by Mrs. C. J. Coster, Mrs. W. H. Stines and Mrs. J. Boyle Travers, gathered at his rooms and spent a pleasant evening the early part of which was devoted to the exhibition of some very interesting magic lantern views. Later on there was some excellent music, Miss Skinner playing in a specially brilliant manner, as did also Miss Millet, while Miss Furlong's banjo selections were very cleverly executed; Miss Kathleen Furlong delighted the guests with her singing which was very sweetly and gracefully done. Refreshments consisting of coffee, sandwiches, delicious cakes and ice cream were served. The evening was a very enjoyable one and as a host Mr. Jack established quite a reputation. Among the guests were Mrs. Coster, Mrs. Steever, Mrs. Travers, Miss Louise Travers, Miss Mary Warner, Mr. C. J. Coster, Dr. Steever, Miss Charlotte Miss Parks, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Douglas Troop, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss McKee, Mr. C. deBury, Mr. G. Bentley Gerard, Mr. Peter Clinch, Miss Skinner, Miss Millet, Mr. Rankine, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Harry Dunn, Mr. McKee.

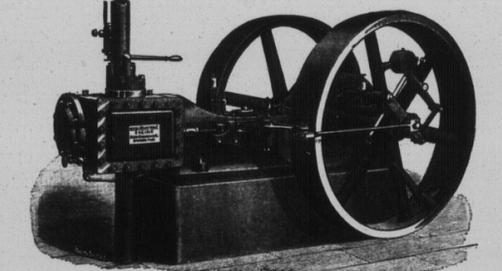
The silver rink was the scene of a very merry skating party last Saturday night given by a few young gentlemen to between forty and fifty ladies and gentlemen; there was a programme of ten bands, and the ice was in excellent condition so that the party proved to be a most successful one. Those present were, Misses Thomson, Miss Edna Jones, Mr. Gerard Ruel, Mr. George Blair, Misses McKillop, Mr. Sandy McKillop, Mr. Percy Thomson, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Kestor, Misses Skinner, Mrs. Straton, Miss Adams Mr. A. W. Adams, Messrs Skinner, Mr. Fairweather, Mr. Bob Hamilton, Mr. Fred Hart, Miss Mary Warner, Miss Jarvis, Miss Donville, Mr. L. P. D. Tiley, Mr. Douglas Troop, Mr. West Winslow, Mr. Bostwick, Mr. Daniel and a few others.

Miss Wheeler of King Square gave a pleasant little musicale last Tuesday evening at which some excellent vocal and instrumental numbers were given. A dainty little lunch was served and the guests dispersed about midnight. Miss Fennel of Coburg street goes to Boston Friday and will make quite a lengthy visit to friends. Miss Covey formerly of this city is visiting Miss Thorne of Mackleburg Terrace. Miss Dever returned Tuesday from a pleasant visit to New York. Mr. Raymond Hayes of Boston is spending a few days with Mr. Theo Furlong, Coburg street. Mr. H. E. Ruel who has been confined to the house for some time is much better and is expected to be out this week. There was an excellent practice of the banjo club at Mrs. Straton last Monday evening. The appearance of the Elgin Opera Co. this afternoon and evening is being awaited with very much interest. The company is composed entirely of Halifax people and the opera was written and composed by two Halifax gentlemen. The appearance of Mrs. Haggarty, who was not originally in Umbria, made, recovered, reported by Devel, 17 Waterloo St.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

The dining in front. Each was lighted by a quaint lamp or lantern and was occupied by a small party. The wide hallings of the stairs were transformed into loges and were occupied by some of the younger guests. The hall mantel was decorated with delicate ferns and meteor vases and above the arch of the Turkish alcove, in which Mr. Harris stood while he read, was another pretty and original arrangement of ferns and roses. The guests ascended the stairs from the porter's cochere and the charmingly arranged central apart- ment showed its beauties to great effect as they descended the main stairs. The programme occupied an hour and a half and was varied to suit all tastes. To those who had previously known Mr. Harris only in his stage Shakespearean roles his rendition of Eugene Field's rollicking and homely boy dialect, the tender pathos and sentiment at his selection from Meredith and Lyton, were a pleasing surprise showing him to be a versatile as well as an able actor.

Tuesday evening of this week Mr. Harris read at the residence of Mr. S. Brown of the same city for the benefit of the homeopathic hospital.

Mr. Harris was with Mrs. Harris up to the time her company disbanded recently on account of Miss M. J. Comstock's poor health and a late issue of a Chicago paper says that "Mr. Harris was given better roles than usual this season; his work was greatly appreciated, and he is rapidly becoming one of the foremost actors of the day."

Mrs. Charles E. Scammell leaves next week for the Isle of Wight to visit her sister Mrs. Henderson. Miss Grace Fowler of Greenwich who has been visiting in the city since she has returned from New York to attend the marriage of her cousin Miss Clara Steves which takes place on the 18th.

The friends here of Miss Ida Marsh of this city will be interested in hearing that she has returned to New York from St. Louis Mo., where she successfully carried a critical case during the winter.

Miss Nellie Wheeler of Greenwich is visiting St. John friends. Mrs. McLeod of the same place also visited relatives here lately. Miss Bruce Clark who has been in Westfield visiting Mrs. A. L. Goodwin has returned to the city.

Mr. S. F. Belyea and Miss Laura Belyea spent Sunday with Westfield friends; Mrs. Belyea and her daughter expect to return to Westfield after a pleasant week's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. McLaren of Digby visited St. John this week.

Mrs. C. Mitchell, Mrs. A. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. I. (wife of I. A.) spent a short time in the city this week. Mrs. F. Whitfield Wednesday for North Carleton where she will spend the next three or four weeks. She accompanies her daughter who goes South for the benefit of her health.

The parlor concert held Monday evening at the residence of Mrs. Wren McLean of Douglas Avenue under the auspices of Main street P. Y. P. U. was a very successful and enjoyable affair. The programme prepared was especially attractive and was rendered in a very pleasing manner. The various numbers were as follows: address, Rev. J. A. Gordon; mixed quartet; piano solo, Miss Dixon; reading, Best Coupe; vocal solo, E. Perkins; duet (vocal), by Mrs. McLean and Miss Wilson; instrumental solo, Best Coupe; reading, Miss Della Vanward; vocal solo, Miss Fowler; duet, Misses Smith and McManis; reading, Miss Sprague; auto-harp solo, Miss Waring; violin solo, E. Perkins; reading, Miss Jessie Wilson; piano duet, Misses Smith and McManis.

The great musical and it might be said social event of the week was the concert in Exmouth street church on Monday evening. Long before half past seven the building was filled and those who came fashionably late had to take whatever could be hunted up in the way of seats, the audience was a very enthusiastic one and the various numbers were all loudly applauded and in almost every case an encore was given. Mrs. C. W. Harrison's singing was of course the great feature of the evening and though various opinions are expressed it is safe to say she did not disappoint her admirers in this city. Her numbers drew forth very flattering applause and in every instance she graciously responded. Her programme consisted of "Let the Bright Seraphim with cornet obligato, Dream of Bethlehem, with violin obligato by Morton L. Harrison, and Lo, here the Gentle Lark, with flute obligato. By special request Mrs. Harrison gave "A Song of Trust" with organ accompaniment, that was beautifully rendered. Harrison's orchestra was at its best and their various numbers met with the deepest appreciation. Mr. A. C. Ritchie's encore "Rock of Ages" was sung in a manner that appealed to the heart, and was by every one considered one of the best things of the evening. Taken all together the concert was a decided success both from a musical and financial standpoint; Harrison's orchestra will hold its annual concert shortly and those who have not heard Mrs. Harrison before will have an opportunity of listening to her.

Mr. and Mrs. William Paterson of Ravenswood, Hampton, spent Sunday and part of this week in the city, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Sneider, Princess street, returning home on Thursday.

Miss Florence White who has been visiting here for some time has returned home.

For Misses Hamilton's in Shediac visiting the Misses Harper at their home "Shady Brae."

Mrs. B. E. Smith of Shediac is visiting city friends.

Miss Ada McLeod who has been in Apohaqui visiting Mrs. F. K. Burgess for a few days, has returned home.

Miss Dunlop and Miss Lecheur are in Apohaqui visiting Miss Flora Ellison.

Miss Hattie Cahill of Sackville is visiting her sister, Mrs. Belyea, for a week or two.

Mrs. G. H. Davidson of Annapolis is here visiting her friend Mrs. J. H. Davidson.

General Warner was a passenger this week on the Lake Ontario for England, where he goes for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wishart of St. Martins were here for a day or two this week on their way to Boston.

Mrs. Weston-Jones arrived Tuesday from Windsor on a visit to relatives.

Mr. J. Fred Watson of Douglas Avenue who has been ill for several weeks is able to be around again. Miss Hemlock of Moncton is paying a short visit to St. John friends.

The concert in the Y. M. C. A. rooms last week for the ambulance fund was very successful. An excellent programme was rendered to a very large and appreciative audience and the ladies in charge of the concert were much pleased with the result.

Mr. James B. Howie is in Fredericton visiting relatives.

Mr. C. R. Fisher a former conductor of the Oratorio Society is in the city visiting Mr. T. P. Bourne of Hazen street.

ford; comic reading, Jas. Buchanan; stump speech, G. Waters; dialogue, "I'll not come back again" George Dinger, Mrs. Jessie Lyon, Samuel Lyon; song, F. Rawlins. A beautiful report was then partaken of and the party returned home having had all agreed one of the most pleasant times of the season.

I regret to hear that Dr. Price is about to leave Westfield to fill the vacancy made in St. John by the appointment of Dr. Geo. Hetherington to the asylum but all join in wishing him success in his new field.

Miss Beale Clark who has been visiting Mrs. A. L. Goodwin has returned to St. John. We are pleased to hear of the recovery of Mr. W. H. Linsley from a severe illness. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fairweather—so. On Dr. Hetherington.

CORRECT BREATHING.
How it is said to Help the Stout Woman to Become Thinner.

It has been discovered that the double chin can be banished by correct breathing, says the Philadelphia Record. The woman with a short neck must hold her head high, even stretching her neck until conscious of the tension of the cords. She should also practise dropping her head and letting it roll listlessly about. This will give a graceful poise to the head, and the exercise of muscles will help consume the extra amount of fat. Lung exercises in breathing are the best exercises for excessive stoutness. The best time for this is before dressing in the morning and after undressing at night. Five or ten minutes' exercise every day will reduce the flesh in a wonderfully short time. Stand erect, with the head and chin well up, and rise upon the toes at each inspiration, holding the breath a moment, then expelling it forcibly, coming down upon the heels at the same time.

Another good breathing exercise is to draw in a full, deep breath. Retain the breath while counting fifteen and then slowly expel it. Sometimes stout women slowly expel it. Sometimes stout women never did make a stout woman less stout in appearance. Drawing her corsets tighter never did make a stout woman less stout in appearance. The first care is not to lace too tightly; the second is to banish all idea of being stout from your mind, and let the women can learn to use their bodies gracefully, even if there is predisposition to stoutness. Stout women are often the lightest dancers, and there is no reason why they should not be graceful in pose and motion. If a woman draws her breath freely from the bottom of her lungs she diminishes the effect of her size immediately by doing away with that ready-to-burst look that is generally associated with stoutness. That is the look that must be avoided, even if the waist measures an inch or so more and the bust and shoulders gain a little.

Some Musicians' Wives.
Musicians, like other artists, are prone to cherish warm affections for women, and to marry early—as well as often. Yet there is no lack of warning to women, against marrying artists, and there are instances enough to give good support to the belief that it is a risky step. That artists make worse husbands, as a rule, than other men, would be hard to prove. Even Daudet, who wrote a book on the subject, insists in his prologue that his own marriage was most happy, and his acquaintances bear him out in the statement. The wife of Haydn was a veritable Xantippe, whose ceaseless scolding drove him to find companionship outside the home walls. Mozart's wife had little sympathy with his art, and unlike Bach's first wife, had not even a provident outlook upon expenses. She was a peevish and nagging invalid, and did not attend her husband's funeral, leaving his burial to strangers. Both Haydn and Mozart married the younger sisters of the woman they really loved. Chopin never married and his natural melancholy was not much brightened by his life with the second wife, the daughter of Liszt, and her devotion to his interests while he lived, and to his memory since he died, is unexampled.—The Presto.

Puzzling Chicago Relationship.
It was their first meeting in several years and they had a great deal to say to each other.

"I have been so busy that I haven't had time to study it out," said the one in blue, "but I think we are related in some way, are we not?"

"No, I think not," replied the one in dark brown. "Where did you get that idea?"

"Why, I had an impression that the second wife of your first husband was the first wife of my present husband, and that would make a sort of connecting link, you know."

"Possibly you are right; but we could hardly call that relationship. We can come closer than that through your second husband, who was a cousin, two or three degrees removed, of my present husband, but even that does not make any relationship. I think that you have become confused on the subject of alimony, which confuses the most direct connection."

"I never could get those complications through my head," said the one in blue.

"Well," exclaimed the one in dark brown, "the alimony that you get from your first husband is just enough to pay the alimony that your present husband's first wife gets from him."

"Yes, I let him have it for that purpose."

"Then his first wife," continued the mathematician in dark brown, "was my first husband's second wife, and, as he is paying me the same amount of alimony, the money is simply transferred to me. That is where the connection comes in."

His Honor's Toothache.
A good story is told of Judge W. D. Greer, a prominent lawyer of Paducah, Missouri. Once during a visit to St. Louis he had a severe attack of toothache. He sought a dentist's office, and was met by a

young man who was scrupulously neat and clean. The latter bowed suavely, and the Judge began:

"I believe you profess to be able to extract teeth without pain?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if I don't do it I'll refund your money."

The Judge was seated in the operating chair, and the last thing he remembers was the dentist inserting a small tube in his mouth. He got a dose of gas and became unconscious. When he came to the young man was under a table, his erstwhile spotless shirt and collar covered with blood, and his clothes torn up almost beyond recognition. He was desperately waiting the Judge off, saying all the while: "Get out of here! Get out of here!"

He seemed very anxious to have the Judge get out, but he couldn't be induced to leave his retreat from under the table. "Why young man, what's the matter?" asked the Judge, who didn't understand the situation, in surprise. "If I've done anything I'm willing to pay for it."

The young man protruded his head for a moment, glanced reproachfully at the demolished furniture and his own sorry plight, wavered for a moment, and then exclaimed: "You get out of here!"

It seemed that the Judge under the influence of the gas had cleaned out the establishment, and the dentist didn't get the tooth either.

Stag Hunting in the Scottish Highlands.
More stags were killed during the past season in the Scottish Highlands than ever before, and there were more hunters. It is estimated that between 6,500 and 7,000 of the animals were killed. Fewer royal stags were killed and the weight averaged much smaller—about twelve stone, or, say, 168 pounds each. A few were reported to have weighed clean 19 or 20 stone, but nearly all the animals had less than nine prongs. Malformed heads were scarcer, too, than in former years. Two very beautiful pairs of stags horns are reported to have been secured. Seven hundred and fifty stags were killed in the various West-shire forests, mostly those of less than nine stone each. The average weight was about thirteen stone. In Caithness and Sutherland, Inverness, Argyll, and Aberdeen, shires 1,176 were killed, mostly under eight times each, the average weight being twelve stone clean.

Like all game regions Scotland is more and more crowded each season. More game is killed, and the laws have to be made more stringent to save the game even for a year.

BICYCLES.

For some weeks, we have given considerable thought and enquiry as to the most effective method of more thoroughly introducing our fine line of cycles into the Provinces of NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK and J. E. I., and have finally decided a good plan for us, and one most conducive to the purchasers is to offer same as

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Our "SPEED KING and QUEEN,"

As per cuts opposite, are made in 28 in. wheels, list price \$80.00; 26 in. wheels, ladies' list, \$75.00; 26 in. wheels, gent's list, \$70.00; and boys and girls, 24 in. wheels, list \$65.00. These all have large tubing, barrel hubs, drop-forged connections, oil retaining and dustproof bearings; and ladies' wheels are fitted with neat wood guard. They are light, graceful, well finished, easy riding and exceedingly durable.



Our "FAIRY KING" and "QUEEN,"

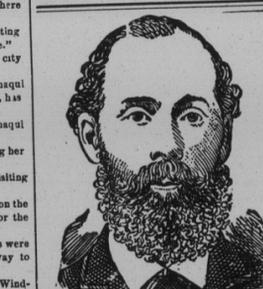
Although not quite so highly finished as the "Speed" lines, are grand value for the money, and are guaranteed to give as good results as regards riding and durability as any \$96.00 machine made. They are good goods and list at \$65.00.



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Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure all liver, bile, blood, constipation, etc.

WESTFIELD.

MAR. 10.—A very enjoyable sleighing party was given by Mr. Chesley Stevens assisted by Miss M. Creveler on Monday evening last. The big sleigh "Lone St" was chartered for the occasion and starting from Riverbank with a party of twenty-five proceeded a distance of ten miles to the home of Mr. James Williams at Beauséjour where the following programme was carried out: song, Old Uncle John, C. Stevens; piano solo, Miss M. Ballentine; speech, Mark Leighton. Mandolin solo, Miss M. Stevens; song, H. W. Jones; exhibition club singing, H. Ballentine; recitation, Miss E. Craver.

On the 13th, a very enjoyable sleighing party was given by Mr. Chesley Stevens assisted by Miss M. Creveler on Monday evening last. The big sleigh "Lone St" was chartered for the occasion and starting from Riverbank with a party of twenty-five proceeded a distance of ten miles to the home of Mr. James Williams at Beauséjour where the following programme was carried out: song, Old Uncle John, C. Stevens; piano solo, Miss M. Ballentine; speech, Mark Leighton. Mandolin solo, Miss M. Stevens; song, H. W. Jones; exhibition club singing, H. Ballentine; recitation, Miss E. Craver.

He Established His Rights.
A young man, with a delicate, straw-colored mustache and football hair parted in the center and glued down to his temples, sauntered carelessly into one of the Superior Courts the other day. He eyed the Judge through his glasses and sized up all of the attorneys. Then he walked up to the bar and poured out a glass of ice water.

The Judge, who is nervous and testy, had observed the young man and frowned down on the glued hair and glasses. When the young man boldly walked up to the bar and took a glass of ice water the Judge fairly boiled over with indignation at such temerity, amounting almost to contempt. The young man was just raising the glass to his lips when the Judge roared:

"That water, sir, is for attorneys and other officers of the court."

The glass almost dropped from his hand; he started violently, turned red, then placed the glass on the table and walked out of the court. The Judge chuckled. Half an hour later the young man entered the courtroom again with a roll of parchment in his hand. The Judge glared at him savagely, but he never flinched. Finally there was a lull in the proceedings and he addressed the court:

"Your honor!"

"What is it, sir?"

"I wish to submit to the court my certificate of admission to practice in the Supreme Court and all other courts of this state," and he passed the parchment to the clerk.

"Well, what of it?" growled the Judge.

"Now your honor, having presented the proofs of my admission to the bar, I would now move the court that I be permitted to drink from the official pitcher," and he calmly drained the glass of water he had left on the table.—San Francisco.

An English Lord's Luck.
A few days ago Lord Zetland, while fishing in the River Tay, in Scotland, hooked and landed an extraordinary salmon on his fly. The fish was 4 feet 2 inches long and 2 feet 6 inches in girth. It weighed fifty-five pounds. Mallock of Perth is now making a plaster cast of the fish for his lordship.

In June, 1886, E. G. Dun broke the American record of large salmon by taking a 54-pound salmon from the Cascapequin River, Canada. President Arthur previously had held the American record with a

50-pound salmon. A. G. Bennett of Brooklyn, who was an expert salmon fisher in Scotland, frequently saw 50-pound salmon landed, but never one over 52 pounds, which leads to the belief that the fish die when they reach a growth, or perhaps cease growing or biting.

Happy Youth.
"What would we not give," says Mr. Goslin, "for the uncloyed appetite of youth! Here am I, tired of chicken and sick of roast beef, but my young son comes in from school in the afternoon and asks for bread and butter. He goes from the kitchen to the dining room, eating one slice and carrying three more, which he arranges in front of him on the dining room table at equal distance, apart, one back of the other, in columns by companies, a whole battalion of joys! As he eats he moves up the reserves and is happy; happy on bread and butter. Oh, happy youth!"

An English Lawyer's Record in India.
An English lawyer, writing from India, says he did not have much time to hunt because business was so pressing; still, in three years, he "had killed a Kashmiri, a box, a snow bear, several black bears, and odd deer of various sorts." This man does not "fancy shooting tigers and panthers [leopards] from a tree, the animals being driven past twenty yards away by native drivers," nor does he "care to watch a live goat at night for even such game," probably looking on such killings as most people look on deer bounding and salting deer, at licks.

Carbon-strung Snowshoes the Best.
Snowshoes, without which travel in parts of Canada and of the United States would be impossible in winter, should be strung with carbon straw, so a sportsman says. A shoe thus strung does not sag in the network as do cow, moose, and horse hide rings, but tightens like a fiddle string. Indians make the best snowshoes, and a good pair of carbon-strung shoes is worth from \$10 to \$20.

There is a village in the canton of Berne in Switzerland named Montavaux, where all the inhabitants have the same family name, which is also the name of the village.

Sunday Reading.

WORKING ON SUNDAY. From a Rarely Physical standpoint it is an Unwise Thing to do.

King Charles I., as he stood by the block at which he was beheaded, said to Bishop Juxon, "Remember," and handed him the jewel of the Georges, which hung by a ribbon round his neck.

God says remember—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And he has good reason for saying "remember," as we shall see.

A well-known doctor declared that "under the due observance of Sunday, life would, on the average, be prolonged more than one-seventh of its whole period, that is, more than seven years in fifty."

Dr. Farre, after speaking of the need that horses have of Sunday's rest, said: "Man, in the long run, breaks down more suddenly. A violation of the Sabbath law abridges the length of his life and the vigor of his old age."

Lord Macaulay, our great historian, said: "Of course, I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six, but I very much doubt whether at the end of a year he will have produced more by working seven days than by working six days a week."

Now, perhaps you say: "These are doctors' opinions, and learned men's opinions, but a man must make his own sun shine." Well, let us look at a few facts, and see from them if God's "remember" is worth remembering.

No men in the world do such hard manual labor as English navies; the strain on both strength and endurance is enormous. If you do not have your Sundays you must break down. How seldom one sees a vigorous old navy as it is, but if you work week in and week out there will soon be no young ones either. It is bad policy for the contractors as well as for the men.

During the construction of the Yeovil and Exeter line the men were at work every Sunday. The railway was completed and ready for opening, when, a few days before the day appointed, a thunderstorm destroyed several bridges and delayed the celebration for months. The engineer and men worked on Sundays to complete the contract in time, but although they were ready on the second opening day, they had an accident then to repair, which took exactly as many week-days as they had worked Sundays! Did God speak here or not?

The London and North-Western Railway Company had always been one of the best paying lines, and it has always been one of the best lines for keeping down Sunday traffic and caring for its men.

Has God said "Remember" in these instances? "He is a fool" (Professor Miller says) "who works all night; he is a greater fool still who works on the Sabbath day."

Look around and see if "it pays." Observe the Sunday traders. Do they succeed? See the shops kept open on the Lord's day; are they the ones whose owners succeed? Go to Paris and see the jaded faces, the puny frames, and unretreated aspect of a people who do not regard the Sabbath. It is remarkable that what we, as a nation, are relying our observance of the Lord's day, in France and other continental countries there is a steadily-increasing movement in the opposite direction.

Yet there are men mad enough to wish to open places of amusement on Sunday, in England, forgetting that doing so will entail Sunday labor on thousands of others, and also forgetting that masters will force men to work, if the alternative is only amusement.

Yes, in God's "Remember" there is the remembrance and care for men's bodies; but He also who created their souls also cares for more for the immortal spirit in us, and for our souls' sake, He says "Remember."

Christ has lived and died for you. It is his day—the day he rose for you, and if you are ever to live with him you must rise, too, out of the present life of sin into the life of forgiveness and holiness.

Let me tell you of two men, the one a manager, now gone, and the other still alive, both of whom honored God by keeping His day holy. And do not forget that what one man has done, and another is doing you may also do.

George Corderoy was the manager of large works for a government contractor, and had to pay some hundreds of men on a Saturday night. His employer told him that he must work one Sunday, and have his men in the yard. "I will work for you until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, but I have not work on the Sabbath; I have a higher Master to serve."

"George replied, 'There is a day coming when each must give an account of himself; and he respectfully but firmly declined to

work on the Lord's day. Sunday morning came; the men assembled and went to work under another foreman. George Corderoy assembled his family, the Scriptures were read, prayer was offered, and breakfast over, the father, mother, and six children, left the yard (for they lived on the premises) in the sight of the workmen and walked to the House of God.

The situation was not lost; the God-fearing workman was all the more honored and trusted, because of his consistency. Now, here is another instance. John J—drove the engine for the air-fan, when the Mersey Tunnel was in course of construction. He was a Christian, but every other Sunday he had to work his engine all day. It was a work of necessity, and he tried to quiet his conscience by telling himself so. The thought kept coming, "Yes, it must be done, but am I obliged to do it?"

He felt he was hurting his own soul. Seeing other working men wasting the Lord's day, his mouth was shut; for did they not see him coming home from his work? Then the thought of his family came. He had four children and a delicate wife, who needed every penny he earned. If he refused to be on his engine on Sunday he must give her up and take a fireman's place. The struggle was hard, but he came across the words, "These things honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed," and he could stand it no longer. He gave up his situation, and got on as fireman at a drop of eight shillings a week. Nearly a year passed, and one day I went to see him. He came up out of the fire-hole wiping his hands on some waste, and his face one bright smile.

"Well, John," I said, "how are you?" "Well—well—body and soul."

"How is the wife?" "No better, I am sorry to say."

"It was a great sacrifice." "Ay, but the Lord has made it up to me a hundred-fold already in peace and happiness."

By and by an advertisement appeared for an inspector of engines on a Government appointment abroad. There was an examination to be passed. John went in for it and gained it, and then he wrote me this letter: "Dear friend, I hope you will forgive me for being so long in writing."

"God has fulfilled His promise, even to me. I am going to Africa, under Government terms, £25 per month, 3rd class passage out and back. God has been with me in my examinations. According to my faith He has answered my prayers, yes, even more than I have asked."

"I will write to you when I get settled and give you all particulars. Thank God, my trust in Him is stronger than ever. I can say, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

"Ever your humble friend and brother in Christ Jesus," John J—

He has risen since then, and his family are now with him. When out in the "veldt" he has ridden thirty miles into Verulam on a Saturday to spend Sunday with God's people.

Dear friends, do lay to heart God's "Remember"—British Messenger

WAS ONLY A VISION. It Taught the Lesson That We Do Not Fall When We Strive Aright.

I stood in a beautiful place. Where it was I know not, but a sense of calm and rest stole over my weary brain and soothed my weakened nerves, and my earthly troubles dropped from me as a cloud. And there came, as through from afar off, the sweetest music falling on my ears and entering into my soul-worn brain, and I thought to myself, "Surely this is heaven, and I entered in," and I breathed a deep sigh of happiness; but a voice, melodious and deep, spoke in my ear.

"Nay, not yet have you reached heaven." And I turned and saw standing beside me an angel, and a light of perfect happiness shone from his face.

"Where, then, am I?" I asked, "and what is this beautiful place?" "This is but the Border Land," he answered. "Yonder"—and he pointed onwards—was Heaven. But not yet may you enter; your work lies there," and he pointed back to my life.

"But I am tired," I cried; "all my life is a failure. I have tried and worked hard—only to fail." The angel raised his hand, and a look of solemnity came over his features. "It is decreed that you must go back," he said, "and say not that you have failed until the All-seeing God says you have failed."

Then he touched me on the shoulder, "Look," he said, "and I will show you," and he pointed onward towards heaven. "What do you see?" he asked.

And I said, "I see nought but fairness beyond description, and a great light." And he said, "Look well, and tell me what you see."

And I looked long, then I said, "I see a great multitude of souls, and in the midst a burning and shining light, but I cannot look," and I covered my eyes with my hands. Then the angel touched my eyes. "Look," he said, and I looked and saw as it were a veil, before the shining light.

And there came borne to us on the fragrant air of heaven a triumphant burst of song, and I heard loud "Hosannas" singing, and I saw the multitude like a great sea divide, and leave a broad pathway up to the shining light.

At the end of the pathway, nearest the Border Land, I saw a woman standing. She was pale and thin, and her face was haggard as she stood at the beginning of the pathway. And methought I saw the

tears well up in her eyes as the chorus rose and swelled.

Come, ye blessed, come, come! And I saw one step swiftly down the pathway, and gently wiping her tears, as the angels bowed before them, he led her up, up to the shining light into the presence of God.

And I turned to my companion, and he had bowed himself to the earth; and I asked him who the woman was, and he answered me, "She gave up all that a woman holds dear in life to work for and nurse her sick mother, and people called her a failure; but God sees not as men see; to him her life was a grand success."

And I began to muse on these things, when the angel said unto me, "Look yet again."

And I looked, and still the pathway was there. And at the entrance a man stood with bowed head, and the tears fell from his eyes, and he clasped his hands nervously; and I saw that his face was thin and his cheeks sunken, as though the battle of life had gone hard against him.

At the burst of music from the heavenly choir he looked up tremblingly, then he fell on his knees. And the Saviour, Christ came to him and gently raised him up and spoke sweet words of comfort in his ear; and the man's face grew bright with a new-found hope, and the tears were dried from off his cheeks as his Redeemer led him into the presence of God.

And I turned to the kneeling angel. "Surely," I said, "those bursts of applause could be but for one of earth's great ones?"

And he said: "The world accounted him a failure. He was a business man; and a man already rich, with no need of more to do his best to take the bread out of this man's mouth; but this man lived honestly, and owed no man anything, and the All-seeing—and the angel bowed himself—'knoweth and seeth all things on the earth, and he saw this man's struggles and endeavors to do right; therefore he is a successful character in the eyes of our God.'"

After a while I looked again toward heaven, and I noticed that the faces of the multitude were solemn and grave, and the harpers had ceased their playing, and the grand chorus had stopped; and at the entrance to the pathway stood a man, and the light from the presence convicted him as a money-loving man.

And I turned to the angel. "What does it mean?" I asked. "This is the man of whom I spoke but just now," he answered me. "He attended church, and he went to the most charitable institutions; but all are as nothing in the eyes of God. He looks at the life of a man."

"Why, then, is the man here?" I asked. "At the last he repented him," the angel made reply, "and is forgiven; but how can the multitude welcome him so joyfully? Truly he was one of the earth's successes, but he was a failure in the eyes of our Lord."

And I looked again, and I saw that the pitying, forgiving Christ gently led the man into dark and left money at his death to charitable institutions; but all are as nothing in the eyes of God. He looks at the life of a man."

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a tale," too little attention has been paid to the prodigal father, although it can be proven that he is directly responsible for the prodigal course by the son.

While the prodigal father does not take to the woods, he yet truly does wander from the plane of conduct that would insure a happy home, and he too often wastes the legitimate heritage of his children in riotous living.

It is not enough for the father to supply his son with food, shelter, clothing and education. He should remember his own boyhood, and as far as possible be a companion, counselor, guide and friend to his children as well as his father.

In too many cases he thinks that he is complying with all the requirements of the law of God and of man when he supplies their material needs. Hence so many unhappy homes, so many ruined lives and so many prodigal sons wandering over the earth and eating the bitter husks of sorrow and defeat.

The true father will pour out his love and sympathy upon his children with unstinted measure. He will enter into all their aims and ambitions, and make their surroundings at once so pleasant and so profitable that home will be to them a heaven and they will have no desire to stray into strange and untried fields.

A father should inspire love in his children, and never fear. He should so conduct himself as to be a worthy example for them to follow, and he should win and maintain their respect as well as their affection.

He should fully realize that these children are given to him in trust; that a most potent responsibility rests upon him, and at the last day their souls may be demanded at his hands.

And when these boys are growing up he should study their inclinations, the bent of their minds, into what direction of trade or profession it may appear to go, and when he is satisfied that the inclination is real and not a fancy, he should gratify it so far as the ability to do so is in his power.

Many a bright young boy has been transformed into a wretched prodigal because forced into a trade or business for which he had not the slightest taste or aptitude.

The prodigal father is not a curiosity; he is too plentiful for that, and he is responsible too often for the miserable state of the prodigal son that so frequently arouses the pity and regret of humanity.—N. Y. Advertiser.

POETRIAS OF CHRIST.

They Vary Much According to the Ideal of the Schools of Artists.

It is a singular fact that throughout the entire New Testament there is nothing regarding the personal appearance of Christ, and the early fathers of the Church, who doubtless knew something of how He looked while on earth, are equally silent about it. A portrait of Him has been claimed by some to have come down from Apostolic times and that copies of it were taken and are still extant. That this statement has no foundation in fact would appear to be evident from the circumstance that the old masters, in their representations of the Saviour, follow no recognized model and are as various in such portraits as were their conceptions of what the real Christ should be.

This diversion must be apparent to all who have examined such paintings in the Louvre and other large collections. In Fra F. Lippi's "Madonna and Child," for instance, an exquisite creation, the face of the infant Saviour, though perfect in contour, has a look of precocious intelligence which seems unnatural in one so young. Carlo Dolce, Murillo and others, though displaying different types of child life, are perhaps equally successful in conveying a nearly satisfying ideal in their representations of the child Christ.

They all, however, pay no regard to ethnic considerations in their work, and as a result the face is Italian, French, Spanish or Jewish, as it should have been.

In paintings of the man Christ in F. R. Francis's painting, "The Virgin and Two Angels Weeping Over the Dead Body of Christ," is probably the divinest conception of Christ ever traced on canvas. Though the face is evidently that of the dead, all the emotions of the soul seem to be mirrored upon it. In Borgognone's "Christ Bearing the Cross," Correggio's "Ecce Homo," all marvelous creations, as well as in other perhaps equally meritorious, however different they may be, they at least convey an ideal Christ, which does not shock Christian sensibilities as does Munkacsy's representation of the Saviour in his famous painting, "Christ Before Pilate."—Neil Macdonald.

Opportunities to do Right. Whatever God may deny us, he never denies us the opportunity to do the right thing. This thing may be our going forward or our going back, our acquiescence or our refusal. He leaves it to us to decide and this is our opportunity. Sometimes the opportunity is to become poor, sometimes it is to become rich. Sometimes it is to live, sometimes it is to die. But it rests with us to make the circumstances in which we are placed our opportunity to do the right thing, and to take it. God often shuts the door in our face in order that we may go through another one which he has opened. He knows that the closed door is the one that we want to go through, but the open one is the door that we need to go through. But sometimes he permits the opening of a door which he then shuts us to by allowing us to see the opportunity of keeping out of it. And there are times when he closes all doors in order that we might have the opportunity of patiently waiting and persistently knocking until one is opened. No one can complain of the lack of opportunity, for he is plain duty to be in one or another of these cases.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

What you can do.

You cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction and repose possible even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to a man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where is that stone going, to what part of the temple; and how is he going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. This is only one stone of many. So, when men shall ask when and how is your little achievement going into God's plan, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—Phillips Brooks.

Christian Giving.

Give as God prospers you. It is a duty required in the Scriptures. It is a privilege; it makes you a co-worker with God. Then God blesses those who obey this rule, so that they increase in their basket and their store. Thousands of years ago it was written: "Honor the Lord with substance and with the first fruits of all increase and with the first fruits of all your increase and with the first fruits of all your increase and with the first fruits of all your increase." Dr. Talmage tells of two merchants. The one said when he got rich he would give to promote the Lord's work. The other said: "I give now as the Lord prospers me." The former lives in poverty; the latter is a rich man. Yes, "God gives power to get wealth."

Using The Telephone.

A telephone has been placed on the preacher's desk in the congregational church at Norfolk, Conn., in order that members of the church who are unable to attend the services may hear the sermons as they sit at home.

His Good Record.

Dawson Oldham, a 78-year-old resident of White Hall, Ky., never has missed a sermon at the Methodist church in that place in the forty years he has been a member. He never has used tobacco in any form, nor has he tasted whisky.

"The world passeth away and the last things shall be first," but that doeth the will of God abideth for ever. Little children, it is the last time; and as ye have heard that anti-Christ shall come, even now are there many anti-Christ; whereby we know that it is the last time." 1 John 2: 17, 18.

The Love of God.

The love of God does not destroy, but elevates and perfects all other love to kindred and to friends. But it subordinates every affection to Him. It makes us not indifferent, but independent.

A SHORT TALK ON BEING TIRED.

Are you a working man, or a working woman? I don't mean one who is so by classification, or by having been born on a certain side of certain lines of social cleavage, but solely because you daily do some sort of real, honest, and useful work? Yes? I shake your hand. I hope you manage to do it with hearty and healthy joy sometimes find yourself tired, dog-tired, and hungry as a wolf with plenty of good food for supper. Then hey! for bed and a genuine sleep of eight hours; to jump from bed in the morning, both feet on the floor at once. That's the right kind of "tired" and the heaven-descended brand of rest. It is a blessing in itself, and bears others in its train.

But the variety of fatigue so many people are all the time writing us about is different. Listen to this one, for instance: "In September, 1894," he says, "all these overcame me a terrible languor. I was easily tired and comparatively slight efforts served to exhaust me completely. Indeed I never seemed rested at all, and was as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. Both muscles and mind were inert and relaxed. At the same time my appetite seemed to be tired too. I had no relish for food, and after eating felt uneasiness and distress in the stomach and pain at the chest. My skin was sallow also, and there was a dull aching at my right side in the region of the liver."

"I was constantly belching up a sour fluid, and my food would sometimes 'peep' or rise into my mouth. All I could do to rectify this miserable state of things I did, acting upon the suggestion of friends and others, but failed to obtain any remedy for my complaint, which meantime obtained a stronger hold upon me."

"On account of my inability to eat and digest food my flesh fell off until I became so thin you might have fancied me as having gone into a decline. And I was so weak I could scarcely get about. I remained in this condition month after month, and, of course, for work and virtually a man out of the world's fight."

"The doctor who prescribed for me probably understood my case, but he was not able, apparently, to cure me. And I notice it is in illness as in business; unless one holds his own he is bound to be falling behind, which made me anxious to obtain relief soon, lest I might pass beyond the reach of it. And in answer to the hope finally came to the help I needed."

"In July of last year (1894) I read 'Aunt Mother's' Serravallo's Syrup in a small pamphlet which was left at our house. The book described my symptoms perfectly, and stated the disease to be indigestion, with dulness and inactivity of the liver, the latter condition a result of the former. The weakness and loss of weight it explained, naturally enough, to be the effect of want of proper nourishment. Cure the stomach trouble in such cases, said an article in the pamphlet, and the consequences will vanish of themselves."

"On this I procured a bottle of the Syrup from Messrs. Robinson and Co., chemists, Hunslet Carr, and after taking it for a few days, I found myself much better. My food now ceased to give me pain, and I gained some strength with every meal. No better proof of the power of this medicine could I ask. I continued the use of it; the bad symptoms abated and no longer troubled me, and in a few weeks I felt as vigorous and well as ever I did. I could work as before and experienced that kind of fatigue which promotes rest and is relieved by it. I have since enjoyed good health, and you are welcome to publish this short account of my case. (Signed) Percy Hardaker, 42, Woodhouse Hill Road, Hunslet Carr, Leeds, March 29th, 1895."

Mr. Hardaker is agent for the Pearl Assurance Society, and is well and widely known. His own intelligent comments on his complaint renders any words of ours quite needless. In private conversation he said he looked upon that unnatural "tired" feeling as a warning that none should neglect. It means, not the effect of work, but of exhaustion through that subtle disease indigestion. Mother Serravallo's Syrup should be taken then, as he would have taken it then had he heard of it. We hope Mr. Hardaker's timely words, based as they are on an instructive experience, will be heeded by all to whom they apply.

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England proposes to raise a regiment of gentlemen; there would be plenty of recruits from the young men who failed to pass the examination admitting to the military schools. Lord Wolseley favors the plan.

A British Columbia M. P. and a Buffalo Clergyman.

Andrew Huxley, M. P. for Vancouver Island, B. C., and the Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, a clergyman well known both in his country and Canada, bear simultaneous testimony to the blessing of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in case of catarrh. Whether used on the Pacific Coast, or within easy distance of the roaring Niagara, the result is the same. Mr. Buckley's words are these: "I have been troubled with catarrh for years, but the first time I used this remedy I received most delightful relief, and now regard myself entirely cured after the use of the remedy for two months." Quoting Will Carleton, Mr. Huxley can say: "Dom is my sentiments, too."

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, cold, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis, and deafness. Sample Bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detchem, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Russia and Japan will have the total eclipse of the sun on August 9 entirely to themselves, as the line of totality passes through Nova Zembla, Siberia, and the Island of Jessu only.

Years of Suffering from Rheumatism Relieved by One Dose of Medicine. "For many years," writes Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of the well-known birch manufacturer, of Highgate, Ont., "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years, without much benefit. Though I had lost confidence in medicines I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had in years, and two bottles have completely cured. You may publish this letter." Said by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A London magistrate, being unable to write, made his mark to a number of commitments to prison lately, and they were held good. He is not illiterate, but has gout.

March a Trying Month. The month of March is a trying one, and at no season of the year is the need of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic more keenly felt, especially by those advanced in years or persons who from any cause are reduced in health. Hawker's tonic is a blood and flesh builder, and nerve and brain invigorator that brings renewed health and power to the over-wrought or weakened system. Throughout eastern Canada it is supported by the strongest testimonials from leading clergymen, as well as from men and women in all walks of life. Persons suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia, general debility or nervous prostration find it a health restorer in the fullest sense. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.

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FASTED TWELVE DAYS.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHUT UP IN A PLACE WITHOUT FOOD.

The Queer Story of a man who Made a Journey in a Box Car Without Food or Water—The Horror of his Position—A Close Call That he Does not Want Again.

Twelve days without food! Twelve days without drink! Twelve days shut up in a dark, ill-smelling box car, with a little fresh air to breathe as in to be found in a Russian convict cell. These are conditions which happily few men are called upon to face. And of those called upon to face them few survive. The experiences, the sensations, the feelings of pain or pleasure, if there be any of the latter, of the man who has faced them and survived them are unique. These experiences and feelings are given here, as told by one who has gone through them—William H. Falkenberg, at present an occupant of a ward in the city hospital.

Falkenberg was found in a box car of a train belonging to the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, when the car was opened at the foot of Biddle street, eight or nine days ago. He was helpless and appeared to be insane. He was removed to the city hospital, being placed in what is known as the chronic ward. By careful nursing and a diet suitable to his very weak stomach he has recovered at least a little of his former strength, and yesterday, for the first time, was able to tell the tale of his terrible sufferings. It is expected the man will now be fully restored to health. There is some question as to the effect which his calamity will have upon his reason. Yesterday, however, he was rational and quiet, and took upon himself the responsibility for his own condition, on the ground that in taking possession of a box car he was trespassing on other people's property.

Notwithstanding the fact that Falkenberg has partially regained his usual strength he still possesses all the indications of the man who has just passed through a period of starvation. There is one thing peculiar about the starving man which the least observant individual who has ever come in contact with one must have noticed. This striking feature is his excessive thinness. It is not the leanness of the lean man, but the thinness which is accompanied by emaciation. Even after a week's careful and skillful treatment at the city hospital this emaciation is present. As a consequence, the bones and certain of his features are exceedingly prominent. The nose, for example, seems much larger than the nose of the average man of similar character, physical and intellectual. The face is lividly pale, the cheeks are sunken. The eyes possess that brightness peculiar to a feverish condition. The pupil is dilated—the stare is wild. The voice is feeble. The hands tremble like those of a person who regains his liberty after long confinement.

"It is difficult," said Falkenberg "to give you anything like an accurate tale of the sufferings I endured or of the sensations I experienced on my way in that box car from Monterey, Mexico, to this city. Nor can I say how many days I spent in the box car. In fact, I have no recollection what ever on that point. I have, however, a vivid recollection of some of the earlier days I spent without food or water. First of all, as to the peculiarity of taking possession of a box car which was at the time or subsequently became locked. I had been in Monterey for some time, and had been working there for about six months. I was engaged for the greater part of this time in working around engines. I was paid for this about \$60 or \$70 a month, according to the way the work came. At length work became slack, I was dissatisfied, and you know the lack of reasonableness which a dissatisfied man will always display. If he's dissatisfied in the North he wants to go South; if dissatisfied in the South he wants to go North. Tell him that he may meet with harder conditions by reason of the contemplated change, and he replies that they could be no worse than they are.

"Well, I determined to get North, and also determined to beat my way. I am not what you would be justified in describing as a drinking man. I do take a drink, but am not a hard drinker in the generally accepted meaning of the term. But I had been having a few drinks with a few friends on the day on which I had made up my mind to quit Mexico. My companions accompanied me to a point on the railroad where a freight train was standing. One of the box cars was open, but some of the train hands were walking round, and so I had to resort to a ruse to gain admission. On the top of the car was a little door, I suppose for the convenience of the trainmen, to head lamp backward and forward, &c. I climbed to the top of the car and set myself down through this door. In the mean time I had told my friends to close the main door, that is, to close it without locking it. The trap door on which is a sort of sliding arrangement, which, when fastened, cannot be reopened from the inside. For the purpose of having a joke at my expense, I imagine, my friends not only closed the main door, but locked it and barred it, so that it was impossible for me to open it. I had myself closed the upper door to more effectively escape the chances

of detection. For a few hours I did not think I was in any danger. But the car became unusually stuffy, so much so that I put my mouth to the small chinks in the sides of the car in order to get a little fresh air. I soon began to suffer intensely from the heat of the car and the want of air, and the anxiety as to whether I would be left in the box to die. Twenty-four hours passed and still the train rolled on, jerking and jolting. In vain I made an attempt to attract the attention of some train hand. I finally became so weak that I could no longer even make this attempt.

"My suffering, so far as hunger is concerned, was not noticeable up to this point. Thirst, however, had set in. The intoxicating liquors of which I had partaken before starting added to it. Another twelve hours had passed. It was now night, and how terribly long and dismal that night seemed! I hardly slept at least my sleep was fitful. I felt alternately the freezing cold of age and the burning consuming heat of fever. The morning came, and, as if a new day gave a fresh hope of life, I rejoiced that it had come. There is something which is exceedingly captivating to a man traveling through the country in a train as he pulls up the curtain of his sleeper and sees the shadows of dawn falling on the woods or hills in the distance. No such sight can have been as attractive to any man as was the coming of day to me, cooped up in that old box car, which I expected would be my grave. The second day I was out, and, after three or four hours, we rolled into some station. While I was practically unconscious—I was told I was delirious—I still managed to retain my senses. When the train came to a standstill I heard some person walking close by on the platform. Throwing all of the little energy which remained into my voice, I called for help. And then I fell prostrate to the floor. The station was San Antonio, I afterward discovered. The car was opened and I was lifted out. I longed for the air; I longed for a draught of water. But the air overcame me, and on trying to walk I again fell. I was given some water. I begged for it, and it seemed to relieve me. But my thirst did not go away. I was given more, and my stomach would not stand it. I was taken to a doctor. He evidently saw there was something wrong, and I believe he knew what was wrong. He put a glass of water before me and while I was anxious to take it, I told him I feared it. My thirst continued and now I was seized with a violent chill. However, I was supplied with some medicine, and told I would be all right. After a day I managed to eat a little, so little that it is not worth mentioning. I felt, however, that nothing now was wrong, and not thinking a great deal of my experience, determined to get further north.

I went to a box car a little outside of San Antonio, attached to a train which I knew would soon be starting out for St. Louis. I was weak still, and in suppose I was suffering from the effects of the previous trip. It looks as if I were either exceedingly unfortunate, or as if I had a mania for getting into box cars. Possibly I had become a little bit unbalanced. At all events the car was locked on me, as you know, for it was lying three or four days in the yard before being moved. I was to experience the first pangs of hunger. Every man has been hungry, but what a difference between the pleasant stimulus of appetite and the agony of starvation! But the hunger was nothing to the thirst. It began to rain, and I tried with all my might to lap the little drops which entered the crannies in the sides of the car. I was hoarse. My voice was so weak that if the use of it would have procured for me all the comforts I could ask I could not use it. My tongue began to swell; it seemed to stick to my palate. I found it difficult to breathe. I became light-headed; my heart beat violently. As night came on I became terribly cold. I suppose I was feverish. Then I had dreams, and such dreams! They were the dreams of the fever patient. All the incidents of life would be woven into them in confused mass. And in the visioned picture, woods and streams were always most prominent.

"I know little about my removal to the hospital. I only know that the sight of water sickened me and the sight of food sickened me still more. The experience is one which I shall not forget. I am feeling well now, although I am exceedingly weak."

Falkenberg is a man a good deal above the average of his class in the matter of intelligence. He seems, by his conversation, to have received a fair education, and the eyes, particularly, denote a fairly bright mind.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Easy Matter. Simmons—How in the world do you get yourself in the proper frame of mind to write those pessimistic poems? Timmins—I use a fountain pen. Tried to Drown His Sorrow. Mrs. Ayebee—Men are such funny things. When Ayebee asked me to be his he was the most disconsolate man imaginable. Mrs. Cedee—I can well believe that.

Open to Deceit. Good Samaritan—Don't you know better than to drive that poor horse uphill so fast? O'Connor—Up hill, is it? Oh, begorra! the nag's blind and can't see it!

GREAT BRITAIN'S DEBT.

GRADUAL PROGRESS WHEREBY IT HAS ACCUMULATED.

It Now Amounts to Eighty Five Dollars for Every Man, Woman and Child in the United Kingdom—The Principles on Which It May Be Gradually Reduced.

It is interesting to study the gradual process whereby Great Britain has piled up her enormous national debt, which reaches the stupendous sum of \$660,160,607. Against this sum there are \$25,000,000 of assets, including the shares in the Suez Canal, which were purchased by Lord Beaconsfield, thus making a net liability, in round numbers, of \$635,000,000. But large as this sum seems, it is less than it was some years ago. In 1856, at the close of the Crimean war, it stood at \$286,000,000, and in 1860 it was only reduced to \$218,000,000.

A national debt such as this has grown up, strange to say, with the progress of civilization. Xerxes, Alexander the Great, and Mahmud of Ghazni knew nothing of such necessities. The British national debt began in the reign of Charles II., when some of the goldsmiths of Lombard street placed large sums of money in the national treasury, and the light-fingered "Merri Monarch" calmly annexed it to his own use, promising interest. The war with Holland, soon afterward, justified him, as he thought, in coolly appropriating the money of several of his nobles; and his brother, James II., on his accession to the throne, followed on these questionable lines, and it was these methods which eventually led to the present great national debt. Its growth was gradual. At the close of the revolution of 1688 it stood at \$264,968, involving an annual interest of \$39,855. Fourteen years later, at the death of William III, it had risen to \$12,750,000. Again, twelve years later at the death of Queen Anne in 1714 it had reached the sum of \$37,000,000.

The American and French wars added over \$900,000,000 to the debt, and in 1816 it reached the enormous sum of \$346,000,000. This is the highest figure at which the national debt of Great Britain has ever stood. But although at the commencement of the Crimean war, in 1854, it had decreased by several millions, at the close of that war it had again risen to the great sum of \$286,000,000.

Before the reign of Charles II, the sovereign of England always pledged certain distinct revenues, or even the crown jewels, for money loaned. But when the need for increased sums grew urgent the present system of banking and of credit came into vogue; and in the year 1850 that consolidation of the stocks of the national debt known as "consols" took place, bearing three per cent interest. In 1888 the "new stock" was issued, bearing interest at 2 1/2 per cent until the year 1903, when it will become 2 1/4 per cent. In England this national debt has always been regarded as a great national evil, although there are some who hold that it is a good thing because it affords a safe means of investment. If the debt had been incurred for some remunerative object something might be said in its behalf, but the national debt of England has been entirely incurred through unnecessary wars.

Stories are told of persons who, feeling the heavy burden which the national debt lays upon the nation, have patriotically bequeathed sums of money to assist in defraying it. But gradually the debt is being diminished. This is effected by three methods: First, from any difference between the money required for the interest and management of the debt, and the \$25,000,000 annually laid aside out of the taxes of the country by order of Parliament, for the service of the debt. In 1855, for example, the amount so laid aside was \$28,000,000. That is to say, \$25,000,000 of revenue must now every year be used for the national debt; so, if the interest and management absorb, say, twenty-four millions, it is clear that one million could be used for the repayment of the debt itself. And this, in fact, is the plan pursued; and as even the comparatively small amount paid off yearly reduces the annual charge, an increasing balance should accrue year after year from the \$25,000,000 for the repayment of the debt should thus proceed automatically and at an increasing rate.

The second source from which the debt is repaid is from the surplus, accruing at the end of any financial year, of national income over expenditure. Thus if the taxes, excise duties, &c., during the year ending March 31, 1896, produced, say, in round numbers, 186 millions of pounds sterling, and the expenditure was 100 millions, the surplus of 86 millions would be used to repay the debt. The remissions of taxation for the coming year would have

to come out of that year, and not from the surplus of the year just closed. The actual process of the extinction of the debts is, of course, performed by the purchase of the stock or bonds of the debt, and the cancellation of them as they are bought.

Another method of paying off the debt is by the creation of "terminable annuities." The government sells the day purchases at intervals from the National Debt Commissioners so many millions of national debt stock, i. e., "consols," and in return give the Commissioners an annuity, including principal and interest, to be terminated in a number of years. The stock is cancelled and the annuity is paid to the Commissioners every year, on terms calculated to return to them the capital of the debt with a low rate of interest. The charges from the national debt include this expenditure for the "terminable annuities" which comes out of the \$25,000,000 now set aside for the service of the debt.

But slowly as this great national debt is being delayed, yet at the present time it would be equal to about \$85 for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, while the annual cost is equal to about \$3 each. A recent English writer on the subject has said: "The present vote of the Community five millions a year means which the national debt costs the United Kingdom. It means that but for this tremendous annual charge we could at once dispense with the burdensome and vexatious income and property taxes, raising some sixteen million a year; we could dispense with the equally annoying tax on coffee and cocoa duties, producing some four millions a year; we could dispense with the railway passenger tax, producing over a quarter of a million a year, and we could also abolish the duties on dried fruits, such as currants and raisins, figs and plums, producing nearly \$400,000 annually. The dog license and some other taxes might also be taken off. In short, taxation might be reduced by 25 per cent."

At the present time the financial condition of England shows but little prospect of a permanent reduction of the national debt. The recent vote of the House of Commons of the large sum of seventy millions of pounds sterling for the increase of the navy, and the prospects of a large addition to the next budget for a large vote of money for the increase of the army, would seem to indicate that ere long the national debt of Great Britain will rise to the "high water mark" of \$446,000,000, where it stood at the close of the American and French wars, and which will involve an annual cost of nearly \$32,000,000 of money.

Not very many years ago Sir William Harcourt, in speaking on a "Hundred Million Budget" raised a cry of caution. He said, "Great Britain is wealthy, but how long can she spend a hundred million pounds a year?"

SALVATION ARMY DISCIPLINE.

Story of Gen. Booth by a Former Resident of Guy's Hospital, London.

The present trouble in the Salvation Army has recalled some incidents showing the inflexible, not to say cruel, discipline in the rank and file of the army, and the extreme hardships undergone, especially by the newer members. Not many of these stories get into print, for the new converts are silent. A bright woman who has lived several years in New York, but is of English birth and training, told the other day of an incident of twelve or thirteen years ago, which occurred while she was a resident of Guy's Hospital of London. She was there as an indoor medical student attending clinic, and also for treatment for spinal trouble, her brother being one of the resident doctors of the hospital.

"During a severe spell of cold weather," she said, "three of the patients brought to the hospital were members of the Salvation Army in uniform—two women and a man. All three had collapsed from weakness and exposure while out in the bitter cold performing the work imposed by their superiors. I believe they were begging, or at least one was. That is, as I understood it, each was furnished with a list of names and addresses of people from whom subscriptions were to be solicited, each list representing a day's work of the very hardest sort. It was said that if they did not do a satisfactory day's work they got only bread and water for supper."

"The man was found to be dangerously ill of pneumonia. The house doctor said that one of the chief causes of his illness was insufficient clothing. The man had on only a thin cotton shirt of the flimsiest material underneath his Salvation Army jersey. The doctor said that to go out in such weather was simply suicidal, and that the people who imposed such tasks ought to be in jail. In fact, all the attendants in the ward were indignant, and it was almost the sole subject of our conversation at meals. The man said that these were all the clothes he had, and he had no means of getting more. They had a trifling allowance, I believe he said, of three or four shillings a week, and they had to account literally for every halfpenny of it. If they spent what was considered an unnecessary penny, it was deducted from the next week's allowance."

"I don't know so much about the women patients, but we understood they were also very low. They, too, had the scantiest clothing. It is a rule in Guy's, as in other hospitals, that patients who can pay for treatment ought to do so. After a while in this case the hospital authorities sent a bill to Gen. Booth for the treatment of these three patients. The General answered, declining to pay; he said neither he nor the Army could be held responsible for the medical bills of its members. He also said, and this was the outrageous part of it, that when a soldier ceased to work he ceased to belong to the Army. The hospital people wrote again and insisted that as these people became ill while performing unreasonable duties imposed by the Army, the Army ought to pay the bills."

"I don't remember how that controversy ended—probably I never heard—but I know the hospital officials were angry enough to make trouble for the general if he did not pay. Some part of the story

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WATSON'S DUNDEE WHISKY. Daintiest Blend on Earth. eventually got in the papers, and a Radical weekly—I think it was Reynolds's Sunday News—took it up. This paper hunted up the people that Gen. Booth dealt with for his supplies, and published long articles showing that he revelled in the choicest luxuries in the market and lived like a regular nabob. They said he bought strawberries in winter, the best in Convent Garden, at half a guinea a box, and that he bought the most expensive wines, and had a cook at £45 a year, which is a very big salary over there for a cook. Several of the papers criticized the General, and called for some counting of the thousands of pounds that had been raised for the Army, and which the General had put in his own private pocket for all the public knew to the contrary. But the General never noticed these attacks. It has already been noted that the General has always kept the control of the Army, which includes the sole handling of the funds, among the members of his own family.—N. Y. Sun.

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WOMAN and HER WORK.

I do wish that woman would try to show a little more originality, not only in their dress but in their thoughts and their manner of life generally! I don't mean to hint at anything like eccentricity because the girl who adopts the eccentric role is rarely a success, unless she is fortunately enough to be both clever and wealthy. It requires both of these attributes to carry off eccentricity successfully, and without them a woman is very apt to make herself merely a laughing stock for the rest of humanity. Neither would I advise the seeker after originality to adopt the mad, capricious, and horsey role, which to some misguided young women seems to represent the very acme of emancipation, and general attractiveness. I know one such dame though only by sight, and reports that she is a very good-looking woman, and that she is so very horsey, and her manners have so much of the unconventional freedom and careless abandon of the harness room that one cannot help thinking her proper avocation would be that of a groom, or a veterinary surgeon, though there is doubt if she possesses sufficient gentleness to succeed in the latter sphere of usefulness.

So don't try to be masculine girls, but do try to have more ideas of your own. Don't depend on others and copy them until you lose every bit of individuality with which nature endowed you. If your dearest friend whom you admire above everyone else in the world is tall, stately and exceedingly stylish, don't please fall into the error of imagining that you have only to copy her style of dress and imitate every trick of manner which is part of her charm, in order to be just as attractive. In nine cases out of ten the intimate friend of such a girl is pretty sure to be short, plump and vivacious is that by moulding herself upon the model of her stately friend she only succeeds in making a ludicrous caricature of herself, instead of fulfilling the destiny nature intended her for, and being charming in her own way. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but like some other kinds of flattery it often has a servile look and it is not always a source of unmixed gratification to the imitated. No one likes to have even her dearest friend copying her most carefully planned costumes, and showing confidence in her good taste by ordering a hat which shall be an exact copy of the one recently designed for herself. And besides that, neither the gown nor the hat are likely to be much of success on the understudy; they will probably be just as much of a misfit as were the peacock's plumes upon the fabled jackdaw.

We have all known misguided girls who wasted time that might have been profitably spent, in laborious acquiring every trick of manner and speech which formed part of the individuality of some woman whom they admired; and then when they had drilled themselves into a sort of electroplated imitation of the genuine article, they imagined that they had fully mastered the secret of her charm, little dreaming that the only mystery about their model's success was her little spark of originality, and that it never could be borrowed.

How much better to spend a little time in studying one's own good points—for we are none of us without them—and then cultivate our own modest gifts to the best of our ability, and strive with all our might to cherish any tiny little sprout of individuality which we may find, and do our best to prove the injustice of the judgement lordly man has been pleased to pass upon us; that "Women, like monkeys, are born imitators, but utterly incapable of originating anything for themselves."

Dear, dear! It is no secret to be a contributor of the Woman's page in a popular paper like *PROGRESS* which is always expected to be up to date in everything. The mental strain of trying to keep track of the different fads which seem to assail the minds of womankind at regularly recurring intervals is alone sufficient to undermine the nervous system of a much more robust person than I am, not to mention the narrowing contradictions of the highest fashion authorities, and the effort to glean fresh effects in culinary matters from the nose to fruitful fields of modern cookery. I feel myself gradually sinking under the combined burdens laid upon my graceful shoulders, and I see nothing before me but a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or a prolonged rest from my work in some secluded lunatic asylum.

And what do you think is the latest fad "in society circles" the writers in the society columns say? Why simply going barefoot! Someone, who does not seem to have attached her card to the discovery, has found out that in order to make our cheeks blossom like the rose, and our complexions of dazzling purity, we have only to take off our shoes and stockings, and wear our feet perfectly bare for a certain number of hours each day; we are not even to be allowed the flimsy comfort of the pink and white woolen booties that infants wear, or the untrammelled delights of bedroom slippers. Absolute nudity is the only thing for our feet, is the only

thing which will make us permanently beautiful. I believe the proper attitude for the votary of this new cult to assume, is to recline in a low chair with her dainty pink and white feet crossed before her on a silken cushion, so that everyone who calls may admire them at leisure, and the feet themselves may enjoy perfect freedom. I was so fascinated with the pretty picture the description called up, that I had some thought of trying the effect myself, but I had to give it up, on further consideration. In the first place we don't have silken cushions in our office, the only cushion I know of, is in my chair, and it is covered with black cloth through which the excruciating bulges picturesquely in several places. It would be very chilly to the touch, I am sure, and besides that I could not spare it from the chair. And in the second place, I am sure that I could never paddle about our office, and run up and down our stairs in my bare feet without getting them so full of splinters that I should have to waste hours of precious time in picking them out. Besides that, my feet are not pretty anyway, when I haven't got my stockings on, so I am not going to sacrifice them for the sake of my complexion.

The originator of this wonderful beautifier has discovered that the famous Madame Recamier who was beautiful at 80, owed her marvellous complexion entirely to her habit of going about in her bare feet with sandals attached to them by ribbons which passed between her rosy toes, and crossed on her blue veined instep. Now the fact is that we have been given to understand for years past, that Madame Recamier owed her wonderful good looks to the use of a certain cold cream which is now the exclusive property of Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, and which is sold by her in small quantities, and at very large prices, under the name of "Recamier Cream" so there must be a mistake somewhere. If Madame Recamier owed her beauty to her bare feet, then the bottom falls completely out of the pleasant little story about the cold cream recipe coming into the possession of Mrs. Ayer's ancestors, and being jealously guarded by them for years, and that lady's flourishing business will suffer in consequence. On the other hand, if the cold cream can be proved to be responsible for her perpetual youth one of the chief supports of the barefooted party is swept away and we may all of us keep on our shoes and stockings with a quiet mind.

In any case, what a harvest the new fad will make for the pedicures and chiro-podists, since so few of us are blessed with feet which "are quite so beautiful as the hands, and should not be concealed any more than they are" as the bare footed faction assert. Somehow I don't believe the new fashion will win many followers, at least in Canada. It is too cold, for one thing and for another, there are too many of us doing our own work, either all the time, or during those periods when Mary Jane has left us unexpectedly, to make the bare-footed fad very popular. No one wants to freeze her toes by opening the door for a visitor when the mercury is standing below zero, and it would require a goodly amount of courage to pour out boiling water with one's bare toes beneath her skirt, like little mice peeping in and out, not to speak of the risk of dropping a lump of coal, or a good-sized stick of wood on the little mice storementioned.

On the whole I think it will be safe to predict that only the leisure classes will indulge in the new remedy for the complexion, to any great extent!

The revival of the black dress is a boon to the woman of limited means, especially if she happens to be fond of society, and has a certain position to keep up, with very little to do it on. She is lucky indeed if she happens to have good taste and some skill with her needle, because then she can do wonders aided by inspiration and a few other unimportant accessories. Of course she must make up her mind to wear a good deal of black as a foundation for all her costumes, but that is scarcely a hardship when black is fashionable, and it is obviously impossible to wear the same dress very often when it is of any conspicuous color, without getting very tired of it, and running the risk of being known amongst one's dearest enemies as "The woman in red, or the woman with the blue dress."

A black dress might be open to the same objection, but then black is not conspicuous, and there is always room for the supposition that "Mrs. Blank knows how to dress, and having found out that nothing suits her so well as black, she seldom wears anything else."

Here are a few hints which may be of use to the woman who has some little skill in dressmaking, and does not mind taking a reasonable amount of trouble, in order to be well dressed at little expense. The groundwork of one dress which is capable of being divided into several costumes, is black satin, and the skirt is made with removable side panels. The bodice is round, perfectly fitting and has sleeves which has, be taken out, or put in at will, as they button in under ruffle-shaped epaulets which

conceal the joining. The bodice is cut with a low collar and there are double shoulder straps, or bands on each side. When Madame wishes to be very smart indeed she removes her sleeves, puts on a guimpe shaped blouse of chiffon with very full elbow sleeves, settles the shoulder straps, neatly over the transparent fabric faces in panels of puffed chiffon, and encircling her waist with a handsome belt of any chosen color, finished with cash ends, and is ready for almost any occasion, no matter how ceremonious.

If she is invited to some less formal gathering such as a dinner, or whist party, an entirely different costume is required, and this time sleeves of satin brocaded in some bright color, are buttoned in, panels of the same are placed on the skirt, and a collar-ette with a thick lining, finished with a high crush collar, or chiffon ruche, is fastened over the shoulders. Should Madame wish to attend a ball in an entirely decollete costume she simply wears the bodice as it was made with the double straps across her bare shoulders and a narrow cuff of tulle around the neck to soften the contrast between the white skin, and the black dress. Satin panels matching the skirt, and finished with satin puffings fitted in, and the third costume is complete.

Another black satin costume is made in street dress style, and is suitable for church, visiting, afternoon reception, and all formal occasions when handsome street dress is required. Of course this simple gown may also be transformed into several different dresses by the mere addition of a different collar and belt, and bright colored adjustable yoke, and vest, or a silk blouse.

It is needless to say that there would be little economy in any of these costumes for the woman who had to buy all the little frills and furbelows described, but I am addressing the matron or maid who is capable of making these trifles herself at least with the assistance of a good pattern, and explicit directions.

An odd variety of the coat basque has no sleeves, but is finished where the sleeves should be, with a pair of wide spreading eaves which extend out over the sleeves of the under bodice. They will be very convenient and cool for summer I should think. Still another model which commends itself for the same reason, looks like a jacket, but is in reality nothing but a sort of picture, with a back, the "eaves" mentioned before, and a pair of fronts that are adjusted into a belt which buttons around the waist, and makes the garment a complete coat basque, especially if a high rolling collar be added.

Obtaining Fresh Water At Sea.
Alexander Graham Bell's latest mechanical device is in the line of practical utility, like most of his inventions. It is intended for the fishermen who are frequently cut off from their vessels by fog, and lose their lives as frequently by lack of drinking water as by exposure. The invention consists of a glass cylinder or bottle, through the neck of which is a small rubber tube. The glass is submerged, and a brass cylinder, acting as a bellows through the rise and fall of the waves, pumps the atmosphere into the submerged bottle. There it becomes condensed, and a supply of fresh drinking water is always to be obtained.

Dishonest Dealers!

A Special Feature Adopted in Their Businesses.

YOU TRUSTINGLY ASK FOR PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

The Dealer Often Gives You a Common Substitute.

As the sun rises in the east to brighten and enliven the day, so the mighty fame of Paine's Celery Compound spreads from day to day, giving comfort and gladness to all weary, sick and diseased people.

All popular and fast selling articles are imitated from time to time. Liquid preparations, using the name "Celery Compound," are on the market, and are often dishonestly foisted on the unsuspecting customer, who asks for nature's great healer, Paine's Celery Compound.

There are, unfortunately, too many dealers who work this miserable deception, actuated by a greedy desire for large profits. The imitations and worthless medicines pay such immense profits, that Paine's Celery Compound is held in the background, simply because it pays a small profit.

It is positively cruel to thus deceive the trustful and confiding customer. The sick and suffering who ask for Paine's Celery Compound, knowing it to be the best, and their only hope of cure, should never be treated in such a heartless manner.

If every intending purchaser of Paine's Celery Compound would examine the bottle and outer Carton, he or she will certainly avoid deception. The genuine Paine's Celery Compound, "the kind that cures," has the "stalk of celery," and the name "Paine's"; all others are frauds and deceptions.



WATERBURY & RISING,
61 King and 212 Union St.

Shoes and Shoes.

Means pretty much everything in footwear. That is just what we carry in our stock, and just now we are covering the shoe field more handsomely and completely than ever, for Men and Women, Boys and Girls. It takes a big stock to do this, but this Spring our stock seems larger than ever; particularly in this the case in the display of Ladies' Shoes and Slippers: We never had the variety in styles and values we are offering this week.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

THE LEADING Canadian Bicycle.

The Canadians seem to be coming to the front in new lines every day. This time it is Bicycles. The Canadian Typograph Co. of Windsor, Ontario, have established a large factory at that town for the manufacture of what is known as the Evans and Dodge wheels which is truly claimed as the "best in the world."

This explains why the "E. & D." can be driven as easily with a 6 1/2 INCH CRANK AND GEARED TO 80 as any other wheel with a 7 INCH CRANK GEARED TO 66.

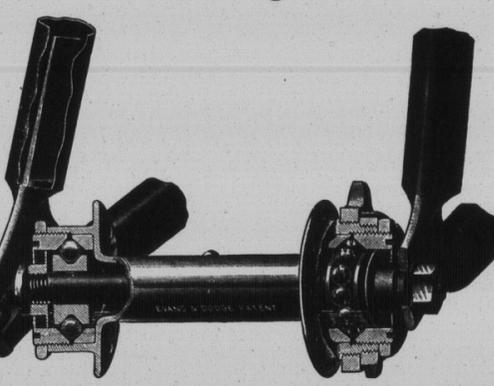
It is Dust and Oil Proof Throughout. It has the Morse Chain, which requires no oil and develops 98 per cent. of efficiency.

If readers will examine the accompanying cut they will at once see a practical demonstration of the reason for this.

The bearings are so constructed that the balls revolve in precisely the same direction as the hub, and for this reason all of the cutting and grinding is done away with as well as the friction of the ordinary bicycle bearing, and it will therefore be seen that this bicycle will wear over so much longer than any other wheel produced. The weak point in bicycle has always been the bearings, which, after a year's riding, were completely cut to pieces and useless.

Of the great 80 gear roadster of this company it is the boast it is a thorough Canadian, invented in Canada, patented in Canada, introduced in Canada, built by Canadians, and Canadian capital.

First, we wish to impress clearly on the minds of the dealers that "E. & D." bicycle is not to any extent, or in any way, an un-



tested or untried wheel. The manufacturers have been working on the improvements of this bicycle for more than a year. Last May a wheel was fitted up with the bearing complete and has been running regularly throughout the season of 1895 as a test. It was fitted up with 80 gear, making 20 feet, 3 inches for every revolution of the pedal and has been put to the severest test of climbing hills alongside of other wheels with 63 and 66 gears and it is the universal opinion that our wheel with the 80 gear will climb a hill as easily as any other wheel with a 63 and 66. This is not idle talk. A wheel was taken to Toronto in the month of October and handed over

to the riders of the Toronto Athletic and Toronto Athenaeum Clubs, who were asked to test it in this respect, and there is not a man of them who rode it who was not amazed at the ease with which he could climb the hills with a machine geared so high.

We learn that contracts have been made for the whole output of the factory this year and only a limited number have been allotted to this district.

The Ira Cornwall Company (Limited) of this city have been appointed general agents for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland and are now opening agencies at all important points.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Why Her Father Wanted an Interview With Young Mr. Dolley.

Just as young Mr. Dolley was about to bid good night to Miss Trivet, the gaslight in the hall burning low, he drew her to him and stole a kiss.

And at that moment Mr. Trivet emerged from the library door further along the hall and came forward.

"Oh, dear," said the maiden in a gasping whisper, "I am afraid papa saw you."

Her fear deepened into a certainty as her father approached and said to Mr. Dolley:

"Young man, I want to speak to you in the library for a minute or two."

Mr. Dolley followed Mr. Trivet sheepishly, and the door closed behind them. The girl, pale and breathless, anxiety pictured all over her countenance, hid behind the parlor portiere, that she might have a word with Mr. Dolley in case her father should allow the young man to go to the door unattended. Her eyes were fixed on the closed library door, visible to her from her retreat back of the curtain, and she tried to divine what was passing therein. Would Mr. Dolley be forbidden to come to the house again? She had heard of such orders issuing from parental authority and already she was debating how she and he could evade them. Whatever was transpiring, it took a long time. Surely it would not require four or five minutes to dismiss an objectionable lover. Perhaps Mr. Dolley was bravely defending himself. Nay, it might be that he had beard her father in his den and boldly asked her hand in marriage.

The door opened. Mr. Dolley emerged alone. As he passed the parlor door Miss Trivet came from behind the portiere.

"Oh, Harry, what did papa say?"

"He asked me to lend him \$10."

THE FISH HAWK.

One that Was Drowned with the Fish It Was Trying to Catch.

"The fish hawk," said a fisherman, "almost always carries a fish with its head in the same direction as his own. An ordinary sized fish hawk will catch and carry off a four-pound shad without any great difficulty, and nothing less than a

charge of shot will make him let go. I've stood under a fish hawk flying not more than seventy-five or eighty yards high with a fish in his claws and shouted at him until the neighbors thought I was trying a new log horn, and yet never disturbed him a bit.

"But the fish hawk doesn't always have it all his own way. Sometimes he gets caught. I once saw a big hawk, with a four-foot spread of wings, that was sailing along Monmouth Beach. Suddenly he made a dive and fixed his claws in a fish's back. The fish sounded. The fish hawk's claws are sharp and strong; they sink far and hold fast. The fish was a thirty-pound striped bass, a good deal bigger, in fact, than the hawk had calculated on and far more than he could carry away. He could not free his claws nor could the fish free itself. So they struggled there in the water until both were dead. They were cast up on the beach, the fish hawk's claws still fast in the fish's back."

Man's Sarcasm.
Newboy—So the new woman has taken to bowing as her latest fad?
Oldboy—Yes; she's got to try her hand at a knockdown game before she can be fully up to date.

Three women, next-door neighbors, in Ormsville, Me., are the mothers of an aggregation of thirty-six children, all living at home. There are lively times for the other neighbors when school is out.

DIAMOND DYE DOLLS?

The Latest Novelty for the Home

We will send to any address by mail a set of Six Dolls with Six Extra Dresses on receipt of four cents in stamps.

These Dolls illustrate the use and value of Diamond Dyes in coloring anything from a cheese cloth to a heavy coat in any shade or color. The Diamond Dyes are the only absolutely fast dyes in the world, and the easiest to use. Forty-five Dyed Samples of Cloth and Book of Direction for home dyeing sent free. Address Wells & Richardson Co. 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."



This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO. 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

HE BURIED HIMSELF.

The Unique Method of Suicide of a Mexican Indian in California.

Jose Mendez was a Mexican Indian who killed himself in 1862 in an open field.

By some means he was thrown from a wild mustang, and, being stunned and made helpless by the fall, he was dragged for some distance in the stirrups.

Every morning for several weeks thereafter Jose crawled away from the adobe hut in which he and a number of others lived, and came back quite late every evening.

Something like a mile from the adobe house the searching party found a small clearing in the grass and weeds.

An intimate friend of the missing man then made an explanation which was pronounced entirely plausible and cleared the mystery.

After the grave was dug, which required some time, owing to the feeble condition of the deceased, he placed the loose earth in a box that had been made for that purpose.

This earth was packed in as solid as possible, by being wet and then allowed to dry again, so that when the box was carefully stood on its side with the earth toward the ground none of it fell out.

So well satisfied were those who made the surprising discovery that their theory was correct that they did not take the trouble to dig in order to ascertain that the body was underneath.

A Misunderstanding. Dangerous Dick—Ye tol' me yer father kept a clothin' store before he died, an' now I find out he was hung for horse stealin'.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Sick Headache. Purifies the Blood.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Indigestion. The Ladies' Friend.

HERBINE BITTERS Cures Dyspepsia. For Biliousness.

Puttner's Emulsion. It improves the Digestion, Purifies the Blood, repairs the waste that is continually going on, and completely removes that Wear, Languor and Worn out feeling.

What's the time? If you have a Cough it is time you were taking GRAY'S RED SYRUP of SPRUCE GUM.

SHARPS BALSAM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

NEWS WITHOUT HANDS.

The Wonderful Work of an Invalid Who I Met Paralyzed Limbs. In a quiet little town of Sag Harbor, on the eastern end of Long Island, there lives a young woman who is perhaps the most remarkable invalid in the world.

The first thing she does is to thread her needle, and [this is one of her most wonderful feats. She picks the needle up with her tongue, sticks it upright in the cloth, then picks up the thread, also with her tongue, bends her head down over the needle and puts the thread through the eye.

When the needle is threaded she draws the thread over the eye until it is the required length, and cuts it off with a small pair of scissors.

After the needle is threaded and the thread cut to the required length, a knot must be tied in one end. Miss Tunison picks up this loose end of thread, as before, with her tongue, and her lips close over it, having perhaps an inch inside her mouth.

Everything being now in readiness Miss Tunison picks up the threaded needle as usual with her tongue and inserts the point in the cloth at the exact spot she wishes, and, still with her tongue, passes it half way through.

Miss Tunison writes about as rapidly as a ten-year-old school boy would, and quite as legibly. The touch of her pencil upon the paper is so light, yet so firm, that she uses no weight or fastening to hold down the small blocks of note paper she generally uses in her correspondence, and when she uses a single sheet instead the bit of weighted wood referred to is quite sufficient to keep it still.

Though her malady is a spinal one, which is absolutely incurable, Miss Tunison seems as happy and light-hearted as a young woman as one would wish to see.

"Who is this Professor Roentgen, the discoverer of the X rays?" "He is a German scientist."

I WAS CURED OF Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LIMEWATER. I WAS CURED OF Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LIMEWATER.

Scott's Emulsion

Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup. Rich in the long-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and bark.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE! A Happy, Fruitful MARRIAGE! EVERY MAN who would KNOW THE GRAND TRUTHS; the Plain Facts; the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Marriage Life, should write for a copy of our new little book, called "PERFECT MARRIAGE."

No tongue to speak had he the name of speech he would playfully the BIRD LANGUAGE in what he says. It will keep Canaries in constant song all the year round, even when breeding freely. Especially valuable during breeding. 15c. per cake at all drug stores. Birds love it. Free.

T. J. COOKE & Co., Canada Depot, 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal. Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes.

HAYMAN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND. For Influenza Coughs, Colds, Etc. "Never known to fail to give relief."

DOMINION Express Co. Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES.

To Wexford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under, 15c. To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Guys, Pictou, Colville, Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under, 15c.

REMEDIAL FOODS.

Standard Articles Diet Which Are Said to Have Medical Value. Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves, and nervous dyspepsia.

Spinach is useful to those with gravel. Asparagus is used to induce perspiration. Carrots for sufferers from asthma.

Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in a compact, quickly available form. Beaten up with sugar they are used to clear and strengthen the voice.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

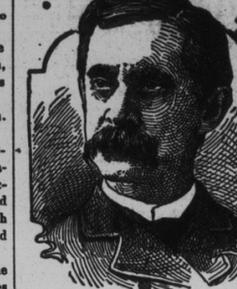
Apples are useful in nervous dyspepsia; they are nutritious, medicinal, and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, and are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia, and liver troubles.

The largest schooner ever built on the Atlantic coast is almost ready for launching at Bath Me. She is a four-masted vessel named the William B. Palmer.

Why Suffer with Piles? Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Mr. Stasia, the editor of the Streetsville, Ont., Review, gives the unmodified testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895: "Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has since been no reappearance of the disease."

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured me. I had protruding piles for ten years," writes H. H. Sutherland, commercial traveller of Truro, N. S. "I tried many remedies, and had doctors operate. It was no use. Was completely laid up at times. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan, of the Summerside, P. E. I., Journal. I tried it, and one box completely cured me."



No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor. "No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

CLEAN TEETH and a pure breath obtained by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Take no imitations.

Pigs Feet and Lamb's Tongues. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 "Lamb's Tongues. J. D. TURNER.

THE SAME MAN, Higher Placed. fill a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when they were in their ordinary clothing.

GERARD G. RUEL, BARRISTER, &c. Walker's Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNHILL STATION, MONTREAL, N. B. JOHN H. MOIRERNEY, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

THE IVORY PASS.

In the year to which this narrative refers there was no more popular passenger guard on the Great South-Northern railway than David Finch.

David's duties lay chiefly in connection with one or other of the mail or express trains, one of them, which was worked by him every third week, being known as "the 5.15 p. m. fast."

On a certain autumn afternoon, as daylight was fading into dusk and the terminus lamps were being lighted, two porters brought the box containing the monthly salaries out of Mr. Greening's office and deposited it in David Finch's van.

Bunningfield, twelve miles away, and the first stopping-place, was reached in due course. Here David quitted his van as usual, in order to attend his passengers, in conjunction with his fellow-guard, whose van was next to the engine.

Then he said, sternly: "Gentlemen, you ought to know that you have no business here—in fact, nobody has any right here but myself."

As he spoke he extracted from his waistcoat pocket an ivory disc, about the size of a two-shilling piece, stamped on one side with the bear's name, and on the other with that of the particular railway for which it was available.

As he spoke he extracted from his waistcoat pocket an ivory disc, about the size of a two-shilling piece, stamped on one side with the bear's name, and on the other with that of the particular railway for which it was available.

Both the strangers were gentlemanly-looking, well-dressed men, and there was nothing about them calculated to create the slightest suspicion in David's mind that they were others than what Mr. Medwin asserted them to be.

A crashing blow on the head, darkness and insensibility. A couple of minutes passed after David recovered consciousness before he could call to mind what had happened to him. Then it all came back to him in a flash.

Everything was clear to David now. The whole affair was nothing less than a skilfully-planned and dastardly-executed scheme of robbery, and although the thieves had not yet succeeded in getting away with their booty, there seemed to be nothing to hinder them from doing so when the proper moment should arrive.

take advantage to risk a leap from the van and so get clear away with their spoil. It made his blood boil to realize how helpless he was, for during the time he had been unconscious they had bound his wrists and ankles with some pieces of stout cord which it was not unlikely they had brought with them for that purpose.

Presently the efforts of the men proved successful. The lid of the box was pried open and the contents, in little bags of fifty sovereigns each, lay exposed to their greedy eye. But before touching the money they turned and confronted their prisoner.

"Look here, my friend," said the self-styled director, "no harm shall happen to you as long as you keep quiet and take matters as you find them. Neither can your employers in fairness hold you responsible for—"

He was interrupted by the other man. "The train is slackening speed!" he exclaimed. "What's the meaning of it? We are timed not to stop till we reach Lowcastle."

"We are going up Shanbrook Down," answered the latter, "which is always a heavy pull for the engine. We shall be at the summit in five or six minutes, after which we shall go ahead again at full speed."

The men looked at each other and seemed satisfied. Then the first one spoke again. "As I was saying, the company can't in common fairness hold you responsible for your night's work."

Now, just on the brow of the Shanbrook incline there was a signal-box, and David felt nearly sure that from the top of the short flight of steps which gave access to it a certain face would be peering into the darkness with the sole object of obtaining a momentary glimpse of him as the train forged past at half speed—which was to him the dearest in the world.

The fact was that David's sweetheart, Lucy Ford, who was in a situation at Lowcastle, happened just then to be at home for her holidays. Lucy's parents lived in the village of Shanbrook, and her brother Ned was one of the two men who turned and turned about, had charge of the incline signal-box Lucy, knowing that this was David's week for working the "5.15 fast," made a point of carrying her brother's supper to him, and of so timing matters as to reach the box about five minutes before the train in question was due, after which the wood station herself on the little platform outside in readiness. Then would David's head, and half his body to boot, be protruded from the van window, and a wave of the hand and a cheery "good-night" would be exchanged between the lovers as the train passed on its way.

Lucy was on the look-out. But scarcely had the train passed before she burst into the signal-box, turning on her brother a frightened face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Oh! Ned, Ned," she cried, "something has happened to Dave—I'm sure there has! He wasn't looking out for me as usual, so as the van passed I could see right into it, and there he was, sitting on the side of his head, his eyes straining as if to catch sight of me, and his face as white as a sheet. And there were two men at the back of the van, bending over something, whose faces I couldn't see. There's been foul play, I'm sure there has."

"Ned, Ned, what's to be done?" Ned stared at his sister like one who feared she had taken leave of her senses. He was a well-meaning but somewhat stolid and slow-witted young fellow. He had been appointed to his present position only a few weeks before and was still somewhat puzzled up by a sense of his own importance. Although startled and vaguely alarmed by Lucy's statement, he did not in the least doubt that her eyes had played her false, and so he proceeded to give her plainly to understand.

But the bare possibility of such a thing was indignantly scouted by Lucy. The scene inside the van had impressed itself on her brain with the vividness of an instantaneous photograph. All she could do was to urge her brother to at once telegraph a warning message to Claypool, the next station, whence it would be passed on to Lowcastle. But this Ned positively refused to do. He was naturally of a timorous disposition, and was by no means minded to take upon himself so great a responsibility on what seemed to him such insufficient grounds. As likely as not, as he said a little sulkily, his doing so might result in his dismissal from the service.

The express goods was due, he had his signals to attend to and she mustn't bother him any longer. Lucy made one last appeal to him, but to no purpose. He bade her a curt good-night and turned his back on her. The girl wrung her hands in despair as she went slowly down the steps that led from the box.

Three minutes later the express goods panted slowly up and then came to a stand about a score yards from the box. Ned had not yet received the notification from Claypool that the 5.15 fast had passed that station, and till he should receive it the goods train could not proceed on its way.

the signal "line clear," and the goods-train would then be allowed to go on its way. Then all at once, where but a moment before there had been a great darkness, she saw her way clear before her. A heavy cry broke from her lips. Hastily parting the prickly branches of the hedge, she contrived to squeeze her way through, and then ran swiftly down the embankment and so round the rear of the train to the opposite side.

Scarcely had she achieved this before the engine gave vent to a shrill whistle as a notice to the guard to take off the brakes. The wished-for signal had been given them; they were at liberty to proceed on their journey. Lucy had barely time to spring on to the footboard of the van and grasp with both hands the bar which ran along its side before there came a preliminary jerk at the leading truck which was repeated from one to another along the length of the train till, last of all, it reached the van and all but shook poor Lucy off her perch.

The train began to move with grim tenacity. Then the train began to gather way and a few seconds later the signal-box was left behind, the guard, all unconscious of Lucy's presence on the other side, calling out from his van a gruff "good-night" to Ned Ford as he passed.

The train, now it had crossed the brow of the down, gathered momentum second by second, and was soon speeding through the darkness at the rate of forty miles an hour. Lucy, half kneeling, half crouching on the footboard, had wound her left arm tightly around the bar, while the fingers of her right hand clung to the engine's tenacity. She was a frightfully insecure position for one who was certainly not intended by nature to be the heroine of any such adventure. But what cannot love accomplish! Presently her sailor-hat blew off and was lost forever. Then the wind caught her hair in its unmerciful fingers, and tearing it from its fastenings, sent it streaming out in a wild tangle behind her. But Lucy only set her little white teeth harder than before, seeing in her mind's eye nothing save her lover's gashy face and aining eyes and the splash of blood just above his right temple.

The distance from Shanbrook signal-box to Claypool station is four miles and a half. The express goods was not booked to stop at the latter place, and unless it should be blocked by signal owing to its following so close on the heels of the passenger-train, Lucy would be compelled to go on with it to West Overton, six miles further. Fortunately for her the Claypool signals were set against it, as it rounded the last curve before steaming through the station, causing the driver to bring the train to a halt with a jerk as though by a heart-breaking thanksgiving Lucy slipped off her perch, but not till two or three minutes had gone by could her cramped limbs be persuaded into doing her bidding.

A little later she was telling her story to Mr. Twyford, the Claypool station-master, a prompt and energetic official, who was inclined to take a very different view of the affair from that taking by Mr. Ned Ford.

"Look out for rear van 5.15. fast. Thieves supposed to be at work." Such was the message telegraphed to Lowcastle by Mr. Twyford five minutes of his setting eyes on Lucy Ford, who matters inside the van had taken an unexpected turn.

Having transferred the whole of the cash from the box to their bag, our two rascals, finding themselves in possession of the contents of the van, were inclined to take a very different view of the affair from that taking by Mr. Ned Ford.

It was while they were thus engaged that David Finch became aware of the presence of some hard substance interposed between his right leg and the floor of the van, which he called to mind that at the moment he was struck down he was in the act of cutting the string he had just tied round a pocket or documents to be left by him at Lowcastle Station. The substance in question, he was now convinced, must be his pocket knife which had dropped from him when he was attacked. If only he could get possession of it! But how? He did not wait to answer the question, but there and then began to wriggle the lower part of his body with an almost perceptible movement, and at the same time to dilate and contract the muscles of his leg. Two minutes later the half of the knife had worked itself into view.

While thus employed, David, as a matter of course, kept a wary eye on the thieves, but so convinced were they of his helplessness, and so intent were they on what they were doing, that several minutes passed on him. Although David was tightly bound at the wrists and ankles in all respects he was free. Watching his opportunity, he succeeded, by extending his arms and bending forward the upper part of his body, in gaining possession of the knife. "But now I've got it, what better of am I?" he asked himself a moment later. He was powerless to use it. His wrists were so tied that it was out of the question he could himself cut the cord that bound them; and although, had he been alone, he might perhaps have contrived to sever the cords that held his ankles, placed as he was without attracting attention to what he was about. For a few moments his heart felt as heavy as lead—heavier than before his discovery of the knife. His chin dropped forward on his breast and hope died within him.

Then, all in a moment, a flash of inspiration—for nothing less did it seem—came to him. Bending forward as before, with the knife grasped by the fingers of his right hand, he succeeded in wedging the hollow of his ankle's cord with which his ankles were bound holding them firmly together. The knife, as already stated, was open, and the protruding blade was nearly as sharp as a razor. A quarter of a mile sufficed to sever the ligatures that held David's wrists, after which it took the work of only a few more seconds to cut the cord which confined his lower limbs. Once more he was a free man.

Not for his life, however, durst he just then have made any further movement, not till he should have more fully recovered the use of his hands and feet, numbed and deadened by the tightness of his bonds.

General Agency

BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B. Controlling the largest line of BICYCLES REPRESENTED IN THE DOMINION.

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The Yost Writing Machine Co., American Typewriter Co., The Blickensderfer Typewriter Co., The Edison Mimeograph Typewriter, The Edison Automatic Mimeograph, The Edison Hand Mimeograph, The Duplograph Manufacturing Co., The Electric Heat Alarm Co., &c., &c. All kinds of bicycles, Typewriters and other intricate machines carefully repaired. Typewriter and Mimeograph Supplies of all Kinds.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent, I. E. CORNWALL, Special Agent.

Once the younger of the two men glanced around, but seeing no change in David's position, and failing to notice that his cords were cut, he turned again to what he was engaged upon and concerned himself no further about his prisoner. By this time the lid of Lady Silverdale's trunk had been forced and inside it had been found an article which bore a suspicious resemblance to a jewel case. The men, as they bent over it, were agog with expectation. The revolver with which the elder man had threatened David had been placed by him on another trunk, ready to his hand in case of need.

The moment for action had come. Silent as a shadow David rose to his feet. It was the work of a second to grip each of the men firmly by the neck, send them crashing head foremost into the Saratoga trunk and jam the lid down on them. When, startled nearly out of their wits, they contrived to extricate themselves, it was to find themselves confronted by a stern-eyed man, grasping a revolver which was pointed straight at them.

"Come one step nearer, and the first who does so is a dead man!" exclaimed David. "Back you go into that corner, and stir from there at your peril!"

With ashen faces and trembling limbs, they did as they were ordered. Thereupon Mr. Twyford, who had been convinced that he was not to be trifled with, and that if he wished to keep a whole skin he had better do as they were told. Besides which, they were cravens at heart, as such counsels rarely always are.

Before ten minutes had gone by the van, shunting engine was carrying Mr. Philbeach and some half-dozen of his staff through the tunnel. At the further end they aligned and the engine was sent back. Before leaving the station orders had been given the signalman to block the down line, by which means the 5.15 would be pulled up just before entering the tunnel. Then Mr. Philbeach so disposed his men that they would be able to take possession of the rear van almost before the train should have come to a stand.

Great, however, was the surprise of which he was first to do, he found David Finch crouching guard with a revolver over two cowering wretches, whose bravado, now that the tables had been so completely turned on them, had given place to the most abject fear. A pair of handcuffs for each of them was quickly forthcoming.

The older of the two rascals proved to be a notorious chevalier d'industrie who had plied his calling, in one or other of his branches, for a number of years, and was well acquainted with the interior of more than one of her Majesty's prisons. The ivory pass put by him to such an ingenious, if not a very ingenious, use, proved to be a genuine one. About a week previously Mr. Medwin's bedroom in a certain London hotel had been surreptitiously entered in the middle of the night, and the ivory pass had been one of the articles stolen on that occasion.

The marriage of David Finch and Lucy Ford took place some three months after the events herein narrated. The grant of fifty guineas awarded Lucy by the directors of the company enabled the young couple to set up housekeeping in comfortable style.—Argosy.

For months he suffered from the baneful after-effects of the trouble, and although he still endeavored to take his share of the farm work he found that it was very trying; he had become greatly weakened, had lost both appetite and ambition, and was tried with the least exertion. He tried several remedies without deriving any benefit, and as one after the other had failed, he determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He felt so utterly worn out that several boxes of the pills were taken before he found any benefit, but with the first signs of improvement he took fresh courage, and continued taking the pills for three months, by the end of which time he was again an active hustling man, feeling better than he had for years. Mr. Garry tells his own story in the following letter to the Asinibolton.

Dear Sir:—After a severe attack of la grippe I was unable to recover my former strength and activity, I had no ambition for other work or pleasure, and to use a popular phrase, "did not care whether school kept or not." I tried various medicines without deriving any benefit from them. With not much hope I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was agreeably pleased to find after a few boxes a decided change for the better. My appetite, which had failed me, returned, and I began to look for my meals half an hour before time, and I was able to get around with my old time vim. I continued the use of the Pink Pills for three months, and find myself now better than ever. You may therefore depend upon it that from this out I will be found among the thousands of other enthusiastic admirers of Dr. Williams' wonderful health restoring medicine.

Girls and billiard balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.

VERY PLAIN WORDS. The Claim of a Great Treatment—"For Kidney Disease Only."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills, a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brookville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Crescent of the Mohammedans. The crescent symbol of the Mohammedans has nothing to do with their peculiar religious opinions and ceremonies. It was not originally a symbol of the followers of Mahomet at all, but was first used by the Byzantines. Thousands of coins have been found in all parts of Turkey which date back to the time when Constantinople was known as Byzantium, and on each of these the symbol of the crescent appears, proving conclusively that it was in use as an emblem among the people of that region long before Byzantium was overthrown and its name changed to Constantinople. The story of the origin of the crescent symbol is as follows: When Philip of Macedonia besieged Byzantium he had planned to storm the city on a

certain cloudy night, but before his arrangements were completed the moon shone out and discovered his approach to the besieged city, who accordingly marched out and repulsed his forces, something which would have been impossible in the darkness. After that event all Byzantine coins bore the symbol of the crescent moon, which was always alluded to as the "Savior of Byzantium."

After many years the border under Mohammed II. captured Constantinople. At that time the crescent was used everywhere and upon everything. Considering that there must be magical power in the emblem the Mohammedans appropriated it and have since used it as their only symbolic decoration.

And Gives to the World an Absolute Cure for Heart Disease and Dropsy—The Disease Can Now be Controlled in Thirty Minutes.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have my life miserable. Everything was tried and done, as I thought. A short time ago the crisis came, and I was confined to my bed. As dropsy had set in, my physician said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, but did not think it could help me. As a last resort I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my dropsy, and brought me out of my bed; and five bottles have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart ailment, as I am in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you." Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

His Last Resource. Crawling Christy—What for? Family Kidney Work—If Uncertain as to an Ailment—Use Dodd's Kidney Pills. The truth in a few words is always easily understood. The natural, the most effective kidney treatment ever known is Dodd's Kidney Pills. "For kidney disease only" is very plain and to the point. This has been our motto from the first line over printed concerning Dodd's Kidney Pills. But where do kidney diseases begin on the list? What proportion of the diseases that kill adult persons are really kidney diseases? One of the most eminent and well-known doctors in the world answers this question and says: "Ninety per cent of all serious diseases arises from imperfect kidney work." Then, if this be true, a good way to decide an uncertain ailment would be to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. For, you see, that nineteen times out of twenty, you would be cured, while you were deciding what it was that ailed you. In this way a great many people have been cured and only know their trouble to be kidney disease by being cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. But having decided on kidney treatment, do not make the mistake, so easy now to make, and buy any of the many substitutes or imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Medicine, Sarsaparilla, Tongues, Feet, CURES, THE MAN, RUEL, PRESS CO.

A COLORED JEWESS

"Wha' de maffah, Mis' Abstein?" Myram, the colored laundress and odd-job girl, stands in the library door as if she has business there, and speaks quite "like one of the family."

"Yes, Myram, you had better go," sobbed the widow. "We can't do any more for you. I thought your master had let me independent; but it seems that this—this gentlem'n has a message for you."

"Who wahn pay ween kinoklns in trouble? Dat ain't de trool, neder. O' Jake Abstein wahn de man t' mortgage his fambly outter house en home. I speck youse a big rascal," crying Mrs. Dashermer, keenly.

"No, pesser rascal dan him, he replies, coolly, rapidly penetrating to the family skeleton. "He done it all deh samey; but in de way of peesness. An' I coze in de way of peesness. I should'nt wonder if he make it a nish leestle peesness all round."

"Myram stalks out, highly offended; leaves the cake that she had been stirring, and hurries to her mother's cabin. It is low, dark and dirty but it shelters the one human being who loves her."

"Aunt Judy immediately empties her skirt scraps on the floor. She knows at the first glance that something has gone wrong, and that mother's 'Stap' holds the only balm of Gilead for the daughter's head and heart."

"As the latter pours forth her heartbreak—very real, indeed, to her—Aunt Judy runs her thick, soft fingers with soothing effect through the silken hair kinked locks."

"I know dem's some rascality. Wat mek I cain stay dere en wip out dat low-life Jew? Rev' o' 'em ain't got sense 'nuff. Ain't Miss Myra fader mine, too? Ain't me'n her name after de same gran'ma? Say, modder?"

"Yes, honey; o' 'em ain't Miss Abstein you daddy, none of 'em Miss Myra. You is one-half Jew, en de modder 'em is one-half Jew, en de modder 'em is one-half Jew."

"It is curious to note how evenly divided are the outward characteristics of the two races in this colored Jewess. While reading fairly well, her nose is long and straight, and he is trained to the harsher pronunciation of Caucasian."

in it. She kin buy Easter dress on Chris'mas dress, en all o' Miss Myra's hats—

A stinging box on the ear sends the mirror spinning down the street and lands him in the sand. She reaches Mrs. Abstein's in a truce, and they all know better than to speak to her until she is out of it.

"What mek you cain ha' dis fambly lone? Nobody ain't washin' you. Et wuz 'me, I'd be for so much man t' come en come 'nuff, wuz waintend."

"Day pter vant me. Iahs' de only one wahn cain give dem back deir moniah. An' I vants de pooty, de proud Myra," he replies, with cruel eye and mouth.

"What fo'?" She ain't you 'kine," scornfully. "En she cain stan' de right o' you." "Again, Myram. How dare you? Let she be de blattest time you taks such a liberty."

"Ain't I? Den I ought t' be," she retorts, her eyes snapping dangerously. "Ise got ez much Abstein blood in me ez you. I leave it to anybody. Looky here."

"But I must have one," said the Military man. "I am tired out and have got to bunk somewhere. See what you can do, old man, there's a good fellow."

"Well," replied the conductor, "I tell you what I can do. In section B there is a gentleman and his wife who are seriously ill, but the left upper berth is empty. Now, if you will slip into the berth without making any noise and get out before they awake, why you may have the chance; but whatever you do, don't make a noise."

"Give it a bad name. Scrupulous is a new disease to which football has given rise in England. It is a bad eruption, coming indirectly from dirty jerseys and affecting especially the forwards in Rugby football, who have to shove in scrimmages. It has been proved to be contagious. The particular microbes to which the eruption is due is the Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus."

"What have you been doing? What do you mean by the river?" asks Moran, seizing her. "Oh, yes; tek me; call de police, you got de heart. Yes, I done kill dat bad Jew so my sister en de man I love kin be happy."

"Father Abraham! How did you do it?" "With hammer en nail, wile he was asleep 'on de lounge. Et it wuz right fo' Jaak, it is right fo' me. Lemme go t' de river; St. John kin call me dis long time. 'No, no! You must not drown yourself.' 'You rudder I would hang?' 'The prophets forbid!' 'Well you know dey'll hang me. I ain't feered o' de river; de cole wat'-'s bettah dan de rope 'roun' my neck en disgrace fo' my modder.' This is sadly true. He drops her arm."

"Go, then, in the name of Jehovah!" "Put your arm 'roun' me. Doan be akyahed; ain't I ez good ez dead? En you, Miss Myra, on de oder side. Call me sister, dese dis o'c't."

"Sister—sister," says Myra, weeping, "Oh, you are nobler than I. I knew it when I was so bad to you. Sister, forgive me."

"I ain't got nuff'n t' give, on'y t' my fader, who mek me halt niggab. W'en dey tek me out de water, will you bury me on Abstein groun'? You know I would bin all Jew of I could."

"Before they can dream of her purpose she crushes them in a passionate embrace, and passed from their sight forever. As they stand with beating hearts the river laps the shore near by, and they fancy they hear its sweet, cruel voice calling, calling—

"A Conductor's Ruse to Make a Passenger Sleep Soundly. A certain officer, high in authority in the ranks of the Fourth Battalion, tells a very good story on himself in relation to an experience which actually betel him while travelling some time ago on the Queen and Crescent road. His business called him into Alabama, and arriving at his destination found it necessary to go into the interior in order to attend to the matters requiring his attention. He returned to the station very late and it was fully 12 o'clock before the train bound for this city pulled in."

"Tired out he boarded the Mann sleeping car and was told by the porter that there were no berths. Knowing the conductor, he aroused that individual, but was met by the same reply to his demand. "But I must have one," said the Military man. "I am tired out and have got to bunk somewhere. See what you can do, old man, there's a good fellow."

"Well," replied the conductor, "I tell you what I can do. In section B there is a gentleman and his wife who are seriously ill, but the left upper berth is empty. Now, if you will slip into the berth without making any noise and get out before they awake, why you may have the chance; but whatever you do, don't make a noise."

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"77" Puts Colds to Flight. Always breaks up a Hard Cold that hangs on. Knocks out the Grip, leaving no bad effects; often the worst feature. Works wonders in Catarrh; both acute and chronic. Stops Cold in the Head and Influenza, Snuffles in Babies. In Coughs is magical. Stops the hacking, promotes rest, allows the Chest and Lungs to heal. Conquers Hoarseness and Loss of Voice of Artists and Clergymen. Prevents Pneumonia. Cures Sore Throat, Quinsy. May save your life; will save you doctor's bills, loss of time and money. Doctor's Book—Dr. Humphreys puts up a Specific for every disease. They are described in his Manual, which is given away by druggists or sent free. Small bottles of pleasant pills—fit your vest pocket; sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 50c.; or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

ABOUT THE SHRIMP. A Lively Little Creature Which is a Scavenger and a Glutton. The shrimp is a scavenger; it will eat almost anything. It is a greedy creature; it may often be seen in aquarium tanks to seize a piece of food weighing more than itself. If this scrap should be lying on the bottom, the shrimp with its first effort upon swooping down upon it might raise it clear and then be compelled to drop it, or to sink with it again to the bottom, there to attack it piecemeal. The shrimp is often put in aquarium tanks to help keep them clear; it seeks out and eats neglected scraps and little bits of food put in for other marine animals, but which the others may have missed and which may have settled down in crevices or other by places. But while the shrimp is thus useful as a scavenger it is necessary at feeding time to see that it does not get also the food intended for the other animals; the shrimp is exceedingly quick in movement and it may dart down and seize the food out of the grip of an animal much larger than itself, and it would be equally ready to take food from the helpless sea anemone or the fighting crab. A tiny shrimp would not for a moment hesitate to feed upon a dead fish held in the grasp of a lobster, trusting to its agility to escape if the lobster should resent the intrusion.

While the shrimp is able to do and does hold its own remarkably well for one of its size, life is by no means all plain sailing for it; there are other creatures of the sea that are quite as merciless, and that snap up the shrimp whenever they get a chance. Here may be a dead menhaden lying on the bottom with five hundred shrimps at work upon it pulling and hauling. One shrimp may get an extra big piece only to be attacked by three or four other shrimps that leave the menhaden and fight with the shrimp that has the fragment for the possession of that. The water is alive with shrimps about the dead fish.

Along comes a big weakfish or a striped bass. The weakfish may see the shrimps feeding from a distance of ten or twelve feet away. If the weakfish ever laughs, it probably laughs on an occasion like this. It may approach along the bottom or it may dart down obliquely, and dash through the mass of shrimps with open mouth, sweeping away a dozen of them and disappearing in a twinkling. The dispersal, however, is likely to be but temporary; the weakfish is not apt to return to this particular quarry; it seems to regard the meeting with the shrimps around the menhaden as only an incident of its day's merrymaking and it goes its way and the shrimps return to their prey.

But it might be that a little school of bass come along, four or five or half a dozen of them, and these might follow the first dash by pursuing the shrimps until, if they had not annihilated them, they had effectually dispersed them.

AN Ounce of Prevention. Little things frequently cause disastrous results. Just a chill caught in a wetting will often heap up discomfort, sickness and expense while just a layer of Rigby proofed Fibre Chamois through a garment makes it absolutely waterproof so that a pouring rain can't penetrate it, offers protection from the wind, and is light and inexpensive. Isn't it worth while?

Do Texas Foxes Climb Trees. A correspondent of a sportsman's paper declared recently "there is little sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start them." The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the bager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that a squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the trees and by their aid work themselves up to the top branches. A fox can get into a tree that is no higher than eight feet to the lower branches, and it is probably by jumping that the Texas fox gets into the trees.

BORN. Truro, Feb. 23, to the wife of Wm. J. Kent, a son Walton, Feb. 23, to the wife of Joseph Wade, a son Windsor, March 2, to the wife of James O'Brien, a son Toronto, Feb. 25, to the wife of George Crouse, a son Bloomington, Feb. 27, to the wife of M. Vidito, a son Nictaux, Feb. 9, to the wife of Wiltman Ruggles, a son Truro, March 4, to the wife of Lewis R. Dunlap, a son Amherst, March 1, to the wife of James Donald, a son Dartmouth, Feb. 20, to the wife of J. R. Douglas, a son Knowlesville, Feb. 23, to the wife of Chas. E. Corey, a son Somerville, March 3, to the wife of Irving G. Hall, a son Digby, Feb. 25, to the wife of David Young, a son Digby, March 1, to the wife of S. B. Townsend, a son Legville, Feb. 20, to the wife of H. P. McKay, a son Liverpool, March 4, to the wife of J. F. McCormack, a son Gratton, Feb. 21, to the wife of Grant R. Bowie, a son Bridgewater, Feb. 25, to the wife of Joseph Berry, a son Chatham, March 2, to the wife of Wm. Johnston, a son Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Jeremiah Zink, a son Bridgewater, Feb. 24, to the wife of Henry Weagle, a son Mesoderville, Feb. 20, to the wife of Stephen Pugh, a son St. John, Feb. 24, to the wife of Wellington Dunham, a son Centreville, March 2, to the wife of E. B. Morehouse, a son Yarmouth, March 2, to the wife of G. Bradford Allen, a son St. John, March 1, to the wife of Captain Joseph Washburn, a son Sand Cove, Feb. 29, to the wife of Samuel Chubb, a son Fredericton, March 1, to the wife of Wilfred Burden, a son East Rawdon, Feb. 24, to the wife of Alfred E. Bond, a son Yarmouth, March 3, to the wife of Zaraham C. Doty, a son Sutherlandville, March 1, to the wife of Parker McLeod, a son Lower Greenville, March 1, to the wife of Capt. Wm Byder, a son Hamilton, Oct. 1, to the wife of A. M. McKee, a son

MARRIED. Vancouver, Feb. 14, Malcolm Matheson to Annie Wares. Maitland, Feb. 23, by Rev. T. C. Jack, James Cadell to Rubie E. Porter. Shag Harbour, Feb. 24, by Rev. W. Miller, Osborn Goodwin to Norma Dickie. Trenton, Feb. 23, by Rev. E. C. Ford, Herman A. Marshall to Alicia Huggins. Halifax, Feb. 27, by Rev. H. H. Pitman, James Campbell to Abbie Spisney. Liverpool, Feb. 11, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Alva A. Zwickler to Mary M. Tobin. Halifax, March 4, by Rev. N. Le Moine, William Knight to Maggie E. Farrell. Windsor, March 1, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Elijah N. Forsythe to Clara Falser. St. Stephen, March 3, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Byron Murphy to Isa Ward. Meerton, March 7, by Rev. John Prince, J. A. Bert Lutz to Margaret B. Taylor. Lunenburg, Feb. 23, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Austin D. Solivar to Eliza May New. New Glasgow, March 4, by Rev. A. Rogers, George F. Connel to Maud M. Dick. Truro, Feb. 27, by Rev. John Wood, Leonard Anthony to Frances E. May. New Glasgow, March 2, by Rev. A. Rogers, John Small to Mary Sophia Fraser. Yarmouth, Feb. 22, by Rev. T. J. Delatist, West-Simon Lockhart to Hannah A. E. Beck. Yarmouth, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. H. Foshat, Clayton Merrissey to Bessie Redpath. Cape Sable Island, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Herman Newell to Isabel Smith. Halifax, March 4, by Rev. F. H. W. Archibald, Nelson Jackson to Mary J. Frost. Lowell Mass, Feb. 23, by Rev. F. Fisher, Milo W. Hale to Luella Shaw Winchester. Charlottetown, Feb. 19, by Rev. W. R. Stewart, Sam'l's Cove, March 10, to Maggie Kelly. Berwick, Feb. 23, by Rev. G. W. G. Glendinning, David Wood to Frances Tupper. Rosport, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. W. James Lamden, Makaska Hagar to Annie B. Perry. Fort Chalmers, New Zealand, Jan. 3, Capt. George N. Rogers to N. B. to Maggie Kelly. Young's Cove, Feb. 19, by Rev. H. Achilles Melbourn, R. Hudson to Annie Collier. St. John, March 3, by Rev. F. A. Wightman, Marcellus Davidson to Maggie E. Phillips. Somerville, March 2, by Rev. Father Galvan, Archy J. McLavry to Miriam Collins. Lunenburg, Feb. 23, by Rev. G. L. Rankin, Dean Simon Lockhart to Annie A. E. Beck. Cape Sable Island, Feb. 23, by Rev. J. W. Smith, Reuben Maxwell to Anastasia Nickerson. Summerside, P. E. I., March 3, by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Elizabeth Wain to Mary Harkness. Scotchtown N. B. March 5, by Rev. C. W. Townsend, Captain George E. Denton to Annie B. Hale.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business at the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pitfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the mutual consent of the said partners. Each partner shall make several boxes of Paste Polish. WAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS.

NOTICE OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY— (1) That the name and firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co. (2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c. (3) That the names of all the General and Special partners interested in said partnership are as follows: Ward C. Pitfield who resides at the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, is the General partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at Hampton, in the County of Kings, in the said Province, is the Special partner. (4) That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of thirty thousand dollars to the common stock. (5) That the period at which the said partnership is to commence, is the third day of January, A. D. 1896, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1898.

DEED. St. John, March 3, Robert Hill, 55. Halifax, Feb. 23, Thomas Iles, 73. Pictou, Feb. 23, John F. Harris, 81. Ingonish, Feb. 14, J. W. Burke, 30. Aylesford, Feb. 14, John Palmer, 90. Gratton, Feb. 29, Abigail Brown, 10. Pictou, March 3, John Long, 53. Pictou, March 1, Margaret Arnold, 50. St. John, March 4, Thomas Caplin, 60. Rothesay, March 1, W. H. Yandell, 73. Lunenburg, March 1, Peter Corkum, 70. St. Andrews, March 2, James Ryan, 73. Chagoyan, Feb. 19, Leslie S. Kilham, 20. Pictou, March 1, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, 60. St. John, March 3, James McWha, 58. Deep Brook, March 1, Charlotte Cook, 53. Ingonish, Feb. 21, Mrs. Emily Warren, 43. Whites Mountain, Mary A. McLaughlin, 43. Hildon, N. B. March 4, James Lamson, 77. Cabot, March 1, Mrs. Margaret Arnold, 60. Robinson, Feb. 20, Theophilus Morgan, 61. Canning, Feb. 20, Mrs. Everett Klaman, 29. Dowdville R. I., Feb. 11, Daniel Walker, 71. Deep Brook, Feb. 27, Herbert A. Dittmar, 34. Deer Settlement, Feb. 23, George Tenor, 51. St. John, March 3, Mary Gerude Danaher, 31. West Pubnico, Feb. 24, Symphonie Gurett, 60. Canterbury Station, Feb. 24, Maggie Garman, 20. Rockland Road, March 3, Alexander Shives, 78. Millville Pictou Co., Feb. 17, Howard Young, 43. Digby, Feb. 29, Elizabeth L. wife of Dr. Jones, 51. Deacon, Pictou Co. March 1, Henry B. Lowden, 77. Hantsport, March 3, Honor, widow of John Calder. Black Brook N. B., Feb. 27, Alexander Logan, 81. Bridgetown, March 3, Edward, son of John Carter, 31. New York, Feb. 21, George E. Thomas of N. S., 55. Centre Rawdon, Feb. 21, Rebecca, widow of Wm. Dill, 63. Jougts, N. S., Feb. 23, Elizabeth, wife of James Devine. Windsor Forks, Feb. 15, Mary E., wife of Edward Lantz. Booth Bay Me., Feb. 13, Capt. Isaac Hamilton of N. S., 54. Deer Island, Feb. 16, Mary F. widow of James Calder, 60. Westville, Feb. 13, Henrietta E. wife of the late John Roy. Boston, March 9, Lalla E. wife of J. Curtis Crocop, of N. S., 33. Great Village, Feb. 22, Frank, son of the late Rev. G. E. F. Mac, 50. Newport, Jan. 15, Margaret, wife of James E. Crabbe, 73. Tunkit, Feb. 23, Magdeleine, wife of Reuben Deacon, 50. Parker's Cove, Feb. 23, Mrs. Wade, widow of Gilbert Wade, 34. Randolph, March 5, Bertie, son of James A. and Agnes Miller. Boston, Feb. 11, Helen Leony, child of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mowatt, 70. Charlottetown, Feb. 23, Mary Ann Fraser, widow of James Robertson, 53. Sweet's Corner, Feb. 23, Eubert S., son of Mr. and Mrs. Tridars, 4 months. March 3, James T. son of Robert and Martha McNeill of St. John. Pictouville, March 5, a male, only daughter of Rev. G. E. F. Mac, 50. Yarmouth, Feb. 20, Maria Bingray, daughter of the late Thomas Crowell, 44. West River, Feb. 29, Gertrude F. youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. David Froodfoot, 4. Woodstock, Feb. 27, Cora Alimra, daughter of Rev. Manuel and Isabel Nales, 23 months.

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PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS. BE IT REMEMBERED that on the second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Blythe, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick by Royal Authority only appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practicing at the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared at the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, the co-partners named in the foregoing and annexed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Co-partnership in their respective act and deed and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January, A. D. 1896. J. A. BLYTHE, Notary Public. [L. S.]

The Veeder Cyclometer. Weight 1 Oz. Positive Movement. Dust Proof. Water Proof. Cut Exact Size. Attached to front shaft inside of nut, obviating any possibility of striking an obstacle and breaking the Cyclometer. Best Discount to the Trade. IRA CORNWALL, Wholesale Agent for Dominion of Canada, Board of Trade Building St. John, N. B., Canada.

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