

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 621.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.

The Season for Anglers is Approaching and Club Men are Looking for Their Interests.

Next Thursday is the first holiday of the season, the Queen's birthday and already many people with a love for fishing are making their arrangements for out of town trips. So many of the lakes and streams have been appropriated that it is a difficult matter for anyone who is not a member of a club or is a friend of a member to know just where to go. There are many clubs however in the vicinity of the city and the followers of the "gentle art" will not find themselves lacking a spot to "ply the rod."

Some remarkable legislation is mentioned in connection with the game laws in the upper provinces and it appears that one Mr. BREMER has procured an order transferring to himself all the available fishing in the Lake St. John district and most of the trout waters comprised in the same area. There were a few small pools in the Grand Discharge in the hands of other individuals and these have been purchased by Mr. BREMER for \$20,000. The information of the monster fish and game club, proposed last year to take over Mr. BREMER'S properties and fishing and hunting rights, is now proceeding, and the charter of incorporation has just been granted under the Fish and Game laws of the province of Quebec. Its capital is to be \$2,500,000, the intention being to limit the membership to 5,000, with individual membership shares of \$600 each.

The Ontario Legislature acted last week upon the suggestion of its Chief Fishery Commissioner and passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale or export of trout, bass or muskellunge for the space of three years. Residents of the province will therefore be unable to eat game fish unless they either catch them themselves or have angling friends to do it for them. For the benefit of American anglers, one clause of the new law provides that "fish caught by any tourist or summer visitor, not exceeding the lawful catch for two days angling, may be taken out of the province by such tourist or summer visitor when leaving the province."

An Ontario Government report, just issued, shows that three different anglers were prosecuted and fined there last season "for fishing on the Sabbath day." In the province of Quebec there is no law against Sunday fishing, so the American anglers who may visit Ontario will do well to make a note of the restriction in force there.

The official reports show a large increase in big game in Ontario. Moose have been protected for the last three years with the result that they have multiplied very large-

ly. The hunting of them will be permitted in the fall, but it is probable that a license fee will be charged for the privilege, and that only one bull will be allowed to each hunter, cows and calves not to be killed under any consideration. During the season just ended, more than 5,600 deer hunters were in the woods in Ontario alone, and judging from their reports, and from the number of carcasses carried by the different express companies, the officials believe themselves to be well within the facts when they place the number of deer killed at 6,500.

On the other hand, the best game birds of Ontario are rapidly disappearing. Woodcock are fast becoming extinct in Quebec as well as in Ontario. Efforts which promise good success are being made in southern Ontario to introduce the Mangolian pheasant, but very little effort is being made to protect the beautiful ruffed grouse or Canadian partridge, which is sold every season upon the markets of Quebec and every second season on those of Ontario, and is now becoming very scarce everywhere. The supply of ducks is decreasing every year in both Ontario and Quebec. The game officers of Ontario lay most of the blame for this falling off upon the American habit of spring shooting for ducks on the south shores of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, and regret is expressed at the action of the Governor of Michigan in vetoing the Spring Shooting law.

The unsportsmanlike method of killing deer in the water is still permitted by the Government of Ontario.

### HE WANTED A MONOPOLY.

A Tobacco Traveller Makes a Bluff at Coercing the St. John Trade.

Local tobaccoists and the tobacco trade generally were greatly amused, and some were really agitated, last week by the strange way in which Mr. McKENZIE of the Empire Tobacco Co., of Montreal tried to sell his goods. In fact with the cigar and tobacco men his peculiar methods of taking orders is still the subject of funny chats.

It appears Mr. McKENZIE came to town with the express purpose of "placing" a whole lot of tobacco whether or no, and being a man of no small amount of assurance, which is a decidedly good quality with commercial travellers, he picked up his kit and commenced to do the rounds. Now it transpired that Mr. McKENZIE called at the es-

tablishment of Isaac Northrup on South Wharf but what he saw on entering the door must have greatly ruffled his business sensibilities, for Mr. Northrup thinks he acted very rudely. For instance, when Mr. McKENZIE caught sight of a glass case full of other tobacco samples on the counter he hastily demanded an explanation and said Mr. Northrup would not be allowed to sell these goods and handle his tobacco as well, or in other words Mr. Northrup took it that Mr. McKENZIE was commanding him to cease selling other makes of tobacco.

Naturally, this irked the South Wharf merchant and he gave the traveller a piece of his mind, considering his manner far from business-like and bordering on overbearance.

Mr. McKENZIE went out, but when he came back to sell the Northrup people he was ordered to the street again, so little Empire brand was sold there.

Over on Mill street in James Brickley's store Mr. McKENZIE is said to have "made some assertions about stopping the sales of Empire tobacco to those who handled other lines, etc, and it is rumored the same thing occurred in Truro and other Nova Scotia parts although it can't be vouched for in St. John.

At anyrate Mr. McKENZIE must have found out that "coaxing is better than scratching," especially when the active party is a man soliciting business, and though he is a head traveller in a company backed up by a trust its not a bad plan after all to let business men know their own business best, and do their own buying, even if the goods of another concern or two are sandwiched in now and then.

### They Seize Your Salaries.

Says the St. Andrews Beacon:

"There is food for reflection in the startling statement that the Montreal city treasurer has just prepared, relative to the number of civic employes whose salaries have been seized, and who are financially in trouble. No less than four hundred permanent employes of the city of Montreal have had their salaries seized for one reason or another during the past year. The unfortunates include clerks in the City Hall, and servants of the fire, police, health and water departments."

There would be some sensational scenes perhaps if this state of affairs were inaugurated in St. John.

## PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you, scan it.
- PAGE 2.—St. John Boarding Houses, and trials in getting one. Just how the Loyalist landed here 117 years ago. Trials of Loyalist Society.
- PAGE 3.—Dramatic and Musical.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial.
- PAGE 5.—Joys and Wees of Other Places, Poetry, Local Items.
- PAGES 6, 7 and 8.—Social Items from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—A whole page of purely local items including: She Smoked on the Sly. John Callahan McCarty is Gone. Just Like New York. What a Frame Traveller Said. Our Boys Sending Belles Home. Boer Money in St. John. Carried the Boer Flag. Two Cents, the Bible, and a Mean Woman. Don't Fool with the Signal Cord. A New Brass Band in Town.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—Another instalment of "Wild Vallet's Eloquence"—that fascinating serial.
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page. Choice literature for Sabbath day perusal.
- PAGE 12.—Bat Matterson tells of a far Western love tragedy.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Boudoir, or in other words the latest fashion hints from the great centres of style.
- PAGE 14.—Baffled Spain's Spies—An American secret service detective tells how he stole documents in Montreal.
- PAGE 16.—The Fate of Magruder—A Western fiction. General Miscellany. Births, deaths and marriages of the week from all over the Maritime provinces.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired  
Ducal 17 Waterloo

## DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

The Sad Case of James McInerney and His Wife—A Man in the Case.

A sad case of domestic infelicity occurred on Monday in the home of James McInerney on White street, and as a result a husband and father is in the hands of the law awaiting judgment for attempting to kill his wife with a bread knife, and his life partner has since the fracas been subject to an unpleasant lot of newspaper notoriety.

It was the old story of jealousy. A husband with a love for strong drink, and one who of late had been up against the realities of life in the superlative degree, finally becoming frantically aggrieved at what he called his wife's unfaithfulness. He came home at dinner time and taking advantage of the least excuse to raise a row complained of his mid-day meal not being ready. Snatching a knife from his wife he made a slash at her throat, but she warded the blow off with her hand, and the blade took effect on her wrist. Other wounds were inflicted.

When the police took McInerney he said he was not sorry for what he had done and would kill his wife when he got out again. It was very apparent the man was crazed with jealous rage and drink, as he unbridled his tongue in a tirade of abuse and accusations against the victim of his murderous assault. The name of Kelly, a printer about town, was used by him in connection with his wife and the daily papers have since given this name prominence.

It is stated that Kelly and Mrs. McInerney have for a long time been on friendly terms, and the prisoner-husband goes even farther in telling of their intimacy. Startling accusations have been made, and some say that as a husband the ex-barkeeper was at times none too good.

Mrs. McInerney is a prepossessing young woman of the brunette type with large soft eyes, and her husband was certainly greatly attached to her, until the alleged interposition of a "man in the case." The home was seldom the scene of a serious disagreement and the three pretty children grew up happily and contentedly. A short time ago however McInerney skipped away from his saloon premises on Brittain street on account of financial pressure, rent etc., and took up his abode with his family on White street, in his father-in-law's house. He applied for a license to continue selling liquor, but did not take it out, although he would altogether likely have been granted it.

Matters drifted and drifted and bad rum got in its confusing work. A disgraced family with its paternal head in jail on a serious charge is only another scene in the domestic melo-drama. What the finale is to be remains to be seen.

Mrs. McInerney gave some peculiar evi-

dence in court, stating that her husband hurt her by accident more than anything, but the prisoner declared his desire to kill his wife. Evidently Mrs. McInerney wants to clear her husband for the sake of all concerned.

### NORTHERN TOBACCO BURNED.

So Says a Fairville Prophetess and the People are Nervous.

There are a whole lot of people in North End with superstitious inclinations, who are becoming more and more agitated as the days slip by, all on account of a woman in Fairville who is said to have prophesied that on June 18th a disastrous fire will sweep Strait Shore from the milling locality near the bridges to Main street on the south side, as far as the car sheds.

The big blaze of a year ago in the other end of town has left its terrifying impression on the more nervous residents, especially the women folks, and its amusing how much faith they place on the foretelling of the woman in the adjacent town. They claim she prophesied the Indian town fire of last May months before it occurred and also had premonitions of the blazes which twice devastated Fairville. In fact it appears as if the soothsaying madame had a "corner" on all the advance notices of local conflagrations.

An amusing incident is told of a family that moved within the limit of the foretold fire on May first and when they heard of the blaze to arrive on the 18th of next month they delayed whitewashing, the tacking down of carpets, in fact house-cleaning in general. As told above a great many are just awaiting with bated breath the fateful day, and should the North End fire alarm happen to ring out on the 18th of June what a panic would ensue for a few seconds in some of these high strung households!

### Congregations in Disunion.

The congregations of St. Luke's Episcopal and the little Main street Disciple's church nearby have been considerably exercised of late over the baptism question. An evangelist held forth for several weeks in the Disciples church and not infrequently his theme was "baptism a saving ordinance." With the Disciples baptism is by immersion, and this doctrine was preached persistently and without compromise. As a result among other converts to the faith the evangelist upheld, were two lady members of Rev. McKim's flock. These ladies became very firm in their new-found ideas of the proper baptism and are now included in the congregation of Rev. Mr. Appel. In consequence Rector McKim has been preaching considerably on baptism, by immersion, sprinkling, infant baptism, etc. of late.

## Capture Cronje in St. John.

A Suggestion for the Exhibition Association Which Might Benefit the Coming Fair.

The Exhibition Association are just now in midst of a heap of the theatrical, vaudeville and acrobatic catalogues endeavoring to decide upon some suitable attractions for the side shows at the big fair in the early fall, which in view of its exceptional monetary backing gives promise of being a great success. Although the management of the show may not look at it in the same light, there are doubtless hundreds who will say that PROGRESS struck a good idea when it suggests that our soldier boys, should they return in time, reproduce in mock fashion the capture of General Cronje on the Barrack Green. The boys of "G" company were the real captors of the Boer commander and for them to put on such a spectacle at night with the aid of Messrs. Hand, the fireworks people, the drawing card would be phenomenal in its success. The "Seige of Sebastopol" and "Fall of Khanadar" as spectacular at the Halifax exhibitions have been great aids toward making the shows in the sister city artistic successes. Of course heretofore Halifax has had the advantage of the regular military and naval forces

which carried out the mock fights in a truly grand manner, but this year if our brave soldier lads get home in time, which is quite probable, St. John will have the real genuine "G" company heroes to show just how they covered themselves with glory on that fateful early morning at Paaderburg.

It would cost practically nothing to build a Boer laager of teams etc., and to duplicate the famous attack of the Canadians in total darkness with pyrotechnic accompaniments would need only a few rehearsals for the "new hands." As well as being a grand opportunity for the populace to let their pent-up enthusiasm loose with regard to "ours" at Paaderburg, outsiders would flock to St. John to see the conquerors of Cronje.

Persons with half an eye can see what a grand thing it would be for the Exhibition if this military spectacle, the most thrilling of recent warfare, could be put on during the show nights, for St. John can put her hands on the very men who did the trick to carry the mock capture out. If St. John don't, Toronto or some other lively fair town will.

## Shell in Methodist Camp.

Fredericton Churchgoer Startles the Congregation at a Meeting With His Opinions.

An incident not down on the programme occurred at a congregational meeting of the Methodists of Fredericton held in the church at the capital city a few evening since. The meeting was convened to consider a proposal to make some needed improvements in the church property. The rev. pastor was in the chair, and most of the prominent lady and gentlemen church members and adherents were included in the audience. Matters pertaining to the welfare of the church were discussed pro and con and everything went along swimmingly, until an elderly adherent of the denomination, prominent in the commercial life of the city and noted for the pronounced views he entertains on theological and other matters, was called upon to speak. He dealt with the matter under discussion, and then broadening out a little, proceeded to give his views on religion in general. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to compare the mode of baptism as practised by the Methodists with that in vogue in the Baptist church, and fairly staggered the congregation by observing that he was satisfied in his own mind that the Baptists had decidedly the better of the argument. The speaker seemed very much in earnest, and from his manner it was evi-

dent that he was ready and willing to debate the question with any of the many people present whom he knew entertained different views from his own. The gauntlet thrown down by him, however, was not taken up by the other speakers who followed, whatever they might have thought of his utterances. Some of the lady church workers were considerably put out by the gentlemen's rather pointed observation, and afterwards in conversation, one of them went so far as to state that he had talked like a fool.

Mr. W. S. Harkins' Engagement. The engagement of Mr. Harkins is looked forward to every summer and the personal of his company is at all times a matter of interest. Mr. McVickers, who has been here some days in advance of Mr. Harkins says that the company is equal, if not better than any this popular tender to public favor has ever brought here. A number of those who were with him last summer are in his company again this year and all of them will be welcomed. It is seldom that any man gets so cordial a reception as Mr. Harkins and when he arrives this afternoon his friends will give him the same sort of greeting as they have year after year.

daughter of Thomas  
widow of J. W. Blaine  
Jane, wife of James  
wife of Adolphus  
Mrs. M., widow of Daniel  
Apr. 22, Edgar S.  
Melinda, widow of Jas.  
R., daughter of Wil-  
ck, eldest son of Rich-  
A., daughter of Wm.  
M., daughter of Mell  
e Jean, child of Charles  
ant child of James W.  
R. 25, Harriet, wife of  
A., widow of the late  
A., daughter of Jas.  
A., Annie wife of the  
Margaret, daughter of  
child of Daniel J. and  
Mrs. Lawrence, infant  
McLain, 8 months.

## AN AFRIC

WEIGHT RATES  
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## old Fields,

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N NORTHWEST,

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RIES, Prospeo-

ants, write to  
A. J. HEATH,  
D. F. A. C. F. R.,  
St. John, N. B.

## Atlantic R'y.

Feb. 8th, 1900, the  
of this Railway will

Prince Rupert.

DIGBY.

Monday, Wednesday,  
arr Digby 10.00 a. m.  
days at 12.00 p. m.

## TRAINS

excepted.)

rv in Digby 12.30 p. m.  
Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.  
rv. Digby 11.45 a. m.  
rv. Halifax 5.50 p. m.

Monday, Wednesday,  
rv. Digby 8.40 a. m.  
Monday, Wednesday,  
rv. Annapolis 4.40

## ce Arthur.

OSTON SERVICE.

et steamer plying out  
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Office, 114 Prince William  
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KINS, superintendent,  
Kentville, N. B.

## al Railway

January 14th, 1900, trains  
cepted) as follows:

AVE ST. JOHN

.....5.30  
.....7.30  
New Glasgow and  
.....12.00  
.....12.30  
.....17.30  
.....21.00

attached to the train leav-  
k for Quebec and Mon-  
at Moncton.

attached to the train  
o'clock for Truro and

d Sleeping cars on the

## IVE AT ST. JOHN

.....11.15  
.....12.00  
.....12.30  
.....13.00  
.....19.15  
.....21.00

Eastern Standard time

D. FOTINGER,  
Gen. Manager

OFFICE,  
100,  
Street St. John, N. B.

## St. John Boarding Houses.

The Trials of a Stranger Who Tried to Get a Temporary Home, Pro Tem.

When a stranger in St. John starts in to hunt for lodgings or a quiet, family sort of a boarding place he begins to court trouble and with the assurance that he is going to win the same.

Our quiet Winter Port city, no doubt, has some excellent private families who are willing for a reasonable consideration, to take in one as a boarder, provided he can show certificates of good character, but there are some boarding and lodging houses which are enough to drive an ordinary well-behaved man to look upon the vintage when its real rose.

PROGRESS is able to identify a gentleman who has been hunting for a boarding place which would just suit him for a straight year and he hasn't found it yet. He asserts that he has carefully observed himself and analyzed his conduct towards his fellow citizens, and he can't see where he is to blame for all the trouble he has experienced in the pursuit of a quiet, home-like place where he could be well treated, not have his private affairs inquired into all the time, and have the good treatment keep up.

He recklessly advertised in PROGRESS his desire for a room with board in a private, quiet family. It was particularly specified in the advertisement that the location must be central.

The advertisement had not been in two days before the man had 30 letters in response. The third day he got 47 and there were almost as many on the fourth day. It seemed to him as though about every private family in St. John was yearning for a boarder, just one.

The man spent hours reading the letters and classifying them. About one third of the answers came from such "central" locations as West End, North End, South End and some from the valley. The letters were read and reread, and finally when the bunch had been cut down to about 20 letters the advertiser started out to inspect some of the "private-family-quiet neighborhood" accommodations which the writers had represented that they possessed. Of the 20 families nine had anywhere from three to 11 boarders already in the house. Eight of the private families had signs out signifying that they kept boarders and inviting any passerby to come in and hire a room with board.

The one private house which had failed to put out a sign to flag stray boarders had four outsiders in the house at that time and was looking for more. Finally the searcher after board in a quiet, private family, found just about what he thought would suit him. It was a house on Blank street and in a fashionable neighborhood. The lady of the house dilated and enlarged and likewise dwelt on the superior advantages her house possessed over any other private residence in all St. John which would condescend to accept an outsider within its walls. She grew eloquent over the location, the modern plumbing, the social standing of the neighbors, and the view to be had from the front. The room she was willing to let, she said, was not over large, but it was airy and altogether delightful. The caller suggested that he would like to look at it, and the lady said she was having it put to rights by the servant and it would be ready for inspection in a few minutes. Then she wanted to know a whole lot of things about her caller. The first thing she asked about was regarding his church connections. Was he a member of a church and did he go regularly? The caller began to feel like counterfeit money at these questions, and he faltered out that just at present he wasn't very strong in the church line, but he intimated that he was thinking of joining one pretty soon. The lady said: "Of course, don't you know, you, ah, see, well, really, you'll excuse me, but the fact is we never have taken any one to live with us, and you won't mind if I ask you a few more questions, will you?"

"Oh no, not a bit; I rather enjoy it," said the caller, who decided it he had to lie he would be as cheerful about it as possible.

Then the lady looked very solemn and impressive as she asked her caller if he drank. Never, he said, not a drop in fact; he abhorred liquor, and said so with great fervor. "That is so nice," said the lady, and then she proceeded with her cross-examination. Would her caller be willing to pay in advance?

Did he stay out late nights? Would he mind if he angel child practiced on the piano from 6.30 to 8.45 in the room under his sleeping apartment? Did he think he should have the privilege of smoking in his room, tobacco smoke makes such a

smell in the curtains? Had he many friends who were likely to call on and keep the servant running to the door?

The caller said that he'd just a soon pay in advance as anyway, that he never smokes anywhere but in the street, but that he does work nights, although he has contracted the habit of taking his shoes off in the street and entering a house in his stocking feet so as not to disturb anybody. Naturally he said, he had to sleep forenoon, but the piano practice would be all right, as pianos always had the effect of soothing his nerves and lulling him to sleep. As regards callers coming to the house to see him, the man said that he hadn't a friend in the world who would ever think of calling at his lodgings, so everything was satisfactory on that score. Finally, the frowsy servant having announced that the room was ready to be inspected, the lady showed the caller to the "not large but airy" sleeping apartment. It was right under the roof, and about big enough for a good wardrobe. The floor was covered with matting and a pair of curtains that might have cost 27 cents at a bargain sale were hanging over the one window with narrow panes of glass.

There was no closet nor wardrobe connected with the bedroom. The bed itself was a three-quarter size and conched in the middle. The lady appeared very proud of the little place. She said in a sort of grandiloquent manner, not forgetting to mention the superior location and the high-toned neighbors, that she would let the caller have it all for \$3 a week. As he had advertised for room and board, that looked pretty cheap, and he made some modest inquiry about meals!

No, never; she said the man could eat outside, but, really she didn't know where she could get table board around that neighborhood, for all the neighbors were so high-toned. The caller began backing water after all that, and diplomatically praised up the room, told how he always did have a horror of a large room, in which size he said he always felt lost, and he promised to let the lady know his decision by the mail of the following morning. She got the decision all right, but she didn't let the garret room for \$3 per week. The last one of the remaining 20 letters developed a neat and cozy flat, of which the tenant was a widow who did condescend to let a few rooms, but no board. The place was clean and wholesome, and after his long and fruitless search for home comforts, the wayfarer, finding he could get table board in the same neighborhood, hired the furnished room. The lady said his rent would be \$2 a week until cold weather. When the steam was turned on, she said, the rent would be \$2.50. The man without a home took that room and moved in, for the lady said it was quiet there forenoon.

It was quiet, comparatively, that is, if the comparison was drawn between that and a factory. All the street hawkers in St. John drove past there bawling their wares every forenoon but Sunday, and the street musicians held daily conventions on the corner. Sleep was almost out of the question. A female with a cracked voice and a delusion that she was cut out for a prima donna practiced all day long at an open window across the street, and a man with a hair lip and a banjo occupied an adjoining room, where he practiced a new system for learning to sing and play rag time.

It was a happy little home, not, but the wayfarers had grown weary of moving about, and the thoughts of more hotel life appalled him, so he stuck it out for a few weeks. Then a couple of business college boys moved into the room at one side of the seeker after comfort and rest, and two girl clerks moved into the room on the other side.

The collegians and the salesladies used to poke their heads out of the windows and exchange gush with each other mornings, all of the same having, of necessity, to pass by the tired man's window. The situation was becoming unbearable, but the first pay day for the room after that, saw the finish of the seeker after a quiet home.

Again he advertised for board in a quiet home like family, centrally located and having all the comforts of a home, and he got nearly 25 replies to that. He visited all the people replying within walking distance convenient to which he had specified the place must be, and after spending three days in his search he finally compromised between a furnished room in a noisy neigh-

borhood and a hotel in which he had thought of taking refuge, and went to live in a high toned boardinghouse, where he was shown a good sized room, with bath across the hall, and enough easy chairs and hassocks to make him feel rested the minute he entered the place.

The bed was a perfect dream, a set of fine woven wire springs and thick mattress being on it, an abundance of clean bed-clothing and a counterpane which was snowy in its whiteness. The pillows were twice the size of the pillows in the average boarding house and they must have been filled with down, they were so light. The boarders, the lady said, were few in number, and very select. The references of the new comer being satisfactory he was taken in (more ways than one) at the rate of \$6 a week. The first meal was entirely satisfactory (the man learned later from experience that an extra meal was always a feature of the arrival of a new boarder,) but after it fell off. The new man slept the sleep of the just, and entire contentment his first night in the new nest. The bed seemed to fit him all over, and he fell asleep dreaming that at last he had found the same of boardinghouse bliss. The next night he missed a hassock. The following day the best easy chair was missing, and the landlady explained that one of the star boarders was sick, and she had borrowed it for him, but would bring it right back. It never came. Then the pillows of down disappeared, and were replaced, by some that were filled with hen's feathers and were as hard as could be. They never came back. The landlady said she guessed the servant had gotten them mixed with the pillows from some other room, but she'd see about it.

She must have had a bad eye, for they didn't reappear. The second easy chair disappeared one day, and its place was taken by a stiff-backed chair, that gave the man a back-ache when he tried to sit in it. The hired girls kept going, but they didn't come as fast as they disappeared, and for days at a time the boarders lived on excuses from the landlady and complaints regarding the troubles she was having in getting servant girls, supplemented by bakers' bread and canned meats.

There were factions, to none of which the stranger belonged, among the old boarders in the house, and squabbles were features of about every meal. One day a new boarder came and was shown a room fitted up with the exhibition bed and furniture which caught the stranger boarder in the first place. The easy chairs the pillows of down, the hassocks and all the fittings were there. The newest man rented the room, and that night there was another splendid meal. Then the searcher after a home in a quiet neighborhood, and with a private family, paid his bill and moved into a hotel again.

He is there now and proposes to stick to it. If there are any nice private families, centrally located who are willing to take just one boarder and let him mind his own business while the family attends to its business he hasn't been able to find it. Meantime, he has sworn off on boardinghouses, lodginghouses and eating in restaurants.

He (impulsively)—I'll see your father and end all uncertainty at once, darling. She (cautiously)—No, no. Wait till next week or the week after, dearest. He—Why?

She—He's breaking in a new pair of shoes.

He—What makes you wear shoes that hurt your feet?

She—Dear me! If they didn't hurt me I wouldn't remember they were new.

'Adam never was a boy.' 'That's so. Well, he did pretty well, considering he hadn't any bringing up.'

## HUMPHREYS' LONDON.

When in London telephone 27 Charterhouse Square they will send to your hotel or tell you the nearest chemist who keeps Humphreys' Specifics. "77" for Grip and Colds. Specific "4" for Diarrhea, very important when travelling. Specific "1" for Fever, Congestion. Specific "10" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Specific "2" for Rheumatism. Specific "16" for Malaria. Specific "26" for Sea-Sickness. Specific "27" for Kidney and Bladder. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. each. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. 32 Rue Etienne-Marc, 32, Paris.

## Landing of the Loyalists.

How They Arrived Here 117 Years Ago—Troubles of the Loyalist Society.

Yesterday was the 117th anniversary of the founding of St. John by the Loyalists, but few would have known it from any special display of bunting or other marks of celebration. The institution of this dearly beloved city has become almost a pleasant myth with those who inhabit it and the rising generations are growing to know less each year of the very important facts of history connected with the settlement of the rocky site upon which St. John now stands. The landing of the Loyalists in St. John was an event in Canadian history not to be forgotten, and from that May day so many years ago the most easterly part of what is now Canada has grown in importance, wealth and commerce.

The St. John Loyalist Society was instituted in 1889 and is composed of descendants of the original settlers. The Society will listen to Rev. W. O. Raymond preach on Sunday evening in commemoration of the 117th anniversary, but otherwise the founding of St. John will receive no recognition. In fact matters have been going along very unsatisfactorily of late years in the Loyalist Society. The interest in the object of the organization has seemingly fallen greatly off, and few names are being added to the rolls. Of course there is a cause for so much disinterestedness, and laxity on the part of certain officers is charged. Perhaps the most important office in the Society is that of Historian and it appears as though this, or these officials have been exceedingly backward in their duties. No new data has been furnished and consequently many families, who are living in town of Loyalist descent, have not been "authenticated," so to speak by the Historian and are not invited to join. The chief interest of the Loyalist Society lies in the historical data supplied by its Historians, but as stated before, these officers have been neglecting the duties expected of them and consequently the enthusiasm of the Society has faded away and is gradually dying.

PROGRESS is indebted to the late J. W. Lawrence's "Footprints" for the following interesting bits of St. John history:

### The Loyalists at New York.

At the close of the American Revolution Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-chief at New York was waited on by Rev. Samuel Seabury D. D. and Col. Benj. Thompson on behalf of the Loyalist desirous of going to Nova Scotia. It was agreed that:

They should have vessels to carry them and their cattle and goods.

That they should be provisioned on voyage and a year's provision supplied after landing, also purchase money.

Also that clothing and other needs be supplied in proportion to size of families.

That medicine, millstones, ironwork, saw mills, etc., be granted, as well as nails, hoes, axes, shovels, ploughs, farming implements, and so forth.

Tracts of land free from disputed titles were surveyed and divided at public cost in lots of from 300 to 600 acres for each family. Two thousand acres was allowed in every township for the support of a clergyman and 1000 acres for a school. Muskets, cannon ball and powder were allowed for home defences.

### Exploration and Arrival.

The St. John river was explored by a party from Massachusetts in 1761 led by Israel Perley. Mr. Perley was the founder of Mangerville, dying in 1813 at the age of 74. The harbor of St. John was surveyed by Capt. Bruce of the Royal Engineers the same year.

In April 1783 the first fleet left New York for the river St. John with Loyalists. There were about 3000 men, women and children aboard. On the 18th day of the next month they landed on the present Market Square from the "Camel," Capt. Tinker; the "Union," C. pt. Wilson; the "Aurora" C. pt. Jackson; the "Hope," Capt. Peacock; the "Otter," Capt. Burns; the "Spencer," the "Eamett," Capt. Reed; the "Thames," the "Spring," Capt. Cadish; the "Bridgewater," the "Favorite," Capt. Ellis; the "Ann," Capt. Clark; the "Commerce," Capt. Strong; the "William," the "Lord Townsend," the "Sovereign," the "Sally," the "Cyrus," the "Britain" and the "King George." Vessels continued arriving all summer. In October the fall fleet arrived with 1200 people. These with numbers before found shelter in log houses and bark camps. Transports with stores and troops arrived as late as December. The troops tented all winter on Barrack Square, Parr Town, as St. John was first called, an 1 Carleton across the

harbour had at the end of 1783 about 5000 of a population.

### Commence to Build a Town.

The Loyalists shingled a lot of land with 500 ft. of boards, shingles and bricks. Most of the erections at first were log houses, the lumber being used for roofing. Over a million and a half feet of boards were distributed and a million and a half shingles. Lines of streets were run and trees cut, but stumps in many places remained for years. Carting between upper and Lower Cove was along the shore, and provisions from the beach had to be carried to the dwellings on the bank. The British Government provisioned the Loyalists for the first year, two thirds for the second year and one third for the third year.

The above quotations will give an intelligent idea of the "landing of the Loyalists," so much spoken and heard about, but generally not known in detail. To follow on and give historical extracts of the consequent doings of our St. John forefathers would take up more space than PROGRESS can possibly spare in this issue.

Appended is an incomplete list of the membership of the Loyalist Society, descendants of the people above written about.

Alward, Silas.	Allen, Sir John C.
Allen, T. Carleton.	Anderson, James.
Bayard, Dr. Wm.	Belyea, Dr. E. S.
Belyea, Jas. A.	Brundage, Thos.
Bustin, Thos.	Beckwith, C. W.
Baxter, J. B. M.	Clinch, Peter.
Carroll, Mrs. Mrs.	Cowan, R. A.
Charles, H.	Cunard, Col. Wm.
Curry, L. A.	DeForest, S. S.
DeForest, Clarence.	DeForest, Arthur F.
DeForest, Louis C.	DeForest, Frank.
Dixon, M. B.	Dole, W. P.
Drake, Jer.	Drake, Bruce.
Earle, A. O.	Everett, C. A.
Everett, Hon. L.	Flagler, I. S.
Fowler, E. C.	Fowler, Judson M.
Gardiner, Sam.	Harding, Wm. S.
Harding, James S.	Hannay, Jas.
Hall, S. S.	Hart, J. Twining.
Hatheway, W. H.	Harding, John H.
Harding, Chas. S.	Humbert, Thos. C.
Humphrey, R. B.	Hszen, J. D.
Holly, James.	Jack, I. Allen.
Jack, D. R.	Jones, Simson.
Jones, E. Keltie.	Jones, Geo. W.
Jarvis, Wm.	Kays, Ed. G.
Kerr, John.	Knowles, J. N.
Manning, James.	Mayes, G. S.
Manning, Ed. I.	McLean, H. H.
McCready, J. E. B.	McDonald, Chas. A.
Moran, Robt.	Murray, Frances R.
Northrup, Isaac H.	Northrup, Isaac H.
Olive, D. Miller.	Olive Stanley G.
Ott, G. O. D.	Palmer, Phillip.
Peters, Harriet.	Pickett, H. H.
Pries, Mrs. M. C.	Raymond, W. O.
Robertson, John.	Robinson, T. B.
Roop, J. W.	Roberts, David S.
Roberts, C. N.	Second, Mrs.
Sealey, D. I.	Skinner, C. N.
Smith, A. C.	Stockton, A. A.
Stevens, W. B.	Short, John D.
Tapley, Arch.	Tapley, Geo. H.
Tapley, G. L.	Tapley, Edward.
Trueman, G. H.	Thorne, W. H.
Taylor, Chas. S.	Tilley, H. C.
Tilley, L. P. D.	Thompson, W. Chas.
Underhill, Jacob D.	Vroom, W. E.
Waterbury, D. H.	Wilson, A. A.

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### Automobile Instruction Book.

"Electric Automobiles: Their Care, Construction and Operation," is the title of a very valuable little volume which has just been issued by Herbert S. Stone & Co., the Chicago publishers. The author is Mr. C. E. Woods, a practical electrical engineer and inventor of the Woods' automobile. The book is by far the most useful volume on the subject published, its information is accurate and up-to-date and its instruction is along just the lines which the automobile owner and operator requires. The book contains all the regulations of the Automobile Club of America and the racing rules in France—besides a chapter on the street operation of electric vehicles. There are also numerous illustrations, showing the entire construction of the carriages and batteries. The book is invaluable to persons interested in automobiles.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERONES.

The Bostonians revived Robin Hood in New York last week.

Leon Greasse the famous French basso died on April 13th, aged fifty-five years.

John Philip Sousa and his band opened successfully at the Paris exposition on May 5.

Emil Paur was re-elected last week for his third year as conductor of the New York Philharmonic society.

Suzanne Adams has gone to Europe to sing in opera. She will shortly make her appearance at Covent Garden, London.

Lulu Glasier who has joined "The Cadet Girl" has been succeeded in Francis Wilson's company by Mabelle Gilman.

The season of the Maurice Grau opera company closed on April 25. The following day Mr. Grau and a number of the singers sailed for Europe.

Ignace Paderewski sailed for Europe on the 16th, his last concert being given at Newark on May 14th. The tour just closed has been most successful.

Max Voguish has returned to America. He has submitted his opera, "Buddha" to Jean de Reske who has promised to sing the little part in Europe and America next season.

The persistent report that Jessie Bartlett Davis will go with Francis Wilson next season is unfounded as her contract as principal contralto with the Grau-Savage grand English opera organization is already signed.

The Robinson Comic opera company booked for St. John in the autumn, open their spring tour next Monday in New Bedford, Mass. The company includes Marie Laurens, Lizzie Gorkiz, Essie Barton, Leona Hamilton, Stella Murray, Ben Lodge, Frank Nelson, Tom White, Frank French, W. I. Clark and a chorus of thirty two. W. A. Reynolds, has been re-engaged as musical director for his fourth year with the company.

The war in Africa has inspired the English song writer to the limit. Some of their latest "Give us your kind applause" ditties are "The Queen and the Shamrock," "The Left-ah Home Brigade," "Ordered South," "Goodbye Daddy," "Motherland," "A hot Time in the Transvaal to-night," "Another Little patch of Red," "The Soldiers of the Queen," "John Bull's Letter Bag," "Off to the War," "The Boys that Mind the Shop," "The Girl in the Khaki Dress," "Thinking of the Lad Who Went Away," and One

of the Soldiers." Especially strong appeals are made in "Bravo" "Dublin Fusiliers," and "What do you Think of the Irish Now?" It is to be hoped that the war will end soon, or the song scourge will drive the patrons of the halls to desperation.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

'Side Tracked' under the management of A. G. Scammon occupied the opera house stage on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, and despite adverse criticism drew excellent audiences. 'Side Tracked' is a farce comedy abounding in bright breezy specialties. The aggregation is well balanced and includes some very clever people in its personnel. The engagement was a success financially, which goes to show that public opinion endorsed the show.

Later in the week the Lyceum company appeared at the opera house, and today close their engagement which began on Thursday with a production of Hamlet, later giving 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Othello.' The company had some excellent advance notices and seems to have received the hearty endorsement of the press in other places. The engagement closes with a matinee and evening performance today. At the former the ever charming 'David Garrick' will be given, and the bill for the evening performance will be 'The Merchant of Venice.'

The Military minstrels gave an entertainment in the Mechanics Institute on Friday evening which judging by the names on the programme promised to be of more than ordinary interest. The circle consisted of thirty voices with six end men, whose reputation for fun making is well known. The names of Messrs. Kelly, Lindsay and Seeley are a guarantee that the olio left little to be desired. The minstrels will visit Frederickton next week, when the citizens will have an opportunity of judging of their merits as real fun makers.

The plays secured by W. S. Harkins for his two weeks engagement which begins on Monday next are particularly strong, his opening piece, Sowing the Wind, being the master piece of that famous dramatist Sidney Grundy, and has been the vehicle through which many English and American stars have made their way to fame. Viola Allen and Henry Miller made their greatest hits in "Sowing the Wind" "The K-fir Diamond" will follow later in the week, but of course the piece de resistance of the engagement will be "Quo Vadis," to be produced the following week, and regarding the production of which there is much pleasurable anticipation. The personnel of the company leaves nothing to be desired and is made up of well known people. Mr.

Harkins was only able to obtain the rights to "Sowing the Wind" and "Quo Vadis" from their respective Charles Frohman and F. C. Whitney, when he was in a position to furnish a list of the people in his company thus assuring these gentlemen that the plays would be properly produced. Though offered strong inducements and guarantees to take his company to the West this season, Mr. Harkins refused to break faith with the provinces. The company opened in Yarmouth this week.

Duse will play in London this month. Eleanora Duse is still enchanting Berlin theatre goers.

Morrison's "Faust" closed at Ashland, Wis., on May 12.

Olga Nethersole closes her season in New York on May 26.

Julia Marlowe has taken a cottage in the Catskills where she will spend the summer.

E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned closed their season at Washington on May 12.

Quiller Couch, the novelist, has written a play that soon will be produced in London.

Elita Proctor Otis may go to Australia next season to enact the title role in "Zaza."

James F. Leonard will star next season in his new comedy "Hogan's Wooden Wedding."

Margaret Fuller will go with Maelyn Arbuckle in "The Gentleman from Texas" next season.

Mildred Holland will reappear as a star in September, having recovered from her recent illness.

Hamilton Revelle will retire from Olga Nethersole's company at the close of the present season.

A new comedy "Where is Cobb" by Louis Egan will be produced in August by Elmer Watters.

Rose Stahl has succeeded Jessie Bonstelle as leading lady of the Valentine Stock company.

Richard Mansfield has chartered a schooner in which he means to cruise during the summer.

A. E. Lancaster has contracted to write a play for Daniel Frohman's Stock company next season.

Frank Worthing, Blanche Bates and Marie Wainwright, have gone to Europe to spend the summer.

Mrs. Langtry's daughter chaperoned by Mrs. Cornwallis West was presented to the Queen last week.

Eranette Govevli is pronounced by Duse "the greatest actor in the world." This seems a sweeping assertion. His Shylock

is said to be the most consistent and best ever witnessed by the great European critics.

R. C. Carton's new comedy "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" was successfully presented in London a few weeks ago.

Kate Vaughan the old time English gaiety dancer and subsequent comedienne has gone to Australia to seek new triumphs.

Tom Costello is in Western Australia. Walter Bentley has likewise gone to New Zealand with "The Silver King" and other plays.

Abbie Sage Richardson will dramatize William Sage's novel, "Robert Tournay," for Daniel Frohman who has secured stage rights.

It is reported from London that E. H. Sothern has secured the rights of "The Starboard Fawn," Justin H. McCarthy's new comedy.

Louie Freear has set the law in motion against George Lederer, and has sued him both in London and New York for breach of contract.

The production of "The Son of Carlecroft" by Theodore Sayre that was to have taken place this spring has been indefinitely postponed.

Leland Webb is playing Philip Edgeworth in "A Remedy for Divorce" with Clara Thropp, the roll formerly played by Charles Ryan.

Paul Kester has written a new play, founded on Nell Gwynne's adventures, that it is said Julia Neilson will produce next season in London.

Wagenhals and Kemper will revive "A Midsummer's Night Dream" next season with Louis James as Bottom and Katharine Kidder as Helena.

A. C. Dornier will put on the road the coming season Lionel Ellis' sensational play "The Red Barn," that has been successful in England and Australia.

Marie Tompest will appear as Nellie Gwynne in Anthony Hope and Edward Rose's adaptation of Hope's new novel "Simon Dale," in London.

"Quo Vadis" has been Quo Vadising merrily along at the Boston Castle Square with the house sold out at every performance. "A Guided Fool" followed this week.

Marie Burroughs will make a starring tour next season under the management of D. V. Arthur, in a dramatization of Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Battle of the Strong."

Julia Morrison in "A Day of Reckoning" is a Boston attraction, and her trial at Castanoga for the murder of an actor "in defence of her honor being worked for all it is worth. Tasy say that she stands on her merits as an actress and then write

columns about her case which is inconsistent.

Joseph Hart not content with the success of "A Close Call" has started work upon a new fanciful sketch which he will call "Winning a Widow." It will probably not be done until next year.

Sixty eight dramatizations of "Les Miserables" have been submitted to the Lederers with the hope of fitting Wilton Lackaye as Jean Valjean, but the right one has not been found yet.

Charlotte Deane now playing in "The Great Ruby" has signed with Daniel Frohman for the Queen-Mother in 'Hamlet' and Anne of Austria in "The Musketeers" with E. H. Sothern next season.

Maude Odell of the famous O'Neill company intends to retire from the stage this spring and will marry a western man. It was generally understood that she would play in a Boston Stock Company this summer.

Harriett Ford and Mrs. H. C. De Mille have signed a contract with Richard Mansfield for a four act romantic play, the title and story of which have not been made public. The production will be made next season.

Next season E. S. Willard will be seen in the Middleman, David Garrick, The Rogues Comedy, The Professors Love Story and two other new plays. He will open his next American tour at Boston in November.

The Washington Academy of Music was closed last week in the middle of an engagement by the action of the star, John Kernell, who refused to appear, claiming that money owed him by the manager was not paid. The company returned to New York.

Olga Nethersole has sued the Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton of Washington D. C. for \$20,000 for alleged slander. Miss Nethersole contends that her character was defamed by a sermon of Dr. Easton's. The Rev. Doctor claims that he apologized by letter.

"Miss," the comedy drama of Western title made famous by the late Annie Pixley is to be revived next season. Nellie McHenry will play the title role and Frank Losee will take his original role of Yuba Bill, and will also stage the play. Both will be featured.

Berlin has a new dramatist in the person of Eberhard Konig who is not yet thirty years of age. He has devoted his life to the study of philosophy, philology and Sanskrit. His fairy tale in five scenes entitled "Godfather Death" had a friendly reception. It was elaborately staged and well acted.

Maude Winter who is a member of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company in London, received an offer of the leading part in "Quo Vadis" there, but was unable to accept. At the close of Mrs. Carter's engagement in July, Miss Winter will probably play a short season with a London company and later visit Paris.

Her Majesty's, Montreal, formerly conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy has been leased by J. A. Grose, Mr. Grose intends to establish a stock company at the theatre, which is to be recruited from London. The theatre is well adapted to the purpose in view, and Montreal has already shown to liberally patronize a resident company.

In order to get a clean bill of financial health Edward E. Rice has filed a petition in bankruptcy. His liabilities are stated as \$91,610, while his assets are of the fashionable kind name ly nil. Rice's heaviest creditor is Isaac B. Rich to whom he owes \$44,597 of borrowed money. In all there are 15 judgments and 112 claims against him according to the figures given in his petition to the court.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry gave five performances in Harlem this week and sail today for England. Sir Henry's American visit has been splendidly successful from a pecuniary point of view, and he will land in England richer in pocket than he has been since he was last in this country. Newly equipped with the sinews of war, we may expect to see him amid fresh dramatic activities ere long in London. The report that Miss Terry will return to this country as an independent star is unfounded, as has been the perennial story that she would separate her artistic fortunes from those of her celebrated colleague. Miss Terry has received many proposals, both from England and America to place herself at the head of a company and appear in a series of roles that would afford her larger scope than some of those in the Irving repertoire, but she has declined these offers consistently and loyally.

Near Sighted Visitor—You've filled up the doorway for one thing. The Host—Eh? Way bless your soul, that's my wife!



LOOKING AT HIS PICTURE.

Specialists.

Troubles of the

at the end of 1783 about 5000

to build a town.

received a lot of land with roads, shingles and bricks. erections at first were log ber being used for roofing, and a half feet of boards and a million and a half s of streets were run and tumps in many places re- r. Carrying between upper e was along the shore, and the beach had to be car- rillings on the bank. The ment provisioned the e first year, two thirds for and one third for the third

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an incomplete list of the of the Loyalist Society, the people above written

- Allen, Sir John C. Anderson, James, Belyea, Dr. E. S. Brundage, Thos. Beckwith, C. W. Clinch, Peter, Cowan, R. S. Cunard, Col. Wm. DeForest, S. S. DeForest, Arthur F. DeForest, Frank, Dole, W. F. Drake, Bruns. Everett, C. A. Flagler, L. S. Fowler, Judson M. Harding, Wm. S. Hannay, Jas. Hart, J. Twining, Harding, John H. S. Hammett, Thos. C. Hazen, J. D. Jack, I. Allen, Jones, Simeon, Jones, Geo. W. Kaye, Ed. G. Knowles, J. N. Mayes, G. S. McLean, H. H. McDonald, Chas. A. Murray, Frances R. Northrup, Isaac H. Olive Stanley G. Palmer, Phillip, Pickett, H. H. Raymond, W. O. Robinson, T. B. Roberts, David S. Secord, Mrs. Skinner, C. N. Stockton, A. A. Short, John D. Tapley, Geo. H. Tapley, Edward, Thorne, W. H. Tilley, H. C. Thompson, W. Chas. D. Vroom, W. E. H. Wilson, A. A.

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Automobiles: Their Care, and Operation", is the title able little volume which has ed by Herbert S. Stone & go publishers. The author Woods, a practical electrical inventor of the Woods' auto- book is by far the most use- the subject published, its in- accurate and up-to date and is along just the lines which le owner and operator re- book contains all the regu- Automobile Club of America rules in France—besides a street operation of electric ere are also numerous illus- ing the entire construction of and batteries. The book is persons interested in automo-

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 19.

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

THE CIVIL WAR AGAIN.

That good and reliable newspaper, the Advertiser, of Boston revises a great question in the United States when it asks: Was the Civil War a great hideous mistake? Was the life of Abraham Lincoln and the work of the republican party 35 years ago so stupid an error as to be an almost criminal act against the republic? Were the men who founded this republic in error in believing that the time could come when all men could hope for citizenship? Were the men who saved the republic from ruin, later, also far astray in their hope that the children of the slave or his grandchildren could be fitted for the rights and duties of American citizenship?

Surely one might well think so when reading some of the speeches made at the conference at Birmingham, Ala., last week. From the lips of southern men such doctrine does not sound new or strange; but even some northern men were found who seemed to imagine that the view of the South was the right one. If the grants of the rights of citizenship to the descendants of slaves has been productive of all the evils which are assumed as the direct fruits of that policy, then it might be easier to understand the conclusion that this grant was a mistake, but how can that assumption be made in any fairness?

In the North the colored citizens have been allowed to vote, to hold property, to hold public office and to obtain all the benefits of public school education that white children could claim. Has the policy been followed by any ruinous or alarming effects? Has not the advance of the colored race been far more rapid and noteworthy in the North than in the South? How, then, can it be claimed with any reason that the descendants of slaves must always be unworthy of American citizenship?

What has happened in the South? At the outset came the reconstruction policy and a race bitterness that has never ceased from that day. The negro child has never had the same advantages of education that the white child has had in the south. He has seldom obtained his political rights in the past 20 years. In some states the negro has been killed in cold blood for daring to vote or to take office. Under such treatment, and under the popular permission or encouragement of lynch law, complaint has arisen that a great mistake was made in giving the negro the right to be educated and to be a citizen!

Where the experiment was fairly carried out it did not prove a mistake. All will admit that. Where the system has been fought from the outset, where it has never been really tried, it is denounced as a gross, dangerous, mistake. The very men who condemn a negro suffrage and negro education cannot seem to realize that the system has seemed to be a failure mainly because it has never been tried! They were never willing to give it a trial as it was tried in the North, where it succeeded. They do not yet realize that all the evils that have come about have resulted from the circumstances that the South has refused to make the experiment, which it now condemns as a failure!

THE LIFE OF MOODY.

The life of MOODY, has been printed and supplies a lot of information about the evangelist that has not before found its way into print. Many incidents are given of Mr. Moody's life before he took up the business—for it was nothing else, apparently, in his own opinion than a business—of making converts to christianity. That

MOODY was once as successful a salesman of shoes as he became later a preacher is not familiar to those who have not particularly interested themselves in the work which he spent the greater part of his life doing. He began his life away from home with the ambition to make \$100,000. He was well on his way to achieve his purpose when it became clear to him that his duty was the saving of sinners. He turned his back on a salary of \$5,000 a year and began his career as an evangelist without any definite idea how the work or his personal needs were to be cared for, farther than that the Lord would provide. He lived in fair comfort from that time on, except that he always insisted on overworking himself. But nothing ever discouraged him or hurt him so much as the imitations of cynical people, which frequently came to his notice, that he was spending money on his own account out of his spiritual activity.

It appears from the memoirs prepared by his son that Mr. MOODY was not one of whom it may be said that he was set apart and consecrated from his earliest youth for the labors of his later life. He was the son of plain New England work people. His father was a stone mason. His name when he was baptized was Dwight Lyman Ryther, but the neighbor who was honored by the bestowing of the name Ryther on the baby did not give a present to the child, according to the time, and the MOODYs were so much hurt by the omission that they dropped the name before the individual to whom it belonged had any use for it.

A paragraph in a Halifax paper recalls some observations made by this paper in respect to attempts at suicide and precautions in consequence. The chief of police may be interested in reading that one SCHULTZ, charged with attempted suicide, was arraigned before Judge JOHNSTON and elected to be tried summarily. The case was set down for next Monday. Sickness is said to have been the cause of his troubles. We do things different in St. John.

POLICEMAN TUBBED DOWN.

Magistrate Ritchie Decides Against Officer McLaren in a Disturbance Case.

Magistrate Ritchie decided against the police force again last Monday, which makes the second or third time he has turned the peace preservers down in a short time. It was in the case of the Lenihan brothers of Mill street, two of whom were arrested by Officer McLaren on the Saturday night previous for alleged fighting in his sight, and otherwise creating a disturbance, sufficient in the officer's estimation to be a breach of the peace, and attractive to the general public.

The evidence in court, according to the three brothers, brought out the fact that one of the trio was heavily drunk, and another brother was trying to get him in his house on Drury Lane, but as to the mode employed in taking him into the house the brothers and police officers wholly disagree. Officer McLaren cross-examined the two sober brothers in a surprisingly clever manner, and practically proved that fist-cuffs were administered to the helpless fellow by the brother who was trying to get him in the house. The officer said the intoxicated man was knocked down three times and when he made his appearance the two ran headlong into the house. The question was naturally put to Lenihan why he ran into the house if he was doing a kind act by aiding his stupefied brother. This kind of bothered the witness and Lawyer Quigley objected to the pressing of the point.

Then the counsel for the defence pleaded earnestly and boldly for the brothers, whom he said were not fighting, nor indulging in blows or kicks whatever. The police Officers McLaren, and Totten who afterwards assisted him, were perfectly right he said, in supposing a breach of the peace had occurred, but Magistrate Ritchie could not find them a five cent piece under the circumstances and according to the evidence adduced.

Of course this assertion entirely ignored the sworn statement of Officer McLaren, who said he saw a fight with knock-downs. Then the police officer, rather than be outweighed by evidence of the three brothers, asked for a postponement of the case till next day when Officer Totten and several electric power house employees would back up his statement. But Lawyer Quigley argued this proposition away and with a long-delivered judgement the Lenihan were let go.

PROGRESS has learned through the week that the electric power house people and Officer Totten tell a story very similar to Officer McLaren's and would have willingly told it in court.

Joseph Sixed Up.

The Sabbath-school teacher had been telling the class about Joseph, particularly

to reference to his coat of many colors, and how his father rewarded him for being a good boy, for Joseph, she said, told his father whenever he caught any of his brothers in the act of doing wrong.

"Can any little boy or girl tell me what Joseph was?" the teacher asked, hoping that some of them had caught the idea that he was Jacob's favorite.

"I know," one of the little girls said, holding up her hand.

"What was he?"

"A tattle-tale," was the reply.

Anti-Betrothal Precaution.

Being a wise man, he desired to take no chances.

"Of course you understand," he said by way of preference, "that I have plenty of female relatives."

"Certainly," she answered somewhat nonplused.

"I have four sisters already," he went on "and any number of cousins."

"I realize all that," she returned, but I fail to see how it interests me."

"Only indirectly," he said. "Before saying what I have to say merely desire to have it understood that I have my full quota of relatives of that description. Do I make myself clear?"

"I think I grasp your meaning," she answered.

"In that case," he announced, "I will ask you to be my wife."

She Misunderstood.

He was a brother, she a sweet, young thing. They were out for a country ramble and had come to a brook which the girl could not jump. He had been thinking about Wall Street.

"Will you carry me over?" she asked archly.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I refuse to carry over any more stock."

"Sir!" indignantly exclaimed the girl.

JOYS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Functio in a Fault.

(Sussex Record.)

—The tax gatherer is early this year if the spring is late:

A Flung.

(Springhill Advertiser.)

James Furdy, was more than fortunate winning the bike on an eight cent ticket.

What Sympathy They are Missing.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

It must be a source of pain to the Filipinos that they are not fighting against the British. What resolutions of sympathy they are missing!

His Manoeuvres Gave Him Away.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

Judging from the manoeuvres of a young man from up the river, while in town Tuesday, we judge that an interesting event will take place in the vicinity of his home in the near future.

A St. John Celestial Abroad.

(Moncton Times.)

A "small" Chinaman struck town this morning. He was attired in a natty suit with gold stockings and wore a pair of bicycle boots. His long raven locks of hair and general make-up attracted considerable attention at the station and on Main street.

Halifax Enthusiasm Cooling.

(Halifax Echo.)

The feu de joie has been dropped from the military celebration of the Queen's birthday here.

This "Baby" Was a Mamma.

(St. Andrews Beacon.)

"The cradle of American liberty" (see resolution of the Boston Common Council), which has been on the shelf ever since the Filipino war began, is to be placed at the disposal of the Boer baby. Not every baby can be rocked in that cradle. A good deal depends on who the baby's "ma" is.

Springhill Ladies Reform.

(Springhill Advertiser.)

We are pleased to hear that the ladies who are going to attend the Merchant of Venice have kindly consented to remove their hats during the performance. This is usual in all the theatres in America and no doubt the ladies of Springhill will be pleased to follow out the custom.

On Matrimony's Ragged Edge.

(Chatham World.)

A bachelor business man of Newcastle, who is credited with being an excellent judge of horses and a great admirer of the fair sex, is reported to be on the ragged edge of matrimony or a breach of promise suit. The lawyers are talking over the preliminaries, and it is not decided whether the clergyman or the court will settle the matter.

Survival of the Fittest.

(Chatham World.)

Dr. Baxter, speaking in the Natural History association, Tuesday evening, said: "The cow eats the grass, the missionary eats the cow, and the cannibal eats the missionary."

A Hunk of Philosophy.

(Restigouche Telephone.)

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

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The East Draft. While o'er the road, on speeding train Our shackled ankles were in pain, As we were bound for prison again. Way up at Clinton.

And on a sleigh we got a ride, And made a note in his little book Of the health of each and every crook. Way up at Clinton.

When to the hall we did go, Some "cons" at us did wink and smile, They'll have our company for awhile. Way up at Clinton.

Into the bathroom and off with clothes, We took a dip from "Yellow's" hose, And then we stood and nearly froze. Way up at Clinton.

The doctor at us all did look, And made a note in his little book Of the health of each and every crook. Way up at Clinton.

Then to a cell we were confined, And a hurried sketch I soon designed Of the place where we are now confined. Way up at Clinton.

We marched along, 'twas nothing new, We recognized a face or two; We know our "b" but we now must do. Way up at Clinton.

On Sunday we to chapel went, How different from the days that spent! But then our time is only lent. To Clinton.

The chaplain spoke in pulpit grand, Of cross and names on every hand, Lincoln and Washington, pride of our land. Even up at Clinton.

The water here is clear and bright, We can get plenty by day or night; The grub is simply "out of sight." Way up at Clinton.

If you were me you'd take a drop, I'm but one of a fifty-crop; And now I feel I'll have to stop. Way up at Clinton.

Eventide in Georgia.

Look, sweetheart, the sun is sinking, sinking in the distant west. See, his last red gleams of glory gild the rugged mountain's crest.

Hark, the cows are wending homeward, hear the tinkle of their bells, Watched on the breezes laden with the fragrance from the dells.

Listen from across the meadow, where the hare and woodchuck hide, Floats the merry milkmaid's welcome to the hour of eventide.

In the logbook the cricket chirps his cheerful evening lay, And the locust sings an anthem to the dead departed day.

See, sweetheart, the shades of evening now are being closely drawn, And the shadows of the twilight fast obscure the fading dawn.

By the twinkling stars the curtains of the night are slowly raised, For 'tis the world, sweetheart, is nestling in the arms of eventide.

Come, sweetheart, and sit beside me; let me hold your hands in mine; Come, sweetheart, and let the love-light of your eyes shine round me.

I can see the twilight shadows falling low, across our way, For we're reached, at length, the peaceful gleaming hour of life's bright day;

We have passed the noon and noontide; we have left behind the strife; We have journeyed, love, together, to the eventide of life.

Georgia Folk Song. Jacob's Heavenly ladder Reached 'ter de grona'; Satan says, "Eh! in my way," En 'ow de ladder down!

Oh, believers, Better take yo' time; When you see o'd satan Watch out how you climb!

Moses in de bulrush— Eh! eh! chaw was him— Eh! dat basket leaky, How he gwine ter swim?

Oh, believers, Ho! de hick'ry limb; Don't you let de water Twell you larn ter swim.

A Little Word.

Are we not aware of their mighty powers? Do we ever trouble our heads at all? Where the lest may strike or the hint may fall? Do we ever think of the sorrow and pain Some poor tortured heart has to live for again, When some light spoken word, though forgotten to-morrow—

Brings back to a life some past shame or sorrow? What names have been blasted or broken, By a word in lightness spoken, By only a little word.

A sneer, a shrug, or a whisper low, They're the poisoned shafts of an ambushed bow. Shot by a coward, the fool, the knave, They pierce the mail of the great and brave. Yain is the banner of wisdom and pride To turn the pitiless point aside. But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while. Ah me, what hearts have been broken, What rivers of blood have been stirred, By a word in malice spoken, By only a little word.

A kindly word and a tender tone, Only to God are their virtues known; They can bring the proud with abject head, They can turn a foe to a friend instead. The heart close-barred with passion and pride Will fling at their knock his portals wide, And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears, Will melt in a fountain of child like tears. What ice bound prisons have been broken, What rivers of love have been stirred, By a word in kindness spoken, By only a little word.

Be Firm. Be firm. One constant element in luck Is genuine, solid, old-fashioned pluck. See you fall short? It felt the earthquake's thrill, Cling to its base, and greet the sunrise still. Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip, But only crows lose the bull-dog's grip; Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields, Drags down the bellowing monarch of the field. Your wale is nothing, mind the coming track; Leave what you've done for what you have to do; Don't be "consistent," but be simply true. —Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Si and Mercur.

Of sin remembered why should man complain? Why should it cause him more or less of pain? Knows nature of mercy he who knows no sin, And, but for sin, all mercy would be vain.

Women Lawyers.

Women's advancement into fields of labor hitherto deemed inaccessible to them is illustrated by their pressing into the study and practice of law. Young women study law, at the university of New York, for instance,—for two reasons; for the completion of a liberal education, and for the pursuit of the legal profession. This university, nine years ago, opened its doors to women students. Since that time, as a yearly average, ten or twelve women have been graduated from the University Law school, and five hundred or more have taken the course of lectures in the law class, the lectureship having been founded by the Women's Legal Education society.

The New York "Mail and Express" describes these courses, study for information, and study for practice:—

"The woman's law class comprises four courses of lectures on law, making forty-eight in all, and lasting four months. It is practically an outlined business course, to teach women their responsibility to the law, to broaden their minds, to enable them to look after their own interests, and to understand what lawyers say to them. The chancellor of the university considers it in the light of university extension work. At the close of the course, the students are examined for the chancellor's certificate, which is their equivalent of the ordinary college diploma.

From \$1.50 a Week to a Senatorship.

Only thirty-five years ago, in a sleepy little town in Maryland, a boy of twelve was hired, at one dollar and fifty cents a week, to run errands and keep the ink bottles filled in a merchant's office. The town was Cumberland, and the boy was George L. Wellington. For six years the little chap performed all the duties of the position, finding time also to practice penmanship and to study bookkeeping. The merchant happened to be a director in the Second National Bank in the same town. One day a vacancy existed in a clerkship in the bank. The merchant recommended young Wellington, "the best boy I ever had around the place," as he termed him, and he was appointed. From a clerk he became the teller at twenty-one, and soon after he was chosen treasurer of his county. On the fourth day of March, 1897, he took his seat as a United States senator. The other senator from Maryland, Arthur P. Gorman, congratulated his new colleague warmly and reminded him that he, too, had gone to work at the age of twelve, at a salary almost equally small, not as an office boy, but as a page of the senate in which both are now members.

Mr. Waterston on Success in Life.

Success in life is largely referable to the fulfillment of two conditions indicated by the terms "aptitude" and "concentration." To be successful, one must possess aptitude for the particular business that engage him. He must love it for its own sake. If, suited to and loving it, he concentrates upon it all his energies, he is tolerably sure to succeed according to the measure of the business itself and of his own capacity. In other words, success is the round peg in the hole, and the square peg in the square hole, and, big or little, is to be attained in proportion to the coincidence of these requirements with the opportunity and the man. In the cases of Caesar and Napoleon, they reached the aptitudes of human endeavor. In the case of the country lawyer or doctor, or banker, or merchant, he reaches the lower ranges; but, if happiness be considered one of the ingredients of success, these latter surpass Caesar and Napoleon, who were not very happy in their lives, and the death of both of whom was tragic. Henry Waterston.

His Path Was Through Flowers.

In the first half of the present century, a young English boy, a playmate of Charles Dickens in childhood, emigrated to America and engaged in the printer's trade. Pluck, perseverance, neatness, and strict integrity, were his chief possessions, and he was fortunate in having, for a fellow compositor, the white haired country lad whose name has since been linked with the New York "Tribune." After serving for some time in the office of the famous old "Knickerbocker Magazine," he became interested in agricultural and horticultural publications; and, as a result, in kindred pursuits. His delivery wagon, for awhile, was a market basket. Today, his children look back with pardonable pride on the humble beginning of James Vick.

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

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We're almost afraid the persons who held that the weather was not going to moderate until after the advent of another moon and the sun's eclipse did not calculate very clearly. On Wednesday the long spell of disagreeable days apparently ended and townfolk were loathe to stay indoors so delightfully were the outside conditions. Everything took a jump at the welcome arrival of warmth and sunshine. Business men especially were jubilant, for as if by magic the sales of Wednesday and the days since bounded far ahead of the dreary weeks prior. Tailors have booked more orders since the middle of the week than they did from the time the snow left until that date, and all around can be heard expressions of satisfaction at the "near-at-handness" of summer. Not the least contented by any means are our country cousins, and what a disappointing thing it would be if we city folks were to go up river or along the railway lines in early July and find that a dilatory spring and adverse weather had slackened the growing speed of those lovely mealy potatoes, the lettuce, radishes, peas, beans and other garden truck, so dear to the inner being! I tell you the sun's rays and gentle rains mean a great deal more these days than conditioning the roads for bicycles and the all wings of suburban jaunts.

Her Most Gracious Majesty has still another birthday on Thursday and God grant she may have more, although our intelligence teaches us an old lady of over four score cannot hope for very many more years of life, but it is the earnest wish of hundreds of millions of subjects that Victoria the Good will be spared yet a little longer to grace as she has for 63 years the world's greatest throne. When she dies an old man, a grandfather, the Prince of Wales, assumes the sceptre, and Great Britain has still a monarch far advanced in life's journey. Few are living in St. John who can recall the celebration of any other English sovereign's natal day but Victoria's. It has been "the 24," and "the Queen's birthday" with more than one generation and among the juveniles today Victoria seems to be the only monarch England ever had or is ever likely to have.

As usual there are a host of attractions for next Thursday. In town the baseball season opens with games between the Roses of North End and the Alerts of the city proper. Especial interest is being shown in this branch of sport this year chiefly through the efforts of John Scott of the Daily Telegraph, the Shamrock Society and others. Messrs. Joyce and Yapp, or "Yope and Yapp," as the boys have it, are the Alerts' battery from the States, while the Roses have secured W. J. Sexton of Mass. and McLean, the big Tartar catcher of last year, also an American. Great baseball this year!

W. S. Hawkins will have his company of players, including the star, Arthur Elliott, on the stage twice on the holiday in a stirring South African war play "The Kaffir Diamond," and it goes without saying the Opera House will be filled. What a chance for a loyal demonstration too, especially if the old flag enters into the climaxes!

The Harmony club goes to Fredericton to put on a military minister show, along with the big excursion of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen. There are to be one-day excursions on the river, on all the railways, across the bay and every where, and if the holiday is at all pleasant the bay shore and park private picnic season will be gloriously opened.

Take your choice and have a good time.

Every once and a while we hear of some of our St. John people going to Clifton Springs for the benefit of their health. There are no doubt a great many people in town who do not know exactly where the Clifton Springs are situated or what their curing properties are. The medicinal baths and drinking water deposits are about three hundred miles out of New York city between Syracuse and Rochester. The town in which they are found has about 100 inhabitants, and of course derives its chief importance from its far-famed waters. A large sanitarium with accommodations for two hundred guests is where the ailing ones are treated. Ten doctors look after the needs of those being treated and superintend the administering of baths water drinking, etc. Rheumatism, gout, nervous troubles and stomach disorders are said to be especially relieved at Clifton Springs. Of course it costs a little, but any of our St. John folk who have been treated there have never felt financially embarrassed after visiting the baths.

Mr. Herb Wetmore spent Sunday at his home here.

Mrs. T. G. Barnes returned to Hampton on Tuesday, after spending a few weeks with friends in the city.

Mr. Frank Wetzel, the bandist, left Wednesday afternoon for New York, whence he sails in about

three weeks for Germany with the Von Schelska Grand Concert Co.

Mr. Bommer Palmer of Kingston was in town on Sunday en route to Boston.

Mr. A. W. Macrae and Mrs. Macrae spent Sunday in Hampton.

Mr. James Scott of Toronto was in town for a few days this week.

Mr. A. Stevens of Kentville spent Sunday here.

Mrs. Beatty and Miss Beatty of Hillsboro are visiting friends here.

Mr. Harry Brown went to New York last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. W. E. Skillen of St. Martin's leaves shortly for the Yukon, where he has gold interests.

Mr. Frank Donovan, of Carleton, went to St. John's Nfld. last Saturday.

Mr. R. S. Pashin is welcomed home from the States by his friends.

Mr. George Willis, of Eastport, and Mr. Claude Vroom of Sackville, were in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith, and C. F. Tilley and Mrs. Gregory of Carleton, states they have arrived safely in Liverpool.

F. S. McNatt is in Charlottetown.

Rev. L. G. MacNeill and Rev. John Morton, D. D., left Monday for Truro, N. S., to attend a meeting of the foreign mission board.

Hon. William Parsley, M. P. F., and Mrs. Pugsley, returned from Boston early in the week.

Rev. A. B. O'Neill of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, was in town Wednesday on business.

Mr. R. J. Armstrong returned Tuesday afternoon from Sydney.

Mr. Joseph Finley and Mr. G. S. Fisher have arrived home from Paris. Mrs. Fisher came as far as Portland, Me., where she will spend a week or so.

Hon. H. A. McKeown, Dr. A. A. Stockton and Judge McLeod went to Ottawa Wednesday afternoon to attend the Exchange court in the Terminal Railway case.

Rev. Jos. Borgmann of St. Peter's church, left for Boston Wednesday morning. He will return shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McDonald and child returned Wednesday from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Hay left Wednesday afternoon for Boston on a holiday trip of several weeks.

Mr. John R. Panley, son of the Prince Wm. street tailor, of the Thomas E. Shea company is home on a visit.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbytery of St. John, held its regular monthly meeting in Carleton Presbyterian church, Monday afternoon the president, Miss G. W. Leavitt, in the chair. There was a large attendance and a very interesting programme was carried out consisting of a paper on Woman Workers in the Field, by Mrs. J. H. Cochran of New York and read by Mrs. J. H. Thomas, and a short talk on Women in the East, by Mrs. E. A. Smith. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Burgess.

On Saturday last a number of the members of No. 4 hose company accompanied by friends made a pleasant call at No. 3 station on Union street and took Engineer Edward Leonard by surprise. District Engineer George Blake presided and on behalf of those presented Mr. Leonard with a handsome roll top oak desk. Mr. Leonard is one of the most popular firemen in St. John.

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Mrs. A. V. Brandcombe, is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. Owen.

Mr. J. Francis Beverly of New York was among the visitors to the city this week and left for home this evening.

Mrs. Adams is here from Nova Scotia and is the guest of her sister Mrs. Hooper.

Mrs. McFee and family, who have been spending the winter, guests at Windsor Hall, left on Monday for their summer home, "Sunny Brae" at Westfield Beach.

Mrs. Henry Jewett and child of Providence, R. I. and Mrs. Earnest McKay and children of Salisbury N. B. are here at their old home having a summer moon's sojourn at the very serious illness of their father Mr. John Wiley.

Miss Coburn, returned last week from a pleasant visit of two weeks with friends at Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. Barbour are rejoicing over the arrival of a young son at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Clouston of London B. C. are happy over a similar event in their home, Mrs. Christie was Miss Maggie Hatt of this city.

Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Crockett, left on Wednesday for Quebec, en route for Montreal, whence they sailed on Saturday for Europe, where the doctor will take a special course in some branch of medicine, afterwards visiting the Paris exposition. They will be gone three months.

Mrs. J. D. Freeman and her son Ralph left on Friday for Liverpool N. S. where her father Capt. James E. Buchanan died suddenly on Thursday.

Rev. Mr. Colquhoun, left today for Montreal, B. C. where he will enter upon mission work among the miners. Mr. Colquhoun had charge of the Maryland and Morrison's mill stations for two summers. Miss Minnie Smith is visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Florence Whitehead has returned from visiting friends at St. John.

Prof. and Miss Woodbridge expect to leave early in June for a trip to Europe.

Miss McInosh has returned from St. Stephen for the summer vacation. CAUCUKW.

Latest styles in wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job, Print. ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Programs is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of R. Wall, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

Trinity church was this afternoon at four o'clock the scene of a very happy wedding, when Miss Beattie Wetmore, daughter of the late Mr. W. B. Wetmore was married to Mr. Robert E. Clarke. The church was prettily trimmed with flowers and large and rare foliage plants were most artistically arranged to add color and brightness to the scene. At exactly four o'clock the bride entered the organ was heard through the sweet strains of the groom appeared and took a position at the chancel steps. In a few minutes the bride entered (leaning on the arm of her friend and physician) Dr. Frank I. Blair. As the bridal party proceeded up the aisle the choir sang "The Voice that breathed over Eden" that favorite marriage hymn. The bride who is very youthful looking very pretty in a travelling costume of grey hooped with a hat of grey chip trimmed with shaded chiffon and a wreath of roses to match. There were no bridesmaids for the groom. Rev. F. W. Robertson rector of Trinity was the officiating clergyman. After the ceremony the happy young couple drove to the C. F. R. station and left in the five o'clock train for Boston, amid showers of rice and the unnumbered good wishes of their friends who gathered at the depot to see them depart. The wedding presents were very beautiful and were both ornamental and useful. The groom's gift to his bride was a handsome horse and carriage. On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke they will reside in the home of the bride's mother where they will be pleased to receive their friends.

Not for years has St. Stephen had such a number of fashionable weddings and society is in a flutter of excitement and anticipation in consequence. On Tuesday afternoon at least two o'clock in

CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.

Chairs Re-seated Ovens, Spices, Perfumes, Duvet, 17 Waterloo.]

If You Want A Camera, Opera Glasses, A Watch! The latest and best Books, Handsome Pictures, Photogravure Souvenirs for the Parlor, Writing Paper and Envelopes for the Ladies, Toys for the Children, The best Soap for all household purposes, Buy the famous WELCOME SOAP. Save the Wrappers and send for particulars of our Premium offer. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

White's Snowflake Chocolates Have the Letter S on Top

Embroider with Brainerd and Armstrong Wash Embroidery Silk, put up in tangle and knot proof holders; nearly 400 shades. "Blue Book" for three "holder" tags or a one cent stamp—tells how to embroider fifty flowers and leaves. Corticelli Silk Co., Ltd. ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL— "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

What Cured Your Cough? ADAMSON'S BALSAM! No cough can stay after being treated with it. It simply soothes it out of existence. There is nothing harsh or impure about ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM. It heals the sore parts, tones up the irritated passages and strengthens the bronchial tubes—thus stopping the sources of the cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

News and Opinions OF National Importance The Sunday Sun A L'OPNE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year; Address THE SUNDAY, New York.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA

Henry Waterson on Success in Life. Success in life is largely referable to the merit of two conditions indicated by terms "aptitude" and "concentration." To be successful, one must possess aptitude for the particular business that engages him. Most love it for its own sake. If, suit and loving it, he concentrates upon his energies, he is tolerably sure to succeed according to the measure of the best itself and of his own capacity. In words, success is the round peg in the hole, and the square peg in the square and, big or little, is to be attained in proportion to the coincidence of these elements with the opportunity and the time. In the cases of Caesar and Napoleon, reached the aptitudes of human endeavor. In the case of the country lawyer, doctor, or banker, or merchant, he has the lower ranges; but, if happiness considered one of the ingredients of success, these latter surpass Caesar and Napoleon, who were not very happy in lives, and the death of both of whom was tragic. Henry Waterson.

His Path Was Through Flowers. The first half of the present century, a young English boy, a playmate of Charles Dickens in childhood, emigrated to America and engaged in the printer's trade. Diligence, perseverance, neatness, and strict integrity, were his chief possessions, and was fortunate in having, for a fellow printer, the white haired country lad whose name has since been linked with the New York "Tribune." After serving for a time in the office of the famous old "Knickerbocker Magazine," he became interested in agricultural and horticultural pursuits; and, as a result, in kindred vocations. His delivery wagon, for awhile, was a market basket. Today, his children are back with pardonable pride on the beginning of James Vick.

OR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Monroe & Co. ... Barrington street ... Cor. George & Grandville Sts ...

Among the passengers by the Lake Superior, which left Montreal Friday were Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hughill and child; also Lieut. and Mrs. Will from this city.

Judge Forbes of Halifax was at the Queen's hotel Montreal, Friday, and Rev. Father Quinnan of Sydney, was at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Rev. D. C. Rose who graduated from Fine Hill college last month, preached in St. Matthew's church last night. Mr. Rose has been appointed pastor of the Presbyterian church at St. John's Nfld.

Mr. J. M. Carmichael of New Glasgow is visiting New York. Mr. Thomas Robertson, M. P. P., of Barrington, is in the city.

Hon. A. H. Comans, M. P. P., of Digby, spent Sunday in Halifax. Among the passengers by the Plant liner Halifax from Boston last evening were Geo. Wright, Fred Roblin Mrs. and Miss Keith.

Comte de Bailloucourt was a passenger by the Asyrrian from England. George Wright returned from New York on the Halifax last night. He leaves for New York again the latter part of the month en route to Europe.

Charles Kent, the well known actor, was a passenger by the Halifax last night and is bound for P. E. Island, where he will spend the summer. Attorney General Longley returned from the Upper Provinces Saturday.

William Robertson, Jr. is making a trip to New York. William Robertson, president, E. L. Thorne, cashier, and C. C. Blackadar, director of the Union Bank of Halifax are in the Upper Provinces.

Mr. George Kennan, the traveller and lecturer and Mrs. Kennan, passed through Truro on Friday for their summer home in Baddeck. The district of the gentleman's health is not good, and he hopes that the ever healthful Cape Breton air around Baddeck may speedily restore his usual vigor and strength of body.

Mr. H. O. Dodge, the photographer, who secured the negatives and produced the quite celebrated photographs of "Redigwater in flames" at night and "Cherise by moonlight," is Mr. C. W. Kelley's partner in the photo business at Sydney. These camera artists are experts, and will no doubt secure a very large patronage in Sydney.

Pandora, so runs the myth, let all the hills of life out of her box to prey upon mankind, but shut the cover soon enough to prevent the escape of hope. Hope remains to every sufferer but it is only an ignis-fatuus unless it takes on some tangible form. The hope of recovery is treasured by every one who suffers from weak or bleeding lungs, obstinate and lingering cough, bronchitis or similar ailments, which, if neglected or unskillfully treated lead on to consumption.

That hope becomes a practical and tangible thing when it is based on the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Such a hope is reasonable because thousands of men and women emaciated and weakened by disease have been made sound and well by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., by letter. All letters are carefully and considerably read and answered. Each letter is held as a sacred confidence and every answer is mailed in a plain envelope without any printing upon it. Write without fear and without fee.

"I was taken sick in July last year and was not able to do any kind of work until November," writes Mr. Noel W. Orvin, of Langley, Alken Co., S. C. "I had been coughing up small hard lumps of phlegm for about a year before I was taken down. I then called on a doctor who attended me for two months, and said that one-half of my left lung was gone, and advised me to leave my home (Charleston, S. C.), and go to the seashore. I did not do so, but did not say what sort of disease I had, though I thought it was consumption, and wrote to you for advice. I took four bottles of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I sincerely believe I have ever taken."

The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets does not negate the pill habit. having secured a position there with Mr. J. W. Kyle, who is carrying on a good business in clothing and gents furnishing.

Rev. Mr. Greenleaf, late Presbyterian minister at Acadia Mines, N. S., formerly of St. Peter's, C. B., left May 2nd for the iron mines at Belle Isle, Nfld., where he will be engaged in missionary work for some months.

Mr. Thatcher Irvine, of St. John N. B., yard master of the I. C. R., New Glasgow, has been transferred temporarily to Sydney, C. B. to superintend matters in the I. C. R. Yard at that place. The change was made owing to the heavy traffic there at present.

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Mrs. John H. Christie, Little Bras d'Or, C. B., who has been visiting for some months with her daughter in Ottawa returned home last week. Mrs. Christie's description of the Ottawa-Hull fire was most realistic; and the condition of those burnt out is deplorable beyond description.

Mr. Chas. Moffat with her infant child has been a guest with her aunt, Mrs. Burpee, Truro. Mrs. Moffat is from Yarmouth, and has come to Truro, where she joins her husband, who is in the employ of the D. I. & S. Co. Mr. Moffat for a long time was one of the skillful mechanics in the old Burrill-Johnston firm of Yarmouth.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ANNAPOLIS. MAY 16.—Edward B. Well of Natick, Mass., who has been spending a few days with relations in Mitchell, returned on Wednesday last. T. W. Savary, divinity student, has been appointed the charge of a parish near Regina. North West Territory, for the summer months. He leaves Toronto for his field of labor about the 20th, so that his family and many friends in Annapolis will not be able to see him until the summer of 1901.

position with McKensie & Co., forwarding agents and commission merchants. Mrs. Carl Dennis has joined her husband in Weymouth. Mr. Wm. H. Whalen, caretaker of the government building, met with a serious accident, Friday morning. Whilst on a ladder examining one of the gutters, the ladder slipped. Mr. Whalen fell only a short distance, striking in his descent across a picket fence on his back. Two pickets were knocked off. Mr. Whalen was carried into G. J. Weston & Co.'s, and thence to his home. His back is somewhat injured, but he expects to be about in a short time.

Mrs. Amanda J. Robbins, widow of the late Asa Robbins of Tuskent, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Norman Jeffery, Prince street, on Monday afternoon, after a short illness which she bore with christian patience, at the advance age of 87 years. Out of a family of fourteen children, nine still survive her. Her daughters are: Mrs. Robert Blauvelt, Mrs. Wm. Halsey, Mrs. Alvin Halsey, Mrs. Charles Hemen, Mrs. Norman Jeffery, Mrs. Stayley B. Hatfield and her sons are: Captain Evelyn E., Captain Jacob A. and Joseph M. Four sons have been lost at sea and Captain Byron died at sea on board the ship Hecatanoga. There are 55 grand and 19 great-grand children surviving. M. Robbins was noted for its hospitality. Captain E. E. Robbins of Cambridgeport, being notified of his mother's illness, arrived by steamer last Saturday. The funeral took place on Thursday at 11 p. m. from the home residence, the burial being in the farm lot at Tuskent.

WOODSTOCK. (Programs is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.) MAY 7—Col Vince returned from Montreal on Saturday. E. M. Boyer is confined to his home suffering from a severe cold. Mrs. George L. Holyoke returned on Friday from a prolonged visit with friends at Boston and New York. Lewis W. Cronin, Bangor, Me., spent a few days of last week with his aunt, Mrs. J. C. Milmore, returning to his home Monday.

Myles Foster, wife and family, who have been staying at the Casino for a week, left on Monday's express for Butte, Montana, where Mr. Foster has obtained a position. Their many friends will regret their departure from Woodstock. Miss Helen Hallett, Grand Falls, was the guest of Mrs. H. V. Darling a portion of last week. She was enroute from Hamilton, where she has been relieving Miss Wilmers, telegraph operator, and left for Grand Falls on Saturday. James E. Murphy arrived home last Monday, after an absence of some twenty years in the west. Norman Loan arrived home Monday from Fredoncton. Rev. G. D. Ireland made a trip to Montreal last week; he arrived home Saturday. Miss Mand Diphole is home from the Emerson school of Orono, Boston, for vacation. Miss C. N. Boyer, Florenceville, and Miss Hattie Tom, Centreville, were in Woodstock Tuesday and Wednesday of last week the guest of their sister Mrs. Chas. Whensman returned home on Thursday.

Sunday school teacher (during lesson on the children of Israel)—Robert, tell me why it was the children of Israel built a golden calf. Robert—I don't know, unless 'twas that they didn't have gold enough to make a cow.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness? No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, a Tea like that sold in Tully's Elephant Brand packets, is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

DIGBY. MAY 16.—Mr. B. Bent, who has been employed in the new bank building, left on Monday for Sydney. Mr. Louis Burill, of Weymouth, is studying law at Mr. L. L. Dennison's office, Shreve Block. Dr. V. D. Shaffer and Mr. E. Hart Nichols left by Wednesday's express for Lunenburg County on a fishing trip. Mr. A. W. Fullerton has severed his connection with the Halifax dailies and will go to Toronto. He is at present at his home in Roundhill. Mr. Chas. Sabean, of Massachusetts, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sabean, keeper of the Alma house at Marshalltown. Mr. Thos. Lynch, who has been in Pontiac Michigan, for some time, returned home on Wednesday and is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Lynch, Queen street.

Mr. Israel Burill, of Weymouth, left this week for Mexico, where he will remain for several months. Mr. Burill is interested in some of the silver and copper mines of that country. Mrs. Virginia Meddler and daughter Myra were passengers to Clementon on Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Burns. Mrs. Meddler and daughter returned home Monday. Rev. J. Harry King well known in Halifax, will be one of the graduates of the McTavish University at A. T. on this week. His wife and family will arrive in Digby tomorrow by Prince Rupert, and will reside in Digby for some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burnham, First Avenue. Mr. King has accepted a call to the pastorage of a church in Ontario.

BRIDGETOWN. MAY 16.—Mr. A. Byron Bent is spending a few days in town. Rev. J. Clark, who is on his seventh month's illness, is slowly improving. Rev. B. N. Nobles, of Kentville was a guest at the Baptist paragon on Monday. Rev. E. H. Sweet, who was settled for a while at Middleton, is now labouring at Los Vegas, New Mexico. Mrs. Howard Bath, residing of late in New York, where she has been engaged in her profession of nurse, arrived in Bridgetown last week, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith. Rev. Mr. Davidson and Mrs. Davidson have returned from a two weeks' tour through at Halifax and Wolfville. Mr. Davidson will occupy the pulpit at the Gordon Memorial church next Sunday, morning and evening, as usual.

TRURO. (Programs is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Flood, M. O'Brien at Crowe Bros.) MAY 16.—Miss Alma Fleming entertained four tables of whist on Monday evening last very pleasantly. Among the young people present were: Mrs. James Frost of Arzyle, was recently thrown on of his feet, receiving serious injuries. Miss Eva Bent went to Boston on Wednesday last. Mr. C. F. Genthum went to Boston Wednesday, per S. S. Yarmouth. We regret to learn from George Binney, Esq., that his son, Woolsey, whose letters from the front in South Africa have been read with so much interest in the local papers, is in the hospital at Bloemfontein, with a mild case of enteric fever. At last accounts he was progressing favorably. Mr. George Guest, son of Mrs. Robert Guest, recently went out to Liverpool from Boston on a steamer. From that port he shipped on a transport to Cape Town, where he has since secured a good

The Misses Thomas, Miss Ida Snook, Miss Margaret and Jessie Snook, Miss Sadie Logan, Miss Conner, Messrs B. Conrad, H. Flemming, Alf Crowe, W. Laurence, Percy Linton and H. Linton. Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Murphy and Dr. and Mrs. Walker are enjoying a weeks fishing at the former quarters, at Gibraltar Lakes, Musquodoboit. Messrs M. Diche, F. France, G. E. Coleman, Dr. Yerton and W. Crowe are enjoying the first fishing of the season, at Economy Lakes. P.S.

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The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as on the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic. Beware of imitations.

Free Cure For Men. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER

OUR MAGNIFICENT NEW WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT IN OUR New Building WAS OPENED Monday, May 7th, 1900

The finest examples of Wall Paper Art Exhibits from Japan, Germany, France, Belgium, Great Britain, United States and Canada; are to be found in our new building which is devoted exclusively to the Wall Paper interests. FREE Samples and booklet free for the asking. The G. A. Holland & Son Co. 2411 St. Catherine St. Montreal.

FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS. CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. CHINA PAINTING is impossible, but perfect dyeing, at home too, is possible with Maypole Soap. WASHES and DYES. Send for FREE book on home DYING to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White. SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK LUND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. W. W. Grove's signature on each box



Baby's Own Soap advertisement text describing its benefits for infants.

Cure For Men advertisement text for a medical product.

Bar Oysters advertisement text for a restaurant.

Turner advertisement text for a business or service.

Harvard Fifty Years Ago advertisement text.

Paris Exposition advertisement text.

Charles Scribner's Sons advertisement text.

MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text about health and medicine.

MONCTON. (Progress is for sale in Moncton at Miss Estelle Twigg's Bookstore.)

Monday evening in the Pythian Temple the 12th anniversary of Armstrong Lodge No. 33 was celebrated in fitting style.

Mr. C. B. McManus, son of Mr. J. B. McManus of Memramook who recently graduated from the Philadelphia Dental College is in the city.

Mr. Richard Lutz has received a letter from his son John Lutz who was injured in South Africa, in which the young man states that his injuries were only trivial.

Mr. Stephen Peters, an aged and highly respected resident of Moncton, passed away Friday afternoon at his home on the Columbia street at the advanced age of 78 years.

Mr. Patrick Connors, of the I. C. R., who has been laid off on account of illness, leaves this week for Montreal to consult a specialist.

Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, M. P. for Kent and Mrs. McInerney, spent Sunday in the city, the guests of Mr. John Sutton, Jr. They leave tonight for Ottawa.

Richibucto where he married Martha Klarsade, (deceased), sister of the late Thomas Klarsade. He subsequently started business in Kingston and in 1867 moved to New Glasgow where he remained until 1870 when he returned and settled down in Moncton. Of late years he made his home on the Columbia farm.

At a meeting of the managing committee of the M. A. A. Tuesday night the question of having one of the old time celebrations on the first of July was mooted and a representative was appointed from the association to talk the matter over with those who have had to do with demonstrations in the past.

Mr. Robert Simpson, C. E. died at 4 o'clock Monday morning at the residence of his son, Mr. R. W. Simpson, Fleet street. Deceased was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1820 and came to Canada early in the seventies.

Mr. W. W. Bruce, teller in the bank of Montreal at Fredericton, son of Mr. J. R. Bruce, I. C. R. and brother of the late George Bruce, also a Moncton boy, was recently transferred to New York City. The many friends of the two young men will be pleased to learn of their promotion.

Mr. Patrick Boudreau, of Lagrange, Ohio, who has been absent from Moncton for twenty years, was after spending a few days at his old home. Mr. Boudreau was met at the C. P. R. train here by his brother, Mr. O. L. Boudreau, of Amherst.

Mr. Geo. Freeman of Amherst, is in the city the guest of her brother, Chas. Freeman, bookkeeper in a Moncton business establishment will at an early date forsake single blessedness.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

to hear she has fully recovered from the effects of her late illness. Mrs. Ora Bishop and Miss Nellie Wallace, leave for Fredericton the last of the month.

CHATHAM. MAY 16.—Mrs. Alex. Brown has returned from a three months' visit to friends in Boston.

THINGS OF VALUE. There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea for all ailments to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the forms of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other.

Some of the most successful men in politics, he said thoughtfully, have been those who have had little to say. Naturally she was indignant.

A Life saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by the physician."

They Walk the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs.

"Severer Plate that Wears." The Identifying Stamp of the original and genuine "Rogers" knives.

"1847 Rogers Bros." One of the latest designs in this brand is the "Berkeley." The Ice Cream set is only one of many combinations we sell in this popular design.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER.

Wedding Cards and Invitations advertisement with decorative border and text: Invitations and Announcements in all styles and quantities are promptly furnished by us at short notice.

Furniture Polish advertisement: THERE IS JUST ONE Furniture Polish to use if you wish to have your Furniture properly and easily cleaned.

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Druggist and Seedsman, 87 Charlotte Street. Telephone 239.

BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" advertisement featuring an illustration of a bicycle and text: 1900 MODEL. New lines, new design, 15 1/2 inch tubing, flush joints, springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail.

THOS. L. BOURKE advertisement: BOURBON ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

Asthma Gasps. Despairing Victims of Asthma Find New Hope and Thorough Cure in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Too many asthma sufferers give up their search for cure, believing that their particular case is beyond the control of scientific treatment. It is unnecessary to describe the miseries of the asthma victim, with livid face and staring eyes, frantically gasping for breath.

Major A. J. Armstrong and J. R. Woodburn, St. John, were here last week attending the Grand Division.

Mr. Guy Robinson, St. John, spent Sunday in Newcastle with his brother Mr. Philip Robinson.

Mr. John Morris returned Saturday night from the A. O. H. convention in Boston. Mr. Morris says there were over 30,000 delegates in the Hub and the street parade was a very large affair.

Mr. Fred Tweedie and Mr. Emah, Chatham, was in town on Monday. Miss Frances Watt, Chatham, was in town Saturday.

Mr. J. N. Golding, Jr., the hustling knight of the grip for J. & A. McMillan, St. John, was in town yesterday.

T. C. Miller, Millerton, was here on Monday. Capt. Crawford a well known officer of the artillery, St. John, was in town last week.

Mrs. Edward Sinclair and Miss Sinclair are the guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Ferguson, Moncton.

Mr. J. C. Beatty and Miss Beatty left for St. John Monday morning, to spend a few weeks with Rev. Mr. Miles of Surrey, occupied the pulpit of the first Hillsboro baptist church on Sunday in behalf of the pastor.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion.

WANTED. Bicycle salesman wanted in every village and town in Canada. Good opportunity for smart young men, clerks, and others to add to their income.

LADY'S BICYCLE for \$22.—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Williams & Vale Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for visitors and business men.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

81 SOCIAL and PERSONAL (CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Trinity church Miss Alice Gertrude Graham, daughter of Collector Graham, will be united in marriage to Mr. Henry Allen Stapleton...

On Wednesday morning in the church of the Holy Rosary at half past ten o'clock; Miss Henrietta Blais Ross and Dr. Thomas Ives Byrne are to be married...

Mrs. A. E. Neill is spending this month at the American house, Calumet.

Mrs. W. B. Wetmore has gone to Attleboro, Mass., to visit her son Robert Wetmore who leaves at an early date for Cuba to begin the cultivation of a tobacco plantation.

Miss Kate McWham made a brief visit in St. John this week the guest of Mrs. C. C. Masters.

Mrs. C. B. Clarke expects to leave this week for Boston for the benefit of her health.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, Jr., are the happy parents of a bright little son, born May 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maloney returned on Saturday from a visit to St. John friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel McFarlane of Bayville, are being congratulated upon the advent of a little 'soldier of the Queen' in their household.

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Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hill is to receive the honorary degree of LL. D. from N. B. University.

Mr. Frank Stoop has returned from California.

Mr. Charles Johnson has returned from a pleasant visit of two weeks in St. Stephen.

The funeral services in connection with the death of Mrs. Mandana Russell took place at her residence on Monday afternoon at half past two and were conducted by Rev. H. A. Lavett.

The marriage of Miss Alice Gertrude Graham will take place on the 22nd inst, at half past two o'clock.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices.

Progress Job Print.

ST. GEORGE. MAY 17.—District Deputy Grand Master Dr. W. H. Laughlin, accompanied by a large delegation of St. Stephen Masons, paid an official visit to St. George Masonic lodge recently, and was welcomed by the St. George brethren in their customary hearty manner.

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"Good Counsel Has No Price."

Wise advice is the result of experience. The hundreds of thousands who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, counsel those who would purify and enrich the blood to avail themselves of its virtues.

Stomach Troubles—"I was greatly troubled with my stomach, and even the sight of food made me sick. Was tired and languid. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla made me feel like myself again."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

The Misses Drumgold from Quincy, Mass., are visiting their mother.

A fine programme is being prepared for Empire day.

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The Magnet in the Pillow.

As love of luxury increases, pillows multiply. This fact is full of significance. The time was when women sent gift slippers to their men friends.

The magnet that is strong in a pillow in the daytime is one of the most reprehensible influences of modern civilization.

The pillow of the ambitious man contains no magnet. Sunrise to him is a creator of new duties and new opportunities.

Has your pillow a magnet? Does it lull you to sleep in the cock-crowing hours hushing the voices of the little birds that are singing praises?

'Come, hurry up,' said Arabation; quicken your steps and travel at my pace a little way. It will get your blood circulating, and do you good.'

'I can't walk so fast,' said Sloth. 'You have nothing to burden you, and I have this heavy bundle.'

'What's in your bundle?' asked Ambition.

'My pillow,' said Sloth.—Haryot Holt Cahoon.

Study should have a single purpose. One cannot know too much of a subject.

Every boy and young man should have a regular course of study of some kind, even if he does not expect to use his knowledge at once.

Let us consider what the consequences are likely to be. A person so trained will be able to take advantage of the opportunities which are sure to come his way.

When opportunities do not seem to come to us, it is entirely possible to make them for ourselves.

It is my deliberate opinion that a boy can manage to work himself up to a position of honor and usefulness from almost any beginning.

He can! Will he?

Your dealer can supply you with silver-plated knives, forks and spoons stamped

W. ROGERS

They will cost you but little more, if any, than plate made by unknown makers.

They will sell them to you if you ask him for goods bearing that mark, the kind that lasts.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co. Wellington, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

growing up under the careful training of wealthy parents—it is all one. The important point is: Is the yeast of progress in him?—Arthur F. Gorman.

This gentleman is William Edmund Dr- bocq, of the borough of Brooklyn, city of Greater New York. He is only five years old, and yet he is engaged to be married.

He proposed to a very estimable lady, telling her he loved her very much and hoped she would accept him because under no circumstances would he marry anyone else.

Willie has a morsel of a sister who resembles a beautiful door. As Christmas was approaching, Willie critically examined the stocking of his playmate sister, and decided that it was far too small to hold all the good things to which he considered her entitled.

This is the fiftieth year of the work of Cooper Institute, whose founder, the late Peter Cooper, gave \$400,000, practically his entire fortune, to benefit the working people of New York City.

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Makes Child's Play of Wash Day SURPRISE SOAP is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing.

EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Disease and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicines).

Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The Queen's Birthday EXCURSIONS.

One fare for the round trip on May 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. Good to return on May 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st.

Who will play the part? asked A. M. Palmer, anxiously, looking over the members of his 'Parisian Romance' company one night when the actor who had been playing Baron Chevalier failed to appear.

'My precious jewel!' murmured the sou- brette.

'Hub' said the square-chinned young man. 'You can't lose me as easy as all that.'

Near-Sighted Visitor—I notice that you made some changes in your drawing room since I was here the last time.

Curious—Let's see; the married men all have better halves, don't they?

Cynic—Yes.

Curious—Then what do the bachelors Cynic—Better quarters!

Advertisement for Cleveland, Massey-Harris Bicycles. Includes text: 'Cleveland, Massey-Harris Bicycles', 'Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world.', and 'Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO.'



"Done on Time and Done Right."

Our really clean washing and perfect ironing give satisfaction always. Our reputation for good work is increasing our custom daily.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODOSE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dye," Montreal.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1900.

TOWN TALES.

John Callahan
McCarthy
is Guest.

Poor old John Callahan
McCarthy has passed out
from this scene of earth-
ly strife and turmoil, and
a figure which of late years has been famil-
iar to all townspeople is removed. John's
suffering covered a period of three months,
internal trouble, and death came in reality
as a relief. A comparatively young wife
and three little ones are left behind, but
the widow though naturally deeply aggru-
ed at her husband's demise has a stout
heart and hopes to maintain her baby fam-
ily, at least as well as they have heretofore
been kept. The late citizen was twice
married and has a family of grown up sons
and daughters by his first wife.

John Callahan McCarthy was born in the
city of Cork, Ireland, and came to St. John
a long time ago. He was engaged with
masonry workers for many years and lived
quite comfortably. Some few years ago
he was seized with the not uncommon de-
sire to write what he termed "poetry," at
least he peddled "his" well-known literary
wares to good financial advantage for a
while, but as to their authorship nobody
seems prepared to assert.

It has in days gone by been whispered
along Newspaper Row that an exodian
member of a morning paper staff started
the late John on his rhythmical career,
and wrote frequent fusions for the market
John had discovered, but nobody wants
to stand for that statement. Again, a legal
light of letters, whose mind is wont at
times to run in satirical grooves and funny
fancies is given credit by many for such
McCartyite stanzas as "Almighty Voice"
and local political skits of that ilk. How-
ever, suspicion never fastened its talons
very hard into anybody particularly and
the question of the authorship of the late
John's periodical "poems" dropped.
Townspeople bought them and McCarthy
lived.

The country is full of poets and rhymers,
who, if they had claimed the attention the
late John Callahan did in his palmy days
would be wearing their hair a foot long
and affecting aesthetic mannerisms galore.
The late lamented Bill Nye wrote a
letter to our townsman poet and swapped
efforts on several occasions. Callahan be-
came quite chummy with the great Amer-
ican humorist through the mails and with
the assistance of friends who carried on the
correspondence for him. Even on the
floors of Parliament have McCarthy's works
been quoted, while such phrases as "grand
to be seen," and "fit for any queen" will
linger in the memories of those who have
heard them so often.

Yes poor John is gone, and when a
PROGRESS writer called at his very humble
home in a Celebration street basement on
Tuesday the emaciated form of the well
known citizen was lying in readiness for
burial. His hands are closed over a tiny
white cross and a single candle burned at
his head. Father Walsh attended him in
his last moments and few have reason to
believe but that he sleeps the sleep of the
just.

She didn't think for a
moment that she was the
object of no little amount
of diversion for several
onlookers, but my, oh me! how she did
enjoy that soothing cigarette! It was in
the lobby entrance of a German street
gastronomical institution, or in smaller
English, a coffee house, and by the way a
place with decidedly religious tendencies.
The day was no other than last Sabbath,
about 11:30 o'clock, a time when most good
people are devoutly seated in their respec-
tive churches, and also a time when the
streets are as quiet as Halifax, on a real
busy day. The fair Miss with the dainty
white apron, which led those to suspect
her occupation was that of propelling food
to hungry customers, stood in the
doorway on that silent thoroughfare look-
ing anxiously up and then down the way
lest some straggling passerby would dis-
cover her love for the succulent weed, as
it masquerades within the slender rice
paper rolls. Anon she would hide her
curly head in the corner of the lobby and
exhale a cloudlet of smoke, then hide the
fast diminishing cigarette in the palm of
her hand. It took about ten minutes for
her to distribute the makeup of the little
cigar into the ambient air, and then with a
satisfied look and a glance along the street
again, she switched about and bounced in
the door to report for duty and help make
ready the mid-day meals of a few "steady"
eaters at the establishment. For the
boarders in the upstairs rooms of the Royal

the smoking Miss helped like everything
to shake off the Sunday ennui of those
doomed to travel in strange cities.

There's no doubt
about it but that St.
John can boast the
smallest delivery horse in
Canada, that of the Alderbrook Dairy on
Sydney street. This little creature is only
the height of an ordinary sized Newfoundland
dog and weighs pretty nearly the
same as a healthy carcass of living veal. A
real cute little equine is "Prince," so the
girls say and "isn't he just sweet!" they
exclaim when he patters by in the shafts
and harness of the diminutive milk wagon.

It has been nine years since this Snetland
first saw the light of this world of hay,
oats, work and automobiles, and since then
he has had rather a chequered career.
When a baby he was in reality a "teeny
weeny" horseling, about equal to a water
spaniel in bulk. He has lived as the pet
of rich men's children, the plaything of less
monied families and is now reduced in his
comparative old age to earn his daily quart
of oats in the harness of a laborer. Day in
and day out "Prince" hauls the cream,
choice butter and strictly laid eggs of the
well known dairy to "hurry" customers,
while two big horse teams deliver the milk
and heavy orders. The little horse's duties,
while they are continuous are not very
onerous and the exercise he gets no doubt
keeps his constitution in a good working
state. The S. F. C. A. however have on
two occasions thought differently and
sought to have "Prince" released from the
grim realities of earning his board, but
Mr. Turnbull of the dairy, whose business
eyes are not dimmed, argued that the little
horse was not at all overworked, nor were
any boys engaged to drive him who were
possessed of exceptional aviridiposis.
These explanations proved satisfactory to
the cruelty to animals people and "Prince"
still toddles through the city to the delight
of the small children, and to the advertis-
ing advantage of his master.

With automobiles running
out to the park and cemetry this summer
the St. John public can in-
dulge in such luxuries as
the most advanced cities in the world have
been enjoying for some time back. The
local stock company already formed are
making a bold step in introducing the
horseless carryall away down east here,
but St. John is not to be kept in the back
ground by any means, and as the coming
sunshine months promise big things in the
way of tourist travel, baseball, early exhibi-
tion, soldiers' return etc., the far-seeing
ones have on their thinking caps and many
a stray dollar will be hypothesized into their
purses. It is understood the steam car-
riages to be run to the suburbs will be
manufactured here in St. John, under the
direction of Mr. Patrician, the practical
bicycle man on Charlotte street. About
the middle of June is the time stated for
inanguration of the new vehicle system, but
its hard to believe the carriages can be
made ready at that early date.

Mr. C. W. Semple, one
of the inspectors of the
Temperance and General
Life Insurance Co., show-
ed a PROGRESS representative some Boer
money on Monday last. One piece was a
shilling with Kruger's head on it and sent
out to this country by "Billy" McMullen,
of the 8th Hussars, who used to play a
clarinet in the Artillery Band, also in the
Williams Concert Band. "Billy" writes
that all Afrikander currency is being bought
up at a premium by view of the near-
by abolition of that style of worldly
goods. The next make of £. and d.
will bear the "impress of the Empress" of
that big red patch so much bespattered
over the map of the world. For penny
pieces the Capetown people are offering as
high as from one to five pounds, and at
that rate Mr. Semple considers he has a
pretty valuable piece of coinage from the
land of kopjes and shifty soldiers.

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it
with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a
package and gives fine results.

When will unthinking
mothers tumble to the
fact that a roistering
youngster, brimful of
childish prattle is the most unwelcome
thing in the world at a matinee theatrical
performance. Some mammas have even
smuggled their infants into the Opera
House at evening performances, to the
utter demoralization of the night's enjoy-
ment of a thousand or more people. Fri-
day afternoon, of last week when the Jessie
Harcourt Co. was playing a diminutive
human was also putting on a show in the
same theatre and as a rival to the people
on the other side of the footlights it
proved very formidable. Stirring passages
and pistol shots from the stage caused un-
limited mirth and agitation in the makeup
of the baby patron, who left the side of its
unconcerned mother and toddled gleefully
toward the orchestra to get a better view
of the actors and actresses. Its faltering
perambulations and chatter came pretty
nearly "breaking up" the orchestra, who
at the time were in the midst of a low-
toned "sneak music" scene as the villain
proceeded to extract "the right will" etc.
The school children who were privileged
to see the show for "this ticket and ten
cents" giggled and goggled and the baby
good back at them. The players stut-
tered and stammered, the people who want-
ed to see and hear the show frowned and
looked lightning fashes motherwards.
Officer Beckett considered the jutting of
one of Canada's "infantry" a brand new
phase of the rowdyism question and hesi-
tated about accosting the little one. So
the baby held sway and shared the alter-
noon with the orchestra and moving pic-
tures, but the people on the stage they
weren't in it!

The violinists and harp
ist who have been de-
lighting the St. John
public with their high
class and popular selections for many
months past are plodders in the varied
sense of the word, and as regular in their
musical labors as the solar system. Every
Saturday morning between ten and eleven
o'clock they render a pleasing repertory of
pieces on Newspaper Row. The only thing
to prevent this weekly musicale is of course
bad weather conditions, but otherwise local
newspaperdom has its ears greatly tickled.
Monday morning about nine o'clock finds
the foreign trio on Union street near
Sydney and as the hours fit by the
musicians move from place to place in the
same order as on the previous week.
Neighbourhoods have become so acoustom-
ed to these regular visits that the weekly
nickel or dime is laid aside for the "harp
and fiddles" along with other trivial mus-
icary assignments, such as Sun'ay collec-
tions etc. St. John people are not by any
means becoming tired of these musical
friends, quite the contrary; they are ap-
preciating more and more their harmonious
wares. Grand opera, light opera, sacred,
popular and dance music are equally es-
sential to them and not infrequently good fat
sums of money are "money-ordered" home by
them.

In connection with the
Harmony Club's show
in Fredericton on the
Queen's Birthday Pete
Williams and several other of the bright
young musical lights about town have in-
stituted a brass band pro tem of about six-
teen pieces—an aggregation, which by
the way, is going to open the eyes of the
people. It is no burlesque, but a double
octette of clever soloists, who can make as
much good music as a full-sized band. This
small but powerful party of instrumenta-
lists will be attired in kharki uniforms and
on the morning of the 24th will escort the
Harmony Club to the train from their
Prizeo William street rooms, and on arriv-
ing at the capital a big parade of the min-
strels will take place, headed of course by
the crackjacks. If the band music lovers
of St. John want to hear a small but good
thing they had better take in the Brother-
hood of Railway Trainmen's excursion, or
get up early and follow the kharki band
to the depot. An effort is going to be
made to keep the band together for future
occasions, for it is doubtful if this music-

hungry city will be laid waste by a flood of
harmony from our none too generous
hands. The City Cornet and Carleton
Cornet seem to be the only public-spirited
organizations of the kind, and the people
think the world of them for it too!

Here's what PROGRESS
heard in a Charlotte
street bookstore one
evening last week.

"No, Madam, we can-
not make that Testament any cheaper,
twelve cents is the lowest figure, in
fact they are originally priced that
low for the sake of religion and can-
not possibly be disposed of at a more
reasonable figure."

"Can't you make it ten cents?" said
the well-dressed woman.
"I'm sorry, we can't," replied the patient
clerk.
"Well, I can get one elsewhere for that
price," retorted the mean female with a
sort of guilty flush passing over her face,
for she knew she was talking falsely about
a pretty sacred subject.
"Pardon me, madam, but these goods
are sold for the Bible Society and distrib-
uted at cost, as I said before, for the
sake of religion, and as we are the only
distributors for the Society in town you
can't get one cheaper."

This kind of floored the Bible bargain
hunter and she then proceeded to negoti-
ate for the purchase of two Testaments at
a reduced figure, but the clerk growing
impatient cut her off by saying they would
come no cheaper singly if she were to buy
a thousand copies. After demurring fully
five minutes, while her companion clawed
over enough books to start a library, the
mean woman forked out twenty-four cents
and bought two Testaments, and the store
full of waiting customers had their turn.

"Give him two bells
will you please?" said
the car conductor to the
man who stood on the
rear platform as he had just helped an
elderly lady to the Paradise Row sidewalk
a few days ago.

The passenger pulled the leather cord
twice, but instead of the car starting the
motorman looked around and waited
until the conductor gave the signal.
"Wha's the matter with the motorman?"
inquired the man on the platform in a hurt
sort of a voice, "he wouldn't answer my
ring."

"He knew it wasn't my ring," said the
cash collector, "and wouldn't put on the
power for a steam yacht. All these little
things count in case of accident you know
No matter how cleverly you may pull the
cord, unless you give the accustomed ring
in the proper key and correct time the man
at the front knows some stranger is mon-
keying with him, and he won't budge her.
His eye has to be peeled all the time
and I tell you he don't let the wax get the
upper hand of his ears either."

The Ancient Order of
Hibernian paraders car-
ried the Boer flag in
their big 10,000 people
turnout last week in Boston
and while a few sympathizers along the
streets saluted the emblem of the en-
emy of Great Britain the better class of
people treated it with the utmost indiffer-
ence. Beyond the exhibiting of the flag,
which as a curiosity was a little bit inter-
esting, the attempt at creating an anti-
British furor was a huge failure, and a
most decided "frost" for the green-plumed
knights of Erin. The very day the A. O.
H. men flaunted Kruger's flag, even the
pro Boer Boston Globe was forced to pub-
lish some real good war stuff which told
of the severe trouncing administered the
Irish American brigade and German legion
attached to Botha's forces. It was a bitter
pill for the Globe and its readers to swal-
low on that day, but the calm and dignified
Boston Herald gave the item its full and
truthful interpretation.

DeAuber—I am thinking seriously of
donating my paintings to some public in-
stitution. Which one would you suggest?
Critical—Well, it strikes me that the
blind asylum would be just the caper.

No matter what the
trade is, each and
every one has its sea-
son and particular
periods for the sale of certain classes of
goods. Perhaps one of the lines least
prominent in the eyes of the general public
is the picture frame business, and yet trav-
ellers tour the country in the interests of
this branch of industry continually, one
man representing a big Canadian concern
being in town this week. The drummer
in question told PROGRESS that he was now
pushing his summer goods, having long
since filled his spring orders, and in a few
months he would strike St. John again to
sell winter stock. "You might not think
so," he said, "but every time I start from
headquarters I have to pack up a different
lot of samples. In the winter I tour among
our customers with spring frames, which
include the heavy household picture mould-
ings so much in demand by the spring
bridal trade, after house cleaning etc. Then
in the spring I sell those bright colored
summer frames for amateur photographic
customers, and artists, also the general run
of people who are so full of the spirit of
sunshine that they would not think of buy-
ing anything dark or sombre. In the sum-
mer and early fall I place my winter goods,
which of course are chiefly suitable for the
Christmas trade and include fancy and
gorgeous mouldings, costly beaded stuff
and expensive woods. These are chiefly
gotten up for gifts. Fashionable colors
have to be considered in the making of
picture frames and the caprices of old
Dame Fashion most certainly have their in-
fluence on even this comparatively obscure
corner of the business of the country.

If all the relics and mem-
orials of the South Af-
rican trouble which our
St. John boys are con-
tinually sending home were gathered to-
gether they would make the nucleus of
quite an interesting museum. Only a few
days ago the sisters of Fred Bettle of Ek-
mouth street, who went out with the Second
Contingent received a "call for parcel" card
and what was their surprise and delight on
receiving a package from their brother on
the veldt containing a number of large rich
ostrich plumes. Of course they don't intend
wearing them, for they are treasures to
them from more than one standpoint. Then
again Bugler McMullen of the First Con-
tingent has sent to a friend in this city a
silver collar badge off one of the uniforms
of the Black Watch, who lay dead on the
battlefield. The red dust of the veldt is
still secreted about the figure of St. Andrew
and the St. Andrew's Cross. Another New
Brunswick has mailed home a bit of
Cronje's flag, while small bits of biscuit
and other army food have been enclosed
with letters. Bullets having carried out
their deadly errands and spent cartridges
are plenty about the city, sent from the
war zone, while several of the boys have
written home that they have secured fix-
ed-out shells and other "quib" explosives,
which they are managing to shift about
with their baggage in order to have them
gilded and placed on the parlor mantel or
some other conspicuous place when, tanned
and medalled, they return to "home sweet
home."

The four new delivery
wagons of Ungar's Lau-
dry have greatly bright-
ened the somewhat shab-
by appearance of the general run of such
vehicles about town and are conspicuous
for their up-to-dateness and beauty. In a
few days no doubt when Old Sol awakes
from his lethargy, after getting over that
eclipse ordeal, the town will be brilliant
with new delivery carts and expresses but
the builders and decorators generally will
have to spend some time and wear out con-
siderable grey matter before turning out a
better or more fetching job than the wagons
of the well known cleansing and renovating
establishment.

These college sports are simply out-
rageous," exclaimed the good woman,
looking up from her paper.
"Wha's the matter now?" her husband
asked.

"Why," said she, "the paper tells that a
man from Yale beat M. Cracken of Penn-
sylvania with the hammer. Isn't it ter-
rible?"

"Do you believe that the meek shall in-
herit the earth?"
"Well, it stands to reason they never can
get it unless by inheritance."

Our Boys
Feuding
Relics Home.

Do't Fool
With the
Signal Cord.

Carried the
Boer
Flag.

A New
Brass Band
in Town.

Boer Money
Around
Town.

They're Just
Like
New York.

What's the matter
with the
motorman?

Give him two bells
will you please?

Here's what PROGRESS
heard in a Charlotte
street bookstore one
evening last week.

When will unthinking
mothers tumble to the
fact that a roistering
youngster, brimful of
childish prattle is the most unwelcome
thing in the world at a matinee theatrical
performance.

There's no doubt
about it but that St.
John can boast the
smallest delivery horse in
Canada.

The country is full of poets and rhymers,
who, if they had claimed the attention the
late John Callahan did in his palmy days
would be wearing their hair a foot long
and affecting aesthetic mannerisms galore.

With automobiles running
out to the park and cemetry this summer
the St. John public can in-
dulge in such luxuries as
the most advanced cities in the world have
been enjoying for some time back.

The violinists and harp
ist who have been de-
lighting the St. John
public with their high
class and popular selections for many
months past are plodders in the varied
sense of the word.

In connection with the
Harmony Club's show
in Fredericton on the
Queen's Birthday Pete
Williams and several other of the bright
young musical lights about town have in-
stituted a brass band pro tem of about six-
teen pieces.

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late John Callahan did in his palmy days
would be wearing their hair a foot long
and affecting aesthetic mannerisms galore.

Surprise Soap advertisement with image of a woman washing clothes.

Weak Man advertisement with text describing health benefits.

Pacific Railway Company advertisement for Queen's Birthday Excursions.

Advertisement for a jeweller's services.

Advertisement for a bicycle shop with various models.

Advertisement for a business located at 54 King St.

# Wild Valtie's Elopement.

IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS.

## CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

It was a lurid light that flashed into her brain all suddenly—a blighting revealing glare that for a moment stunned her senses.

Benson, Colonel Woodford's valet, had been stabbed, and the count had in his possession this sinister poniard, the blade of which bore signs of having been recently used.

Valtie sat so though electrified, a frigid wildness on her blanched face, ice in her veins, and watched Count Lodi with frozen fascination, as his tread measured and echoed, he crossed from his room, through her boudoir, towards the door.

From the singular, masklike passivity of his expression, and the serwerless gleam of his eyes, she knew that he was walking in his sleep!

Slight past her he glided, going with mechanical intuition to the closed door, which he softly opened.

Out into the darkness of the passage he stole, and his wife rose, staggering and giddy, and securing a light from the toilet table, crept after him.

Down the stairs he went, steadily as an automatic figure, and, looking like a little wan ghost in her pale wrap, Valtie followed him.

Did he mean to leave the house in the dangerous unconsciousness of somnambulism?

She drew a stifled breath of relief when he turned into the library, remaining herself at the threshold, with the awful certainty of finding that the guilty workings of his mind would lead to some hideous detail in connection with his fell secret.

He went noiselessly to his desk, unlocked one of the drawers, and lifted out a cash box.

Then Valtie's dilated eyes beheld the glitter and sparkle of gems that blazed in the half gloom.

Her cold limbs seemed to lose power when the ice scintillations of those flaming stones mocked her sight.

She grasped the frame of the door to keep herself from falling.

The room reeled, and the wild panting of her heart was almost fatal.

How had those precious jewels been obtained?

What did he mean to do with them?

Sill with that uncanny precision of motion, he selected what looked like a brooch from the shining mass, and deftly commenced to extract the shimmering brilliants from their gold setting.

Then he put gems and weapon carefully into the box, and locked them securely away.

But, as he stood up, turning his sleeping face to Valtie, something fell from the folds of his dressing gown, on to the fleecy fur of the hearthrug.

It made no sound, and he walked towards his receding wife with the same unseeing stare, as she drew shudderingly back going along the hall to the stairs, and ascending them mechanically.

The light flickering garishly in her trembling hand, she groped her way to that twisted piece of gold, from which the diamonds had been wrenched.

The outline of a distinct monogram remained, and the linked letters were "E. W."

The awful truth rushed upon Valtie in an instant.

It was worse a thousand times than she had imagined.

A degrading horror of crime and vice, with no higher motive than that of theft! Shame flooded her whole being—shame and anguish—to think that her love had been won by so cratty a trickster.

She tottered forward, moaning as though vitally wounded, and then all grew dark to her tortured brain.

She sank to the floor insensible.

## CHAPTER X.

Fortunately, the light was extinguished by Valtie's fall, or her misery might have ended in a dreadful death.

A grayish glimmer was creeping into the library when she opened her eyes, and, recollecting the cruel cause of her swoon, as her dim vision recognised familiar objects, she struggled to her feet, and stood, dazedly staring, her icy hands pressed to her clammy forehead.

It all came rushing back to her with odious clearness—the robbery at Colonel Woodford's with that felonious attack upon Benson, and the mysterious appearance of the girl with the flaxen hair—a girl who seemed to be always dressed for some part, which she acted with marvellous ease and skill.

The brooch, betraying Count Lodi's guilt beyond question, must have belonged to Ethel Woodford's mother, and was part of the stolen booty, for possession of which an infamous plan had been deliberately devised.

Valtie was no longer a trusting dupe of ingenious deception.

She slowly made her way to her own room, and began to dress, resolved to quit the roof that sheltered criminals.

When, she wondered, could she get a train to Brookvale?

She must return to her home, and now was her chance of escape.

To meet the Count again would be impossible.

He would read in her face her abhorrence of his guilty secret, and she thought

of the lonely Grange, recalling, in a flash of horror, the image of that dead, tree-lashed form seen in the mist-veiled dawn of St. Valentine's Day.

Was that some mode of punishment for those who gave offence against the sinister rule of the evil chief of that dastardly gang?

With a shudder, Valtie hurried on her out-door costume, and, stealing noiselessly from the house, turned in the direction of the nearest station.

It was still so early that a damp gloom hung over the earth, and the trees looked grim and gaunt, shadowed against the dull sky.

Valtie thought of Basil who was making rapid strides as a journalist—thought of the scent of the violets she had scorned, and her wild elation at the prospect of the brilliant marriage which had ended so fatally.

It she could only then have seen into the future! But her mind had been dazzled, and blind love had enslaved her reason.

She had thought of nothing but the glory of being Countess Lodi.

She was conscious of being out at an unusual hour, and walked along with face as white as death.

The rumbling of any vehicle made her flinch and tremble with a thrill of dread that her flight had been discovered, and, when a cab came rattling down the road at a reckless speed, stopping sharply at the side of the pavement she was traversing, a great agony of apprehension turned her cold and sick.

Then, as someone sprang from the conveyance, a speechless sort of paralysis seemed to fall upon her; she stood stock still, while a delicately powerful hand clasped her wrist, and the voice of her husband said, harshly—

"What, in the name of mischief, is the meaning of this? Where are you going my dear Valtie?"

She could not utter a sound, and her limbs seemed to have lost their power; she felt that dreaded hand drawing her towards the cab, and was unable to rebel, for once, with her usual wilful spirit—felt herself half lifted into the vehicle, and saw, with dim comprehension, that she was being driven rapidly back to the house near Park Lane.

The count did not speak once during those horrible minutes in which his wife sat as though petrified, in a stupor of despair. His eyes glittered under his scowling brow, and his teeth were set smothering; he looked dangerous in his savage rage.

He knew, on waking from the trancelike sleep that had followed his strange revelation of the stolen gems, that he had betrayed himself while in a state of somnambulism, and he had gone in search of the missing poniard—to find the clue of the gold setting denuded of those flashing brilliants, and the candlestick of chased silver which belonged to his wife's boudoir.

That she had been a witness to the weird working of his crime racked mind was out too evident.

He had found her gone—had rushed out in search of her, and, knowing intuitively that she had gone in the direction of the nearest station, he had jumped in a cab.

She been simply dazed into a supelation by his sudden advent, and was led from the cab into the house, unable to withstand the compelling force of that white, cruel hand.

Pauline glided into the hall to meet her, a hard, repelling look on her face, and fixing her grey eyes on poor Valtie, she said scornfully—

"This is the result of your wild marriage! Why didn't you remain in your simple sphere at Brookvale? You have become one of us, and you must bear the burden of the mystery in which all our lives are involved."

Valtie staggered, with dim sight, into the room to which the count led her, and sank on to a chair, nearly swooning with deathly terror.

Below her mental vision kept rising that spectral form of St. Valentine's Day—the horror she had seen from the east room window of the Grange.

She could hear the count and Madame Delmont conversing together in low tones and something convinced her that she was the subject of their discussion.

For many moments she sat there with swimming brain, and then Count Lodi said, in tones that made her shiver—

"We are going to Blackwood, Valtie. I think you will be happier there than here for a month or two."

She looked up at him, saw the indomitable sternness about the rigid lines of his mouth, and sprang to her feet with a cry of fear.

"You must let me go, Marc! I cannot stay with you now that I know the truth!"

"You will obey me, Valtie! he said calmly. 'Come, Pauline is waiting. She kindly volunteered to go with you.'"

"Have pity, Marc! I cannot look at you without a shudder now that I know your guilt. The knowledge of your odious sin has killed my love for you; I dread you with all my soul!"

"Enough of that!"

He caught her hand, roughly drawing it through his arm, and led her to the hall, and out to the brougham awaiting them.

After that followed a long, dreary drive that lasted for hours.

## CHAPTER XI.

Valtie knew that she was indeed in the toils with Pauline Delmont seated opposite her as impassively imperturbable as an image of stone.

There was something to dread in the phosphorescent glister that seemed to irradiate her eyes, and, when she presently turned their sinister light full upon her shrinking prisoner, it inspired a feeling of acute aversion.

Mercy was in that gleam—a consciousness of having the power to destroy, if she could not quell.

"Did I not tell you that the count could be cruel—even to you?" she said, when the horses had reached a quite thoroughfare. "Your own wild opposition and obstinacy have brought you to this."

"To what?" Valtie asked, in sharp tones of defiance, sitting up straight, her little, drawn face white as a snowdrop. "You may as well relieve your malice by talking of the horrors in store for rebels. Am I to mysteriously disappear in that delightful place at Blackwood, over which you and Marc so majestically preside?"

Her lips curved mockingly as she uttered the words.

She had not the slightest intention of letting her ill-omened enemy hold her in terrorised subjection.

"You have been leniently sentenced to imprisonment at the Grange," was the satirical response.

A burning iron seemed to press on Valtie's brain; there was a roaring noise in her ears, and a dull palpitation of her heart.

But, with a queer little laugh that would have made Basil shudder, she tauntingly cried—

"Is that all? May I not expect to be fated to die by one of your adroit methods? If you were to leave me any choice, I should infinitely prefer to drown!"

Pauline leaned forward, her features like marble, but with glittering eyes.

"There is danger in your conversation!" she breathed. "You know the penalty of treason, and you will not be spared if you allow your darling to carry you too far!"

"I am not afraid," Valtie retorted. "Marc does not wish my death, though his anger may be roused against me. I am at your mercy, but you would not dare to harm me."

Pauline had sunk back to her old position, calmly contemplative and contemptuous.

She was thinking that in Valtie a daring ally might be obtained, once divested of her scruples and horror of their evil crimes.

"Someone will have to take the place of Natalie when treachery is proved to exist under cover of her apparent servitude, and who a stranger, when there is Marc's wife to train?"

The little wixen could well battle an army of law if she chose! It would be worth trying to induce her to take the oath of allegiance.

She looked critically at her captive, whose youthful face had a careworn pallor in the sunny light which light with the carriage was how filled.

The sheeny glare seemed to have enlarged the blue eyes unnaturally, and, half dazed Valtie put up her hands to shut out the blinding sunshine.

"Something will happen!" she exclaimed. "I have a presentiment that there will be an accident before we reach the Grange!"

"You must have had many presentiments, dryly commented Pauline.

Valtie did not reply.

Her head was whirling, and the swift motion of the vehicle made it throb with pain.

She could not help counting the least beat of the horses' hoofs, although the effort wearied her insufferably, and she longed to find rest in sleep.

When madame's abominated voice once more disturbed her, she let her hands fall to her lap, and clasped them convulsively.

"What is the use of this wild opposition to Marc?" Pauline asked. "You had much better accustom yourself to his singular mode of life."

"If that were possible I would rather die this minute!" Valtie cried, passionately. "Oh the shame of living to share his guilt! The tie of our marriage ceased to bind me when all the life's truth was revealed, convincing me that my husband was a felon of the deepest infamy!"

"The count is a reprobate man," Pauline said, "and you will never outwit him my dear Valtie. Once at the Grange, you will stay—unless you agree to my terms."

"Your terms! I know that I shall not agree to them!" was the scathing retort.

"Well, I offer you your freedom; you can take it or not, as you prefer. Be come one of our band, and you will be at liberty to leave the Grange or remain—the important part of your movements will be removed, and the homage of our people will be lavished freely on the wife of their ruler."

Pauline had bent slightly forward, fixing her glistening eyes on the face of her young captive, and she drew back when Valtie sprang up.

"Oh! the wife of a thief!" she cried. "Do you imagine that you are tempting me? I am not degraded enough to buy my freedom at the risk of my soul, even if I had my faith in your word. To secure your own safety you would incriminate me in your sinful scheming."

Pauline's face grew terrible with the mocking, baneful gleam in her eyes. Once drawn into the meshes of our



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league you would reign through the might of your very recklessness!" she hissed. "That is why I offered you this chance."

Valtie sank back to the seat, shuddering. Might she have been another Natalie but for the influence that had surrounded her at home?

In humiliated silence she sat gazing drearily at the shining band of gold on her left hand.

Slowly she drew it off her finger, and held it out to madame.

"That is my message to Marc, she said sadly. 'You can give it to him, and he will know that our union is at an end.'"

Pauline took the ring without comment. The carriage sped on, stopping once at a country inn to change horses, and then rolled along lonely roads till long past noon.

But suddenly there was a violent collision, the vehicle swerved, and the plunging horses reared in snorting terror, then Valtie felt a shock that nearly rendered her senseless.

## CHAPTER XII.

What had happened? Dizzily Valtie rose from the bank on to which she had been flung, and looked round.

Then she saw that the accident had kept the frightened horses from leaping down into a wear of rushing water, and that the vehicle had turned over at the very verge of a steep declivity.

Not far from her lay the stately form of Pauline, still as death, and Valtie, quite unburied, would have gone to her assistance, but for a startling discovery.

Standing in consultation with the coachman was the foe she most dreaded—the swarthy-faced Ciro!

One great spasm of deadly alarm convulsed her heart, and, turning, she fled over the springy turf, racing down the declivity to a path winding round the bend of the river.

Whether it would lead her she neither knew nor cared.

Her one idea was to put as much distance as possible between herself and the man she so dreaded.

She ran fleetly as a deer, white and wide eyed, and crossed a little bridge that spanned the weir.

But not before she had been missed. Ciro was in pursuit of her.

Looking back, she saw him gaining ground rapidly.

A sort of frenzy made the ground appear like heaving billows under her feet. She could scarcely discern the dividing line of bank and river.

Cross to her the sails of a mill were revolving, and she dashed towards it in trembling fright the beating of her heart almost stifled by the rapidity of her flight.

Ciro was now only a few paces in her rear.

She should be vanquished in the chase—caught, and compelled to complete the hideous journey to that dismal prison in the crime haunted wood.

Fiercely she struggled to keep in advance of her crafty pursuer.

But the pulsation in her head seemed to distract her.

How could she evade the cruel fate from which this catastrophe had given her the chance of escape?

Ciro was very close to her now. Her strength nearly failed in her despair.

Then, as his sinewy hand caught her wrist, she gave a wild scream, and stood as though rooted to the spot.

"Paron, excellenza," he said, with excessive politeness. "You mistake the way. It is too far to walk to Blackwood; permit me to escort you back to madame."

"So Madame Delmont is uninjured," flashed through Valtie's brain. "She is waiting for me—will, perhaps, come in quest of me."

She looked into Ciro's menacing eyes, and saw that, unless she managed to dupe him in some way, she would be defeated in the contest.

"I am not going back to Madame," she said. "You had better leave me to disappear in my own way. I need never trouble Count Lodi or his associates again; I can be as one dead to him. Let me go, and I will not betray what I know of your secrets."

"It is not for me to permit your release, excellenza," Ciro answered. "I must obey the mandate of my chief."

"Take me back to the Grange, and you will find it hard to keep me there. I will set my whole heart and mind on the task of denouncing you; I will let the world know the mystery of all that I beheld on St. Valen-

tine's Day! Do you anticipate seeing my rebellion punished with equal sanctity?"

"Why talk of punishment, excellenza?" he asked, and his eyes glittered mockingly. "You are not a traitress, to expect so harsh a doom!"

"No; I promise you!" cried Valtie, desperately. "Leave me my freedom, and my lips shall be sealed."

"I dare not!" he replied. "To offend my chief would be to jeopardise my own life!"

Valtie said nothing more. She suddenly bent down her face to Ciro's brawny hand, and dug her sharp little teeth into his wrist.

He writhed in pain and fury, completely taken off his guard by her frantic ruse, and his grasp upon her arm relaxed.

Now came her chance. Like a dart she sprang away from him, running round to the other side of the mill, and, as the great sail nearest to her reared itself above her head, she caught at the rough framework, and was lifted with it.

Ciro, livid with rage, had not seen that daring exploit of Valtie's.

He looked round, his yellow teeth snarlingly displayed.

Where was she hiding? Was he to be duped and foiled by the cunning little wixen, with all his cunning?

She had it in her power to bring destruction to the whole gang of lawless desperadoes, whose guilty secret she possessed, and he would have flung her into the teaming weir rather than let her live to reveal their infamy.

But the huge mill sail entirely screened the clinging figure, and the Italian had, after fruitless search, to recross the little bridge leading to the hilly side of the river, and returned, in the most evil of repressed tempers, to Pauline.

Valtie, revolving in mid-air, horribly giddy and frightened, realized that death was imminent—were she to be carried beyond a certain height—were she not to make a quick leap to reach the ledge of the loft close to which she was being raised.

Fiercy terror almost petrified her heart. The suspense was agonising, and it was getting so dark, with the tempestuous darkness preparatory to a rainy night, that soon the scene would be swallowed up in a confusing shroud of mist and shadow.

The grind of the machinery grated on Valtie's ears like the discordant dirge of something ghoulish.

What a dreadful strait she had plunged into, not counting the risk!

Would she miss that one haven of safety awaiting her?

It was not the time for the slightest hesitancy.

She was opposite that opening in the loft and she sprang, with bated breath, towards it, reaching the ledge, and kneeling there perfectly bewildered, everything round her reeling.

But the overwhelming giddiness passed away after a moment or two.

She stood up, then, bending her head, managed to creep through the narrow opening to the musty interior of the mill.

In the dim, declining light, she groped her way to a spiral flight of steps, descended them, and found a door of exit, just as she was beginning to despair.

A drizzle of rain was falling from black clouds when Valtie stood once more outside the mill.

She gazed round mistrustfully, half expecting that Ciro would spring out of the dusk to mock her with his insufferable pretence of courtesy, and frustrate her feverish effort to escape that impending fate of cruel imprisonment in the hated Grange.

She listened, motionless, heard nothing, save the swish of the water running between the banks and felt reassured.

Suddenly it struck her that she could not be at any great distance from Brookvale.

If she could only find her way to the dear old village!

A glow of hope thrilled her heart she began to walk fast, taking the path instinct suggested must be the right one.

She went along a lonely road, heedless of the certainty of eventually reaching her native valley.

Now and then she passed a country mansion, lights gleaming from the rain blurred windows; and she was approaching one more elaborately illuminated than the rest, when a shadow darkened the path beneath the glimmer shed by the lamps of the massive gates.

Valtie recoiled, with a sharp intuition of danger.

At the same instant someone barred her passage—someone, whose tall figure, muffled in a long coat, seemed curiously familiar.

She looked up in trembling dismay, and then, with a frozen pallor on her face, cried—

"Marc!"

It was unmistakably Count Lodi whose stern eyes encountered hers from the shade of a slouching felt hat. In silence he took his wife by the shoulders, drawing her closer to the light.

Wild Valtie had never looked so deplorable as at this crisis, traces of dust and mud on her damp clothes, her ruddy hair in a tangle; and this encounter with the man from she had been running away seemed to have stupefied her.

She stood stock still shivering, her heart beating with a sort of dull and muffled irregularity.

"May I ask what brings you here?" the count said, with ominous quietude. "I did not anticipate the joy of meeting you so soon."

There was little need to put a similar question to him.

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading

A Talk to King's Daughters.

By MARGARET BROTHER in Ladie's Home Journal.

I have just received a letter from a Daughter of our Order who lives on the other side of the Atlantic. You know, I suppose, that the 'Daughters' are everywhere. I had been in Scotland last summer but a few days when I received a letter from one who said that for three years she had been a member of our Order, and that her son had also joined. She asked me if she might not meet me in London on my return to England, if only just to shake hands with me.

The young Daughter who wrote me from over the sea said that she was reading a book entitled 'A School for Saints'. She said nothing about the book, but the title was interesting to me. Where is the school? Just where we are, and we are there to learn the lessons, and the school is for education.

Now this is the lesson we must learn in the school for saints; the school where saints are to be made—spiritually educated women and men—and it is the only education that promises life and peace. To be spiritually minded is life and peace. The education is costly, though not in money. It requires the subjugation of the animal nature to the spiritual; it makes the lower nature the servant of the higher, and all this, as you can easily see, means struggle. But if you can show me any one educated in any way, along any line, who has not struggled, I shall be surprised.

We Must not Allow Pride to Lay Hold of us.

Last summer I was on the River Clyde in Scotland. About half a century ago the Clyde at Glasgow was only one hundred and eighty feet wide and three feet deep. By continual dredging it has been made much wider and deeper. More than thirty five million cubic yards of material were dredged from the river bed. All of this allows the largest vessels from all the corners of the earth.

How many of these dredging boats did I see as I sat on the deck of our pretty steamer, as we sailed up the Clyde, keeping the channel clear, and I repeated the word more than once, 'dredging!' How bare, how rough those dredging boats looked; and then I thought of how much more we might be to this humanity of ours if the channels of our nature were only deepened, and the stuff removed that is called pride, envy and selfishness. But there will still remain the need for this dredging to keep the channel clear. Some how the worldliness accumulates so fast. As I looked I thought how many Clydes there are where the dredging power is always needed, and the ugly dredging boats seemeth like ugly circumstances that come into one's life. It is the dredging; it is for the deepening for the channel. So the Apostle said: 'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.'

Suppose we take every trial which comes to us—sickness of body, limited circumstances, or any trial, as dredging, for you may depend on it there is a 'needs be' for every trial. The need is probably in us. We think, perhaps, we could do so much for others if our circumstances were different. No, it is not the circumstances which are at fault—it is ourselves.

Literary a Street Full of Roses.

Speaking of the lesson I learned while sailing on the Clyde last summer reminds me of an attractive street I saw the next day as we were sailing over Loch Lomond. I saw a whole street of little houses covered with roses. All eyes were turned to this street of rose-covered houses—nothing attractive in the least in the houses but the beautiful climbing roses that covered them. There was a whole street of them. I had read of streets of gold, but streets of roses I had never heard of. Somehow it made me sigh. I think one is apt to sigh when one sees beautiful sights. I suppose it is a longing for that which is to come.

If we cannot cover our houses with roses we might cover our hearts, and try to cover other hearts. What we need is more kindness, simple kindness. 'Love is kind, and love covers.' I do not know who lived in the houses which were covered with the roses. I do not know whether the flowers were all outside. These people lived on the banks of the Loch Lomond. Whether there was a beautiful lake, as tranquil as Loch Lomond, in their hearts, I do not know. Whether the flowers of love and hope bloomed within those houses I do not know. I only know that the sight

Thin Babies

often develop into weak, delicate, backward children; undersized, nervous, feeble, adults. Lack of nourishment is the cause.

Scott's Emulsion

is the remedy. A little of it three or four times a day will do wonders. The pinched, sad faces become round and rosy; the wasted limbs plump and firm. If your baby is not doing well, try this great food-medicine.

See and get it, all druggists.

of the rose-covered houses suggested all this and more to me.

We do not Really Own Anything.

Let us all find out what we own, and look after our own property. There is such a thing as blessed poverty: 'Blessed be ye poor; for yours is the kingdom of God,' Jesus said. I do not believe that He meant what some of us thought He meant at all. They loved Him, and we always own what we love; but they didn't care for anything really but Him. So while they cared for Him, and not for things, He said their poverty was blessed—and he would have said, 'Blessed be ye poor,' if they had owned, as we say, millions for their blessed poverty they would not recognize it as theirs. They would have just been trustees. The trouble with us is that we are owning things, or acting as if we owned them, when they are not ours at all. We act as if we owned ourselves, when the truth is that 'we are not our own.' The express declaration is: 'And ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price.' And the people that we own, the things that we own, as we say are not ours at all: they belong to God.

Our Joy Must Come From Our Poverty.

Now comes the very important question, 'What do we own? We own God! He says, 'I am thy God,' and when we realize this, then comes a possession of all things that we cannot have until we own God! That is the meaning of 'having nothing and yet possessing all things.' I have heard people say, 'All I own is a grave.' Look out! You do not own that grave. You have no key to that grave. There has come so much of your trouble in trying to find the key to the mystery. He has the keys. You will never unlock that mystery. You will find the key only as you own Him who says, 'I am the resurrection and the life.' But when you say, 'It is His grave; He owns it, and the jewel that was in the casket He has—all are His,' then you come into possession with Him of what you cannot have in any other way. Why, the very flowers that you planted that grow on the grave are His flowers, and they came from little seeds. How unlike flowers they looked when they were put under ground and covered with the dirt—it was dust to dust—but you expected to see something after a while. God giveth each of the flowers a body—but the sermon is preached to us, and alas! we do not see and say, 'With what body will they come?' No wonder the Master said, 'Consider the lilies'; but we admire them and plant them over the seed we saw go into the ground, yet somehow we do not consider very deeply, and think it is because we do not see, that God owns that grave, and that dust, and that seed, and that God can do the impossible—God will give it a body. I am satisfied that all our joy must come from our poverty. We do not really own anything.

There is Only One Thing Which Belongs to us.

I have tried to cultivate this truth. I did believe that my children were not mine that they belonged to God, and oh, how much it saved me. I did not feel that I owned them, and that is the reason I possess them as I do today—those in sight and those out of sight; and sometimes those out of sight are more real than those who are in sight. Now let us realize this just now, in this hour. Let us give up ownership in all but God, and then the meaning that all things are ours will come to us—not in the sense of ownership which involves so much care, but in the sense of possession in God. I may not speak perfectly plain to you, but the Spirit can. There is a selfish ownership—there is an unselfish possession that nothing can take from us—which death cannot rob of us. You will own death in God, for it is written, 'All things are yours,' and in the catalogue is death—and the reason of this blessed ownership is, 'ye are Christ's, and Christ is

God's.' Either you must possess things in God, or the things will take possession of you. Either you must own death, or death will take you, and then you will wither: death will eat you up.

We Must Conquer or be Conquered.

There is no alternative—either you must be a conqueror, or you will be conquered. Now accept first of all, the poverty; give up ownership in yourselves and in everything else; go down to nothing, and in proportion as you go down, just so sure will you rise again. 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' If I could get you to see this as I see it at this moment! Never yours till you say not mine. Oh, do let go, even of yourselves; do not say even my sins, for He taketh away the sins of the world. Let all go. Let the shore go and you will soon be out on the ocean of Divine love, Divine power.

'Through waves and clouds and storms He gently clears thy way.'

Children Must be Taught Thoughtfulness.

This Order of The King's Daughters and Sons that you have come into means loving service to others. Since I last talked with you I have been delighted with the letters from some mothers telling me of the 'Home Circles' they have formed to brighten the home and make the members unselfish. Oh, dear ones, let me assure you again the right child life will develop into the right manhood and womanhood. If children are taught to be thoughtful when they are young, they will be thoughtful when they are grown up. How well I remember, when my first child wanted to go anywhere with me, how I would say, 'Do you think you can take care of your mother? because if you cannot I do not think I shall take you.' Is it any wonder that that son, though a husband and a father of children, still feels that he must care for his mother? Only a little thought will show how apt mothers are to train children in selfishness, so I am glad that so many 'Home Circles' for training in unselfishness have been started.

Train the Children to Grow Inside.

Mothers train your children now. No work that you can engage in will ever pay you like the care of your children while they are yet young. An incident in my life when my boys were little children comes before me as I write. I had been to the florist's to get an ivy, and not seeing what I wanted the florist persuaded me to take a German ivy—'It would grow so fast,' he said. I accepted his suggestions and brought home the new plant, and arranged it so that it would form a border for my lace curtains.

I soon noticed that it grew fast, but I did not know how fast until my attention was especially called to it. In making some provision for its growth (for vines must have supports) I discovered something very strange. The vine had crept through the lace curtains and was growing on the other side of them so that I could not get it back without destroying either the vine or the curtains. I looked at it closely and saw how easily it might have been slipped back through the lace bars at an early stage. And as I looked I saw other vines that somehow slip through on the other side of the lattice from where the parents want them to grow. And I wondered whether the cause were not the same as with my ivy—the proper early training had been neglected.

It is so Easy to Begin When They are Young.

There was a time when all my ivy needed was just a little care, and I could so easily have kept it on the side I wanted it to grow; but I neglected it until it was too late. Oh, how many children slip through some little opportunity that offers. How many boys are allowed to slip out into the street and grow on the wrong side.

I am afraid there will usually be found some early cause for growth on the wrong side. And all after attempts to get it back will prove as fruitless as my attempt to get back my ivy through the bars of my window curtains. I could have prevented its going on the wrong side, but I could not get it back once it had gone through.

Oh, mothers, see to it that the little children do not get through on the wrong side. The children grow so fast—and in it is such rapid, insidious growth. Watch the children, and you will have the joy of seeing them, like bright olive branches, growing on the right side and making the home beautiful by their loving thought and kind deeds.

There is Only One Who Can Help us.

We can only be good by looking at One who is good. I cannot tell you how we are changed by looking at Him. I only know that it is so. Did you ever love any one who was good? Did you ever feel as

though if you could only be with that particular person you could be good? Of course, it would have to be an uncommonly strong, tender love that would give the feeling that if you could only see that person be or she could help you, but I know of One who can really do it; who can give rest to your soul, remove the anger, the hurt—take it all away and make you good, and you will never, after that, feel that it is your goodness, and yet it is yours; and you will not be proud, nor envious, nor jealous any more.

I am so glad that I can tell you all this. I am so tired of efforts that do not amount to anything. I am sure you need the companionship of this Friend who will make you good. I am not speaking now of how you will appear in the sight of others; they have often called you good when you knew you were not. Oh, no, it goes so much deeper than that. I wish I could put it in words. His own words are the best: 'I will come to you.' What means, what that can become to you, only the Blessed Spirit can tell you, but if you will ask for the gift of the Holy Spirit it will surely come. You want rest and peace, and you have a right to it, and you must have it, and if you really desire it you shall have it.

How Six Children Died.

In September, 1899, while Rev. Mr. Lee and his wife, of the Methodist school at Darjeeling, India, were absent on business for their mission in the hills, a storm and landslide swept away their home and buried their six children. The eldest son, Wilbur, a boy of thirteen, survived long enough to breathe the story. There is a sacred pathos in his sketch of his heroic sister, and of the brave way in which all the little ones met death.

Vida Mand Lee, a girl of seventeen, had charge of the young flock, and when, in the dead of night, the storm increased, and rocks and earth, loosened by a two days' deluge of rain began to roll down the mountain, she tried to lead her brothers and sisters to a place of safety. The road and every path of escape were blocked with broken trees and fallen soil and stones. In the rain, the dense darkness and the deafening wind, she knew that the children must scatter, and some of them be lost.

'We will go back to the house,' she said. 'Then, if God wishes to save us, He will save us together, and if not He will take us together.' Returning, blinded and drenched, they lighted a lamp, kindled a fire and prayed. 'There were no terrified shrieks for deliverance—only 'Thy will be done.' The sublime faith of the eldest sister had lifted and brought home the new plant, and arranged it so that it would form a border for my lace curtains.

A sudden slide of rock crashed against the house, and the corner of the room fell in. Vida rose and stood calmly with her helpless company. 'Children,' she said, 'the house is going to fall, and we shall all soon be in heaven.' 'If you could only have seen Vida's face' continued the little narrator in his last words to his mother. 'She looked so beautiful when she talked to us! And we weren't a bit afraid. We just felt as if we were all in the train, coming to see you and papa.'

In another room the brave girl once more gathered her patient brood, and there, in a loving group, they knelt and awaited the inevitable end. The bitterness of death was past. They did not know that they were more than conquerors. A moment later the great avalanche rolled over them, and five pure young spirits were freed from tribulation forever.

The next day, men exploring the scene of ruin found little Wilbur, so badly injured that he could not live, and tenderly cared for him. He lingered a few days, till the afflicted parents could reach him. The foregoing facts, communicated by his mother to the Western Christian Advocate, were related by him, little by little on his death-bed. Alone of the six dear children, 'he seems to have been sent back,' she said, 'to tell us of their triumph.'

Not Born For It.

The author of 'Walks and Talks' gives a rat-trainer's statement in support of the saying, 'Culture can increase the size, quality and flavor, but it cannot change the kind.' After seeing different rats perform various feats, the writer said to the trainer: 'I understand that you can't teach any rat to do anything you happen to want him to learn to do?'

'Oh, nein, nein!' the trainer replied. 'You can't only teach a rat to do what he was made to do! Und ven a man is a good rat-decher, he knows dot ding, und he von't dry to teach a rat vot he can't learn!'

'Und dot is yooet der difference between a good rat-decher und a shool teacher,'

he added. 'A shool teacher, he dinks he can teach any shild anything vot he bleases. But he couldn't do id! Shildren is yooet like rats! Some vill learn von ding, und some vill learn anoder ding, und dots a good shool teacher dot knows dot ding, und works dot way!'

'Do you suppose I could ever learn to teach rats as you do?' said the writer.

The trainer eyed him a moment, and then said: 'No, you couldn't do it! You wasn't der right kind of a man! Ven a man makes a good rat-decher he vos got to been born yooet on purpose for dot beezness, und I don't belief you vos born dot way!'

IN NEWFOUNDLAND

Great Work on the Island Ingrated by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Kidney Disease being Driven from Newfoundland—A more Wonderful Medicine never Known here—John Brooks of Lunenburg Cured.

ST. JOHN'S N.F.L.D., May 14.—From all parts of the island comes word of the work being done by the great remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills. Kidney diseases have always been considered the most dangerous ailments to which the people of Newfoundland were subject. No satisfactory or certain treatment had ever been known here, and Dodd's Kidney Pills have proved a blessing of which the whole country is fast availing itself.

The large number of diseases which Dodd's Kidney Pills are known to cure is Disease and Diabetes are local maladies of the kidneys themselves. Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Women's Weakness and Blood Diseases are all caused by the bad action of the kidneys—a fault Dodd's Kidney Pills promptly correct.

John Brooks, of Lunenburg, Little Bay Island, writes as follows:—

'I have been a sufferer this ten or twelve years. I have used lots of different medicines such as used for pain in the stomach, pain in the back, pain in the side, but all to no effect. I do not know what was the matter. There was no doctor here to tell me any one. I got an account of Dodd's Kidney Pills from a lady friend of mine and a sample of them and they did me so much good that as soon as I could I bought a box, and before I used one box I was cured, and I can say it was Dodd's Kidney Pills I owe my health to.'

KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Bursts of Passion and Worry do Make Women Prematurely Old.

Bad temper and worry will trace more wrinkles in one night than hot and cold bathing and massage and complexion brushes and creams and lotions can wash out in a year's faithful application. Physicians assert that an immense amount of nerve force is expended in every fit of bad temper; that when one little part of the nervous system gets wrong the face records it. The eyes begin losing the lustre of youth, muscles become flabby, the skin refuses to contract accordingly, and the inevitable result is wrinkles, femininity's fiercest and most insidious foe.

Indulging in a fit of temper not only makes woman old and ugly before her time but it actually shortens life. Moreover every time she loses control of her temper she unhinges a moral brain cell and weakens by several degrees her capacity for self control. The oftener she permits herself to indulge in what she believes to be righteous indignation the more frequently she finds such occasions presenting themselves, for life is full of such irritating opportunities.

It is these bursts of passion that prevent women from growing old so beautifully that they seem to retain their youth, and like a tree, becoming more attractive with age. A mouth that learns how to set itself in an aggrieved or hard line soon settles in a grim curve that writes years of age upon a woman's face and deep lines an accusing and disfiguring wrinkle. There is no use attempting to reason with a woman about the evil effects of ill temper while she is in an ugly mood. She knows perfectly well that it is bad form; that it savors of the coarse and underbred; that it is weak and belittling and immoral, and that it hurts her cause to lose her temper. But she does not stop at just that time to think about it, and to remind her of the fact only adds fuel to the flames.

'Stay! Stay!'

The plauding tones of Harold Fitzsperry Gooph fall upon the shell-like ears of Maude Araminta Chugg. Coldly she turned to him and exclaimed:—

'How can you ask me to stay, when you know I am Grand Chief Priestess of the Society for the Abolition of Tight Lacing?'

'Our Frank will make an energetic business man,' said Mr. Bloomfield. 'There's a good deal of get-up about him.'

'It's easy to see that you don't have to call him in the morning,' was Mrs. Bloomfield's comment.

you anticipate seeing my bed with equal friendliness. of punishment, excellency? his eyes glittered mockingly. traitress, to expect so harsh... 'To offend my to jeopardise my own life' nothing more. bent down her face to hand, and dug her sharp... she sprang away from him, to the other side of the mill, eat sail nearest to her reared her head, she caught at the work, and was lifted with it. with rage, had not seen that... round, his yellow teeth snarled. he hiding? Was he to be... in her power to bring de... this guilty secret she possessed... reveal... ge mill sail entirely screened... search, to recross the little... in the most evil of... to Pauline. evolving in mid-air, horribly... death at were she to be carried... were she not to... ledge of... being... almost petrified her heart. The... and it was getting... darkness to a rainy night, that soon the... in a confus... and shadow. of the machinery grated on... of the discordant dirge of... dreadful strait she had plunged... the risk!... the time for the slightest hesi... opposite that opening in the left... towards... and kneeling there... round her... overwhelming giddiness passed... a moment or two. up, then, bending her head... through the narrow... interior of the mill... declining light, she groped... a spiral flight of steps, descend... found a door of exit, just as... spinning to despair. of rain was falling from black... on Valtie stood once more outside... and round mistrustfully, half-ex... at Ciro would spring out of... of the book her with his insufferable... courtesy, and frustrate her fever... to escape that impending fate of... in the hated Grange... and, motionless, heard nothing... of the water running be... banks and felt reassured. ly it struck her that she could not... great distance from Brookvale... could only find her way to the dear... of hope thrilled her heart she be... fast, taking the path instinct... must be the right one. on along a lonely road, heedless... and rain, buoyed up with... of eventually reaching her... and then she passed a country... lights gleaming from the rain... windows; and she was approach... more elaborately illuminated than... when a shadow darkened the path... the glimmer shed by the lamps of... ve glasses. recoiled, with a sharp intuition of... same instant someone barred her... someone, whose tall figure, in a long coat, seemed curiously...oked up in trembling dismay, and... a frozen pallor on her face, unmistakably Count Lodi whose... encountered here from the staid... thing felt hat. In silence he took... by the shoulders, drawing her... the light. Valtie had never looked so deplor... at this crisis, traces of dust and... on her damp clothes, her ruddy... a tangle; and this encounter with... from she had been running away... to have stupefied her... stood stock still shivering, her... with a sort of dull and... irregularity. I ask what brings you here? the... said, with ominous quietude. I did... occupy the joy of meeting you so... was little need to put a simil... to him. (CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

CANCER cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster... For Canadian testimonials & 30-page free, write Dept. 11, Macle's Medicines, 77 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

## A Far Western Love Tragedy.

But Masterson, during his last visit to New York, told a story of a Western experience which caused him some deep thought. At the time of which he spoke, he was living in a small mining camp in the Rocky Mountains, and working pretty hard for a living, as the story will show.

In the summer of '71, I was doing a little mining in a camp over on the western slope of the Rockies, and the entire population of the camp numbered forty-two and a dog. This bunch of toughness got along pretty well until the advent of the forty-third member of the aggregation. This advent took place on a fine day in the month of July, and it was hotter than the hinges—we hear of.

The individual was picked up on the road leading from Gold Run, about thirty miles away, in a state of absolute intoxication. In fact, he was so drunk that he was not aware of his own name, and after we had taken him to the saloon we looked him over, and christened him Sandy. Just how he came to be where he was has always been a mystery.

It was certain that he did not walk, for he was too drunk to have done that, he did not come by the stage, for the driver I knew to be a truthful person, and he assured me that he had had no passengers on the trip. However, he arrived, and that was enough.

He came from nowhere in particular, and had no calling in particular, unless a continual calling for booze might be said to represent such. He was drunk when he arrived, had manifestly been so from time immemorial, and had apparently evinced a determination to remain so until the going out of his light.

This was a rather sore point with the boys, because they wanted to know something about him which he could not be expected to know while under the influence of forty rod. He was first discovered on Main street, which was the only street in town, lying in the dust. He was picked up and carried out into the rear of the saloon, where he enjoyed a pile of blankets and ten hours' healthful repose.

He had cash in plenty with him, and he was permitted to snooze as long as he cared to. Upon awakening he called for the drop of whisky he needed in his business, and then dropped off to sleep again. During the day, and between his potations I endeavored to hold a little conversation with him, had a view to finding out if possible who he was! 'Sorry to be unpleasant, pardner,' he said, 'but truth is I want nothing but whisky and quiet,' and I made the mental observation right there that as between the two he seemed to give preference to the former article.

Drinks over Ike's bar were sold for fifty cents apiece for straight drinks, and one dollar for the fancy article, yet Sandy seemed to have no limit of purchase, and always paid for what he got in silver instead of the usual gold dust. As he did not seem disposed to go to work like the rest of us, we felt slightly aggrieved, and kind of hurt, especially as our leader used to deliver the saying of his own manufacture that 'By the sweat of yer brow shall ye chew three squares per day.'

He took up his residence in a little shack higher up on the mountain than the rest of the camp, which had been abandoned by the former occupant on account of the death of his partner. He always claimed that the shack was haunted, and refused to live there on account of the place in which the body was buried, under the dirt floor of the shanty.

This did not seem to bother the new resident, as he gave it out as his opinion that there were no such things as ghosts, and anyway if there were he did not care a continental for an army of them. This was looked upon as sacrilege by the balance of the camp, and he was left to himself for some days. This interval he utilized in getting so drunk that he was unable to leave the shack for a couple of days at a time, and then only slunk down to the bar to replenish his stock of whiskey, which had become exhausted.

Things drifted along in this manner until one day we discovered that though he used very few words, those few were couched in elegant English, and that he seemed to know what he was talking about. This was a cause of suspicion at first, as we came to the unanimous conclusion that he was a spy sent on by some big English syndicate, to look over the claims and report, with a view to gobbling up the entire outfit.

This idea was dispelled, however, one day, by a little happening which took place

in the bar where we were assembled. We were discussing the all important topic of conversation in most mining camps, that of the fair sex, and had chewed over the subject until it was pretty well worn out, Sandy happened in, and threw a half dollar on the bar and called for his usual tippie that of whiskey straight, which he took without water or any sort of a chaser.

This was enough to ruin the constitution of a mule, as the stuff was veritable liquid fire, and would make most any one choke for half an hour. He was just verging upon the delirium tremens mark, and anyone could see that he would only require about three more to set him going.

Ben Stockton had just delivered himself of the opinion that all women were only nuisances, and that he would rather see any kind of a 'yeller' dog around him than the best woman that ever stepped in shoe leather. In his opinion women were all fools and not worth bothering about anyway.

Just at this point he was interrupted by a glass of liquid fire before mentioned, accompanied by the glass, which landed him square on the bridge of the nose, forcibly putting a stop to any more of his conversation on the female question. Sandy had evidently objected to the remarks he had heard and taken the quick

est means of silencing them. Then Sandy spoke.

'The man who would make such remarks about his mother's sex deserves to be hung up by the thumbs and then shot full of holes, and if I was not so drunk I would do it myself.'

This would usually have been the signal for a little gun play, and as we all knew that Sandy was unarmed, it looked as if we were to witness a murder. But Stockton never made a move, and after growling about the way his eyes hurt him, got up and left the room without making any further demonstration.

The next day the bartender told me that he had seen Sandy in the early part of the day, and that he had lent him a revolver. Sandy said he wanted it to shoot a squirrel or something, but he believed he was going gunning for Stockton. Nothing, however, transpired and we dismissed the matter from our minds.

For two days we saw nothing of Sandy, and the revolver incident recurred to my mind, and I decided to go up and have a look about the shack, to see if Sandy had hurt himself, I found him lying on the floor of the shanty in a pool of blood, and after looking him over carefully, found that he still breath d.

I managed to tote him down to the saloon, and there we revived him with his usual beverage. He was not badly hurt, and soon recovered, but would only say when questioned that he had come to the camp with the express intention of drinking himself to death, and that the operation being a little longer than he anticipated, he had tried to hasten matters with the gun.

Things went along in the usual way for another week, and then came the finish

'When we were coming down to the camp for our midday meal, we saw the stage standing in front of the saloon, and also that there was a woman in it. We of course wondered who she could be and what she had come there for. When we arrived in front of the saloon she was talking to the barkeeper, and she took a seat in the corner.

Just then in came Sandy and called for a drink. Quick as a flash the woman pulled a revolver, and running over to him shot him through the head. Then she dropped in a faint. We managed to bring her to in few minutes and she told us her story.

She was the wife of the man she had just killed, and the daughter of a country parson in New Hampshire. He also came from the East, and had been a school teacher in the town where she had first met him. He had started drinking soon after their marriage, and lost his position on account of it. Then he secured another one and lost that in a similar manner.

This went on for two years, and then one night in a drunken fit he sold her for a quart of whiskey to another man, and she had fled to her father. She had been following him for five months with the intention of killing him when she set eyes on him, and now when she had succeeded she was overcome with sorrow and went and lay on the floor with the body, telling it how much she loved her John.

She soon became hysterical, and before anyone could reach her, she had shot herself through the heart. We buried the two of them in the shack, and I left the place soon after.

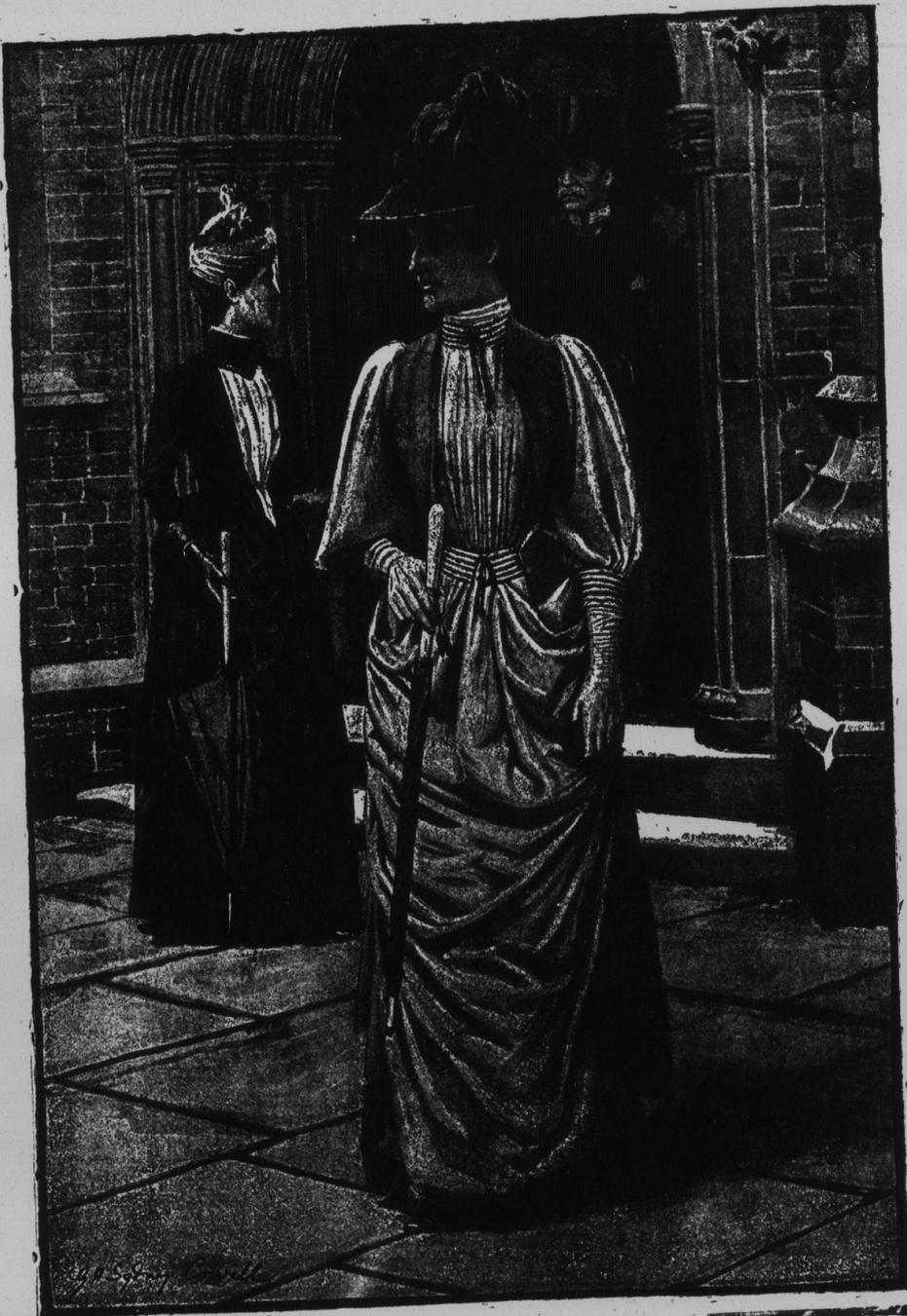
I have often wondered whether there was not some other reason for her action, but have not been able to fathom it if there was.'

### Rescued From Filipino Natives.

A dramatic, almost tragic, experience was that of Lieutenant J. C. Gillmore, of the United States gunboat 'Yorktown,' who was rescued from the wilderness of Vigan Province, of South Iloilo, by Colonel Hare and a picked detail of one hundred and forty men, and brought to Manila, January 7. With him were nineteen American marines and sailors who had suffered captivity with him since April, 1899. At first, the 'Yorktown's' men were prisoners of Aguinaldo, who treated them well. After they had been turned over to General Tino, they were brutally treated and dragged from place to place in the wild mountain flights of the insurgents. In mid-December, they were abandoned on the Abalot River, near its source. All around them were painted savages. The Americans were barefooted, hungry and unarmed. Rice was their only diet. They built thirty seven rafts and started down the stream; but, in passing many rapids the first night, all their effects were lost, and all but fourteen of the rafts destroyed. Eighteen of the miserable company were obliged to crawl during the latter part of their trip to the sea.

she Was Saved  
From days of agony and discomfort, not by great interpositions, but by the use of the only sure-pop corn cure—Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Tender, painful corns are removed by its use in a few days, without the slightest discomfort. Many substitutes in the market make it necessary that only "Putman's" should be asked for and taken. Sure, safe, harmless.

Admirer (to great political boss)—What makes your hair curl in front?  
G. P. B.—What is there straight about me that you take exception to my hair being crooked?



SUNDAY MORNING.

### Chat of the Boudoir.

Summer fashions have blossomed out in a convincing profusion of dainty light colors and exceptional variety in detail with the first warm days in May and whatever there can be no complaint concerning the diversity the season offers. It is in detail rather than in outline that the most attractive elements of novelty appear; but the whole scheme of summer dress is unusually charming.

Continuous changes, although they may be slight, are one of the definite charms of fashion and certainly with so much from which to choose and a fair amount of discrimination it is not so difficult a problem to be up to date in dress. The telling point, however, is the way you wear your gowns, which is of vastly more importance than the average woman ever dreams of. The simplest, most inexpensive costumes eclipse all the envied elegance, if they are worn with that indescribable air called style, something which is well worth cultivating if you do not possess it. There was a time when a pretty face was the crowning glory of women's appearance, but not so in these days when the stylish girl leads the procession. If she is fortunate enough to possess both beauty and style she is a queen indeed, but style she must have if she would be a fashionable success. There are varying degrees of style, of course, for which the dressmaker is more or less responsible, but the woman who wears the gown can make or impair the effect to a great extent.

Grace and slenderness form the keynote of success this year quite as much as they did last season, since any mode which adds much to the apparent size or fails to preserve the best outlines of the figure is promptly set aside as not worthy of consideration. The satisfaction of displaying a good figure with a gown which defines, rather than destroys the pretty lines, is not to be unhesitatingly surrendered, so the adoption of panniers, hip draperies and full gathered skirts, except for the few, will be a slow process. To be sure, there are gathered skirts of various kinds well represented among the new models, but the only one to which women take kindly at all, is that which is well shirred down and carefully fitted over the hips.

It is evident already that canvas veilings and foulards are the most popular materials for summer gowns, but just at the moment the tide is set toward the dainty thin muslins for midsummer wear, and already there are reductions in prices for these gowns in the shops; not at the dressmaker's, however, for there it is promptly demonstrated that the prices are higher than they were last season. One pretty feature of the new thin gowns is the use of embroidered batiste. Entire costumes, elaborately inset with lace insertions and medallions, are made of this material, which comes in a variety of colors, each a little more attractive than the other. The pale ecru and the yellow tints are very much employed, and extremely elegant are the gowns made of these and of the white embroidered batistes as well. The uses for batiste embroideries are legion and the variety and fineness in quality surpass anything we have had before. They are especially suitable and effective on the foulard gowns, whether they are light or dark in coloring, and the most generously employed for wide collars, vests and skirt trimmings, as well as set on in insertions, or falling in a wide band, which is a sort of ungathered flounce, from the tunic. The value of embroidered batiste as a finish for foulard gowns cannot be overestimated, but it is so much in demand that the supply is falling short.

Batiste embroidery on a blue and white foulard, with the gold ribbon, so much used for a belt, is a charming combination, especially for the simple gown made for morning wear. Ecru batiste lace with narrow black velvet ribbon is another combination of trimming on the foulard gowns. One model is of blue and white made with a kilted skirt like those worn some years ago, only the plaits are not so wide and are stitched down closely to fit the hips, five inches below the waist line all the way around except directly at the back. The little bolero also laid in plaits, held in place by pressing only, is worn over a tucked fine white lawn blouse, confined at the waist by a wide corselet belt of black satin. A narrow band of embroidered white satin peeps out at either side of the loose front of the bolero and fastens with the foulard at the neck under a narrow stitched satin cravat, above which the collar band is formed of the embroidered white silk.

In mohair, which in white forms some very stunning gowns, box plaited skirts are seen. There are small single box plaits set in all around and stitched down to the knees, flaring out below as much as the pressing will admit. A facing of white silk, covered with rows of stitching, is the finish around the hem. The bodice, also box plaited, stitched down on each edge and cut out underneath to make it less clumsy, has a wide collar of white silk shaping down to a point at the belt and finished on the edge with a band of cream lace applique. A lingerie vest fits in the front. The sleeves are close fitting and trimmed at the wrist with stitched folds of mohair and finish of lace.

Stitching is just as popular as a trimming on every kind of gown where it is strictly a decoration, and the latest phrase of this craze is that the stitching should be put in by hand as it was in the old days before sewing machines were known. Hand labor of untold price is the thing which promises to give distinction to your gown, and it we are to have handstitching added to hemstitching, French knots, fine tucking and hand embroidery, there can be no limit to the amount which can be applied to one costume. One inconsistency in all this mixture of machine stitching and hand sewing is that often where the stitching is really useful, as in tucking, the tucks will be run in by hand and the same gown trimmed with bands covered with rows of machine stitching.

Applications of lace which are used so much in all kinds of designs on all kinds of materials, require expert hand sewing, and one of the latest forms of this trimming is in diamond squares set in like a chain, joining at the corners, or singly like medallions here and there. Ornament upon ornament is one of the extravagances of fashion, and embroidery on lace, as well as the reverse condition of elegance, is not an unusual phase in decoration. A unique mode of trimming for batiste and organdie gowns is to tuck the material in diamond squares from the bust to within ten inches of the hem where the fulness flows out in a flounce effect. Three tiny tucks in a group form the lines, the squares measuring fully three inches on a side. A pretty variety in this decoration is made by filling in some of the space with squares of lace which come for this special purpose. They may be set in all around, the lower row of diamonds forming a heading for the flounce or in stripes up and down, leaving three plain spaces between. An organdie gown made in this way is finished around the hem with lace, which extends up into the flounce in direct points. Disks of lace are especially pretty for a bodice decoration, and are used in graduated sizes on revers and striping the bodice itself, both back and front, with one, two, or more in the top of the sleeves. If they cannot be purchased in the required size they can be very easily made out of the all over laces and finished on the edge with a tiny frill of valenciennes, or if the gown is of veiling and canvas there is a narrow white silk braid which makes a nice finish.

White organdies elaborately trimmed with black lace are a striking element of style among the thin gowns, the lace appearing in wide insertions set in in stripes all around the skirt and bodice between groups of fine tucks. Every possible phase of tucking, every conceivable mode of using lace, is illustrated in the thin gowns this season. Some of the prettiest summer gowns are made of white nuns' veiling both in the fine sheer weaves and the kind called canvas veiling. Russian and Cluny laces are especially effective as trimming when set in around the skirt above the hem in a deep pointed design. Above this the skirt is a series of vertical bands joined with an

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**Hood's Pills**  
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open work stitch. In the bodice, made the same way the bands are between two and three inches wide and a pretty shaped design of Cluny lace is set in around the shoulders in a double row. Other white veiling gowns, with simple tucked skirts, are made very effective with a wide collar of embroidered white taffeta edged with applique lace and a belt of panna velvet of some other color in the embroidery. Another variation of trimming for the veilings in delicate colors is the use of narrow velvet ribbon matching the tint exactly. It is sewn around in rows (at the hem of a skirt laid in close small box plaits all around and stitched down to the knee. With this sort of skirt Russian lace embroidered with gold thread and colored silks is a very pretty trimming for the waist, which is made in a tucked bolero falling over a vest of white lawn and lace, and a wide draped belt of colored panna which, covered with rows of stitching forms the upper edge of the collar band.

Bands of colored silk strapped across with velvet ribbon are another mode of trimming veiling gowns, and something altogether novel is a wide corselet belt, or at least the effect of a belt, made by tucking the lower part of the bodice of a white veiling gown and striping this between the tucks with the gold cord. This is really fitted closely into the lining, giving the figure a very slender appearance.

One great feature of summer gowns is the use of linens in all colors and grades of thickness. They are made with Eton coats and blouse bodices with wide collars, trimmed variously with embroidery and heavy linen laces, set in in disks and bands. The khaki colored linen is especially stylish, and is trimmed not elaborately, but very elegantly, with Russian lace. Separate waists of khaki colored linen scrim are the leading fad of the moment, and they are really very elegantly made up with tucked yokes and collars of thin white silk, each tuck outlined with fine gold braid.

White silk undersleeves are another feature, and with a band of black velvet around the shoulders below the yoke, covered with Russian lace, the effect is stunning. Ends of velvet tipped with a gold ornament (fall on one side of the bust where the bodice fastens over a narrow plaiting of white chiffon. The lace also extends down) one side of this.

Among the gowns is one of ecru silk mousseline tucked and trimmed with guipure lace. There is a saah of the same material trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Another gown is in white spotted muslin trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and still another plain muslin shows flounced tucks and bands of lace insertion. A garden party dress of pale blue voile is trimmed with motifs of blue and white buttons and black velvet ribbon. Foulard tucked and trimmed with lace forms another gown, and the feature of the next model carried out in white veiling is the yoke skirt, with inch wide tucks below the yoke, which is divided into three parts with an open work stitch. It rounds up a little shorter at the back than in front, which gives a graceful line. The bodice is made of bands joined with hem stitching. White silk applique forms the collar. The low vest of white silk and the chemisette of white tucked lawn and lace. A pretty model for a muslin shows an accordion plaited skirt with the tucks stitched down around the hips and trimmed at the hem with black velvet ribbon. Loop bows of the ribbon down the front. A gown of dull green linen shows one use of lace disks.

**TRILLS OF FASHION.**  
The latest characteristics of hair dressing are the softness, the irregular natural looking wave, and a decided tendency to discard the rigid, very frizzy effect so unmistakably the result of hot irons. In other words of Parisian authority, "The more Grecian like the coiffure the more distingué." There are pompadours without end, but the one which is strictly correct in style is soft and careless without the immense roll inside to disfigure the head, and flattened not a little directly on top. A stylish mode very becoming to some women shows the hair divide into three parts with an invisible parting on either side, the centre portion carried in a deep wave across the forehead, and the sides puffed out very full in a large wave. Parting the hair in the centre, combing it down in a soft wave at either side, and puffing it out full below is another pretty mode. The knot is worn high on the head except in rare instances, when it is seen low in the neck, and the latest arrange-

ment is one full high loop standing high on the crown of the head, and crossed below as if it were a bow knot without the second loop. Three smaller loops are also very pretty and more becoming when more width is required. The essential elements of a successful coiffure are a sense of proportion and becoming effect, remembering that the style which suits one head may be almost disfiguring to another. This discrimination is almost invariably lacking at the professional hair dressers, where one particular style goes the rounds. Whether your face is thin and long or decidedly moon shape, it is all the same. The variety in hair ornaments for evening wear is prettier than ever before. Some of the daintiest novelties are made of aigrettes shaped in the form of a short, stiff quill and spangled with silver. Then there are all sorts of erect bows of lace, velvet, satin ribbon and tulle combined and colored spangles, and the prettiest Alastian effects as well. White lace insertion with wavy edges makes a dainty little Alastian bow. The lace is about two inches wide, with two loops each way and a little fine silk covered wire to hold them in place.

Gold and silver belts with snake head buckles are very popular, and as a less expensive substitute the gold ribbon is used.

Modified bishop sleeves are very much worn in the thin gowns, and blousé waists but like so many other whims of fashion they are not becoming to stout women.

The special fabric of the season is crepe de meteor. It is like crepe de chine with a satin finish, very soft and glossy, and comes in double width, both figured and plain.

Large all black hats are very fashionable this season, and especially good style with the foulard gowns.

Some of the new skirts are made with a silk drop skirt which has a ruff of the material like the gown. This is made just long enough to clear the ground, so it is a simple matter to hold up the outside skirt.

Very stylish long travelling coats of brown Holland linen are shown in the shops. They are tucked like the skirts, the stitching ending at the knee, and fall from the shoulders, which are covered by a yoke finished on the edges with stitched bands and covered with a wide collar of embroidered ecru batiste which points down at either side in front where it is caught together with a Parisian silk scarf. These are an elegant edition of what used to be called dust cloaks, and are made of taffeta silk as well.

A dainty gold pin for fastening the belt

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A stylish design. The latest skirt with one box pleat at back and well cut Eton Jacket, perfectly trimmed tailor stitching as sketch. Price only \$2.50. Complete Outfit, extra. Skirt alone, \$1.50. Carriage, 4c. Boys' House Linen, Lace Curtains, SHIRT BLOUSES, well made in navy, House Linen, Lace Curtains, Boys' Suits, Waterproofs, etc. sent white cambric, embroidered front. This linen collar and cuffs, \$1.50. Carriage, 3c.

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ribbon at the back is studded across with inextinguishable jewels of various kinds, and two little chains are looped to fall from the centre.

Dress slippers of both black and cream white leather are made with the broad Cromwell flaps rising in the instep and the whole fronts of the shoes are inlaid with cabochon jewels. Black satin slippers with gilt bells are another fancy.

Silk and lisle thread hosiery in lace like open work designs are the daintiest novelties in this department. They come in a variety of colors as well as black, and lead the line for smart effects with the low cut patent leather shoes. There are striped stockings galore, and every kind and color spotted with white polka dots, but the lace-like designs take the palm.

Wide black taffeta silk collars finished with rows of stitching are a feature of the ecru linen gowns trimmed with bands piped with black.

**THE USE OF THE CORSET.**  
It should be Supple, Not Stiff, and Laced Tight Only at the Waist.  
Stiff corsets are unknown in France. French corsets are always supple and bendable, and this much accounts for the ease of French figures, which are never tightened excepting at the waist, leaving the bust and hips quite free. In England the figure is usually tightened in too much at the hips, which gives too straight a look to the figure and makes it stiff and uncomfortable, movement being rendered ungraceful by this stiffness.  
Let any girl try to lace her stays only at the waist, and let her select her stays as soft and light as possible, and then see if her figure be not as graceful in shape and as elastic as the most graceful and elastic French figure. No tight straight down even lacing will ever make a pretty figure.  
If the corset cannot be made expressly to suit the figure, then let it be laced only in at the middle of the waist. Even then no real corset should be worn by girls until they are well in their teens. Remember, the softer the corset is the easier it will be, and the tighter it may be laced at the waist without feeling uncomfortable. This is the only way to mould the figure, as it is said, without injuring the health.

'Did you strike a paying claim in that mining region?'  
'I did,' answered the promoter. 'I claimed we had found a marvel of richness, and I'm still selling at \$5 a piece all the stock certificates we can print. I don't know when I have done anything in the claiming way that paid so well.'

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# Baffled Spain's Spies.

A Former Secret Service Agent's Account of How He Got the Carranza Letter and Other Documents from the Spanish Agents in Montreal.

Late one night, some time in the middle of May, 1898, while I was working out of the New York office of the Secret Service division of the Treasury Department, I received directions to go to Montreal by the first train and ascertain what arrangements had been made for operations during his absence abroad by Senor Polo, who had been Minister from Spain at Washington.

The next night, about 9 o'clock, I arrived at the Balmoral Castle hotel, Montreal. The following day was Sunday and little could be done beyond making calls at the several hotels. At the Windsor I learned that Senor Polo had left Montreal on the previous Friday with most of his party, but that two of his aides had remained to assist the Spanish Consul-General, Eusebio de Bonifely Martell, whose residence was 1248 Dorchester street.

It was then impolitic to ask the names of the gentlemen remaining but in the evening it was easy to distinguish them in the hotel corridor by their nervous manner. They were Senor Ramon Carranza, lately Spanish Naval Attache at Washington, and Senor du Bose, the former Secretary of Legation, and they formed part of a group of French Canadians, which included Mayor Prolontaine and other city officials. Among the most frequent callers at the Windsor Hotel was one C. N. Blakely, at that time connected with the Dominion Line office, and formerly, for ten years, Spanish Consul General at Montreal. I found him useful later on.

A day or two after this while passing through Dorchester street, I observed a middle-aged woman coming out of 1248. Having nothing better to do, I shadowed her to 153 Hutchinson street. The door of this house bore the name-plate of "Dr. Simpson." I rang the bell after she had entered, and my ring was answered by a servant, who told me that the woman was Mrs. Simpson and that she rented houses, furnished and unfurnished, to the "upper class of people."

It then occurred to me that perhaps the Spanish Consul intended to move, and the next morning I called on Mrs. Simpson, inquiring what she had to let in the West End, or, as it is called there, Westmount. I assumed to be an Englishman, and, with monocle, London clothes, a cockney accent and references of the best, soon convinced her that I would be a desirable tenant, after which she gave me a list of houses that were for rent and the keys to several.

From the information obtained that day it was apparent that the Spaniards contemplated leaving the Windsor and taking a furnished house. By hard work I found that they were negotiating for a house at 42 Tupper street. It was the residence of George Marler, a broker. Later that same night I went over to the West End and located the house. It was an ideal selection for the Spaniards, being detached, with an alley running on one side and along the back of the lot. My next move was to get inside and obtain a knowledge of the floor plans. So I called on Mrs. Simpson again telling her that none of the houses looked at would answer. Incidentally I mentioned that a friend had told me about a house which an acquaintance of his desired to rent furnished, and then I named the Marler house as the one in mind.

"Oh, but that house is already rented," said Mrs. Simpson. "Two foreign gentlemen have taken it."

"Ah," said Mr. Donaldson (Robert Donaldson was the name assumed by me at that time), "are they there for the season?"

"Only for six weeks."

"Very good," said Donaldson. "My folks cannot possibly be here until July. If we might be permitted to see the house—"

Mrs. Simpson thought it could be arranged and telephoned then and there asking if she might send a prospective tenant to see the house. The reply was favorable.

That night I had 42 Tupper street under surveillance until 1 a. m. It was very warm, and the tenants had the windows wide open. From the position I had taken I could see with the aid of a good pair of binoculars, that they were examining maps and writing letters. Prompt action was evidently necessary, but realizing that if I went to the house alone suspicion would be aroused, I determined to look for some persons who could follow instructions. The

following morning in passing through Victoria Square, I noticed a portly, happy looking gentleman, whose face seemed familiar. He was accompanied by a woman I shadowed them a short distance, when I remembered that I had known him in California as an operative star. They brought up at the Queen's Theatre, entering the stage door. Later I learned that they were T. Wilmott Eckert and his wife, Emma Berg, and that they were doing a musical sketch, "Master and pupil." Then I knew who the man was. About 10 o'clock the next morning I noticed Mr. Eckert at the newsstand. He wore a miniature American flag in the lapel of his coat. When I saw that I addressed him and renewed our acquaintance.

After a little he invited me to his apartments, where he introduced me to his wife. Before I left them the plans of a visit to 42 Tupper street were gone over and arrangements made for a meeting the next day.

About 11 o'clock the following day Robert Donaldson, accompanied by his sister and brother-in-law (a quickly arranged relationship), arrived at 42 Tupper street, and to the maid who answered the bell presented the card which I had obtained from Mrs. Simpson. It was taken to the Spaniards, who were just then at breakfast.

"Very well," said Senor du Bose, "the house is open to them."

The maid then returned to the callers, and, placing the card in a tray on a stand at the foot of the stairs, ushered us to the upper floor. After passing through the front rooms, Mrs. Eckert keeping the maid engaged, my eyes began looking for something. When I had located it we went to the back of the house. Then Donaldson remembered that he had not counted the windows in the front of the house, and, leaving the rest of the party on the back porch, he returned to Lieut. Carranza's room. He was gone but a moment, but in that time a bulky document, all sealed and stamped, which had been lying on a desk, was transferred to the pseudo Englishman's inside pocket. Then the signal agreed upon was given, and we were escorted down the stairs. When the maid looked for the card in the tray, it, too, had disappeared.

A hurried inspection of the lower floor was made, and thanking the seniors we departed, the sister and brother-in-law taking a carriage at the first corner, while I went direct to the office of the United States Consul-General. The gentleman there refused to assist me or to have anything to do with the package.

About two o'clock that afternoon there was some excitement in the city of Montreal, and the local hawkshaws were very busy visiting saloons, &c. Meanwhile the sister and brother-in-law were taking part in a matinee performance, while Donaldson had some letters to write, and remained in his room until four p. m. Then, having decided how to handle what has since been known as the 'Carranza letter,' he proceeded to put his plan into execution.

The train leaving Montreal that night at seven was run by a Yankee crew (to their country always true), and concealed on the person of one of them was a rather large package, which he was to place in the United States mail when his train arrived at St. Albans, Vt. His service was well performed.

The next day was Sunday and the sister and brother-in-law being booked, took an early morning train for Toronto. I went to the station to see my friends off, and noticed several sleuths standing around looking wise. Returning to the hotel I learned that Joseph Kellert, manager of the Metropolitan Detective Agency, Montreal, had been arrested about 3 o'clock that morning, charged with stealing the Carranza letter. I was interested enough to ask a few questions regarding the details and was informed that a rival agency, in the employ of the Spaniards, had furnished the information against him, and that the maid at 42 Tupper street had "positively identified" him as one of a party that had visited the house. On the next day, after the letter had been translated and published and its importance to the United States established, I received instructions to proceed to Washington at once.

Arriving there I reported to my superior

officer and informed him that I was in no danger; that if I had not thought it best that I should remain in Montreal I should have brought the letter to the United States personally, and expressed a desire to be permitted to return at once.

The next day, after shaving off my beard, obtaining apparel of the fashion then worn by Frenchmen in Montreal, and with a travelling kit, such as is used by a type writer agent, I went back, stopping this time at St. Lawrence Hall. I was soon handed out cards inscribed, "Charles E. Stanton, Agent Blank Typewriter," and expatiating on the merits of the machine I represented. This was a good blind, enabling me to reach places and persons that any other stall would have prohibited.

During my second stay in Montreal the agents of the Spaniards gentlemen, mostly the principals and employees of a local detective agency, were endeavoring to persuade, and did persuade a number of young Englishmen and Canadians to enlist in the military service of the United States, there to act as spies. Each one was examined by Lieut. Carranza and, after passing, was supplied with about \$100 in cash and a silver band ring, bearing the inscription inside, "Infanzza Augustina." Each then received his instructions and was told how to reach the recruiting rendezvous nearest to Tampa. Unfortunately for the Spaniards, one of the men thus engaged, after getting his money, ring and advice, instead of following instructions, proceeded to get drunk. When he became sober he had the ring and remembered part of the advice. But the money was gone.

Then the spy-that-was-to-be had a violent attack of remorse, and called on a man who had frequently favored him, to whom he told his experience and asked for advice, at the same time surrendering the spy ring. Information concerning this reached me through regular channels soon afterward, with instructions to run it out.

Within two days I had possession of the spy ring and the full story, but the man, fearing for his life, had engaged on a cattle steamer and was then on his way to Liverpool, England. With the approval of my superior I began at once to plan for the man's return to this side of the water, and securing the name of the vessel and its sailing date, cabled him a decoy message, in care of the line agent, saying that a good situation awaited him, and signing the name of his former benefactor. He answered that he would come if his passage was prepaid. This was easily arranged, of course.

On July 5, 1898, in company with his friend, whom we had enlisted in our cause, I was on the wharf at Quebec when the steamer which brought the man back was made fast, and in a few moments was in conversation with him. I explained that he had the refusal of employment at the Saratoga race track. He was much pleased, swallowed hook and all, and readily consented to accompany me. We took a train on the Canadian Pacific Railroad for Montreal, arriving there just in time to race across the city and board a train on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, which left at 7 p. m. My man was not the most presentable person on that train, having crossed in the steerage, but we made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

As soon as the train had crossed the line I took him into the smoking compartment and told him that he was my prisoner and that I was taking him to Washington, where he could be properly punished as a spy. He broke down completely, whereat I explained that if he would tell me all we knew he could tell it might be possible to save him, but that if he expected to get any favors he must speak the truth and nothing else.

I impressed him with the fact that I knew all about his experiences with the Spaniards, and that the names of all the others whom he knew as having been engaged by Carranza could easily be learned. This led him to give the names of his acquaintances who were in the spy system, together with the details of the assignments to each other as he remembered them. That night he occupied the berth above mine, but I don't believe he slept well I slept not at all.

On arrival at the Grand Central Station, New York, we went down town, where I had my man take a bath, after which he was fitted out with such changes as were necessary, and we crossed to Jersey City, taking the first train for Washington. On arrival I reported to my superiors at headquarters.

The next day we went to the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army, where, in the presence of witnesses, we obtained a thirty page confession, which my man signed and made oath as to the truth thereof. Newspaper readers may remember the arrests of spies in various places which followed this confession.

While I was in Washington Lieut. Car-

ranza disappeared mysteriously from Montreal, and on my return there I learned that Senor du Bose was also preparing to embark, the government of Canada having ordered both of these gentlemen to go. As it was urgent that the whereabouts of Carranza should be known, I determined to take another character. Therefore, after learning that Senor du Bose was to board his vessel that night, I called on his friend, C. N. Blakely, and, representing myself as a newspaper man, succeeded in "conning" Blakely, impressing him with the opportunity here presented for du Bose to tell us 'friendly Canadians' a farewell story. That very morning du Bose had appeared to the extent of a column in the Gazette, with his views on the order for his expulsion, and Mr. Blakely agreed to arrange matters so that I could have a talk with du Bose that night before he retired.

About 10 P. M. I was at the Dominion Line wharf, and in a shorter time a carriage containing Blakely, du Bose and a lot of luggage drove up. After the police had cleared the way (a large crowd having assembled) I had little difficulty in gaining admission to the shed, and was soon talking with Blakely, who escorted me to a little office and said that he would bring Senor du Bose. In a few moments (which seemed like a week) he returned with du Bose and the Messrs. Torrence. After the proper introductions I was left alone with Senor du Bose, and, replying to his questions satisfactorily, he proceeded to allow a few sections of my "pump." He referred to the whereabouts of Lieut. Carranza and also to his intentions and those of his government as to the further conduct of the war. He gave me enough information of a valuable kind to warrant me in sending, at 2 o'clock the next morning, a message of considerable length in cipher, which was "not good" for the Spaniards, as prior to his arrival at Liverpool our forces had possession of the plans that had been made known to me.

## The Crowning Production of a Great Physician.

### PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Great Life Renewer and Health Giver.

### A Noted Physician's Opinion.

Paine's Celery Compound was the crowning production of America's most eminent physician—Professor E. E. Phelps, M. D. Such a physician could only give what was worthy of his great and elevated character to suffering humanity. His best hours were devoted to the perfecting of what is now known in millions of homes in Britain, Europe and on this continent as Paine's Celery Compound, nature's food medicine for the nerves, brain and blood.

After our long winter and late spring, a host of people of every age have been left in a weak, languid and depressed condition of health. The nerves are unstrung, the body is emaciated, the blood is stagnant and impure, digestion is faulty and constipation is doing its deadly work.

Your safety, health and future physical happiness demand the immediate use of Paine's Celery Compound, whose marvelous virtues are recognized by our ablest physicians, many of whom make personal use of it in their homes. Dr. A. W. K. Newton, writing to the proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound, says: "The formula of Paine's Celery Compound led me to give it a personal trial, and I was much pleased with the result. I prescribe it for men and women who have no appetite, cannot sleep, and for the weak and rundown. For this condition, and for disorders of the blood and nerves, it has no equal. It is the best possible remedy to keep up one's strength and energy during the spring and summer months."

**Flight and Song.**  
A pretty fancy put into charming words is that of a young lark's flight, told by J. M. Barrie, in Scribner's Magazine:

A baby lark had got out of its nest sideways, a fall of a foot only, but a dreadful drop for a baby.

"You can get back this way," its mother said, and showed it the way. But when the baby tried to leap, it fell on its back. Then the mother marked out lines on the ground on which it was to practise hopping, and it got along beautifully so long as the mother was there every moment, to say, "How wonderfully you hop!"

"Now teach me to hop up," said the little lark, meaning that it wanted to fly; and the mother tried to do it in vain. She could soar up, up, very bravely, but she could not explain how she did it.

"Wait till the sun comes out after rain," she said, half-remembering.

"What is sun? What is rain?" the little bird asked. "If you cannot teach me to fly, teach me to sing."

"When the sun comes out after rain," the

mother replied, "then you will know how to sing."

The rain came and gined the little birds wings together.

"I shall never be able to fly nor to sing!" it wailed.

Then of a sudden it had to blink its eyes for a glorious light had spread over the world, catching every leaf and twig and blade of grass in tears, and putting a smile into every tear. The baby bird's breast swelled, it did not know why; it fluttered from the ground it did not know why.

"The sun has come out after the rain!" it thrilled. "Thank you, sun! Thank you! Thank you! O mother! Did you hear me?"

Then it floated up, up, calling, "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" to the sun. "O mother do you see me? I am flying."

**SHE COULD DABBLE, TOO.**  
How a Woman Broke Her Husband of Taking Risks in the Stock Market.

He was a business man making a nice little sum every year for nest-egg purposes besides extending his business, and slowly but surely moving along toward Easy Street. He was not content, and in the hope of forcing the hand of Fortune, was doing some trading in the stock market. His wife said it was gambling, pleading with him to stop. He insisted that it was perfectly legitimate and regular, and she finally admitted that he was right and gave up the contest.

His wife gave him no further trouble until one Sunday morning she appeared ready for church in a handsome new cloak. He wanted to know where she got it, and she told him he would learn by and by. He went to church with her, feeling uncomfortable. He kept his peace, however, and said no more until the next Sunday, when she appeared in a rich black silk gown. He asked questions, but got no answers that were satisfying. All that week he worried so over that cloak and the silk that he lost his grip on the market and fell short seriously. Sunday came again, and this time she had a pair of diamonds in her ears that fairly dazzled his eyes.

He hadn't a spark of jealousy in his nature and he believed implicitly in his wife, but this was really too much.

She calmly took from her desk a lot of blanks with which he was quite familiar, and handed them to him.

"They are the records of my transactions in stocks recently," she said, with an air of triumph. "I borrowed \$50 on the diamond ring you gave me when we were married, and handed it over to brother Charlie to invest for me. I told him you said it was all right, and he did as I told him to do. I didn't know a thin; in the world about it, of course, but I was lucky and I have made \$1,500, and if the luck doesn't go against me I'll make another thousand next week. It is too easy for anything, and you know, dear, you showed me so clearly that there was nothing wrong in it. I have paid our share of the preacher's salary, too, for the next year, and I'm thinking of organizing a Daughters of the Stock Market in the church. Won't it be lovely?"

"Mary, my dear," he said, solemnly, "if you'll quit I will," and Mary, after the manner of women, began to cry, she was so glad that it turned out just as it did.

**A Yiddish Argument.**

Ecstein—Rachel, I had thought it all out and proved it by mademadams dot of you lit on noodle soup for der next twenty year, you will be a millionaires.

Rachel (in ecstasies)—Got in Himmel! Solomon, how is dot?

Ecstein—Vell, you chumt paid der dentist a hundred dollus for der gold dot he pud in your teeth, nicht?

Rachel—Dot's so, Solomon.

Ecstein—Vell, der geld mines in Soud Africa have stobbed, and gold vill begin to go up and up and up. Now, if you cad nodding but noodle soup to save der wear and tear, ven you come to die you vill haf a safety-deposit vault in your face, filled mit houses and lots, horzes and garriges, Veel x gowns and boxes at cer obers to leave your chilluns and maig dem habby.

Rachel (breathlessly)—Solomon, I swear dod from dis dime lord I nod only eads me my noodle soup drough a straw, bud I'll keep my moud shud and dalk drough my nose, by chibneddy!

Ecstein—No, Rachel. You vant [to be] onet of demptation. Use a slade and bencil.

"There goes that Jerry Bilson. I wonder if he is going to school or going fishing?" "Take a peep in his basket. If he has jam spread over his geography he is going to school; if he has a painted cork projecting from a rhubarb pie he is going fishing."

"Is this a healthy town?" inquired the man who was in search of a balmy climate.

"Healthy!" echoed the land agent. "Why man the only undertaker in town had to blow out the gas to give himself a job."

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 your teeth, nicht?  
 —Dot's so, Solomon.  
 —Vell, der gold mines in Sond  
 ave stobbed, and gold will begin  
 and up and up. Now, if you ead  
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 (breathlessly)—Solomon, I  
 d from die dime ford I nod only  
 my noodle soup drough a straw,  
 keep my mouth shud and dalk  
 y nose, by chibineddy!  
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 by "schoed the land agent. "Why  
 only undertaker in town had to  
 the gas to give himself a job."

CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.  
 She guessed at once the purport of his  
 disguise—the motive of his presence near  
 the vicinity of that splendidly appointed  
 house.  
 He was there with a design as sinister as  
 that with which he had taken her to Col-  
 onel Woodford's mansion to effect the theft  
 of the jewels.  
 "An accident brought me here," she an-  
 swered, painfully, with bleached, stiffened  
 lips. "The carriage was upset, and I left  
 Madame Delvont to continue the journey  
 without me."  
 "Yes; and now," demanded Valtie's hus-  
 band, "what caprice brings you through the  
 rain with uncovered head, as though in de-  
 mented wandering?"  
 "The resolve to escape from you, Marc,  
 she passionately replied, roused by his  
 harsh manner. "I lost my hat I scarcely  
 know how, and had to do without it. The  
 rain does not matter—nothing matters but  
 the horror of having to live with people  
 who are desperately wicked and false!"  
 "I have heard all this already, and the  
 same theme tends to weary me," he said,  
 lazily, though a spasm crossed his brow  
 some features. "If I love you, desire your  
 happiness, am I to be altogether scorned as  
 worthless because you hate my double mode  
 of life? Do you suppose that I suffer noth-  
 ing when you show me how you dread me?"  
 Valtie's white lips quivered.  
 "I simply cannot return your love, Marc,  
 she said, in a low tone of anguish. "All is  
 cruelly changed since that fatal hour when  
 I saw you unmasked, walking in your  
 sleep. When I left Brookvale with  
 you on St. Valentine's Eve I adored  
 you, trusted you with my whole  
 heart. That beautiful faith you have  
 killed, and it will never come to life again."  
 "We shall see," he said, in sibilant anger,  
 and his eyes emitted a flash. "It is odd  
 that my wife is unable to tolerate me since  
 Basil Greame became our visitor?"  
 "As though he had struck her with thence  
 Valtie shrank at the taunt.  
 A wave of scarlet surged over her pale  
 face.  
 "Isn't that cowardly, Marc, to bring in  
 Basil's name to vindicate yourself?" she ar-  
 ticulated. "I cannot tolerate crime!"  
 "And you mean to desert me? Am I so  
 detestable, Valtie? Couldn't you lift me  
 out of the gulf of destruction, and set me in  
 the light through the might of your loyal  
 devotion?"  
 "Madame Delvont's power is greater than  
 mine," she answered. "I did try, Marc, and  
 I failed to influence you."  
 "You would have been spared this misery  
 of disillusion had you married Greame," he  
 said, watching her jealously. "You must  
 naturally regret your elopement with me."  
 "Why discuss that?" she queried, her  
 blue eyes full of indignation. "Oh! let me  
 go, for pity's sake! Madame has your ring,  
 Marc. I am not bound to you now. The  
 fetters of disgrace and mystery I decline to  
 share with you."  
 He lifted her left hand, and saw that it  
 no longer wore the wedding symbol.  
 A passionate rage flamed his face as he  
 said—  
 "You cannot so lightly dispute my claim  
 to you, Valtie. The strongest of all ties  
 bind us for weal or woe, and you must  
 come whither I choose to take you."  
 "No!" she exclaimed, her spirit taking  
 sudden fire. "You married me under false  
 pretences, and I have only to breathe the  
 truth in order to gain my release! Per-  
 haps you think, with Madame Delvont,  
 that my heart is really bad—that I have  
 only to be persuaded to become an accom-  
 plice to your guilt."  
 "You speak too freely on a forbidden  
 topic!" he hissed. "Would you betray  
 me in return for the worship I have lavished  
 upon you? You guess my mission  
 here? Well, you shall help me!"  
 Valtie looked at him, cold with horror.  
 Could it be possible that he meant to  
 drag her into some hideous scheme of rob-  
 bery?  
 Did he think that he would gain the  
 mastery by compelling her to become a  
 confederate in a dark deed?  
 She felt a paralyzing chill creep into her  
 veins, and her brain swam at the dreadful  
 prospect menacing her.  
 The words of Pauline flamed across her  
 memory in mocking reiteration.  
 Was she in peril of becoming a second  
 Natalie Dennie?  
 Count Lodi had never wished to let any  
 degrading shadow touch the soul of his  
 young wife until this moment.  
 But her lips must be sealed—she must be  
 made to realize that to reveal the secret of  
 his double lie would place herself in a  
 dilemma.  
 He looked indomitably into her startled  
 eyes, and with a little wall, she cried—  
 "Oh, Marc! this is worse than all. I  
 never thought you could threaten me. Do  
 you, like madame, offer me my freedom  
 in return for my aid? Do you also think  
 that it will be easy to overcome my objec-  
 tion to evil, because in the inmost depths  
 of my nature there is a wild demon, only  
 waiting to appear at some climax of my  
 life? You can kill me—bind me to that  
 tree of death in the wood but you cannot  
 make me a criminal!"  
 Her voice quavered in its appealing ve-  
 hementness, and the count had not been  
 able to listen to it unmoved.  
 He bent his head low over hers, saying—  
 "If you sink to my level, you cannot  
 scorn me. You are far above me as the  
 stars in Heaven; and I will not enter that  
 house to night if you will promise to try to  
 care for me still."  
 Valtie's wan face grew deathly  
 This was a tortuous ordeal, placing  
 upon her a heavier burden than she could  
 carry.  
 She looked at him in dumb protest.  
 It was terrible to think that with her  
 rested so critical an air-riveter.  
 She stood, with the rain beating down  
 on her beautiful hair as though turned to  
 stone, and something—a hard bitter agony  
 of rebellion—told her that, try as she  
 might, she could never feel any tenderness  
 for Marco Lodi again.  
 He saw this in her face, and the passing

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
 Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**  
 Must Bear Signature of  
*Beutwood*  
 See Pac-Simile Wrapper Below.  
 Very small and as easy to take as sugar.  
**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**  
 FOR HEADACHE.  
 FOR DIZZINESS.  
 FOR TORPID LIVER.  
 FOR CONSTIPATION.  
 FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
 FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
 PURELY VEGETABLE.  
**CURE SICK HEADACHE.**

en weights seemed to clog her steps.  
 Madame will triumph in my defeat, and  
 Ciro will mock me with servile enviousy. It  
 is almost more than I can endure."  
 The lights of the Willow Inn gleamed  
 through the darkness presently and Valtie  
 expected she would be permitted to rest  
 there a little while.  
 But in this she was mistaken.  
 Count Lodi was anxious to reach the  
 Grange to put as much distance as possible  
 between himself and the village in  
 which lurking detectives were waiting to  
 pounce on invaders of his adventurous  
 stamp.  
 Once again the unhappy captive was  
 driven through the country solitude, fol-  
 lowed now by the depressing roar of the  
 gale—the shriek of the tearing wind and a  
 deluge of spattering rain.  
 In one corner of the carriage Natalie  
 sat brooding, a singular gleam in her  
 velvet eyes.  
 TO BE CONTINUED.  
 Tolstoy's Sense of Honor.  
 The family of Count Tolstoy has a large  
 circle of acquaintances, and hardly an  
 evening passes but there are guests. At  
 one music party a lady's singing displeased  
 Count Tolstoy's boys, and they adjourned  
 to another room and made a noise. Their  
 father lost patience and went after them,  
 and a characteristic admonition ensued.  
 "Are you making a noise on purpose?"  
 he asked.  
 After some hesitation came an answer in  
 the affirmative, "Y-y-yes."  
 "Does not her singing please you?"  
 "Well, no. Why does she howl?" de-  
 clared one of the boys, with vexation.  
 "So you wish to protest against her sing-  
 ing?" asked Lyeff Nikolaeitch, in a ser-  
 ious tone.  
 "Then go out and say so, or stand in  
 the middle of the room and tell everyone  
 present. That would be rude, but upright  
 and honest. But you have got together  
 and are squealing like grasshoppers in a  
 corner. I will not endure such protests."  
 The Sympathetic Doll.  
 "My dolly isn't a plaything," said a cer-  
 tain little girl, indignantly; "she's real  
 folks!" And the New York Times tells of  
 two children who planned to possess dolls  
 that were just as much alive.  
 Often, as in this case, the children saved  
 their own pennies to buy things they de-  
 sired, and when the articles were bought  
 appreciated them correspondingly. They  
 wanted these dolls very much, and al-  
 though they were only little ten cent cen-  
 tury dolls, the directions given for the pur-  
 chase were particular.  
 "Now, papa," said one, "don't just buy  
 any doll you see. Take it up and look it  
 right in the eyes, and if it looks as if it  
 loved you, then you can buy it."

**Seal Brand Coffee**  
 (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)  
 Its Purity is its Strength  
 Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.  
 Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.  
**CHASE & SANBORN,**  
 MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

of the advancement he had made in his  
 linguistic studies attended a reception one  
 day to which most of the high dignitaries  
 in the national capital, native and foreign,  
 had been invited.  
 The crush was tremendous. The host-  
 ess, happening to spy our friend, the sec-  
 retary of legation, in the midst of a group  
 of lively young ladies, gave him a gracious  
 smile, and said:  
 "By the way, I have not seen the Count  
 de—yet, and it is high time for him to  
 be here."  
 "Yes, madame," he replied, "it is a  
 high old time, he should be here."

**Old Materials Profitably Used.**  
**DIAMOND DYES**  
 Are The Favorites of All Mat and Rug Makers.

Mrs. P. L. Stanhope, of Victoria, B. C.,  
 writes that:  
 "I recently discovered that I had suffi-  
 cient old materials such as flannel, cloth,  
 yarns and discarded underwear stored  
 away from which I could make a couple of  
 fair sized rugs for the floor. I sent to  
 Willis & Richardson Co., Montreal, for  
 Diamond Dyes to color them with Diamond  
 Dyes to match the shades on the rug pat-  
 terns. I booked the two rugs, and they  
 are so handsome that all my friends ad-  
 mire them. The Diamond Dyes are, I  
 think, the best and most reliable for home  
 dyeing. I certainly recommend them to  
 all who make mats and rugs."

government securities are turned out of  
 the bureau.  
 Although the employes number nearly  
 two thousand, not one of them is allowed  
 to leave the building at night until every  
 sheet of paper that has been given out, is  
 turned in and accounted for. The nominal  
 value of the contents of the huge safe in  
 which this work is stored overnight is often  
 four hundred million dollars, although  
 little of it has received the last impress, or  
 seal, which gives it actual worth.  
 Besides this bureau, the government  
 maintains a printing-office said to be the  
 largest in the world, at which the ordinary  
 government publications are turned out.  
 The proportions of its work are seldom  
 realized. The Agricultural department  
 alone printed last year nearly two and a  
 million farmers' bulletins. Of one book  
 which was brought out in 1892, treating  
 of the diseases of the horse, three hundred  
 and seventy five thousand copies have been  
 distributed.

Were Both in the Same Boat.  
 A prominent lawyer of this city says  
 that many years ago he went West, but as  
 he got no clients, and stood a good chance  
 of starving to death, he decided to come  
 East again. Without any money he board-  
 ed a train for Nashville, Tenn., intending  
 to seek employment as reporter on one of  
 the daily newspapers. When the conductor  
 called for his ticket, he said:  
 "I am on the staff of the—of Nashville  
 I suppose you will pass me."  
 The conductor looked at him sharply.  
 "The editor of that paper is in the  
 smoker; come with me; if he identifies  
 you, all right."

He followed the conductor into the  
 smoker; the situation was explained, Mr.  
 Editor said:  
 "Oh, yes, I recognize him as one of the  
 staff; it is all right."  
 Before leaving the train the lawyer  
 again sought the editor.  
 "Why did you say you recognized me?  
 I'm not on your paper."  
 "I'm not the editor, either. I'm travel-  
 ing on his pass, and was scared to death  
 lest you should give me away."  
 "What does she say?" asked the crafty  
 politician who had referred the committee  
 to his wife for information as to his inten-  
 tions.  
 "She refuses to talk," replied the spokes-  
 man of the committee.  
 "Then it wasn't my wife you met gentle-  
 men," he rejoined.

**A CARD**  
 We, the undersigned, do hereby agree  
 to refund the money on a sweat-free cent  
 bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after  
 using three-fourths of contents of bottle,  
 they do not relieve Constipations and Head-  
 aches. We also warrant that four bottles  
 will permanently cure the most obstinate  
 case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no  
 pay when Williams' English Pills are used.  
 A. Chapman Smith & Co., Druggists,  
 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.  
 W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince  
 William St., St. John, N. B.  
 Chas. M. Gregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte  
 St., St. John, N. B.  
 W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St.,  
 St. John, N. B.  
 E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St.  
 John, N. B.  
 G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St.  
 John, N. B.  
 R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.  
 S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West,  
 N. B.  
 Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union &  
 Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.  
 C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St.  
 John, N. B.  
 S. H. Harker, Druggist, Mill St., St.  
 John, N. B.  
 N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St.  
 John, N. B.  
 G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St.,  
 St. John, N. B.  
 C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St.,  
 St. John, N. B.  
 Hastings & Penco, Druggists, 63 Charlotte  
 St., St. John, N. B.  
 "Have you been to theatres much this  
 season?"  
 "No. Now that Harry is away at school  
 Jack and I can sit in the parlor and hold  
 hold hands just as well as anywhere else."

softness vanished from his.  
 "Come!" he said, harshly. "I am wait-  
 ing valuable time. I might have known  
 the folly of hoping that you would save  
 me! In that house you shall be witness  
 to my skill; it shall be your first lesson.  
 You will profit by it, Valtie, for we shall  
 come away with a wonderful find. I know  
 the ways of the household—exactly at what  
 hour the golden nabob retires to his den  
 and arranges his accounts. You shall come  
 into that room with me, and, if you dare to  
 betray my presence, or your own, I will  
 shoot the merchant!"  
 "Marc, Marc!" gasped Valtie, as she was  
 hurried through the massive gates and down  
 a rustling avenue, "you shall not rob these  
 people! You will be discovered if you insist  
 upon this awful plan, for you will never  
 get me into the house. Do you imagine  
 that I would not raise an alarm and set  
 them on your track, rather than condone  
 your wicked deed?"  
 Something—a noxious vapour—seemed  
 to pass across her face, and hushed her  
 passionate voice.  
 She seemed to walk in a dream, with  
 fixed features and dim sight.  
 She had inhaled some chloroform Count  
 Lodi had held close to her nostrils—just  
 enough to produce a slight stupor, which  
 bewildered Valtie, and kept her silent.  
 He led her to a wing of the mansion—  
 to the window of the room he meant to  
 ransack.  
 The lever of plunder made his eyes flame,  
 and he crept softly on the grass, guiding  
 Valtie's steps in the darkness.  
 A gale was blowing from the downs, and  
 the rain rattled on the trees in a steady  
 torrent, making a dismal sound.  
 Valtie, forlorn and drenched, could no  
 longer plead with her desperate husband.  
 She was to be henceforth allied with  
 felons—to belong to, as Madame Delvont  
 had cynically foretold, the band she  
 loathed.  
 It was an easy task to open the window  
 he meant to enter, in the noise of the tem-  
 pestuous night, and the count managed  
 this successfully.  
 But, as he parted the curtains, and was  
 about to spring into the room, a voice  
 whispered—  
 "Don't run the risk my chief. There is,  
 I have ascertained, a detective in that  
 house."  
 Count Lodi deliberately re-closed the window,  
 turning with unruffled demeanour.  
 "Since when have you discovered this?"  
 was the low-toned question.  
 "A series of robberies in the neighbor-  
 hood has created a panic," came the wis-  
 pered response. "We had better quit this  
 vicinity without delay. I only wanted to  
 warn you."  
 Count Lodi again took Valtie by the  
 hand, leading her back to the avenue.  
 Slowly the dull feeling passed from her,  
 and icy shudders shook her frame; the  
 wind and lashing shower began to penetrate  
 to her limbs, and worn out with her futile  
 struggle for freedom, she said, listlessly—  
 "I am faint and tired, Marc. I must  
 rest."  
 "When we reach the inn," he replied.  
 "Take my arm; this gale is enough to  
 tire you."  
 She shrank from him, and then, as the  
 light from the lamps at the gates of the  
 merchant's dwelling fell on a girlish face  
 she recognized, Valtie's heart sank more  
 lowly.  
 It seemed ominously strange that Natalie  
 Dennie should have appeared so myster-  
 iously.  
 Valtie had a deep rooted dread of her,  
 remembering those immortalised of evil  
 prophecy, and her presence filled her with  
 a new flood of apprehension.  
 But Natalie had no thought of harming  
 the unhappy wife of her leader.  
 It was against the chief himself that her  
 smouldering resentment raged with ever  
 increasing malevolence.  
 She was secretly conspiring to bring him  
 to ruin.  
 Her pretended interest in his welfare  
 was a blind with which she meant to en-  
 trap him in the end.  
 She returned Valtie's repelled gaze un-  
 embarrassed, remarking, casually—  
 "We are not far from the Willow Inn,  
 and then you will not have need to walk  
 we shall be able to get a conveyance to  
 take us on to the Grange."  
 "The Grange" thought Valtie, and lead-

**LIFE ON A FARM.**  
 AS TOLD BY ONE WHO HAS UNDERGONE ITS HARSHIPS.  
 Hard Work and Exposure to all Kinds of  
 Weather Plays Havoc With the Strongest  
 Constitutions—How Health May be Ob-  
 tained.  
 While life as a farmer is one of consider-  
 able independence, it is very far from  
 being one of ease. The very nature of the  
 calling is one that exposes its followers to  
 all sorts of weather, and it is perhaps not  
 surprising that so many farmers suffer from  
 chronic ailments. Mr. Tho. McAdam, of  
 Donagh, P. E. I., is a fair example of this  
 class. Mr. McAdam himself says:—"I  
 was always looked upon as one having a  
 rugged constitution; but the hard work,  
 coupled with the exposure incident of life  
 on a farm, ultimately proved too much for  
 me. About eighteen months ago I was  
 attacked with pains in the small of the  
 back and thighs. At first they were  
 of an intermittent nature, and while  
 they were extremely painful, would  
 pass away after a day or two, and  
 the attacks, after each interval, grew more  
 and more severe, I became alarmed and  
 consulted a doctor who said the trouble  
 was lumbago. His treatment would give  
 temporary relief but nothing more, and  
 ultimately I was almost a cripple. To walk  
 or even to move about in a chair, or turn  
 in bed caused intense agony, and in going  
 about I had to depend upon a cane. If I  
 attempted to stoop or pick anything up the  
 pain would be almost unbearable. This  
 condition of affairs had its effect upon my  
 whole system and for a man in the prime  
 of life, my condition was deplorable. I  
 think I had tried at least half a dozen reme-  
 dies before I found relief in the use of Dr.  
 Williams' Pink Pills, which a friend urged  
 me to try. I let some relief before the  
 first box was all gone and by the time I had  
 taken five boxes, I was as well and smart  
 as ever, and although months have now  
 passed I have not any return of the  
 trouble. My cure is entirely due to the  
 use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the  
 only regret I have is that I did not try  
 them at the outset. Had I done so I  
 would not only have saved myself much suf-  
 fering, but considerable money as well."  
 Atting his Knowledge.  
 Why is it that the slang phrases of our  
 language fix themselves so readily in the  
 mind of the foreigner in his early struggles  
 with the English?  
 A secretary of legation, accredited from  
 a European court, who had spent nearly a  
 year in Washington, and was rather proud

The Fate of Magruder.

This is a bad piece of business. First our dog killed, then our mule. What next? I said to my partner, Bill Magruder. He and I stood looking ruefully at our pack-mule. Andy, lying dead on the open grassy space in which our cabin stood. The mule had been feeding quietly about his picket-pin in the morning, when we started out to visit our traps, and the picket-pin was driven beneath the great sycamore in front of the cabin. Now we had come back at night to find Andy killed his throat torn, his haunch partly devoured by some beast of prey. Deep claw-marks were on his back and shoulders, his neck had been broken at its juncture with the spine by a terrible bite. The loss of the mule was a serious one to us. Magruder and I, an ex-army scout, had been with General Crook in his campaign against the Tonto Apaches of Arizona, and so we had found out the natural advantages of the sheltered Tonto Basin with its extensive timber forests, numerous streams and soft, equable climate. Now that this vast valley was clear of Apaches, Magruder and I had entered it in September, built a permanent camp on Tonto Creek near the foot of the Mogollon mesa, and prepared to pass the autumn and winter there, hunting and trapping. In the middle of October we had our lines of traps out and were getting a fair amount of fur, when our first stroke of bad luck came—our dog, Hector, had been carried away. He had been useful in our hunting, and we had relied on him to give us timely notice of any person or dangerous beast that should approach the camp. Hector's disappearance had not seemed mysterious. One dark night he ran out of the cabin with a growl—the mule had previously been uneasy. Half waking, I heard the dog bark loudly. Then I heard a growl, and more savage than my dog could give, mingling with one shriek and strangled moan from Hector. Magruder and I jumped to our feet, caught up our rifles, and threw open the door. The mule was snorting and stamping with fear at the end of his picket-ropes, but of the dog there was no sight or sound. We heard some large, soft footed animal bounding away in the darkness in long leaps. We made no doubt it was a mountain lion, although rain later in the night blotted out all tracks. A week went by and here was our mule killed, probably by the same creature that had killed Hector. It could not be a grizzly, for there were no tracks to be seen such as a bear's great feet and protruding claws would have made. We decided that the mule, too, had been killed by a mountain lion—a lion of uncommon size and strength else it could not so easily have carried off a large dog and killed a powerful mule. "Hunt the varmint down!" I said, in answer to Magruder, as we stood by the dead mule. "I'm afraid we can't do much at that without dogs." "Well, it is rather late to be going after him now. He's got everything we had to lose—unless he comes for one of us next time." My partner spoke with seriousness so unusual in him that I looked hard at him, and then he laughed the thing away and mentioned no other forbidding. That night we made our preparations to receive the lion if he came back to the dead mule. We took turns in watching, but no lion came. So we dragged the festering carcass away from the camp the next day, and left it to the wolves and foxes. Magruder, usually one of the cheeriest and most indomitable of men, was evidently greatly disheartened by our bad luck; and he even proposed that we pull up stakes forthwith, and go back to white settlements. But I said, "We're here, Bill, and we're doing well. We're trapping lots of fur, and we can kill all the meat we want to eat. It would be no more of a tramp to foot it out of the settlements next spring than to do it now. Let's try a month more, behind the mountains. We can cache our furs when we go, and come back for them afterward with an outfit of pack mules." "All right," he said. "Stay it is." As the week wore on, Magruder's depression seemed to vanish, and he resumed his old-time cheerfulness. But one night in camp, just as I was dropping off to sleep, Magruder started and said to me, "Do you hear that sound?" I listened. Presently from somewhere up the canon side came a wailing, death-throated cry, which was repeated at intervals. "Yes, I hear it," I said. "It's a mountain lion—if it isn't an owl. Pity we haven't another mule to chew up!" "It's a different note from a lion's cry," said Magruder. "The beast that's making that sound is the one that killed our dog and mule." "Something has just come into my mind that the Apaches would tell me once," he continued. "It's about jaguars. They said that these animals sometimes wander up into Arizona from Sonora, and when they do, they always come to the Tonto Basin. The forests and climate here suit them, I suppose. The Indians are superstitious about these beasts. They say they are always man eaters." "All right; jaguar or lion, I'd like a fair shot at him," I remarked, and settled myself quite to sleep. I heard my partner moving restlessly in his blankets and muttering. He was in good spirits the next morning when we started out to make the round of our traps. It was one of those exquisite autumn days which, in the higher levels of Arizona, open with frost and are sunny and warm at noon. We separated at the forks of the creek, Magruder taking the south and I the north branch. I had the longer route, and I found two minks and an otter to skin; so when I got

back to the forks, near the end of the day, Magruder had bent some twigs in the direction of the camp to show me that he had gone on down the creek toward camp. Presently, following the route he had taken, I went on, in a place where the ground was soft, I came upon Magruder's tracks and something more. A line of tracks followed Magruder's. They resembled the tracks of a mountain-lion, and the breadth and depth of the imprints showed the creature to be of uncommon size. Step by step it had crept along, out fashion, until it had crossed a marshy place in two or three enormous bounds, where it had resumed its stealthy gait. I had got to hard ground, where the tracks were faint, when I caught sight of a man in Mexican costume crossing the valley a short distance ahead of me. It was Jose Bonifacio, a Mexican Indian who had served as scout and trailer in Indian campaigns with me, and he recognized me. I motioned for him to come to me, and showed him the tracks in the soft ground. He examined them curiously. This man was not to be easily frightened, but there was something like fear in his face as he spoke in his broken English. "You go 'way," he said. "Go 'way from Tonto. No lion make them tracks. You know what?" His voice lowered, and he put his hand on my arm, looking around as if fearful of being overheard. "I know that fellow heap in Sonora. He very bad. He diablo, we call him. He follow that come, he kill him. That man your partner? You hurry 'long find him. Then you two stay together. Go 'way! his voice sinking into a whisper. "Go 'way quick!" "What do you mean, Bonifacio?" I asked, impressed by the seriousness of his manner. "Do you mean to tell me that these are not a mountain-lion's tracks?" The half-breed had the savage's common superstition against pronouncing the name of a creature that is greatly feared, lest it overbear and avenge the familiarity. "He no lion," Leon, kill deer, calf, sheep—but man he run from. This fellow, here his voice fell again to a whisper, "he kill man. You hurry 'long, find Bill. Then warningly again, Go 'way from Tonto! Go quick!" He started on his way over the hills. "Come down to the cabin and spend the night," I said; but the half-breed shook his head. The shadows of night were falling as I hurried down the valley. After what Bonifacio had said, I was naturally anxious about Magruder, although I knew that he had plenty of time to get to the camp before dark. Moreover my partner was well-armed and little likely to be caught off his guard by an enemy, man or beast. I came into the open space before the camp in the last light from the western sky. Before me the sycamore, with half its leaves still upon it, towered above the shadow beneath its wide spreading branches. The cabin door was open, so Magruder had returned. But where was he? Ah! What was that under the sycamore, lying outstretched and still in the deepest shadow? Certainly the form of a man, and he lay as lie the dead. I cocked my rifle and looked round me. Nothing threatened from the ground. I gazed into the trees could detect there nothing unusual or suspicious. Slowly I walked toward the outstretched form until I came to the edge of the shadow beneath the sycamore. There I paused at a slight sound that came from among the branches—a soft, brushing flip flip, flip flip. It came from a great forked branch that overhung the path. Now that my attention was drawn to this limb, I thought it looked unusual near the top. There it seemed to be much thicker than elsewhere in its length; but looking closely, I could see nothing that indicated danger. "It is nothing," I said to myself, and made another step forward. Then I saw it! The formless thickness of the bough all at once shaped itself to my eyes in its true appearance—the bough and the thing upon it. I saw two phosphorescent spots, not easily to be discerned among the yellow leaves. I saw these were living eyes in a huge cat-like head resting upon the forks of the branch. Behind, flattened upon the bough, so that it seemed a part of it, was a long body whose mottled colors merged in those of the spotted bark and the leaves and their shadows. The soft, flip-flipping noise was the curling in and out of the tip of a supple tail among the leaves. The beast that had killed my partner was waiting for me. There was not a moment to lose. As I threw my rifle breech to my shoulder I saw the great head lit, the ears draw sharply back, the phosphorescent eyes reddened to burning flame. Twice I fired, first at the shoulder, then without aiming, at the living thunderbolt that came through the air upon me, crushing me to the earth. A frightful growl filled my ears as something bit and tore me—the rest was darkness. I came to my senses lying on my back on the ground in the coolness of the autumn night. Through the leafy branches overhead the moon and stars were shining. My rifle was clutched in my hand as I lifted my head and looked around, not realizing at first where I was or what happened. It all came back to me as I gazed upon the form of savage beauty, the splendid markings in black and yellow of the jaguar that lay near me. Just beyond the beast I saw the form of my partner, his white cap upturned to the moon. You can see the scars made by the jaguar's five claws down the side of my face, and there are other marks of his claws on my arm and chest. I have not been able to lift my left hand to the top of my head since he crushed my shoulder that

night—and these wounds he gave in his dying struggle, after my second shot had pierced his brain. If Bonifacio had not come in time, I should have been lying under the sycamore now with Magruder. ANIMALS FOND OF JOKING. Funny Tricks That Have Been Played by Trained Performers. Circus men think Darwin was pretty near right when he posted the monkey as the original tree from which man and his flowering offspring sprang. Ali Ringling, one of the five brothers who have been active in bringing the circus to its present high state of development and consideration, thinks so, and is plain spoken and fervid in saying so. The other night, in the course of a random talk, he illustrated the truth of this proposition in the most picturesque and entertaining way. To show that there are useful spots of gray matter in every species of animal, he picked out the ugly and forbidding hippopotamus. He said: "Maybe you think this freak of animal nature doesn't know a thing or two. I'll show that he does. We have one with us who is as big as all outdoors, and with his eyes peeled looks like an old fashioned picture of the Inferno. His keeper is named Spencer. This name ought to make him good better, unless he is so far removed from the Herbert Spencer of metaphysical fame that the name is a gauzy label of heritage rather than sense. This keeper feeds the hippopotamus with bran balls. Punch is very fond of these. They are rolled up and tossed far into his internal economy before he can close his jaws. "A short time ago this keeper got funny and teased Punch by holding a ball of the coveted morsel close to his nose where he could get the sweet savor of it, and then jerking it out of his reach. This was not a very pleasing performance for Punch, and in many ways peculiar to his kind he showed it. He lay down in his tank and held his nose low, and when the keeper held out the bran ball he pretended to be indifferent or asleep. Seeing this, the keeper became careless, and began rubbing the bran ball about Punch's nose. Here is where Punch showed the cunning of ancestry, and, waiting his chance, grabbed the keeper's hand between his teeth. "Wow-wow-wow! yelled the keeper. "Whu-u-owa-a-a-h!" snorted Punch in great delight. "After enjoying the situation for a minute or more, and winking his eye knowingly, he ceased up on Spencer's hand, so that the latter could get it back to its original ownership. Punch then slid back into his tank of water, and the bubbly noise that ruffled the surface indicated that he was having a jolly good laugh underneath at the expense of Spencer. "Elephants are the trickiest of all, however. They look dull and heavy, but just the same they are, like a mischievous boy, always on the alert for forbidden fun. In the twenty-five elephants of our show fifteen of them are trick performers, and able to do a lot of things that startle observers. "Only the other day five of these were doing a pyramid act, and Professor Look-had just climbed up to the top of the head of the beast forming the apex when the largest elephant gave a keen squeal, and at this signal the huge animals turned opposite directions and the surprised professor had to jump to save himself from a disgraceful tumble. The elephants got together in a corner, and the shrill blast they blew in unison showed the knowing that they were in a mood of enjoyment and the joke was on the professor. "The monkey, too, is one of those wild animals you don't want to get gay with, unless you are prepared to make fun for your friends, and possibly wear a war scratch or two, like a hero of a football scrap. Last season a wild dressed youngster, who had all the earmarks of a rich father and an easy life, wanted to entertain a party of girl friends, and picked out a mild mannered monkey for an easy subject. He gave the monkey a cigar with the hot end first. "The monkey got it, good and warm and screamed with rage. But his mind was equal to the occasion, and with his eyes flashing and his mouth shut tight he buried the cigar back at his tormentor. As good or ill luck would have it, the burning end struck the dude square in the eye, and with a yell of pain he turned hastily away from the cage and sought the relief of a doctor. The monkey began to scream 'Chicka!' and 'Chicka!' again at his successful revenge, and all the surrounding animals began to roar as if in sympathy. A King Who Ought to Be Spanked. Alphonso XIII, the boy king of Spain, is a badly spoiled child, according to latest reports. He is small and unhealthy, excessively timid, and sadly deficient in his studies. His mother permits him to eat all the cakes and sweetmeats he can eat, as a sort of compensation for refusing him cheese, which he constantly craves.

When refused this, he bellies into a passion and fills the palace with his howls. He wrote a letter the other day to General Martines Campos, begging him to procure some Italian cheese. Tail Oaks From Little Acorns Grow. Neglected colds often bring pneumonia and lung diseases. Adamson's Eucalyptic Cough Balsam will stop your cold almost instantly. Never fails. 25c. at all Drug-gists. BORN. Hallax, May 3, to the wife of S. Virtue, a son. Chiles, Apr. 13, to the wife of S. Russell, a son. Hallax, Apr. 23, to the wife of J. Naylor, a son. Hallax, Apr. 23, to the wife of G. Acklom, a son. Amherst, Apr. 26, to the wife of C. Casey, a son. Windsor, Apr. 22, to the wife of F. Lavers, a son. Antigonish, Apr. 18, to the wife of J. Clark, a son. Kenville, Apr. 23, to the wife of J. Lyons, a son. Windsor, Apr. 24, to the wife of C. Redden, a son. Hallax, Apr. 21, to the wife of W. Campbell, a son. Hants, Apr. 23, to the wife of T. McMillan, a son. Campbell, Apr. 28, to the wife of G. Lank, a son. Parrboro, May 7, to the wife of C. Johnson, a son. Smith's Creek, May 4, to the wife of J. Rank, a son. Newton, May 4, to the wife of C. Chapman, a son. Earlton, May 1, to the wife of R. V. Murray, a son. Windsor, Apr. 22, to the wife of J. Armstrong, a son. Waterford, May 3, to the wife of J. Frier, a daughter. Sussex, May 9, to the wife of D. Ramsay, a daughter. Berwick, Apr. 22, to the wife of A. Veniot, a daughter. Plymouth, May 8, to the wife of C. Hand, a daughter. Amherst, Apr. 29, to the wife of D. McLeod, a daughter. New Glasgow, May 3, to the wife of S. Gordon, a daughter. Brudenrych, May 1, to the wife of A. Price, a daughter. Amherst, May 8, to the wife of A. Davidson, a daughter. Parrboro, Apr. 23, to the wife of E. Brown, Jr., a daughter. Yarmouth, Apr. 24, to the wife of T. Baker, a daughter. Truro, May 1, to the wife of T. Treman, a daughter. Springhill, May 9, to the wife of E. Dulhanty, a daughter. Rockville, May 7, to the wife of C. Brennan, a daughter. Yarmouth, May 1, to the wife of W. Palmer, a daughter. Yarmouth, Apr. 24, to the wife of Capt. McKinnon, a daughter. MARRIED. Hallax, by Rev. Mr. Armitage, Wm. Finlagan to Alma Ayres. Angevill, N. S., April 28, Henry McMasters to Edith Downie. Hallax, May 5, by Rev. R. Smith, Harry Adams to Charlotte Forshaw. Hallax, May 2, by Rev. N. LeMoine, John J. Campbell to Mary Johnson. Westport, May 2, by Rev. F. P. McGregor, Hubert Westport to Lena Lent. Calais, April 30, by Rev. J. W. Day, Rev. Sampson Bender to Mary Tait. Deacons, April 13, by Rev. Wm. Ryan, Leason J. Fowler to Della Day. Glasville, May 7, by Rev. J. Bearlato, William McKay to Maggie Riley. Lubec, April 20, by Rev. W. B. Cottle, Fred W. Lewis to S. E. Lamson. Truro, May 1, by Rev. John Wood, Fred J. Morrison to Maggie E. Lenox. Hallax, April 30, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, William G. Jolley to Essie Gray. Calais, April 28, by Rev. C. G. McCully, Alton L. Payne to Marie L. Adams. Gasperan, April 27, by Rev. J. D. Spidel, John McQuay to Jessie B. McMoran. Boston, April 17, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Alexander Frederick Wallace to Ethel Stewart. Rear Baddeck, April 25, by Rev. D. McDougall, Wm. Denton to Agnes McDonald. Lower Economy, April 11, by Rev. Andrew Gray, Richard Musher to Blanche Morrison. St. Andrews, April 30, by Rev. A. W. Mahoy, Harry W. Boone to Beatrice A. McDonald. Big Brook, May 1, by Rev. D. McDougall, Norman McDonald to Hannah McDonald. Somerville, Mass., April 19, by Rev. Dr. Abbot, Bela L. MacCallum to Mrs. G. Lovejoy Hill. Brookfield, Mass., April 25, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, John R. Jamison to Isabel Douglas. DIED. Sibelburne, April 4, Ada Wile, 6. Susx, May 8, Charles Smith, 63. Calais, May 2, Lottie Adams, 34. Amherst, May 4, Gordon Cole, 1. St. George, May 4, Fred Hart, 30. Sussex, April 29, Ralph Dobson, 1. Calais, May 4, William Spear, 73. Halifax, May 5, Edith McLeod, 71. Moncton, May 5, John Chapman, 21. Boston, April 30, Maggie Cutten, 22. Meteghan, May 1, Louis Conran, 8. Annapolis, May 1, James Corbett, 75. Springhill, April 23, Martha Scott, 30. Yarmouth, May 2, Joseph Parry, 74. Halifax, May 4, Joseph Marshall, 62. Blomidon, April 17, John Harvey, 73. Woodstock, May 7, Lewis Coombs, 62. St. George, May 5, Edward Russell, 70. Halifax, May 6, Norman Matheson, 65. Port George, April 27, Isaac Smith, 65. Monticola, 16, Rev. James Patterson, 65. Kentville, May 6, Rev. Richard Avery. Westville, May 4, Mrs. A. Armitage, 70. Amherst, May 3, Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 82. Deer Island, May 5, Colin Greenlaw, 19. Mosbelle, May 1, Alfred Hardwick, 76. Hantsport, April 27, Frederick Lantz, 22. Dartmouth, May 1, John L. Bolmar, 72. Dartmouth, May 6, Joseph Williams, 60. Halifax, May 4, David St. Clair Oliver, 1. Charlestown, Mass., Ezekiah Nauflts, 41. Tacoma, Wash., April 21, Joseph Reed, 59. Woodstock, April 2, Mrs. Arthur McLeod. Lower L. have, April 24, Arabella Oxner, 62.

South Branch, April 28, Mr. Hugh Fleck, 85. Caledonia, Queens, May 1, David Couse, 77. Rawden, April 27, Mrs. Adolphus Knowler. West Bay, C. B., April 29, Alex. McRae, 76. New Glasgow, April 28, John McDonald, 16. Brocklyn, Hants, April 23, Geo. Johnson, 80. Amherst Point, April 27, Miss Susan Jones. Lunenburg, April 27, Mrs. Abram Hebb, 47. Milltown, Me., April 28, Edwin Whidden, 8. London, Eng., Mar. 11, Reginald Webber 18. Milltown, April 27, Walter Edmund Burns, 1. St. George, April 20, Mrs. Martin Deyle, 81. Lunenburg, April 27, Mrs. Abigail Herman, 84. New Glasgow, April 29, Charles McFadden, 19. Maitland, Hants Co., Mrs. Mary E. Douglas, 41. Kentville, April 22, infant daughter of R. Walsh. Kentville, April 24, Miss Wilhelmina Dodge, 66. Mattitash, Hants, April 24, Mrs. Michael O'Donnell. Beacomfield, April 26, Mrs. Sarah McLaughlin, 72. Lys Centre, N. H., April 23, Mr. J. M. Tosier, 66. Da house East, Kings Co., April 5, J. T. Mack, 56. East Amherst, Me., April 19, Mrs. Robert Robinson 77. Cambridge, Kings Co., April 24, Mrs. Geo. Buller-well, 68. West Bay, C. B., April 20, Mrs. Henrietta McLochan, 83. Truro, May 3, Alice, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Layton. Bloemfontein, South Africa, April 22, Private Edgar Samuel Furell, 27. Annapolis Royal, April 29, Eva, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McKay. Dartmouth, April 29, Wynne Mary infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hall, 9 months. RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC. FOR PASSENGER FREIGHT RATES and STEAMER SAILINGS to the Cape Nome Gold Fields, FOR SPACE IN TOURIST SLEEPER From MONTREAL every THURSDAY at 9.45 a. m. FOR ALL INFORMATION REGARDING FARM LANDS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST. For openings for GRIST MILL, HARDWOOD SAW MILL, CHEESE and BUTTER FACTORIES, Prospectors and Sportsmen, write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B. Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Feb. 26th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arrive Digby 10.00 a. m. Retaining leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arrive at St. John, 3.25 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arrive Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 3.20 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arrive Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.45 a. m., arrive Halifax 5.50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arrive Digby 8.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arrive Annapolis 4.40 p. m. S. S. Prince Arthur. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Retaining leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unsequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. P. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B. Intercolonial Railway On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Suburban for Hampton.....7.50 Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.50 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.00 Express for Sussex.....12.20 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....18.00 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney.....21.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Ventilators, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Suburban from Hampton.....7.15 Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.20 Express from Halifax.....18.00 Express from Halifax.....18.15 Accommodation from Moncton.....21.45 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTEGGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Jan. 9, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 1 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOI The A few "seven p circuit of ably heu dozen of of moter lunch ro and bet the sips their exp al days follows w intercha otherwise happene recordi heard: After motorm the reas ductor w rows in ed long The p agine th that he income r and blin see how every fo make th has been This ly inter cranks b somebod motorm of rules the cars, which w A pho world" week for are not ical jank handled, wrote th the fish be bell at least polite to so. The shows a en team a m on specified obtained it, and standing by ro hand, th by the was co sight a driving into a b son is r. Campb this ext angle r etor, M Not h angle's the pho St. Joh stood a picture natural to the o a serio had be a magn under leave M "I s "We say who picator a trout, true tro an imit