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## IT IS STILL A MYSTERY

WHERE FULTON BEVERLY PROCURED THE DEADLY POISON

That Aided Him in His Purpose to End His Life—The Evidence at the Final Inquiry Brings out Many Facts That Caused Some Speculation.

When Fulton Beverly took strychnine the dose was enough to kill half a dozen men.

That was the substance of the evidence of the analyst when the inquest was resumed on Wednesday, the first day of June.

More than ordinary interest centered in the adjourned inquiry because the provincial secretary, as chairman of the asylum, was present and there was a natural anxiety on the part of those officials directly connected with the management of the main institution to present as good a showing as possible.

On the other hand, while the asylum authorities wished to be freed from all blame the friends and relatives of Mr. Beverly did not wish any suspicion to rest upon them that the poison had been taken to him with their knowledge. So the inquiry became in this way a very broad one and any and all facts bearing on the case or that would be likely to bear upon the case were brought out.

The jurors who had been selected seemed to be no less anxious than any of the others to get at some solution of where the poison came from and who took it to Mr. Beverly and their questions were searching and pertinent. One of them particularly seemed imbued with the idea that the Lunatic asylum was managed contrary to the rules laid down and his questions aimed in that direction.

The evidence of the first witness, Dr. Scammell, simply concerned the post mortem and was not important. But Mr. Best the analyst gave some facts that were at once startling and convincing. He said half a grain of strychnine was a fatal dose and yet he found in those portions of the body submitted to him for examination two grains and three pennyweights. Of this one and one eighth grain was in the liver. When asked about how large a dose Mr. Beverly took he was not able to give a definite answer but said that there must have been considerable more poison absorbed in the blood and other parts of the body. The poison was not strychnine but sulphate of strychnine which is if anything more deadly than plain strychnine and more soluble in water.

Among the other witnesses were George Beverly, the son of the deceased, Dr. H. B. Nase, his son-in-law and Mr. J. Fraser Gregory, his nephew. All of these related many facts and incidents that had not come out and the jurors submitted each to a searching cross-examination.

George Beverly told his story first, and, in brief, it was to the effect that the last time he had seen his father was on the Thursday preceding his death. He used to see him as often as two or three times a week and always took him something when he did go. He modified this statement later and said that for two or three weeks before he died he had not taken his father anything. The coroner and jury had a natural curiosity about the contents of the parcels he took and he said they consisted of ice cream, cake, candy, fruit etc. just what he thought his father would like.

Now at the outset of the inquest there was considerable stress laid upon the examination of parcels and the evidence of Superintendent Hetherington was to the effect that all parcels brought into the institution were examined before they were handed over to patients. This bit of testimony was quite fresh in the minds of one or two of the jurors and they began to cross question to whether the parcels he brought were examined. They were not, he said, nor was a keeper present when he gave them to his father. He took them in openly and the keeper may have examined them when he left. This brought out the fact that the keeper was not absent from his duties but was in attendance in the ward and in a position to overlook anything that went on and examine anything that was left for the patients.

Then the driving question came up, and the witness stated that he had had his father out several times, but never since the winter. When he did go with him he took him to the store and to the house, but he never allowed him out of his sight. Even when in his own house he would keep his eyes upon him.

"But you wouldn't keep your eyes upon

him all the time, would you?" interjected the Hon. Mr. Tweedie.

"Oh yes, I would," was the quick reply. And then he gave his reasons for this watchfulness. It appears that before, Mr. Beverly's mind was thought to be unbalanced he created suspicion in the minds of those about him in the store by taking a paper with him to the top flight where he was discovered fixing it to a handle so that it could be used more readily. Then again he was caught secreting a revolver in the store and these things, together with his talk and actions, gave his friends reason to think that he contemplated suicide.

There was a spoon upon the table that the deceased had evidently used to stir the poison in the small glass marmalade jar from which he drank it. This witness identified as belonging to the house. He said that he never knew of any poison being in the house or store and never knew of his father using it for rats. He might have done so without his knowledge but he knew nothing of any such thing being in the house. More than that his father had never spoken of poison while he had spoken frequently of committing suicide.

It was after he developed this tendency that the transfer of the business was made to him (George). One of the jurors was inquisitive about the transfer and wanted to know the conditions and the considerations. The witness said that there were no conditions and at this point Mr. Fraser Gregory interposed and asked if there was not a verbal agreement between him Mr. Renicke and George that in the event of his father improving that he should have a half interest in the business.

"No," said George, "I did not understand it in that way but I told father that if he got better he could have the whole thing back again."

The consideration connected with the transfer of the business was a matter the witness did not care to go into. No doubt this was natural but one of the jurors rather urged a reply and Mr. Fraser Gregory asked him to tell the whole story. But the witness thought a reply was not necessary and the question was not pressed.

Mr. Gregory brought up the matter of the black pocket book which it was said Mr. Gregory had sent for and which had been sent to him. The witness said that it was not a black pocket book but a small black account book that he sent for but which was not sent to him. This was only a few days before his death.

One of the jurors reminded the coroner that the memorandum left by Mr. Beverly had not been shown to the witness and both it and the letter to his wife were produced. The witness had no hesitation in identifying both of them readily as in his father's handwriting though he thought the scrawl about where he got the poison must have been written after he took the fatal dose.

Under Mr. Gregory's cross examination—if it might be so termed—the fact was brought out that Mr. Beverly had the use of the telephone in the institution and that he did use it. The witness said he had talked with him over the telephone and then Mr. Gregory fixed the location of the telephone as in the doctor's office which adjoins the medicine room. There was no evidence however that there was not a keeper with Mr. Beverly.

The story of Mr. Beverly's departure for Fredericton and his subsequent journey to Providence was than told. It was shown that he took plenty of baggage to Fredericton, several trunks and some boxes, containing clothing and other personal property. But the change to the capital did not do him the benefit his friends thought it would, and even while there he made one or two attempts upon his life. No doubt this was the reason that his friends determined to have further advice upon his condition and the journey to Providence was made. He was accompanied at that time by his son George and Chist Clark. One trunk of clothing was taken with him, and when he returned and entered the institution here the same trunk came with him.

Coroner Kenny here interrupted the witness and Mr. Gregory, stating that he did not see what bearing this could possibly have on the case.

Mr. Gregory's reply was to the effect that while this evidence might not bear upon the matter directly it surely had an indirect bearing since they were trying to discover where the poison came from. As a relative and representing relatives he wanted all the facts to come out and

the blame placed on the proper parties. He addressed the provincial secretary in this fashion and Mr. Tweedie advised the coroner for the sake of all concerned that the inquiry should be as broad and searching as possible. The institution was a public one and should have nothing to conceal. If anything had been done that should not have been done he wanted to know it and the blame placed upon the right shoulders.

After this Mr. Gregory referred to the transfer again and urged George to state the consideration. He would not do so but said Mr. M. B. Dixon drew the deed and that his father had to be urged to execute it and after that carried it about in his pocket for some time before he could be prevailed upon to deliver it.

The son in law of the deceased, Dr. H. B. Nase spoke of his visits to him and of his actions and conduct. He too had taken him parcels and they were not examined. This brought about a sharp examination from Jurymen Collins who seemed impressed with the idea that the rules of the institution were not carried by this action or lack of action on the part of the authorities. This led to some conversation between the juror and Mr. Tweedie who seemed to think that while there was a rule calling for the examination of parcels still it was not intended to apply daily to people who were well known like the persons who went to see Mr. Beverly and especially when they stated what they were taking to Mr. Beverly. Still he encouraged the jurymen to ask questions. That was a part of their duty and something might occur to them which would possibly be overlooked by the coroner and himself.

Dr. Nase told a good deal about the suicidal tendency of the deceased. He had noticed his strangeness first shortly after his second marriage, which was early in the summer of 1896. Latterly he spoke to him almost every time he saw him about how much better it would be for all concerned if he was out of the world. He had often heard him say that he wished he was dead. These remarks were especially frequent while he was in the asylum. The fact that he would probably have to remain all his life there worried him greatly and he spoke of the long years he would have to spend in such a place. It he lived to the ordinary age of people it might be thirty years before death came. Perhaps the most important statement made by this witness was that when he visited Mr. Beverly on the first Sunday in May he stated to him that he had no means of doing away with himself. He had understood that while he was in the asylum he had tried to use a picture cord for this purpose.

One of the jurors asked some questions about insurance and Dr. Nase stated that Mr. Beverly had an endowment policy—for what amount he did not state—which had seven years to run yet. It was in favor of his son and daughter. Speaking again of his suicidal tendencies he said that the deceased asked frequently for a revolver and wanted one brought over to him. At Mr. Gregory's suggestion he spoke of the preparation he and his wife had made to have her father to dinner on the Sunday he killed himself. His wife had told her father about her wish to have him and he had said then that he never would go to the city again. It was arranged that Mr. Gregory should drive him over and just about the time he and Mr. Beverly were expected to arrive word came that the latter was dead.

Mr. Fraser Gregory, a nephew of the deceased, was sworn after this and told what he knew of the circumstances connected with the affair. In the first place he stated that he had never given him anything whatsoever, excepting a business card since he had been in the asylum. His evidence was very precise and to the point. He had the deceased out three times for a drive and was at the door for the fourth time when he learned he was dying. He spoke of the caution given him by Dr. Hetherington about driving with Mr. Beverly, not to let him out of his sight and to always keep a close watch upon him. After this he described the drives and where he took the deceased. He never would consent to take him to his shop or to his house but on two occasions he took him to a friend's residence where he met his wife and remained about twenty minutes. Then again he drove him down to the beach and while there they were invited by the caretaker of the club house known as Sain's Rest to enter. When in the house his eye

was off Mr. Beverly for a moment and he heard the fall of cutlery he saw Mr. Beverly with a knife in his hands. This he removed and at the same time searched his pockets but did not say anything at the time until they were on the return. Mr. Beverly, he said, never spoke to him of suicide, probably because he was in fear of him for when he did make an attempt in Fredericton he gave him such a dressing down that he was alarmed. He remembered telling him that if there was going to be any killing done he would do it himself.

He too examined the handwriting of the memo. and letter and while he was not sure of the writing upon the scrap of paper there was no doubt that he wrote the letter "I have read that letter" said Mr. Gregory "and there is nothing in it to indicate that Mr. Beverly thought of suicide when he wrote it, two or three hours before he committed the deed."

"How is it that you cannot recognize the writing upon this memo?" asked a jurymen "his son had no difficulty in doing so."

"That may be his writing but I would not like to swear to it was the reply. I think George was over confident about it."

Then it was shown that while Mr. Gregory was well acquainted with Mr. Beverly's handwriting, George from his constant association with him in the store was probably better acquainted with all kinds of his writing.

"Have you any idea, any suspicion, Mr. Gregory, where Mr. Beverly got the poison?"

"I haven't the remotest idea of where he procured the poison" was the reply.

Then one of the jurors asked Mr. Gregory if he thought that Mr. Beverly would have kept that poison about him ever since he was in the institution or since he was under surveillance and not have used it before.

Of course the witness could not give anything more than an opinion but this and his reply was in effect that it would be a natural presumption to think that anyone who wanted to commit suicide would choose the easiest way. Poison may have been repugnant to Mr. Beverly and yet one would naturally think it preferable to hanging. If he had to make a choice he would take the poison.

Speaking of the events that led up to the transfer of the business Mr. Gregory said that Mr. Beverly had always given his son George to understand that when he reached his majority he would be a partner in the business, and when he said that, as he often did, he used to remark in his own fashion that the firm would not be F. Beverly & Son but Geo. Beverly & Father. At any rate George was led to believe by his father that he would be a partner on his 21st birthday. But Mr. Beverly got married again and he changed his mind about the partnership. Perhaps he was not satisfied with George's attention to business but whatever was the reason he failed to carry out the understanding. It was after this that George went to New York with the idea of starting out on his own hook. The witness was not sure that he had a situation there but at any rate in a short time he returned and went to work again in the shop. Then last fall he (the witness) was summoned to a meeting of Mr. Beverly's friends to consult what was best to be done under the circumstances. His mind was affected and it was concluded to transfer the business to his son George upon the condition that when his father regained his health he should restore it to him. He believed that verbal agreement was binding upon George. The transfer was made after much hesitation on the part of Mr. Beverly who delayed the execution of the deed and its delivery when it was executed. After that Mr. Beverly became a clerk in the store. Before this he had complained that business was bad, and that while he had always been able to pay his bills he feared the day might come when he would not.

After this Mr. Beverly went to Fredericton and while there sent him a power of attorney here to transact his private business which he was quite competent to give at that time.

The keeper who had Mr. Beverly in charge was submitted to a long examination but told nothing new. He went over the story of Mr. Beverly's death and of the watch he kept upon him. The keeper was a grave elderly man, one of the sort to make a good official and he gave prompt answers to all of the questions.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

## AN ENTIRELY NEW ROLE.

IT WASN'T ADVERTISED BUT IT CAUSED A SENSATION.

How Mr. W. S. Harkins and two Friends Surprised the People in the Vicinity of the Lunatic Asylum—A Carlton Man Thought They Were Escaped Insanates.

Those who live in the vicinity of a lunatic asylum never have to go very far for excitement. They usually find all they want right at hand, and if the scares which are constantly occurring, are sometimes false alarms, it only gives a zest to life that those living in other localities can never experience. Several times of late years escapes have been made by the inmates and then the Lancaster citizens had a bona fide sensation.

They had one last week but it could hardly be called bona fide, though it was intensely exciting while it lasted. When the news spread abroad that three of the most violent male patients in the institution had escaped general confusion reigned. Mothers hurriedly gathered up their brood, counted them, securely fastened their doors and windows, and waited; men gave frightened glances over their shoulders as they hastened through their work, and everywhere there was consternation.

When the facts became known a day or two later the laugh was turned against three St. John men—or properly speaking two St. John men—for the third, while well known here, is only a yearly visitor—and is none other than the jolly goodnatured W. S. Harkins, or "Bill" as he is familiarly known.

He, in company with Dr. Walker, and Dr. McIntosh paid a visit to the asylum one afternoon this week; and as it has a habit of doing when one is in congenial society, the time flew quickly by.

Suddenly it occurred to one of the party that if they wished to catch a certain trip of the ferry boat they would have to do some hustling. Dr. Hetherington came to the rescue with a suggestion that they take a short cut across the fields, and so with a hurried good-bye to the superintendent, the three professional men started. They made pretty good time and were running along at a lively gait when a high fence interposed.

"Up with that settee and we'll be able to climb the fence all right," shouted one of the men, and forthwith the garden seat was brought into requisition and in a trice the party had resumed its journey ferrywards.

There was nothing exciting in all this, of course, and the little incident would never have been heard of again, if a Carleton man hadn't happened along that way just about the time the men began climbing the fence. When the first one leaped over he stopped short in his walk, the second appearance paralyzed him completely, and when the third man bounded down to join his companions, a desperate fear lent wings to his feet, and he turned and fled, warning all whom he met that the lunatics were escaping in a body. Like the story of the three black crows this one grew and grew until by night it was boldly asserted that not a guard, nurse, or physician was left in the asylum, and that having finished their deadly work the inmates had scattered around everywhere. Meanwhile the St. John men had caught the boat and arrived in the city wholly unconscious of the sensation their escapade had caused on the other side.

### A New Fashion in Shirts.

It may have been because those who saw it were so terribly behind the times that their ignorance as to the very latest in summer shirts caused them to cast remarks at the wearer of a bright red linen bosom and high collar on Sunday last. The young man it is said, is a pioneer in fashions onward march and had threatened he would "set the town guessing" when he started out on his heroic errand of dressy enlightenment. And truly was his prophecy fulfilled. Everybody who saw his countenance and the shade of his shirt stood in the reflection of his linen aghast. No it was not a minstrel troupe "end man" nor a circus advance agent but one of our real, live young citizen tailors who resides in North End.

### A Splendid Herd of Ayrshires.

That splendid herd of Ayrshires, twenty four in number, which have been in quarantine for 90 days were billed to start to the farm of their millionaire owner, W. W. Olgive yesterday. They have increased the herd by eighteen calves since their arrival. All of them won prizes in Scotland and the herd is the finest that ever came to Canada.

HIS TROUBLESOME DOG.

ONE THE OLD SOLDIER GOT AT THE TALKS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

He was the Only Dog he Ever Owned and was his Companion in Many a Weary March—A Bad Habit which Finally Resulted in the Dog's Death.

'The only dog I ever owned,' said a civil war veteran 'was one I got in the South when I was in the army. It was a very small pup when I got him, and I was told that he was a bloodhound. I didn't really believe that, but I think the bloodhound idea rather appealed to me, nevertheless.

'He was a tremendously clumsy little chap but no trouble until some sort of an insect bit him right square on the top of the head and made a sore spot there. I didn't know anything about the care of dogs, but somebody told me that a good thing to put on it would be wagon grease, and so every day I used to go down to the wagon train and get a little wagon grease from where it had worked out on the end of a wheel hub and take it back and cover the sore spot on the dog's head with it. I don't know whether the wagon grease healed it or whether it simply served to keep flies from making the place worse, but anyhow it finally got well.

'The dog wasn't old enough or big enough at first to stand marching, and more than once I carried him in my haversack, the food all being eaten out of it. At first he went into the haversack easy and with something to spare, but it wasn't so very long before he made a very snug fit in it and I had to crowd him a little to get him in, and then he was pretty heavy to carry. Then he got so big that I couldn't get him into the haversack at all, but then he was big enough to keep going himself.

'When I got him the regiment had only a few months to serve, and, while he'd grown a good deal, still he wasn't a very big dog when I got him home, but from that on he grew very rapidly, and soon came to be a big dog; that is, big in height; but he was a dog very curiously built; he had an extremely thin, narrow body, and great big long legs; he was built a little something like a carpenter's horse. He had a long, smooth tail and big, floppy ears, and he was now by far the clumsiest dog that ever lived. He'd fall over himself sometimes. Bloodhound? Yes; he was a bloodhound, sure.

'But he was a friendly, good-natured, loving dog; he tried in every way to show this disposition toward every member of the family. And they all liked him; the only thing they didn't like about him was his appetite. I think they thought it was scarcely consistent with his constant manifestations of friendliness toward us to eat so much as he did—the mere cost of feeding him was quite an item, to say nothing of preparing his food. And then, I think, they couldn't see how he could eat so much; how he could stow away so much as he did in that thin narrow body of his; but finally they came to the conclusion that his legs must be hollow; and after that so far from regarding the dog with any coldness of feeling they regarded him with all the greater affection, for it that were the case instead of carelessly gorging himself at our expense they knew he had in reality been stinting himself on our account, his legs were so big and long.

'But he did have one characteristic that was not agreeable, and that was his howl. I've heard a good many dogs howl, but I have never heard a dog howl as he could. And we never could stop him. I don't know; it seemed as though he had to howl, and he always howled at night. The first night we ever heard him he woke us all up with it in the middle of the night. My goodness! I never heard anything like that! Snakes! It was the howl of a distressed demon. There never was anything like that.

'I went downstairs and found him, and he was glad to see me, and he swung his tail and flapped his ears, and there was nothing the matter with him—he was all right; but the first thing I knew back went his head—I don't believe he could help it—and he howled another of those hair-lifting howls. Gee-whizzlums squazzlums! It was the most awful sound I ever heard.

'Well, we tried every way we know to stop him, but it was no use. He would howl, and finally we had to put him outdoors night. We built a kennel for him in the yard and put him in that, and we thought that maybe that had cured him, for he didn't howl at the usual hour that night, but along about 1 o'clock in the morning he did howl; the wildest, most unearthly howl we ever heard; and then we realized for the first time what putting him outdoors meant. You could hear him, out there, for blocks. He woke up the neighborhood.

'We could hear windows going up all around and then everything was still, and then the dog howled again. And then we heard the folks all around slamming down their windows to shut out the sound. The next day my next door neighbor who knew what the sound was, told me that if I put the dog out again at night he'd shoot

him. We didn't put him out, because we didn't want to disturb the neighbors and we didn't want the dog hurt; we kept him in the house. But a few days after he strayed away somewhere in the daytime, and never back. We never knew for sure just what became of him, but we never had any doubt.'

A Hopeless Invalid.

SUCH WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS RODD, OF BROOKLIN.

An Editor relates the Story of Her Illness and How a Remarkable Change in Her Condition Was Brought About.

For some five years the editor of this journal has made weekly visits to Brooklin in search of news. One of his earliest recollections of the village was in noting that Miss Levis Rodd was very ill. Miss Rodd was well known, and as week after week rolled round, it was natural to ask how she was getting, and the reply always came that she was no better. Time went on and it became a settled fact that Miss Rodd was a confirmed invalid, and that such she would continue until a kind Providence took mercy on her by allowing death to end her sufferings. None of the villagers anticipated any other ending. Our astonishment can better be imagined than described, therefore, when Mrs. Bert Wells hailed us one morning with "Well, editor, we have some news for you to-day." "What is it?" "Why, Miss Rodd has gone on a visit to Columbus friends." "Why, I thought she was a confirmed invalid?" "So she was, but she has been improving so much lately that she is now able to help herself a good deal, and it was thought a change of scene would do her good." "That is certainly news," replied the quill-pusher, "and good news too; but what cured her?" "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," replied Mrs. Wells. We then decided to ask Miss Rodd upon her return for an interview, but it was some time before it took place, owing to the limited time at our disposal between trains, and partly owing to a desire to wait and see if the improvement was likely to prove permanent. However, after many put offs, we finally called at the home of Mrs. Doolittle, a sister of Miss Rodd's, who has carefully cared for her during the long illness. At the request of the editor Miss Rodd made the following statement:—"I am fifty years of age and have lived in Brooklin ten years. Five years ago I was taken ill with acute rheumatism, and have not done a day's work since. The trouble began with my feet and the swelling extended to my arms, wrists and shoulders, and finally settled in my neck. I had such pain that I was obliged to use a walking stick to ease me in moving about, and two and a half years ago the stick had to make way for a crutch. At this time I used to get up a little each day, but it was not long before I was denied even this privilege, and the next six months I was perfectly helpless and bed-ridden. I could not even turn my head or put a cup of tea to my mouth. I got completely discouraged after ineffectually being treated by two physicians and trying the different medicines recommended for my ailment. While I was in this helpless condition my niece came in one day and prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking two boxes I felt a slight change for the better so I continued to take them, with the effect that I continued to improve slowly ever since. I now sleep well, have a good appetite and have gained in flesh. I can stand now, walk about, and even get in and out of the buggy upon the occasion of my late visit to Columbus. Since that time, too, I feel stronger and my reason for still using a crutch is on account of my knees being weak and a desire to not overtax my strength. Jubilee Day was the first time in twenty one months that I was able to put my foot outside the door and I am satisfied had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the first place instead of other medicines used, I would have been spared much suffering. I am sure I owe my improvement to these Pills alone." Mrs. Doolittle, who as we have previously stated attended her sister through her trying illness, was equally strong in her recommendations as to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills having affected the radical change, and the three of us agreed that it would be only just that this case should be brought to notice of suffering humanity in the hope that it might prove a blessing to more than Miss Rodd, who still continues to improve and who hopes to again be able to do her full day's work at no distant date.

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

BREATH UNDER WATER.

Observing Sportsman Accompanied by the Beaver, Otter and Muskrat.

It is generally understood that the beaver, otter, mink and muskrat are semi-aquatic in their habits, but it is doubtful whether any one can say to what extent they are able to dispense with the regular respiration, so essential to life in all warm-blooded animals, and, of course, impossible for them while beneath the surface of the water. A bit of information upon this point would be of great interest to me, and I presume, to many of your readers as well. In my hunting expeditions through various sections of the West I have talked with many experienced hunters on the subject and have found that there is a common belief that the animals mentioned share with the fishes an ability to draw a supply of oxygen from the water, but the fallacy of this idea is apparent at a glance. The respiratory organs of the otter and mink differ in no way from those of the raccoon and rabbit. So far as I can see their lung capacity is comparatively no greater. How, then, can the otter stay so long beneath the surface when the rabbit can hardly survive a momentary submersion?

While camping on Reelfoot Lake in western Tennessee some years ago I was afforded an excellent opportunity of observing the habits of a mink which resorted to fishing in a shallow pond near at hand. The pool was probably 100 feet wide and double that length, hardly two feet deep in the centre a d quete clear. It was full of small fish, principally perch and jack, and the mink undoubtedly found it a very acceptable larder. At all events I found him there three evenings in succession, and on each occasion he took hurriedly to the water, dived beneath the surface, and evinced a strong determination to "stay there." The first evening of his disappearance puzzled me somewhat, for the bottom of the pond was everywhere discernible, and yet the closest scrutiny failed to show his hiding place. I stood for several minutes awaiting his reappearance, but eventually grew discouraged and turned away. The next evening I was more successful, and was able to follow the little fellow with my eyes as he shot, arrow-like, to the centre of the pond and sought shelter beneath some submerged limbs that had previously escaped my notice.—Sports Afield.

Bagley's Ensign Last Words.

A private letter received at the Navy Department in Washington gives a pathetic incident of the death of Ensign Bagley on board the torpedo boat Winslow at the engagement off Cardenas. Bagley had been fearfully wounded by a shot which practically tore through his body. He sank over the rail and was grasped by one of the enlisted men named Reagan, who lifted him up and placed him on the deck. The young officer, realizing that the wound was a fatal one, and that he had only a short time to live, allowed no murmur of complaint or cry of pain to escape him, but opened his eyes.

CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of these persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

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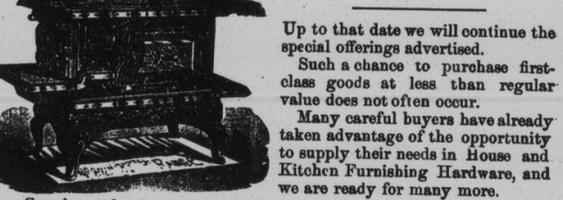


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**Music and The Drama**

IN MUSICAL OPERAS.

The earliest known mention of the piano-forte was in a play bill dated May 16, 1707. The piece announced was The Beggar's Opera, with Mr. Beard as Captain MacBeath, Mrs. Stephens as Mrs. Peachum and Mr. Shuter as Peachum. The principal attraction was given thus: "Miss Buckler will sing a song from Judith, accompanied by a new instrument called the piano-forte."

Mme. Adelina Patti must be following events in Cuban waters with no little interest. It was in Cuba that she sang in public for the first time in her life, when she was only 14 years of age, and still under the care of her father. The family was very poor, and had placed all its hopes on the miraculous voice of little Adelina, whom, however, they did not dare to produce in public on account of her youth. The opportunity came one day at a concert organized by the Filarmónica of Cuba, and though the debutante was awkward, timid, and inexperienced, her success was complete. The audience insisted on an encore, and applauded the young singer deliciously. Mme. Patti was immediately christened "the wonderful child" by the tuncel Cubans, and thus began the prima donna's brilliant career.

The greatest fault of most composers is that they write too much. Chopin and Wagner are two notable exceptions. They never sacrificed quality to quantity, and as a result all their works survive. The moral of these remarks is enforced by the following, from the London Figaro:

Of all the operas which Verdi has written, how many will survive his death? Not half a dozen. *Travatore*, *Rigoletto*, *Traviata*, still linger on a fashion. I suppose; while *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, will doubtless last a good many years longer. But what of all the others? The rest is literally silence in their case. For they are never heard at all.

Take Gounod again. *Faust*, *Romeo*, and *Philemon et Baucis* are still enjoyed, but what of his other many works? Probably their very existence is unknown to many of Gounod's admirers.

Wagner is an exception to the general rule, of course, and no fact speaks louder as to the incomparable greatness of his works. Not a single one of the dozen operas which he wrote in all has yet been dropped out of the repertory altogether, for even the juvenile *Die Feen* is still performed here and there at intervals, while most of them constitute the very staple of modern operatic fare.

A writer in the London Graphic has been collecting information as to the recreations of some leading musicians. Dr. Parry is a yachtsman, Mr. Cowen climbs, Sir Frederick Bridge fishes, the De Reszkes breed race horses, Mr. Bismpham cycles, Mr. Kennerley Rumford is a cricketer, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Norman Salmond, Mr. Plaunet Greene, and Mr. Rutland Barrington, golf, while Sir Walter Parratt delights in chess.

Paderewski has cancelled his engagement to play at the Lower Rhine Festival at Cologne at Whitauitide. The cause assigned is pressure of work—it is assumed upon that long expected Polish opera.

Lillian Russell began life on the stage at Tony Pastor's, in New York, at \$15 per week, twenty years ago, but since then she has been paid \$1,500 a week for singing in grand opera. And yet her possessions are said not to exceed \$50,000.

Rubinstein had a phenomenal memory, and played all his piano-forte recitals and concertos without the use of notes. But on one occasion, while playing at New York previous to his departure for Europe, he began to think of his family, and the result was that he broke down and had to begin over again. The same thing is said to have happened to Buslow, who coolly got up from the stool and examined the instrument as though it were out of order. And now the London Sketch tells this story of Hans Richter: One day in Vienna he was seized with an unwonted fit of abstraction while conducting, and when he came to change of time in the piece he went on calmly with the same movement as before. Part of the orchestra changed the time according to the music, while others followed obediently the baton of

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their leader. Such a frightful melody of sounds ensued that Hans Richter quickly awoke to the state of things and commanded a pause. Then he turned to the audience and said: "It was not the fault of my orchestra; it was entirely my own. Let us begin over again." And so they started afresh amid the applause of the audience.

Fred Solomon played the circus clown in the "Princess of Trebizonde" at Toronto last week. Evia Croix Sea brooke was the Princess.

Jean de Reszke will take part in the Wagner festival at Bayreuth next year, singing also in "Parsifal." Edouard de Reszke will be Gurnemanz.

Frank Deshon, Oscar Girard and Arline Crater are members of Washington's summer opera company.

Edna Wallace Hopper is to head a New York Casino company that will be sent to London next season.

Vincent d'Indy's opera, "Fervaal," has been sung at the Opera Comique.

Corinne appeared but five days with the opera company at the Star Theatre, N. Y.

Odell Williams is appearing in a London music hall.

Jean Gerardy is to accompany Patti on an English tour.

Entertainments are now given in a New York roof garden.

Felix Mottl has accepted the post of conductor at the Court Opera house, Munich.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new romantic opera, "The Beauty Stone," was produced at the London Savoy, last night. Its plot has already been told in these columns.

Alice Neilson, who was until recently with "The Bostonians," has sailed for China and Japan, and intends visiting Manila before returning to this country.

**TALK OF THE THEATRES.**

The W. S. Harking Company close their engagement this evening with an elaborate production of the military drama *Ours*. The *New South*, one of the prettiest plays seen on the Opera house stage in a long time, was played during the week and *A Bachelor's Honeymoon* was repeated on Thursday evening. Business has been very good throughout the two weeks, and well pleased, enthusiastic audiences have been the rule. The Company have fully sustained all the good things that were said of them at the beginning of the engagement, and St. John theatre goers will accord them a warm welcome when they return in July. Miss Mabel Eaton has established herself strongly in popular favor by her clever interpretation of the different roles assigned her, as well as by her charming personal appearance. She is one of the most beautiful women that has ever graced the Opera house stage, and dresses with exquisite taste. Miss Mollison has also worn some very pretty gowns during the engagement.

Thomas E. Shea opens an engagement of one week at the Opera house on Monday evening. Mr. Shea's *Man-of-War* Man has been meeting with excellent success in the American cities, the war time spirit doubtless influencing the attendance. Mr. Shea's repertoire also includes *The Slaves of Sin*, *The Sugar King*, *Brutus*, and his masterpiece of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

A. W. Cross severed his connection as manager of the Josie Mills Co. at Columbus, O., and writes from St. Louis, where he is spending his Summer, that the lithographed work for the D'O'Connell & Agnes Fuller Co. Eastern tour next season was finished and stored just in time to escape the fire which destroyed the Great Western Printing Co.'s plant.

Burr McIntosh, at the close of the *Lambe* tour, will go to the front as a war correspondent. Next season he will star in a play of that name by Lottie Blair Parker.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company are playing this week in Brooklyn, Mass.

They have dates at the Opera house here this month.

The Jaxon Opera Company close a weeks engagement in Brooklyn, N. Y., next month.

Mr. Breeze who was here with James O'Neill last year, has been engaged to play leading part in that Company next season.

Kelly and Kent have signed with the Bennett Moulton Company for next season. They have been with the Waite Comedy Company for some time.

Madelaine Bouton goes to San Francisco, Cal., with the Frawley Stock Comedy for the season.

Wm. Courtleigh is managing a Stock Company in Michigan this summer.

Catherine Rober is playing an indefinite engagement in Boston, Mass.

Says San Francisco correspondence of the *Clipper* of May 28: An audience that packed the Alcazar to the doors greeted Lewis Morrison and Florence Roberts, in "Yorick's Love." The warmth of the greeting convinced these favorites that years had not dulled the old affection, and play and players pleased the audience.

Richepin's national "Christ-play," entitled "The Martyr," has proved a financial success at the Comedie-Francaise.

A new romantic drama by Freeman Wills brooker of the late poet, W. G. Wills, will be played in London next month.

Eleonora Duse, has promised M. Claretie to appear at the performance at the Francaise on behalf of the fund for raising a statue to Alexandre Dumas fils.

M. Louis Deffes, head of the Conservatoire at Toulouse, has composed and produced an opera, founded on "The Merchant of Venice," entitled "Jessica."

Eugene Cowles, who was recently ordered to pay his former wife \$25 a week alimony, married Louise Cleary, of "Trilby" fame on Sunday last.

There is talk of reviving Sardou's "Patrie" at the Francaise during the exhibition year. The work never obtained the success it merited.

Burr McIntosh has just recovered judgment for \$3000 against Miner & Brooks. They agreed to star him two years ago and went back on their contract.

Marie Burroughs has been engaged by Stuart Robson as leading lady for his company next season.

Olga Nethersole is seriously ill, owing to a shock to her spine in a railway accident.

John Hare will shortly appear in his original character of Beau Farintosh, in "School."

Belasco's new play, written for Mrs. Leslie Carter, will be given its initial production in America.

"My Official Wife" is being acted in Berlin.

Bernhardt will shortly appear in London.

Ernest Lacy is the author of the "Charles O'Malley" to be produced by Andrew Mack.

Julia Mackay, Lottie Gilson, Laura Burt and Willis P. Steatnam are London attractions.

George Alexander has "The Ambassador" in active rehearsal.

Julia Neilson is to have a new play from the pen of G. R. Sims.

Annie Russell has made a hit in "Dangerfield, '95," in London.

Next season Katherine Gray will be Charles Coghlan's leading lady.

The new play which Messrs Parker and Carson have written for Olga Nethersole is likely to be called *The Termagant*.

Sutton Vane's new play, John Martin's *Secret*, and *The Bell-ringer*, will be produced here next season by William Calder, the manager who introduced to Americans the *Span of Life*.

Sydney Rosenfeld writes from Vienna that he has completed arrangements with Mark Twain, who is living in the Austrian capital, whereby they will collaborate on a new comedy that Mr. Clemens has already formed the rough draft of. If it is half so successful as Pudd'n Head Wilson, another treat is in store.

Sabarot will dance during the summer in London, Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Cologne, Munich and St. Petersburg, after which she will return to America.

The last known survivor of the Shakespeare family, a Birmingham (England) actor named George Hart, is to be starred by an enterprising manager in "Hamlet."

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will tour the United States next season in "Not Wisely, but Too Well." At present they are presenting "A Cruel Heritage" in London.

Forbes Robertson is busy rehearsing, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mestrelinck's play "Pellean and Malisande," which

will be given at a series of matinees in London, in June.

Minnie Maddern Fiske is in the third month of her highly successful engagement in New York where "Love Finds the Way" and "A Bit of Old Chelsea" are drawing crowded houses.

Hoyt's "A Stranger in New York," will be produced at the Duke of York's Theatre London, on August 8, by an American company, headed by Mr. Harry Conor and Amelia Stone.

St. Louis' summer stock company will include Lawrence Hanley, Minnie Seligman, Frank Losee and Marion Elmore. The plays scheduled are "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The tempest" and "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Wal'er Passomer, who is playing at Don Alhambro in the *Gondoliers*, at the Savoy Theatre, utters the words, "The country is in a state of insurrection," to which he adds the gag, "but we have only lost one mule," which evokes roars of laughter.

The new London farce by George R. Sims, "My Innocent Boy," hinges on the troubles of Valentine Smith (Sidney Drew), who has married for a second time without revealing to his wife that he is a widower with a charming daughter.

In his new farce, "A Bad Lot," Harry Paulton will sustain the principal part, that of a retired tobacconist, who believes he has a son somewhere, but doesn't quite know where. Much of the fun is created by the efforts of a pair of foundlings to adopt him as their father.

There is no performance of "The Little Minister" in London on Saturday evening, the star refusing to appear more than seven times a week. "The Little Minister" has passed its two hundredth performance in London, and it has kept Maude Adams in New York since the beginning of the season.

New London plays are "A House of Mystery," a domestic drama; "Demon Darrell," a melodrama; "Divorced" and "The Other Man's Wife," a comedy; "Until the Daybreak" and a farce, "An Amateur Detective," "The Battle of the Sexes" is to be given its premiere at the Shakespeare Theatre, London, on July 18.

Mrs. O'Connor's play, "The Lost Cause," which is to be done very shortly by Mr. Kyrie Ballow and Mrs. Brown-Petter, at Dublin, is suggested by recent events in the political world. The character of Charles Stuart Parnell and of Kitty O'Shea are not introduced, however, as rumored hitherto. The play is absolutely fictitious in environment and detail.

Remenyi was a vegetarian. He believed that he might live to be a century old if he avoided the use of meat. His favorite dishes were limburger cheese, pumpernickel and hard crackers. Apollinaris was his only drink for years. His love for pumpernickel was no more strange than that of Janussek for stale beer, and I have got many a pint of that for her after a most thrilling depiction of Mary Queen of the Scots.—H. L. Cleveland in Chicago Times-Herald.

At the performance of "The Belle of New York," in London, Victor Cavendish, heir to the dukedom of Devonshire, has occupied, with parties of friends, the same box every night for the past three weeks. He is apparently devoted to Edna May, sending her daily tokens in the shape of the most expensive fruits and flowers the London market affords. Edna is a most circumspect little creature, however, and has won much favor in London society by her modest and refined demeanor.—N. Y. Telegraph.

Frederick Bond, May Sargent and Arthur Hoops presented Willard Holcomb's vaudeville sketch, "Her Last Rehearsal," in New York last week. The story is built around a rehearsal of a young lady anxious to adorn the stage as a Juliet. A stage manager assists her for a monetary consideration, while a professional leading man starts in to support her on the stage, and winds up by contracting to support her through life. The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" is used effectively. The piece scored a hit, and several vaudeville players have already asked Mr. Holcomb, who is dramatic editor of the Washington Post, to write one-act plays for them.

Concerning next season Mrs. Fiske remarks: "I hope to produce Mr. Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of "Vanity Fair," besides a very powerful drama in one act called "Little Italy." I have only had the scenario of "Vanity Fair," but it promises well. And it is much more dramatic than I had expected. I had fancied Mr. Langdon would find it easier to get a comedy than a drama out of the novel."

Mrs. Annie Youmans has been engaged to create a role in George H. Broadhurst's new farce "Why Smith left Home."

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The remark of the St. John clergyman who a week or two ago said we would no doubt soon be wondering "What Had Become of Smith," would seem therefore to have been prophetic.

"What Happened to Jones" was acted in St. John this week for the first time.

The Peaks Island, Me., dramatic season opens on Monday next. The Stock Company engaged to go for the season are there now rehearsing.

Says a late *Clipper*: "Priestly Morrison is organizing the Dominion Stock Company for summer park towns."

Andrew Comstock has been sued by chorus girls lately in his employ in "The Koreans." Nine of these young women applied for and secured, on May 20, in the Seventh Judicial District Court, body judgment against Mr. Comstock for salary due them.

Herbert Dillea is composing the music for H. Gratton Donnelly's new comedy, "Jess of Marblehead."

The Stock Company at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, has closed.

The "Grand Union Society" sends the following to the Progress dramatic editor: "We would like you to print the following news, and by so doing you will greatly help us in a movement which we are about to pursue to advance the principles and morals of the theatrical world in general, this being the first organization to have an alliance with all the English speaking forces in the profession on both sides of the water. We have two offices so far, one the Grand Union Hotel, Toronto Canada, the other 121 East seventy-seventh Street, New York City, the home of the president. We instituted this society for professionals only May 19. We hope you will assist us in heralding our motto, which is T. F. V., Truth, Friendship and Virtue. S. L. Flatow, president; Mrs. Pete Baker, vice president; Chas. A. Campbell, treasurer; Mrs. Sylvester Cornish, tiler; Fred A. Bain, doctor; Pete Baker, Clide Mackinlay, and Geo. D. Collins, trustees; Mrs. Harry Rich, chaplain, Harry Rich sergeant; Lillian Whiting, May Whiting, S. L. Flatow, and Clyde Mackinley, nurses, and Arthur A. Irwin, secretary, are the officers and charter members."



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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 4TH.

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

THE UNIVERSITY CLOSING.

The closing of the provincial university is always an interesting event and this year, if one may judge from the accounts that have been published, it was attended by many prominent provincialists. Graduates were there in plenty, of course, but the presence of other gentlemen who have not graduated from the institution is an encouraging sign, especially at this time. Chancellor Thomas Harrison delivered the address "in praise of the founder" and it may be said that it was more interesting than such addresses usually are since it was the defence of the University to the attacks that were made upon it last winter in the legislature and the criticisms of its management that have appeared from time to time in the press.

The chancellor did not mince his words. He struck from the shoulder and it may be that he struck too strongly. But doubtless he took that matter into his careful consideration. The important portion of his remarks was that which denoted increased activity within the past few months and the promise of greater exertions in the future. Thus it will readily be seen that the criticisms of the institution were not uncalled for and served the purpose for which they were intended—to rouse the university authorities to a sense of their responsibility and duty to the institution.

The friends of the college will rejoice at this renewed energy though it did not come soon enough to prevent some scathing remarks about management at the meeting of the old graduates. Still while the resolution animating against the present management did not carry, the discussion showed the intention of the graduates to be more critical and consequently more interested in the future than in the past. The inclination to give the present staff another chance to bring the university into greater prominence was plainly manifest and the result of the next year's work will be regarded with much concern.

Still if old graduates are so anxious about the fate of their alma mater that they are ready to rush to her assistance and to support her more generously than they have, then the institution will owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. FOWLER for the interest he excited by his resolution in the legislature.

KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK.

The work of the Good Roads Association in this city and province is becoming apparent in the improved condition of some streets and the preparations that are being made to repair others upon the plans recommended by modern road builders. The association should continue its labors. The government needs critics who are interested in road expenditure because it is a notorious fact that the public money in the past has been distributed rather for the benefit of politicians than the roads.

These Good Roads Associations are great factors in the United States and it may interest some of the leading spirits in the movement here to know that it was largely due to their efforts that in the little State of New Jersey the highways have been much improved. The movement is said to have begun in 1893 by the organization of a highway improvement association and the passage of a law imposing upon the state one-third of the cost of good roads constructed under the direction of a state road commissioner. Under this statute 238 miles of macadamized roadway has been constructed at an expense of \$466,595 to the state and upward of \$1,000,000 to the counties and the property owners. People can now travel upon a hard, mudless highway in all kinds of weather. It is solid and smooth as a boulevard from Jersey City to Atlantic

City and from Paterson to Camden. The work of construction has continued for a series of years—in 1893 and 1894, seventy-four miles; 1895, sixty-six and one-half miles; 1896, fifty-one miles, etc. The cost has been diminished by experience from an average of \$6,000 per mile in 1893 to \$1,000 a mile in 1897. The soil and other physical conditions in Illinois are so similar to those of New Jersey that it is believed the same methods and estimates would apply equally well to both states. In New Jersey opposition to the new system has almost entirely died out and the applications for state assistance are so numerous that the appropriation will be increased from \$100,000 to \$300,000 this year.

The farmers have found that they actually save more than the amount of their wagons, harness and horseshoes, without considering the wear of the animals and the economy of the time. The road commissioner of New Jersey puts a practical lesson in mathematics before the farmers. "It costs 9½ cents a bushel," he says, "to ship wheat from Chicago to New York, a distance of 900 miles. It costs 3 cents a bushel to haul wheat on a level road a distance of five miles, and on a sandy road it would cost at least 9 cents per mile to haul it. The saving on a bushel of wheat with good roads for a distance of five miles would be about equivalent to that of 375 miles by railroad. One mile of good roads places the producer seventy-five miles by rail nearer to the markets. It is estimated that the cost of hauling 700,000,000 tons of farm products to market is \$2 per ton or just about \$1,400,000,000. It is also estimated that about 60 per cent. of this last amount, or \$840,000,000, would be saved each year if farmers were able to do this hauling over good roads." "The real cost of transportation that burdens our agricultural classes," he says, "is the part of it between the farm and the town or railway station and the market. The loss due to bad roads is one of the greatest wastes of energy connected with farming as it is carried on in this country."

ALD. MILLIDGE HAS A BIKE.

The Opportunities It Will Give Him to Inspect Matters.

Alderman Millidge is the first member of the common council to buy a bicycle. He made the purchase last Saturday and there is one wheel less in Lockhart's auction room. There was a mysterious rumor about the city weeks ago that the alderman from Dufferin had fallen a victim to the fascination of a wheel. But those who knew the legal mind of the alderman scouted the idea of such a thing. And still the story gained circulation and was quite generally believed. But still there was a doubt. If the alderman had become a wheelman there were other things denoted by the fact. Bachelors as a rule, fall in love with a wheel about the same time that they become acquainted with some wheel woman who pleases them. So it will readily be seen how much interest was aroused by this report concerning Alderman Millidge and his bicycle training.

That report became a certainty when the alderman emerged from Lockhart's auction room last Saturday, guiding a wheel over to his office. It wasn't a bad looking machine but it wasn't the 1898 pattern. It was made by the Crescent wheel works and weighed about 22 pounds. Now as Alderman Millidge is a man that will probably weigh nearly 200 pounds there is apt to be a collapse some day when he strikes a suitable piece of ground.

But the alderman does not propose to try the rough streets at first. He will get as proficient as possible in the rink and then out the road to that smooth piece of macadamized speed way that the government has constructed.

Taking everything into consideration this move of Alderman Millidge might well be imitated by his colleagues. How satisfactory it would be if they could take an early morning spin and see just what the public works department was doing about the city. How the alderman will enjoy over looking the work on the Spruce Lake water works this year and then again there is the pumping station to watch over. There would not be a rough street in town if all of the aldermen owned and could ride bicycles. It would pay the good road's association to present each of them with one even if they had to raise the funds by a popular subscription.

Alderman Millidge's opportunities to cover every portion of the city silently and without any fuss, are so great that he may be expected to know more about what is going on than any of his brother aldermen.

The beard should be trimmed and not allowed to grow scraggly, and if grizzly, or of uneven color, use Buckingham's Dye which colors a beautiful brown or black.

VERSES OF THE PAST AND TODAY.

The Sleep of Love at Night. I heard my harp of love at night, In some white and airy place, Still standing to my dreamy sight, Where it had been all day. Fair hands again the strings passed o'er, Beyond all earth control, Like music sobbing on the shore, Of sadness in my soul.

The soul of love has love's sweet echoes, Touching the sad harp's strings; The soul of my beloved's voice, Back to my own it brings. The harmony of days gone by, The melody of years; Still in its deep chords softly sigh, With memories of tears.

The melting strains of love's romance, When two fond hearts were one; The feeling in the first love glance, Fate never has undone. Across the golden strings you swept, With more than magic art; Still linger where thereon has wept, The sorrow of your heart.

Oh! those golden strings again, Could thrill with love for me, 'E'en though returned our parting pain, Reaching it would be. Your form, your voice your angel face, In melody still give; My soul would find yours in its place, The sweetest harp of Heaven.

The Fern, May 1898. CYRUS GOLDB.

The Loveless One. The poet sings, the lover fondly raves, About the charms that chain young Cupid's slaves; Bright eyes exchanging tales of endless love, Which come to jealous hearts like Noah's dove With message sweet of hope and future bliss, The bashful, thrilling, half-reluctant kiss The blushing cheek, the quickly beating heart, Which, trusty watcher, plays its faithful part Announcing that the one beloved is near; These all, and kindred signs to lovers dear, For me no charm, no bright allurements hold; In reason's chill embrace, my heart's grown cold And feeling that the trust I place in love Will never warm beneath Cupid's smiles again.

JEAN TALLEYER.

Man's Masterpiece. Through countless ages on the earth there wrought A race called man, which strove and hoped and dreamed; And those there were who sang, and those who taught, And those who whispered of the lot redeemed.

And as they came and went they builded here Structure marvelous that no man planned, A towering temple, rising wide and sheer, Where sea-topped mountains frown upon the land.

On through its portals, ever moving passed The generations, adding to its store Of all that's beautiful, and all that's true; To those who gazed there seemed no room for more.

Not all in peace had this proud palace grown, For in its shadow men had warred and died; And falling there, had seen the glory dawn That, erstwhile gleaming, shined their hearts with pride.

But ever hopeful, as the ages ebb'd From out the ages to the race that wrought, They builded then anew, and, side by side, Carved what they dreamed and writ there what they thought.

And so on earth man through the aeons strove To make this palace nobler to the eye, And worthy, as the taskset of his love, To tell his story to the by-gone sky.

And some day lonely on a lonely earth, The last man sleeping where his fathers sleep, This wondrous thing that in man's soul had birth Shall rise in silence by the moaning deep.

A temple, made for dust-worms, of a race That came and went, and dreamed its dream and died; And, crumbling there, shall fall to earth again, The mausoleum of man's love and pride. —Edward S. Van Zile.

A Good Woman.

Busy at her work all day, Never asks a cent of pay, Thinks it ought to be that way; Thank the Lord for Susan!

Sing! when she wants to sing, Like the robin in the spring; Scoldin' some, like everything; Thank the Lord for Susan!

Always ready, day or night; Always willing—she's a sight; When it comes to doin' right; Thank the Lord for Susan!

Me and seven children she has, She looks after 'em all; And she's "Mother" to the lot; Thank the Lord for Susan!

Goes to church on Sundays, too, Long with all she's got to do; It's her that's goin' to pull me through! Thank the Lord for Susan!

In her hair is streaks of gray, And the crown's feet's come to stay; But I like her best the way; Thank the Lord for Susan!

Made of consecrated clay, She gets better every day; Thank the Lord for Susan!

The Old Hymn.

I sat within a vacant room, A low coiled room, quaint-shaped, oak-beamed, With the window looking out to sea, O'er which the sunset's glory streamed I watched the far-off fitting sails, And "Half-way Rock" that looming rose A lower from the heaving sea Whereon the scattered isles repose.

And some one near me gently played A dear old hymn that stirred my heart; 'Twas "Children of the Heavenly King," And what it woke made quick tears start. The long years seemed to backward turn, And I a little child again, Held fast within his strong arms' clasp, While soft he crooned the old refrain.

Oh! just once more to be that child, And know again the blissful rest, The old hymn brought me, rocked to sleep With pillow'd head upon his breast! But only yet a little while, Though I may call it years that creep, I know he'll come to me again, And rock me to eternal sleep.

—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

Don't My Ee' Boy.

Don't hear how he romps' round— Fill de house wid joy! Le' 'm play an' have his way; Dat's my Ee' boy!

Go ter school twell holiday, Whil he look at de toy; "Beats de lan' de teacher say, Dat's my Ee' boy!"

Mammy git de ol' I spec' Soon she'll miss de joy; He his 'e'm cross' her neck; Good-by, Ee' boy!

—Chicago Times-Herald.

HE DOESN'T CALL ANY MORE.

Demands His Attention to the Servant Who Remained.

A certain portion of society has been discussing a little incident which occurred a few days ago and in which two of its members were concerned. A young man who is a favorite wherever he goes for his genial hearty good humor and the unfeigned smiles which he showers alike on the just and unjust, has been paying marked attention to a young lady who is somewhat of a leader in the particular set in which she moves. In the family of the latter there is a rather pretty servant whose fresh pink and white complexion, bright eyes and petite figure make her more than ordinarily attractive. She always opened the door for this young man, as she did for all other visitors, and no doubt her pretty face made him forget the world and his allegiance to his duties. The latter was confined to her room for a few days lately by a very severe cold, and the young man was most devoted in his inquiries.

About eight or nine o'clock one evening the lady came down to the family sitting room, and sat for some time at the window watching the passers by. There was no light in the room so that she had an excellent opportunity of seeing without being seen. A couple who had a strangely familiar look came along, looked up at the darkened windows and then went round to the back entrance, arriving there just about the time the lady came to the kitchen window. Having assured herself as to the identity of the pair, she calmly opened the back door and said to the girl "Jessie bring Mr. Blank into the kitchen. You will get cold standing on those damp steps; and remember please when he calls in future that you have my permission to entertain him in the kitchen." The young man was her former admirer.

MARRIAGE OFFICERS.

The Armies of Europe Have Various Rules Regulating It.

The restrictive conditions at present in force with regard to the marriage of officers in the Russian army forbid this privilege, under any circumstances in the case of officers under the age of 23. Between the ages of 23 and 28 years the dot of an officer's wife must amount to a sum representing the minimum income of 250 roubles yearly. On comparison of these conditions with those regulating the same question in other European armies, it may be noted that in the Austro-Hungarian army the number of officers authorized to contract marriage is limited by a fixed proportion assigned to each grade, and, these totals being reached, all further marriages must be deferred pending the occurrence of vacancies in the married establishments. The Italian army regulations, which fix the income of the fiancée at a minimum of 1,200 to 2,000 lire, would appear to be more rational in their operation. Italian officers, however, apply a somewhat liberal interpretation to this law, with the result that the number of marriages occurring under actual provisions does not exceed more than an eighth of the total number, seven-eighths of the officers being united under conditions of the religious ceremony only, and thus exposing themselves to all the inconveniences which attend a marriage not recognized by civil law. Similar disabilities would now appear to be incurred by Russian officers, and suggestions have been made by the press in Russia that a general revision of the law is becoming necessary. The question is assuming some importance from the fact that Russian officers, reaching a total number of nearly 40,000, represent one of the most important classes in the state.—Brooklyn Citizen.

How Barnum Won his Wife.

Barnum was Mayor of Bridgeport and a widower. He was lonesome and his beautiful home, Waldemere, on the shore of Long Island Sound, was not much visited except by sightseers. He became interested in the beautiful daughter of John Fish, of Southport, England, a retired manufacturer, and solicited her hand in marriage. Barnum was well advanced in years and knew his fame as the prince of showmen was not sufficient to win the prize. In fact, the fame might hurt his suit rather than help it for Miss Fish greatly disliked the notoriety attached to the "greatest show on earth," and after she had married its owner always managed to hold herself aloof from the publicity her husband loved her so well. But the old showman's knowledge of the English love celebrity led him to play a winning card. He had his photograph taken, Waldemere as a background. The picture represented him seated in a showy landau, harnessed to four beautiful black horses, his coachman on the box and the two footmen behind. Under the photograph were the words: "Lord Mayor of Bridgeport." A copy of this picture was forwarded to Miss Fish, and Barnum always thought it "did the business." At all events, it was not long after Miss Fish received the picture that she became his wife.

A Rule to Remember.

An anecdote of Bishop Thomas W. Dudley, narrated in the Sioux City Journal, reveals, in his own words, the secret of his success: "When it was first known in the city in which he was settled that he was to go to Kentucky, some of his friends were disposed to be critical. 'You are not going to Kentucky, are you?' asked one. 'Yes, indeed.' 'Do you know what kind of a state that is?' I saw in the paper that one man killed another in a Kentucky town for treading on a dog.' The bishop said nothing, and the man continued, impatiently, 'What are you going to do in a place like that?' 'I'm not going to tread on the dog,' was the calm reply.



IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

Another witness was Mr. Hastings of the firm of Hastings & Co., druggists, who was employed so many years with R. D. Meagher where Mr. Beverly said he got the poison. Mr. Hastings said no poison had been purchased by Mr. Beverly in the first of October last and he produced the registry of poison sales to show the fact.

Then Clerk Tole was examined briefly, and the case went to the jury who returned a verdict of death by suicide but confessed their inability to state where the poison came from but at the same time stating that the officials of the institution were not to blame.

Thus ended a remarkable case, one that is as great a mystery today as it was the day the suicide occurred. It is regrettable that some detective work was not done at the start and followed up as the facts developed. The poison must have come from somewhere and it all the poison registers in the city had been examined some clue might have been obtained as to where it came from. More than that if the clothes of the deceased had been examined after death it could have been ascertained whether it was possible for him to have secreted the package in the lining.

An Incident.

So much is said about the ill-feeling and jealousy of musicians that it is a pleasure to record an instance of the opposite sort. Two or three years ago a concert was given in one of our large cities for the assistance of some charity. The programme was long, and repeated encores had drawn it out to a wearisome length, when a colored woman came forward to sing. She sang well,—not better nor worse than her predecessors,—and the management, thinking to hurry matters a little, sent the next performer on as she left the stage. This was a man who plays the organ with mastery skill, and whose name is sufficient to give distinction to any programme. He took his seat, and at the first roll in the enthusiastic applause which followed the singer's withdrawal, began to play. It appeared that the audience felt that a slight had been put upon the singer, and the applause became uproarious. The woman came forward and bowed her thanks, and the organist began again, but the people would have none of him. They clapped and pounded and stamped, apparently bent on drowning out the organ. At last the singer came out again, and with a half-apologetic glance toward the organist, stepped to the front of the stage. An accompanist behind the scene struck the prelude notes of "Annie Laurie."

An instantaneous hush fell upon the great throng. The house was as quiet as it had been noisy a moment before. Then the singer began, and as she sang there came, so soft as hardly to be heard, an exquisite accompaniment from the organ—a beautiful, wordless song breathing through the sweet old melody, uplifting and sustaining the singer's voice.

It was a gracious tribute, and the audience was not slow to recognize it. When the music ceased, there was another tremendous outburst of applause, but this time it was by way of reparation as well as reward.

Old clothes dyed to look like new.

Hosiery mended free to you. Curtains 25c per pair. And you quickly ask me, where? At Unger's Laundry & Dye Works 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 68.



The weather has hardly favored social gatherings this week, so that there is a dearth of news just now.

Mrs. Harry de Forrest gave a very pretty and dainty violet tea on Thursday, which despite the steady down pour all the afternoon, was well attended, as was also the Crokinole party which followed in the evening. For the first time the decorations consisted of violets and ferns, which were also scattered around everywhere with charming effect. Mrs. de Forrest and Mrs. de Forest received in lovely violet mauve gowns, and the young ladies who assisted wore corage bouquets of violets. Mrs. Rankine and Miss Miller who poured coffee and chocolate, were black and white. The young ladies who assisted in dispensing sandwiches, creams and jellies to the guests were, Miss L. de Forrest, Miss Fannie de Forrest, Miss Marie Furlong, Miss Reble McAvity, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Maud Skinner, Miss Scammell, Miss Annie Scammell, Miss Gregory and Miss Walker. Among those present were Mrs. Coster, Mrs. Carleton Clisck, Mrs. F. Fraser, Miss Thorne, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Charlie Harrison, Mrs. Peters, Mrs. George F. Smith, Miss Fennell, Misses Furlong, Miss Murray, Miss Mills, Miss Reynolds, Mrs. Frank, Miss Seely, Ralnie, Miss Fisher, Miss Smith, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. Simons, Miss Seely, Miss Hall, Mrs. and Miss Estey, Mrs. J. Jack and many others.

In the evening a number of gentlemen came in for crokinole, and a spirited game was kept up until supper was served after which there was dancing. Very pretty prizes were given. Those present included the following: Mrs. Miles, Mrs. C. DeForest, Miss Smith, Miss G. Scammell, Miss F. DeForest, Miss Skinner, Mr. Miles, Mr. F. DeForest, Mr. E. H. Lockart, Mr. Moore, Mr. George Peters was in Gagetown for a few days this week. Miss Martha Forwell of Boston, is visiting friends in the city. Miss Mary Bailey has returned from Boston where she has been pursuing her elocutionary studies.

Last week Progress mentioned the return of Miss Louise Travers on a sojourn in Lakewood, New Jersey, whither she had been taken for the benefit of her health, but even before the fact had been recorded the bright young life was ended, death having occurred on Friday morning. Miss Louise was the third daughter of Dr. Bayle Travers, and though she was a home loving girl for whom society had little or no attraction, she was endeared to a very large circle of friends by her sunny disposition and winsome personality. The funeral which took place on Sunday afternoon was largely attended and the unusually numerous floral offerings betokened the esteem in which the deceased young lady was held.

Among those who came from other places to attend the funeral were Mrs. Warren Winslow of Chatham, Colonel McShane of Halifax, and Mr. Montague of Boston. The floral tributes included: Willow of yellow and white roses, carnations, lily of the valley, and ferns with the word "Love" in purple letters across the centre, from Dr. and Mrs. McCherney. Crown of pink and white roses, carnations, valley swansonia and ferns from Dr. R. F. Quigley. Cross of white roses, asialis, carnations, valley and ferns from Mr. W. H. Redmond. Crescent of white roses lily of the valley and ferns from Hon. R. J. and Mrs. Ritchie. Star of pink and white roses, carnations, valley and ferns, from Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White. Star of white roses, gladiolus, valley and ferns, from Mrs. T. W. Anglin, Toronto. Wreath of yellow and white roses, gladiolus, swansonia, valley and ferns, from Dr. G. A. B. Addy. Bouquet of roses and carnations and stocks, from Miss Millet. Bouquet of white roses, valley and ferns, from Mrs. W. H. Jones. Large box of loose flowers from Mrs. W. C. Winslow, Chatham. Bouquet of yellow and white roses, carnations and asparagus, from Miss Mary Robinson. Bouquet of pink roses and stocks from Miss Stephenson. Crescent of pink and white roses, gladiolus, swansonia and ferns, from Mrs. T. A. Rankine. Large box of mixed flowers, from Miss Fennell. Bouquet of lily of the valley and magnolia from Mrs. John W. Smith. Large bouquet of white roses, from Mrs. I. J. D. Landry. Crescent of cream and white roses, asialis, smilax, etc., from Count de Bary. Basket of pink and white roses, asparagus, with white satin ribbon from Miss Louise McKay. Basket of violets from Mrs. E. A. Smith. Large bunch of roses from Mr. D. R. Jack. Cross from Mrs. Charles Waldon. A large bouquet of Calla lilies, roses and ferns from Miss Dever.

On Wednesday the residence of Mr. Robert Staples of Millisgaville was the scene of a pretty wedding when his daughter Lena Sweline was united in matrimony with Mr. William Codner, Rev. Dr. Wilson performing the nuptial ceremony. The bride who was daintily attired in a heliotrope gown trimmed with lace with roses in her button and hair, was attended by Miss Florence E. Staples while Mr. Harry Codner supported the groom. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents from their numerous friends. Mrs. E. Lu Goodwin was in Sackville this week attending the closing of Mt. Allison university, and at one of the functions given in connection with the exercises wore a handsome yellow brocade satin trimmed with black lace and ostrich tips. Mrs. Joseph Allison of Princess street has recently been entertaining Mrs. Walter Scammell and the Misses Scammell of New York. Miss M. W. Lovitt returned from New York last Saturday. Mrs. Robert Thompson is home again from a brief visit to Montreal.

Mr. A. George Blair Jr., left the first of the week for Edmonton N. W. T.

Miss S. C. Mullis of Main street N. E. who has been quite ill is recovering and her friends hope shortly to see her able to resume her place among them.

Mrs. John H. Bond and two children left Monday for Hudson, Mass., on a visit to members of Mr. Bond's family.

Lady Wilby returned Tuesday afternoon from a visit to Ottawa.

R. C. J. Dunn's friends will be pleased to know that he has almost entirely recovered from his recent attack of pleurisy.

Mr. F. Gleason left on Tuesday morning boat on a short visit to Boston.

Mr. D. Allen of Boston was seen in the city during the past week.

Miss Jessie Charlton left last week for Pittsfield, Mass., where she will enter a training school for nurses.

Mrs. D. Allen of Boston, and Mrs. G. S. Moore of Sussex N. B. were in town last week attending the funeral of their mother Mrs. J. Mitchell of Rockland Road. The funeral took place on Thursday the 19th Rev. R. E. Woodhall assisted by Rev. J. E. Shenton and Dr. Williams conducting the services. The hymns had been selected some time ago by the deceased.

Mrs. J. L. McAvity also of this city arrived in Vancouver last week and will go north with the Donville expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hall of Montreal spent a day or two in the city this week.

Miss Jean Seely and Mr. Robert Seely spent a day or two in St. George last week.

Mrs. B. Lawrence is in St. George with her mother Mrs. Hugh McCallum.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Mrs. Wallace who spent a little while with St. John friends lately have returned to St. George.

The Misses Bourke of St. Martin's were in the city for a short time lately.

Mr. L. D. Frits of St. Louis was in town for a little while during the week.

Mr. Montague who came to St. John to attend the funeral of Miss Louise Travers returned to Boston on Thursday. Col. McShane who came on the same mission is a guest of the Coast and Comptess deBury.

Miss Wade who has been visiting friends here for several weeks returned to St. Andrews this week accompanied by Mrs. Joha Wade.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith paid a visit to Mrs. Adam Smith of St. Andrews this week.

Mr. Scott Morrill left Thursday for a trip to Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn arrived here Tuesday and they together with Mrs. Evans will make a trip through the Annapolis Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Parker Harding of Minneapolis, are guests of Mrs. George Harding.

FEDEBRIOTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.)

June 1.—Some of the musical friends of Mrs. Wm Jeffrey held an impromptu musical evening at Glenola last night, when a most charming evening was spent. Mrs. Jeffrey in her solos surpassed all her former efforts. Mr. Bristow was in excellent voice, and delighted those present with his solo singing. Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety sang a charming little song. The most enjoyable feature of the evening was the singing of the new baritone, in the person of Mr. Lemuel Tibbits, who gave with admirable taste, "The Lover and Bird," by Guglielmo. Miss Carman and Prof. Bristow gave an instrumental duet. Mr. Martin Lemont sang in his customary happy manner.

Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen of St. John is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. James Tibbits, York street. Miss Nan Thompson, daughter of Hon. F. F. Thompson, is visiting friends in Sackville where she has gone to be present at the graduating exercises at the college; her sister Miss Sadie Thompson, besides graduating with the degree of M. L. A., captured a \$10 prize for proficiency in natural science, and at the graduating exercises read an excellent essay on Tennyson's women.

Mr. Jones of Woodstock is visiting his daughter Mrs. Walter Fisher.

Mr. Thorne Phair of St. John, spent Sunday here. Miss Cumming returns to her home in Sackville on Friday after spending four weeks with relatives here.

Mr. Ralph March of Hampton spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory is spending this week in St. John.

Mr. Allison Bartlett of Charlottetown, was in the city ever Sunday.

The Misses Winslow of Chatham are here the guests of their aunt Mrs. E. Byron Winslow at "Vivadera."

Mr. James McKay of Montreal is spending a few days in town.

A number of the college boys are enjoying a picnic up the Nashwaakits today.

Miss Winifred Johnston has returned home from Sackville and expects in company with her father Mrs. Leonard W. Johnston to leave for Montreal next week.

Mr. Geo. Trites of Halifax is in town for a few days.

Mrs. J. A. Vanwart has her niece Miss Reed here visiting her.

Miss Beattie Clowes has returned from her visit to Fredericton.

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

As it is always pleasant to hear good news from St. John citizens who have travelled afar, the following from the Vancouver World of a late date will be interesting: "Isaac Burpee returned from St. John yesterday and is a guest at Hotel Vancouver. He now becomes a permanent resident, and is a gentleman who is destined to carve out a name for himself in the west. A militant young liberal, he yet is broadminded enough to appreciate the sentiments and instincts of those who disagree with his party views. It is probable that early next month he and Col. Donville, M. P., will go north and penetrate into the vast interior."

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CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

# Welcome Soap

Is equally effective for all seasons of the year, and what it saves in fuel alone, when doing a large washing, will more than pay the price of the Soap.

## Is the Housekeeper's Best Friend.

It sweetens the woollen goods and gives a new lustre to colors.

Send for particulars of our 1898 Guaranteed High-Grade Bicycle, and other great premium offers.

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

# Stowers' Lime Juice.

Made from West Indian Limes, only—they are especially cultivated for it.

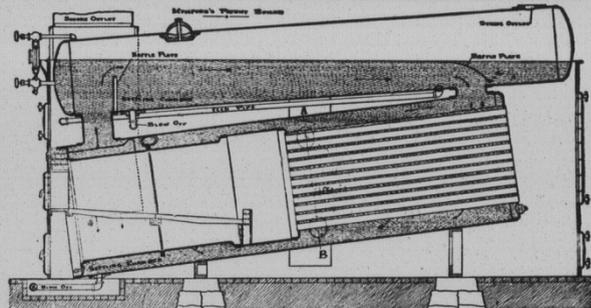
There are no injurious adulterants in it—it is absolutely pure.

Cooling—refreshing—healthful—"No musty flavor"—no free acid taste. High class grocers sell it.

# CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE

"The Ideal Tonic." Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite.

No other Quinine Wine is just as good.



## Mumford's Improved Boiler

Internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd Amherst, N. S.

# The New Home Dye

Progress is the watchword of all economical and careful women of to-day.

Home Dyeing with the English Maypole Soap is rapidly taking the place of the old-fashioned disagreeable-to-handle Powder Dyes and rightly, too.

The colors are absolutely fast and very brilliant. Clean to use, Quick, Safe, Sure in the even Colors they yield.

Druggists and grocers sell them—all colors.

# Maypole Soap

Free book and samples of the work by sending to the Wholesale Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

# What Do You Think of it?

A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

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# When You Order... ISLAND WINES

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of retreating in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROGRESS LITERATURE. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUNN. 1892

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchants 621 Union Street.



MONSOON.

Excessively hot in Moncton at Hotel Terrence's Bookstore, M. B. Jones Bookstore, S. Melanson's, and at Railway News Depot.

June 1.—Whether it is the result of the sanguinary conflict now going on between the United States and Spain, or the unprecedented rise in the price of flour which has dampened the ardor of those who were contemplating matrimony, I know not, but whatever the reason, there is a decided falling off this year in the usual crop of June weddings, at least as far as our city is concerned.

Nevertheless we have had one wedding in town to-day, though the youthful bride and groom chose May instead of June, for the event. The principals were Miss Minnie Mullin, daughter of Mr. William Mullin of this city, and Mr. J. Outbert Gleniegan of the I. C. R. offices, who were married on Wednesday evening. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents on Robinson street, in the presence of a number of the relatives and friends of the bride and groom and was performed by Rev. J. Millen Robinson, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian church.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleniegan denning left on the evening train for a bridal trip to Montreal, and other points of interest. The numerous friends of the bride and groom will join in wishing them every happiness in their journey through life.

Mrs. Joshua Chandler of Dorchester spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Chandler, of Bedford street.

We have had so little in the way of good theatrical performances this year that everybody is anxiously awaiting the advent of the Harkins company when something really meritorious is asured. Mr. Harkins has been playing a two weeks engagement in St. John and several Moncton people who have had an opportunity of witnessing the performance say the company is far superior to any Mr. Harkins has brought to the provinces for years.

The papers speak of "What Happened to Jones" as the funniest thing ever seen in this city, and "The Court of Society" as a magnificent production. Miss Mabel Easton the leading lady is referred to as a very beautiful and accomplished woman and a clever actress.

It is, however, more particularly as a curler that we have had the pleasure of associating with you during the last two years, and we wish you to know that we fully realize the fact that the heartiness and activity with which you have joined us in the noble game, the efficient and impartial manner in which you have discharged the labor and duties of President and Vice-President, and the beautiful and appropriate trophies which you have so generously and thoughtfully donated the Club, have largely contributed to the successful organization, maintenance and efficiency of our association, and assisted in keeping alive the active interest and co-operation of our members which have made our club so enjoyable, satisfactory and progressive.

We all, therefore, feel ourselves deeply indebted to you, and wish you to accept from us this piece of yarn, as a memento of us, and we trust as often as you look upon it and partake of the savory compounds that will from time to time be therein served, pleasant recollections of Moncton and your friends the Curliers of Moncton will be brought to your mind.

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We feel that we cannot allow you to leave us without conveying to you some small expression of our appreciation. We have much pleasure in assuring you that by the active interest taken by you in the affairs of the community, and by your kind hearted and courteous bearing to all, you have won the esteem of those with whom you have come in contact, both in your public and private capacity, and have earned yourself to many, as a neighbor and a friend.

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Clegg and S. Emman. Gov. McLellan was on the platform and had the decree of D. C. L. conferred on him. M. A. degrees were bestowed on a number of old students. Miss D. Webb and the ensemble class furnished artistic music. The 6-lee club's numbers were greatly enjoyed as they always are, the Lost Chord with the orchestra appealed to everyone. The speeches of Dr. Allison and others were so interesting that people forgot the lateness of the hour but all things end at last, even a college convocation. And this morning came the parting and the farewells and students and teachers leaving for their well earned holiday; "so let the young be glad, fair girl and gallant lad, its play befits the moon, of rosy-girdled June."

ST. GEORGE.

JUNE 1.—The supper given by the members of the band on Monday evening of last week was a most successful affair. Excellent music was furnished through the evening shortly after nine the floor was cleared for dancing.

The 24th passed very quietly one or two private picnics the usual number went fishing and several joined the excursioners to St. Stephen.

Miss Jean See, Miss Swan, Miss Smythers and Mr. Robert Seely St. John, were in town on Wednesday.

Mrs. George Knight and daughter of N. S. spent last week with Mrs. Joseph Meating.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery of Kingsclear spent a few days in town the guest of Rev. R. E. and Miss Smith on Wednesday evening last he preached a sermon in St. Mark's church.

Mrs. George Wiman a former resident of St. George but now living in the West is expected the first of June to visit Mrs. Charles Johnston.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gillmore and Master Horac, have returned to Montreal.

Mr. George Dick of St. John spent the 24th with his parents at Hazeldele.

A small party of friends were entertained at the home of Mrs. A. H. Gillmore on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Alex. Campbell has returned from a pleasant visit to the Upper Falls.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin and Mrs. Wallace returned from St. John on Friday.

Mr. Simmons our popular Grammar school principal has received the appointment of engineer on the Grand Trunk R. R. Mr. Richardson of St. Andrews takes his place for the remainder of the term and Miss Chase takes Mr. Richardson's place at the Lake school.

Mrs. B. Lawrence of St. John is with her mother Mrs. Hugh McAllister.

THINGS OF VALUE. There never was and never will be a universal panacea, in case remedy, for all the ills which the flesh is heir-to; the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and indifferently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound undiluted state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nervous system, sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins, strengthening the healthy normal functions of the system, thereby making actively a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—results, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine, at the same rate, and, ranging by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Boils are not considered fashionable, but they are always well affairs. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption died their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickie's Anti-Consumption Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. The medicine is a so equal for curative coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

As a rule a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's. It is not necessary after this statement to ask who is the greatest sufferer in this world of ours.—Boston Transcript.

As FARMER'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. B. "Lancaster," Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Farmer's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Depression of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

"We'll grow everything in our country 'cept pumpkins.' 'Why not pumpkins? 'Cos the soil is so rich an' the vines grow so fast that they wear th' pumpkins out draggin' them over th' ground.'—Truth.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

The more a man gets left the more he talks about his rights.

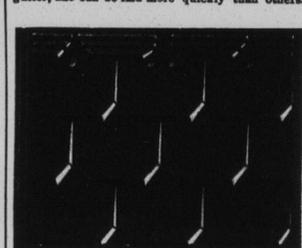
Mrs. Celeste Con, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Farmer's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

Others will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.

Mad La Grippe.—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dakon, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a box of Dr. Thayer's Kidney Pills and used both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

They're Reliable, That's why they're so popular, Eastlake Steel Shingles.

Can't rust, can't leak and can't burn. They are the only shingles made with our patent clear and water gutter, and can be laid more quickly than others.



There's true economy in using genuine Eastlake—they always give durable roof protection.

Write—let us tell you more about them.

Metallic Roofing Co., Limited.

1189 King St. West, Toronto.

HOTELS.

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

M. LAROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

J. SIMS, Prop.

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

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Bushels of Soap

In my West Window, ranging in price from

3 CAKES FOR 5c.

CLEAVEY'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c., six for 25c.; 7c., four for 25c., three for 25c.

In my East Window

Cases of Toilet Paper.

Special prices in dozen lots.

Allan's Pharmacy.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Everything marked at lowest prices.

Spring Lamb and Chickens, Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes

THOMAS DEAN. City Market.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

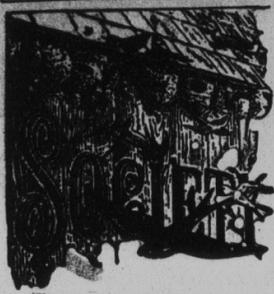
THOS. L. BOURKE

MACKEREL AND SHAD

Large Salt Mackerel. Large Salt Economy Shad. No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

to Mrs. Wilcox Belmont and is a guest at the Misses Smith.

Miss Foss of Woodstock is in the city having come to be present at the annual exercises at the university tomorrow.

Miss Bessie McNally daughter of Mr. James G. McNally, has graduated in arts at Acadia college, N. S. Miss McNally has returned home for the summer vacation.

More than usual interest is being felt in the annual exercises of the University which will be held to-morrow and a large number of strangers have arrived in the city and will be present. Chancellor Harrison will deliver the address in praise of medals and scholarships which will be presented and degrees conferred. The valedictory address will be presented by Mr. Geo. K. McNaughton of the senior class. The Douglas medal which is awarded for the best essay on "The Actual and the Ideal in Politics" has been won by Mr. Frank J. Bayfield of Charlottetown. The Governor General's medal for senior economies has been carried off by Mr. Fred. B. Hill of St. Stephen. In the evening Rev. Daniel Fraser of St. John will deliver the alumni address. The alumni dinner is being held this evening in the University.

Miss Cropley is home from Boston on a visit.

Dr. L. W. Bailey of the U. N. B. returned home on Monday from Ottawa where he had been for the past week in attendance at the Royal society. Dr. Bailey read a valuable paper on a scientific subject before the society.

Mrs. Rink is in St. John attending the Presbyterian convention and is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Scammell.

Mr. J. Meridith of Toronto was among the visitors in town over Sunday.

After a pleasant visit of several weeks at his former home here, Mr. Will Cooper left for Kansas city on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. Spiny of the Bank of B. N. A. has been transferred to St. John and Mr. Cowie of Halifax is coming in his place.

Miss Alma Gibson of Maryville is visiting her sister Mrs. Chisholm at Sackville and on her return will be accompanied by Mrs. Chisholm who anticipates spending the summer here with her mother Mrs. John Gibson at Maryville.

Judge Emmerson of Sackville is in the city having come to attend the meeting of the Alumni society.

Mrs. Tesdale is visiting her daughter Mrs. Linney at Sackville.

Mr. H. H. Pitts has been spending the past week visiting Ottawa and Montreal.

The delegates to the Presbyterian, now in session at St. John from St. Paul's church are Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory, Mrs. Geo. McFarlane, and Mrs. Rick. Misses Mattie Cameron and Maud McKee represent the Clover Leaf Mission band.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Walker of St. John are here to attend the convocation tomorrow.

Dr. Bridger, Dr. Murray McLearn, Judge Emmerson, Sheriff Sturdee and Mr. J. Douglas Hazen are in the city to attend the alumni dinner at the University this evening.

Mr. Cha. Odell youngest son of the late Hon. W. F. Odell and brother of the late Senator W. H. Odell and George Mountain Odell M. D., died at "The Homestead" on Friday evening. Mr. Odell was 70 years of age and resided in Montreal for many years moving to this city with his family about three years ago. The funeral took place on Monday afternoon from the Cathedral, and was very largely attended. Mr. Odell leaves a widow and two daughters Misses Edith and Mabel Odell, and one son in South America who is expected here next week. The floral tributes were beautiful and numerous. CHICKET.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. E. Wall, T. E. Aitchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.)

JUNE 1.—A very delightful drive whist party was given by Mrs. Frank F. Woods on Friday evening to her lady friends. The prizes were won by Mrs. Vinal and Mrs. W. A. Murchie. After the game dainty refreshments were served. Mrs. Woods wore a handsome gown of black satin with adornments of pale blue satin. She was assisted in receiving and entertaining her guests by her mother Mrs. Edwin C. Young who wore a costume of grey and black brocade silk, and her sister Miss Charlotte Young who looked most stylish in a graceful frock of yellow crepe. There were about twenty ladies present, those from St. Stephen were Mrs. C. W. Young.



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WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N. S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement: "I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 25 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Hasan Grimmer, Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. Lewis Dexter, and Mrs. George Dexter.

Miss Flora Cooke gave a pretty five o'clock tea on Friday afternoon and evening for the pleasure of her friend Miss Katherine Copeland.

Mrs. Waterbury and Miss Daisy Hanson gave a very pleasant whist party on Monday evening for the pleasure of Mrs. Duval Whelpley of Greenwood.

The other guests were Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. F. A. Grimmer, Mrs. J. D. Lawson, Mrs. Frederick E. Rose, and Mrs. W. B. Ganong.

Mr. John D. Chipman M. P. P. accompanied by Miss Helen Grant went to Sackville on Monday to attend the Commencement day exercises at Mount Allison college. Miss Constance Chipman is a student at the college.

Mrs. J. O. S. Newham most pleasantly entertained a number of the young ladies of this church congregation at the rectory on Monday evening.

Decorative Day passed off very quietly. The pouring rain prevented many from taking part in the ceremonies of the day. There was an address in the St. Croix hall and afterwards the floral tributes were taken to the cemetery and placed on the graves of the heroes of the civil war. The Ferry Point band was in attendance. Only a few flags were seen and these hung limp and heavy with the rain. The weather was a great disappointment, for Decorative Day is a national holiday and very dear to the hearts of the citizens of Calais, and is one of the days that sunshine is needed to brighten the sad memories that fill many hearts and households.

Mr. Fredric Scammell arrived here on Tuesday from New York, and is most heartily welcomed by her friends, among whom she has always been a favorite. Mrs. Scammell came specially to visit her sister Mrs. George F. Pender who is still seriously ill.

Croquet, that most pleasant of all outdoor games is to be revived here this year, and already there is talk of a croquet club among the young people.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Clark are expected home from New York this week. Mrs. Clark returned much benefited in health from the medical treatment she has received during the weeks spent in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torrance left today for their home in Halifax.

Mr. Sandle Murray of St. John is in town for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike have arrived home from Portland Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. James Murray arrived from Boston on Saturday evening. Mrs. Murray has spent several weeks in the city receiving medical treatment which has been most beneficial.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong and her daughter Miss Marguerite are again at home after three weeks visit at the Cedars St. John river.

General S. J. Gallagher of Augusta Maine, spent a day or two in Calais during the past week.

Mrs. W. H. Howland who with her children has spent some time in Germany arrived here on Saturday evening and will visit her mother Madame Chipman; Mrs. Howland was accompanied by her daughter Miss Alice Howland.

Mrs. Marie Stoddard is again at home after a visit of several weeks spent with her son Mr. H. Harmon in Montreal.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden left this afternoon for Bangor Maine.

Mrs. William Hall of Montreal is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Frank Todd.

Mrs. Lewis Waite and her infant son arrived from Minneapolis on Saturday and are visiting Mrs. F. T. Waite.

Mrs. Duval Whelpley of Greenwood is at the Windsor the guest of Mrs. W. B. Ganong.

Dr. and Mrs. Duncan Myhrall have been spending a few days in Calais and were registered at the St. Croix Exchange.

Mrs. Clarence Chapman has returned from a visit to Bangor.

Miss Alma Fowler left on Friday for her home in Brookline Mass., after a delightful visit of a fortnight with Mrs. A. E. Nell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cole have returned from Augustus.

Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, Mrs. John Black and Mrs. Babbitt, are invited by Mrs. C. M. Gove to spend tomorrow morning in the river boat for the shire-towns.

Mr. and Mrs. George Downes have rented Mrs. C. D. Hill's residence, and expect to occupy it early in July.

Miss Roberts Murchie and Miss Abbie Smith have been visiting Sackville to attend the graduating exercises at Mount Allison Academy. Miss Mabel Smith of this town was one of the graduates.

Mrs. Samuel Pike has arrived home from Portland Maine.

Mrs. George Hegon of St. John is the guest of her friend Mrs. C. H. Clerke.

Mrs. George F. Pender is very ill at the home of her mother Mrs. John McAdam, much to the anxiety of her husband and relatives.

Miss Caroline Washburn is expected from Boston this week. Miss Washburn has been absent in that city for more than a year, and being a favorite in society, will receive a most cordial welcome from her friends.

Mrs. C. M. Gove, who has been spending a few days with Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, returned to St. Andrews on Saturday.

their furniture and household effects to St. John, where they expect to make their future home. They have made many friends since their residence here who greatly regret their departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Ned Harmon Murchie of Carleton, have been spending a few days in Calais. Mr. William Woods has gone to Carleton, Me., to visit her son Rev. Harry Woods.

Mr. John L. Woodcock of Chicago is visiting friends in Calais.

Rev. W. C. Guicher's friends will be pleased to hear he is recovering from his illness.

Mrs. M. S. Main, Mrs. Manfield Robinson, Miss Grace Stevens, Mrs. James McWha, Mrs. Andrew McWha, Mrs. Murray, Miss Alice Criley and Miss Sadie Tatin will visit St. John today to attend the Presbyterian missionary convention which meets tomorrow in that city.

Mr. C. B. Clerke left today for Boston, he will also visit other cities before he returns.

DORCHESTER.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.)

JUNE 1.—The entertainment given by Miss LaDeil the talented elocutionist in Hickman's Hall last Wednesday evening was one of the most enjoyable entertainments which has been in Dorchester for some time. Miss LaDeil is a most versatile elocutionist and especially excels in the portrayal of childish characters. During the intermission a farce "A Proposal Under Difficulties" by John Kendrick Barga, was ably put on by local talent.

There have been two very pleasant evenings given in honor of Miss Gray of Yarmouth. Miss Florence Palmer entertained a party of young people on Thursday evening last, and on Friday evening Mrs. J. E. Campbell gave a very delightful whist party at the rectory.

Dorchester people are anticipating the visit of W. S. Barkin to Moncton next week and doubtless many will witness his plays.

Miss Gray left town on Monday for her home in Yarmouth. She made a host of friends during her two weeks stay here, and she is very much missed.

Lady Smith and Mrs. Joshua Chandler returned from Moncton on Saturday.

Judge Barker was in town yesterday, holding equity Court.

Mr. R. W. Hewson was in town yesterday.

Mr. B. B. Teed of Sackville was in town yesterday.

Mr. C. L. Harrington spent Sunday with friends in Shediac.

Miss Kathleen Hewson returned to Moncton on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Friel spent Sunday with Mr. Friel's parents at Cape Bauld.

Miss Sarah MacD. Foster went to Moncton today for short visit with friends.

Mrs. D. L. Hannington returned to Sussex on Thursday last.

AMHERST.

(PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.)

JUNE 2.—There is very little to record in the way of society news this week, so many of our prominent people were out of town, some in Sackville attending the closing exercises of the university which others went to Wolfville for the same purpose. There will likely be a general visiting soon for the favorite resorts of Fagwash, Wallace and Parraboro. Very soon we are to have W. S. Harkins and his company and if report speaks truly, there is a treat in store for theatre goers. Mr. Harkins is most favorably known here and has a large circle of friends socially, who are always very glad to extend to him a warm greeting. He is the one theatrical manager our people have learned to know and respect throughly, so that his visits to our town are always regarded very pleasantly. I believe he has a particularly clever company this year and that St. John is delighted with what has been offered to theatre goers during the engagement. There must be something irresistible about What Happened to Jones for the papers devote a great deal of space to that play.

ANDOVER.

JUNE 1.—Mrs. W. A. McLaughlin of St. John and Mr. Wallace Parley of Spokane, Washington are the guests of their mother Mrs. Newcomb.

Mrs. E. R. McKay of Ashland, Me. is visiting her sister Mrs. James Tibbitts.

Mr. Thomas Redell spent last week in town.

Miss Hews of St. Stephen is the guest of her aunt Mrs. Caldwell.

Messrs. Howard Murchie, Arthur McKezic and Walter Moore spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Frank Ervin of Fort Fairfield, Maine, is in town.

The Survival of the Fittest.

The new "protected cruiser" cruised upon the ocean wide, Till a man-of-war espied her and punched holes in her side.

And the man-of-war continued for a little while to loam, Till drives to the bottom by a new torpedo boat.

Then while the ice triumphant rubbed his hands, And so softly laughed, Torpedo-boat destroyers came and sunk the other craft.

And as the victor dashed about, through battle's din, Destroyer's of torpedo-boat destroyers did their work.

Whereat into the action something new in vessel's name— Destroyer of destroyers of destroyers' was his name.

Which brings the matter down to date, where it will rest, no doubt, Until some ten times wrecker of destroyers ventures out.

An acronaut says that there is the same difference in the air at the earth's surface and at an altitude of half a mile that there is between water in a muddy puddle and the purest spring water. He states that for a time one feels after coming down from an ascent as if one were breathing "solid dust."

Sir Henry Havelock, in speaking of military courage once said: "In my experience in any British regiment there are always a hundred men who would storm the gates of hell, 800 who if they did would follow in, 100 who want to skulk in the ditches, and about 80 who do skulk there or elsewhere.

Ladies Oxford Costume Cloths

at G.M. Smith & Co's, Halifax, and the big stores in St. John.

SHIP ITS OWN TUGBOAT.

New Propelling Device by Which a Vessel May Tow Itself.

A unique propelling device has just been invented whereby a vessel may in a measure become its own tugboat. It resembles an auxiliary propeller more than anything else, consisting mainly of a cylinder pointed at both ends and carrying within a motor mechanism which receives its power ordinarily from the engine of the vessel to which it is attached.

At one end of the propelling device there is a screw propeller, and to the middle is attached a bar, or tube, connecting the ship and forming a conductor for electricity, steam, compressed air or other motive power. On either side of the tube radical arms extend, connecting with the ship in order to more perfectly secure the auxiliary craft to its greater consort.

The device may be attached to both sides, to either end, or to whatever portion of the ship may seem desirable. Two of them will propel an ocean steamer with sufficient force to give it headway, though very little speed. It is especially designed for the use of vessels which have suffered accident, either to their propelling machinery or to the rudder. It will supply admirably the place of the steering apparatus, and seems to be just about what has been needed for some time.

Nothing can be more unmanageable than a ship without a rudder, and the inventor says it was really this idea that inspired him to conceive what promises to be a very useful contrivance.

Any vessel can be easily equipped with the new propelling device, and that, too, without complication of any sort. All that is necessary is to supply the avenue for the power to reach the device and to provide, for its being secured to the side or end of the ship. When not in use it can be carried on davits, in the same fashion as the ship's boats. Thus when it is needed it may be easily dropped to the necessary point where it is to be fastened and receive its connections as easily and gently as when a boat is lowered in a heavy sea with proper precautions to prevent its being stove in against the side of the vessel.

Ordinarily the device would weight one ton, and be of twenty-three inches in diameter by seventy-two inches in length, though the inventor believes that yachts and fast steamers would do better if the conical case were made longer so as to slip through the water more easily. This would not interfere with the capacity of the motor.

PHILADELPHIA'S DEFENSES.

A Vessel Attacking the Quaker City Would Have a Hard Time of it.

Should an attempt be made to reach this city, a battle ship would first have the dangers of the irregular channel to brave. Successfully accomplishing the passage up the river, floating torpedoes and electric mines would be encountered probably as far as 20 miles below Fort Delaware. Escaping these she would be greeted by a raking fire from two mortar batteries, each containing eight guns. The batteries are hidden in deep pits a few miles below Delaware City. Still continuing to advance, she would be met when twelve miles below Fort Delaware by a fire from the five-inch guns located at Fort Mott. These falling, the larger guns of both forts, Mott and Delaware, would open and further progress would certainly be arrested.

At a distance of ten miles the vessels would be in range of the three ten-inch guns. At that distance or even half that, the big guns on the battle ships could not be used on account of the limitations of elevation in the turrets in order to get such a range. At a distance of seven miles a 1,000-pound projectile from one of the 12-inch guns at Fort Mott would pierce seven inches of armour on the vessels. Each of the four guns at Fort Mott could be fired every five minutes, throwing a weight of metal of more than 2,700 pounds at each round.

As each gun was fired it would drop behind the parapet on its disappearing carriage, out of the sight of the advancing ships, where it would be loaded again, and after being aimed by range finders, would rise to a firing position, discharging its projectile and drop again out of sight. Further mortars are situated here. They are also hidden in deep pits and by range finders would throw their projectiles upward in an arc, dropping them on the decks of the approaching vessels. A shower of eight 600-pound shells dropped around a cruiser and on her decks, some of them going through, would probably lead to some hesitation on the part of the commander as to the advisability of proceeding further. These shells will go through several inches of deck armor.

PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

Bookkeeping Made Easy

There is more than one way to keep an account book. The method of one woman is in the direction of simplifying the distracting matters of debt and credit. Mrs. Calloway is extravagant in her expenditures for housekeeping, according to her

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DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

husband's ideas. With a view to rectifying this failing, he recently bought her an attractive little account book, and carefully explained its use to her.

"Now," he said, "here is twenty-five dollars. Put down what I give you on one side, and your expenditures on the other. When that money is gone you shall have more."

A few days after, he asked to see the book, which Mrs. Calloway produced with an air of modest pride. On one page was written, "Received from John, twenty-five dollars." On the opposite page stood one comprehensive and indisputable entry—"Spent it all."

NOT A FAVORITE OF THE QUEEN

Mr. Gladstone Was Never a Great Favorite of Victoria Regina.

Gladstone was a Minister of the Crown longer than any other man of the reign, yet it must be admitted the Queen was never so attached to him as she has been to other Ministers, and especially his great rival, Beaconsfield. At first, indeed, she actively disliked him, but in the course of time she learned his true value. "The Queen has quite got over her feelings against Gladstone," wrote Lord Aberdeen many years ago, "and likes him much."

The remark has been ascribed to the Queen, "I am no longer Queen; Mr. Gladstone is King." The Queen took a very strong line on the question of Gordon's death. When the news arrived she sent a telegram to her Ministers which has been described as the Victorian equivalent for the box on the ears which Queen Elizabeth would have administered under similar circumstances. It is reported that the Queen once said Mr. Gladstone was in the habit of addressing her as if she were a public meeting.

It is the duty of the leader of the House of Commons to write frequent letters to the Queen giving his impressions of the business of the House. These letters Mr. Gladstone often wrote on the Treasury Bench, generally after the dinner hour; and sometimes this work appeared to tax his mental resources. He wrote in a small and not very legible hand, and the composition of these letters was rather a slow process. Sometimes he would pause for a minute or two before finishing a half-written sentence; and he has sometimes been seen, after a considerable pause, to delete a word or two of what he had already written. He rarely showed such painstaking care and premeditation as in the composition of these letters, leading keen observers to remark how much more easily he could deliver a speech than write to the Queen.

Marble Ponds of Persia.

That beautiful transparent stone called Tabris marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their grandest edifices, consists of petrified water of ponds in certain parts of the country. This petrification may be traced from its commencement to its termination; in one part the water is clear, in a second it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third quite black, and in its last stage it is white like froth. When the operation is complete a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression, and one may walk over it without wetting one's shoes. The substance thus produced is brittle and transparent, and sometimes richly striped with red, green and copper color. So much is this marble, which may be cut into large slabs, looked upon as a luxury, that none but the king, his sons and persons especially privileged are permitted to take it.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1898.

## GLADSTONE IS HONORED

BOSTON'S TRIBUTE TO THE GREAT STATESMAN.

G. E. F. Writes interestingly of the Memorial Services in Boston—Some Reflections on the Occasion and a Comparison of Two Great Men.

(ALLSTON, MASS.,) May 31, 1898.

DEAR PROGRESS: Still at Allston, but visit Boston several times a day. The Darwinian theory in regard to the species carries some weight with it in this little town; for I was never in a place yet where so many bicycles are to be seen, or so many monkeys bestraddling them. I have seen such monkey capers at home, but here the riders double themselves up like jackknives in perambulating upon their wheels. Such riders cannot be aware of the mischief they are doing their physical systems, or the wretched figure they cut in going through the streets with their chins almost touching the handles of their machines. Indeed continual riders on bicycles are now known upon the streets while dismounted and walking by the figure they cut with shoulders drawn forward and bent and a certain stiffness in the legs, and of course their internal economy must be considerably disturbed if not diseased. In one of the towns in this state eight per cent of the young men who offered themselves as volunteers to join one of the regiments for Cuba, were rejected after undergoing a medical examination, on the ground that they have been cyclists and had become deformed and subject to disease, and so crooked that they could not be straightened out for soldiers—that their liver was all thrown out of place, their spinal cords injured and their insides tumbled together in a promiscuous heap, or the next thing to it. Now why should young men make monkeys of themselves simply because they say they get more speed out of their machines by bending over? But why speed unless in a race? Women riders sit upright and go along as fast as the monkey riders, and present a becoming aspect. I say then if Darwin's theory is wrong and that our species were not evolved from monkeys, broods of the next generation will certainly give some evidence that there was something in Darwinism after all, for the children of the present bicyclists will all come into the world with humped backs, real mock monkeys minus the tails. There ought to be a law in the case in order to preserve the personal symmetry of the present generation, and every young man be compelled to ride his wheel like a human being in an erect manner. Imagine a young man loocomoting himself along a side walk on all fours, like a dog, his hands doing the duty of his pedal extremities! And yet the figure cut by our modern wheelmen is not very far removed from such an exhibition! Pray reform this altogether.

It seems to me that at this particular time there is, or should be, a double bond of union between this country and England, viz: in the death of Gladstone and the Hispano-American war. No less earnest in the former case than in the latter, do the people here express their British leanings. Every pulpit in this country during the last two Sabbaths has resounded with the praises of the great Commoner, a fact which I take from the newspapers. St. Paul's church, Boston (Episcopal) and the old South (Presbyterian), which I attended, are notable instances. The war references seemed to me to be a secondary matter in the discourse while Mr. Gladstone was the untailing theme—the incarnation of all that was good—his great works—his philanthropy—and the services he has rendered the world generally. Mr. Gladstone's name is spoken of here with as much reverence as if he had been a great American benefactor. Surely such a character as this can never be effaced or lose its favor in the great American mind, let Senator Frye of Maine, or Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky rave as they may against perfidious Albion.

I have just returned from the "High Chapel," (situated on Tremont Street on the opposite corner to the Parker House, 250 years old,) where a memorial service was held in honor of Mr. Gladstone, the time was fixed as nearly as possible according to longitude, so as to be conducted during the great Statesman's funeral at Westminster Abbey. The whole affair seemed to be a spontaneous opinion on the part of the people of Boston, and that it was in memory of one of their own statesmen that was being honored. Long before the doors

of this old historic church, (so appropriate to the occasion) were opened to the public, hundreds of well dressed persons were crowding the sidewalk and around the doors of the vestibule awaiting admission. The service commenced by the organ playing the Dead March in Saul, followed by prayer from the episcopal service, and the reading by the minister of very appropriate passages of scripture, such as "a prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel." It was one of the heartiest services, perhaps, ever held in that church, at times even emotional, especially when the different speakers touched upon the great character of Gladstone and his sympathies for human suffering in all parts of the world. The meeting was presided over by the mayor (who introduced the respective speakers, four in number) in a most effective manner. The speeches were all excellent and well delivered, and the friends of the great statesman could not help but being moved by the tributes paid to his singular virtues. The service lasted about two hours, and no doubt it was the most remarkable one ever held in Boston. It was like a chaplet laid at the feet of two powerful nations in the temple of concord, the recognition of a life spent in the service of humanity and of the christian virtues as well as for its statesman-like qualities. A singular testimony to the mutations of time, and its different associations, as they occurred to me on listening to the sentiments of the different speakers. Not fifty yards off repose the ashes of Samuel Adams and John Hancock in the two old grave yards near by, both of whom had worshipped in this old Georgian edifice. If the spirits of the departed are permitted to revisit the earth (as some believe) what a lesson would the present occasion have unfolded itself to the bewildering gaze of the dead past. In the days of those great patriots no denunciations were too strong to hurl at the mother land and its blundering Government. Today, those same spirits would have seen the fraternal greeting and good fellowship among the same two branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—and all within the precincts of the same once greatly divided church, or its people. Nor was such a life exclusively the property of England but of America as well and wherever the English language is spoken in all parts of the world.

Probably the two greatest men of the century were Napoleon Bonaparte and Wm. Gladstone, but what is called "great" in the two men will be in no comparison, and yet each was great in his own way. The one was great for his heroic deeds and merciless performances, as the destroyer of his fellow beings and heartlessness to accomplish his purposes. The other was great for his philanthropy—for his kindness to his fellow men—for promoting their happiness by wise measures—for his solid learning—his oratory—his religious zeal as a devoted citizen and loyalty to his Queen and country both of which he faithfully served on four occasions as Prime Minister of the greatest empire in the world. While the name of Napoleon will afford a glimmering light in history as the ages roll along and be referred to as a second Nero, the name of Gladstone will forever stand out as a beacon light and an example worthy to be followed as long as time lasts.

Then again, this *entente cordiale* has been the means of emancipating Republican and Democratic politicians from the thralldom of Irish dominancy, (I allude to the bitter enemies of England—the Fenian elements—not to the fair-minded honorable Irish, who form a large proportion of the citizens of this country and a credit to it.) This element has had its wings clipped since American Anglification has become part of the apparent policy of the situation and the probabilities of unification.

England and the United States against the world if needs be is fast becoming a party shibboleth here as it is in Canada and Great Britain. The old scores and differences will no doubt be wiped out, and a career of peaceful prosperity will be inaugurated. Mr. Chamberlain's late Birmingham speech, however impolitic at this time, bespeaks the sound sentiments of the nation and has been read here and commented upon, with much approval. It is earnestly to be hoped, however, that this mutual admiration, and present good will and peace offerings, are not ideas too good to be lasting. The ways of politicians are not always to be discounted at the face value of their utterances. To serve their

purposes they will not allow their consciences to stand in the way of the attainment of their desires. This war over and business once more finds its way into its old ruts and diplomacy again becomes the mouth and shield of a nation, old ideas and feelings will naturally fast supplant the newly fraternal greetings of the hour. In other words—business between nations will go on as before, and each will be as sensitive as ever to light or imaginary causes. However, this apparently pessimistic opinion may not be in place at this time.

It is now the last of June and there has only been one day since my arrival in Boston, that I have been able to dispense with my overcoat. If it has not rained most of the time, the chilly east wind has been as bad and kept our furnaces going. The Queen's birthday was wet and cold—whereas in Fredericton I read the day was a "perfect one," sunshine and heat. I have come to the conclusion that May in New Brunswick is equal in all climatic conditions to May in Massachusetts. I came here chiefly to get clear of the rheumatism but that old companion is just at lively and fond of this climate as it is of our own,—as far as my experience goes. G. E. F.

## DESERTED VILLAGES STAGE.

A Struggle with a Railroad to Retain a Line in a Time Table.

In the hills of Morris county, N. Y., there is a settlement which, even in a region not noted for the liveliness and bustle of its towns, has gained the name of "deserted village." It has managed to draw a summer population that make this destination seem undeserved part of the year but those who know the place during the winter months were never known to object to the description. There was not even any excitement over the growth in popularity of the designation, which has now become sufficiently fixed to be used almost as much as the name by which the place is known on the maps of New Jersey and in the railroad time tables. For it possesses the dignity of a line in a time table, and it was the fear of losing it that lately caused an amount of excitement in the community unparalleled in the memory of persons who have lived there for years. Some persons assert that the first appearance of the Village Improvement Society caused almost as much an uproar but they are promptly squelched by the question: Did the Village Improvement Society, even when it tried to make Mrs. Lougherty keep her cow out of her front yard, ever cause the citizens to hold a mass meeting in the Town Hall? A local historian maintained that the excitement which accompanied the raising of supplies for Washington's troops at Morristown when they were just on the point of surrendering on account of lack of food must have been an occasion even more stirring, but that is considered too remote for purposes of comparison.

The outside world is connected with the village by means of a railroad operated with all the independence and freedom from restraint that come from a knowledge that, if it should cease to be operated, the town would be isolated. The citizens appreciate this fact, but they express it differently. They may have been critical of delays that lasted for forty minutes to an hour in the cold winter mornings, as well as of an occasional complete failure of the train to appear, but they have been patient and not disposed to resent delinquencies too aggressively. Any railroad was better than none; so the few committees and the rest of the villagers that went to town occasionally were thankful for what they got. The railroad repaid them by acting in the most irresponsible, eccentric and wholly exasperating fashion possible even to a narrow gauge concern.

It was only a month ago that some means of retaliation became available. One of the prominent citizens of the village is a butcher. It was he who conceived the idea of renewing the old stage line which used to connect the place with the railroad. He owned a stage. He had to send to town for his meats, and he reasoned that the passengers might as well come out with it. The idea gained popularity. Two weeks ago, after prolonged discussion at the grocery, which was also the Post Office, and at the drug store, it was decided that the stage should be run three times a week. It was taken out, painted and oiled, and began the regular trips.

The news that the stage was running

spread through the valley, awakening latent resentment against the railroad. Here was a chance at last to get square for many a wrong. Not only did the deserted village send the passengers to the main line by the stage, but all the intervening villages did the same. The stage croaked under the loads that it carried three times a week. There was talk of buying another stage and making trips daily. People arranged their business to suit the days on which the stage ran. Only the early morning train of the railroad received any patronage. The other trains ran empty. The stage had triumphed, and the uprising against the railroad was a complete success. But the triumph was not destined to last long. While the citizens were chuckling over their success, out of a clear sky came the official announcement that the trains would be permanently discontinued after a certain date.

That was too much. It might be all very well to pay the company back for its misdeeds; but to be kept isolated, with the season for summer boarders near at hand, was a calamity worse than having to wait an hour for a train. Something had to be done. Again the occasion brought out the hero. One of the leading citizens called a mass meeting in the town hall. At it were representatives of the railroad as well as the personage who combined the functions of stage owner and village butcher. The discussion was long. Many old wrongs were brought to light, and all that the railroad representatives could do was to bow their heads and say "Peccavi." The stage owner justified his course by the support which the townspeople had given his enterprise. But as a public spirited citizen he was willing to meet the wishes of his fellow townsmen. The end was a victory with conditions for the railroad. The stage with its new coat of paint was to retire permanently. The railroad was to add two more trains to its daily schedule of two. Possibly the victory really rested with the town. The stage had to go. But the number of trains was doubled.

With this agreement the citizens awaited the results of the railroad's promise. The four trains were duly scheduled. One was to leave at a convenient morning hour. The day of the first departure came. Somewhat to the astonishment of the little group waiting for it, the train came, too. A Sunday intervened and no train was due. But it was expected on the next day after such a good beginning. Again a group assembled to await it. The hour came, but the train did not. One weary hour passed in waiting for it. Finally it came, some ten minutes later. The consequence of this delay was the loss of all connections with the main line and a practical loss of three hours. The news reached the town that night. There was an informal meeting held to expostulate with the railroad officials. The boldness of the breach of agreement, the insolence of it, and the wound to the pride of the village formed the themes of the discussion. No remedy was suggested until the butcher and the stage owner came to the rescue again.

"I'll call up the manager at Whitehouse," he said at the close of his contribution to the oratory of the evening, "and tell him that the stage starts tomorrow and I will stick to the trips for the rest of the summer. I'll say, along with that, that we won't stop again, whatever the road may promise."

This suggestion appealed to the representatives of the town's 400 citizens. The butcher, accompanied by two or three of the most prominent citizens, retired to the

drug store in search of the telephone. They left the rest of the meeting in suspense, and they anxiously awaited the answer from headquarters. It came in due season and was transmitted by the representatives to the assembly.

"The train will be here on time tomorrow," they told the others, "and it will never again miss a trip."

The next morning found a group at the station. Not all of them were going to town. Some of them were bound for the next station, two miles away, but that pretext deceived nobody. Others frankly admitted they wanted to see if the train came. Some few really wanted to ride. The train was due at 9:45. Five minutes before that time it could be heard struggling and puffing up the steep hill a few miles away. Finally she appeared. It lacked a minute of the schedule time when the small engine and the two cars stood in front of the little frame station.

"That stage is a great thing," one of the citizens said as he turned with the others in a group to walk back to the village and tell the news, "and one funny thing about it is that it does as much good in the barn as it does on the road. So long as it keeps the railroad up to time, it's better locked up in the barn than it is carrying passengers to Morristown."

## RUSSIA'S PRISON HORRORS.

Unlucky Prisoners in Chains as Feasts of Horror.

The presence of a batch of convicts in Odessa, Russia, for deportation to Saghalien, has occasioned the publication of various accounts of the treatment received by the prisoners in that island, and if the numerous stories are true Saghalien must be a veritable inferno. Eye-witnesses relate that a common sight is that of shackled human beings worked to a huge cart, whose weight tries the strength of their under-led bodies to the uttermost.

These men are demoralized by the brutality of their surroundings and the cruelty of the officials, who are ever ready to have recourse to the knout to enforce submission. An attempt to escape is punished with ten years' extra imprisonment, and it needs only one or two failures to break away to bring about an unfortunate prisoner's residence in this "lough of despond." One form of treatment is the coupling of the shackles which ensnath a prisoners ankles to a wheelbarrow. This the victim must drag night and day for months, perhaps till the iron inflames the flesh and the legs mortify. His comrades may mercifully soak the feet and forcibly pull off the bands—a process which is attended with the most excruciating agony, but which is eagerly borne.

The knouting man is a scene of incredible barbarity. The victim is mounting on a specially constructed horse and his back is bared. The scourge is applied with such violence that at each stroke pieces of flesh are torn away and the blood from the wounds bespatters the face of the executioner.

Such is the horror of Saghalien that men and women go mad and lunatics are to be found hiding in quiet places. All the women are more or less demented. They are given to the bachelor convicts—men whom for the most part they have never seen before. Even those who are not convicted lose their reason, as witness the story of Mlle. Naumova. This lady had devoted her life to the rescue of children in this unhappy spot, and for years has spread a light and comfort around her, but in a paroxysm of madness induced by the soul-torturing surroundings she shot herself. Her work was taken up by three ladies; one of these shot herself, the second went raving mad, and the third married a warder.—London News.

## A GREAT REMEDY.

Greatly Tested.

Greatly Recommended.

The loss of the hair is one of the most serious losses a woman can undergo. Beautiful hair gives many a woman a claim to beauty which would be utterly wanting if the locks were short and scanty. It is almost as serious a loss when the natural hue of the hair begins to fade, and the astringent tresses of chestnut and auburn are changed to gray or to a faded shadow of their former brightness. Such a loss is no longer a necessity. There is one remedy which may well be called a great remedy by reason of its great success in stopping the falling of the hair, cleansing the scalp of dandruff, and restoring the lost color to gray or faded tresses. Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a standard and reliable preparation, in use in thousands of homes, and recommended by everyone who has tested it and experienced the remarkable results that follow its use. It makes hair grow. It restores the original color to hair that has turned gray or faded out. It stops hair from falling, cleanses the scalp of dandruff, and gives the hair a thickness and gloss that no other preparation can produce.

Mrs. Herrmann, of 335 East 68th St., New York City, writes: "A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle my hair was restored to its natural color, and ceased falling out."—MRS. HERRMANN, 335 East 68th St., New York City.

"I have used Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor for fifteen years, and I do not know of a case where it did not give entire satisfaction. I have been, and am now using it myself for dandruff and gray hair, and am thoroughly convinced that it is the best on the market. Nothing that I ever tried can touch it. It affords me great pleasure to recommend it to the public."—FRANK M. GROVE, Pensacola, Fla.

There's more on this subject in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)  
CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Lorrimore did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He went up to London that night and set about arranging his affairs at once. He might be absent from England for two years—might possibly never return. But he did not regret the mission he had undertaken, or shrink from it, for he felt that if he should return, bringing with him this Neville Lynne, the old playmate of Audrey, she could scarcely refuse to reward him with her hand.

And Lord Lorrimore was so much in love that he would have gone round the world half a dozen times, and waited half a dozen years, too.

He went to his lawyer next morning and settled his affairs. First he made arrangements for the management of his estates during his absence; then he executed a will, leaving a large sum to Audrey, which was scarcely necessary, seeing that she was richly provided for already; then he consulted the lawyer on the task that he, Lord Lorrimore, had undertaken. The lawyer started, as well he might.

"You don't know this Mr. Neville Lynne, my lord?"

"No," said Lord Lorrimore.

"And—and—Pray pardon me, but it seems such an extraordinary proposal."

"It is," assented Lorrimore in his curt way. "But I want a change, and one may as well travel with an object."

"Why not advertise?" suggested the lawyer, who did not at all relish the idea of his client scamping over the earth in search of a man he did not even know.

"I've thought of that, of course," said Lord Lorrimore. "But I don't think it's of much use. Besides, I don't want the man or other persons to know that I'm on the search for him; and I don't fancy, if I were in his place, I should like being advertised for. Should you?"

The lawyer admitted that he should not.

"Have you any clew to his whereabouts?" Lorrimore shook his head.

"No, excepting that I've heard that he is in America."

"From a reliable source?"

Lorrimore, remembering that the information had come from Sir Jordan, looked doubtful.

"I shall try America first," he said. "I may get some one to help me there. But if I don't find him in America, I shall go on."

"A great many young men go to Australia," said the lawyer, getting warm as they say in the children's game of hide-and-seek, without knowing it.

"Yes, so they do to Africa, Asia, and everywhere else," said Lord Lorrimore. "Perhaps when I get over to America and the other places, I shall advertise; but I don't think it's much use in doing so in the English papers. Who reads the 'Times' in America or Australia? You can't suggest anything, I suppose?"

The lawyer shook his head grumpily.

"Excepting that you should place the matter in the hands of a private detective or search agent, who will do the business far better and quicker than you can, my lord, and stay at home comfortably."

"But that's just what I can't do," said Lorrimore. "I've undertaken to find him myself, and I'm going to do it. Please don't forget that I'm particularly desirous no one excepting yourself should know of this business."

"Not Sir Jordan Lynne, who is the young man's half-brother?"

"Certainly not," replied Lord Lorrimore, promptly.

The lawyer got a glimmering idea of the case and nodded grimly.

"Well, my lord, I hope you will be successful. I'll see that your affairs are properly conducted during your absence, and meanwhile I shall be glad of your address from time to time; and as Lord Lorrimore left the office, the man of law, who had been the legal adviser and friend of the Lorrimore family for nearly thirty years, was almost guilty of bad language.

"Well, of all the mad freaks the Lorrimore have committed—and they've been capable of a few—this is the maddest. Of course there's a woman in the case. But surely he can't be such a fool as to go hunting for another man at the bidding of Miss Hope. I suppose, seeing he has left her his money, it is she he is still in love with."

But that was just what his noble client was doing. Lorrimore started for New York two days afterward. People think nothing of running over to America nowadays. The Atlantic is irreverently called 'the ferry,' and a great many persons take the journey with as little thought and trouble as if it were merely a trip to Brighton or Broadstairs.

Lord Lorrimore would have enjoyed himself immensely on board the magnificent liner, for there were some nice people among his fellow-passengers, and, as everybody knows, the Atlantic liners are floating palaces replete with every convenience and luxury; but he was too completely in love for enjoyment, and his fellow-voyagers did not find that he contributed much to their amusement.

He was too fond of pacing the deck or sitting in the state-room to be very sociable but he was quite content, and spent the time in true lover fashion thinking of his mistress.

He reached New York and commenced his search at once. But New York is rather a large village, and he found himself confronted at the outset by difficulties that seemed insurmountable. But he stuck to

it, and though a number of people, some of whom knew him by name, and others by acquaintance, were desirous of showing, and in deed eager to show him, the hospitality for which Americans are so justly famous, Lord Lorrimore resisted all manner of flattering invitations and stuck to his task.

Searching in New York for a young man of whom all you know is his name is rather more difficult than looking for a needle in the proverbial bottle of hay, and at last, though reluctantly, Lorrimore inserted some guarded advertisements in the newspapers.

He had plenty of answers. There appeared to be, as a rough calculation, about a hundred and fifty Neville Lynnes in New York, and some of these besieged Lorrimore in his hotel. A great many of them were old men; a few of them admitted that their names were not Neville or Lynne, but something like it; others came in answer to the advertisement because they had once known a Neville Lynne, and thought perhaps they might be of service to the inquirer for the missing man.

Lord Lorrimore stood the ordeal very well and did not lose his temper until a hoary old reprobate, who was as unlike the description in the advertisement as one man can be like another, presented himself for Lord Lorrimore's inspection in an advanced state of intoxication.

"This individual Lorrimore gently kicked out of the room, and leaving New York next day, started South.

The same playing game was played in nearly all the States of America, and at last discouraged, but as resolute as when he had left England, he started for Australia.

Here he tried a different set of tactics. At the imminent risk of his health and portable property, he dived into the slums and mixed with the denizens thereof. There he got into a street fight and obtained some small amusement out of it as well as a black eye. But he did not succeed in finding Neville Lynne.

The winter had rattled by, spring had come and gone, and one evening in mid-summer he sat over a glass of admirable Australian wine and wondered what he should do next. It was just on the cards that Neville Lynne had gone to England by this time, and Lorrimore who was rather homesick, was asking himself whether he hadn't better return and 'try' the British Isles, when a man who had been helping him in the search came in.

"No news, my lord?" he said.

Lorrimore shook his head.

"No, none. I was just wondering whether I shouldn't find my man nearer home; and yet I've got an impression—Heaven only knows why or how—that he's over here."

"Well, it's the fashion to laugh at presentments, I know," said the man, "but for my part I believe in them, and it you've got that idea I should stick to it for a little while longer. This young gentleman was a strong healthy young fellow, I suppose?"

"Yes; an Oxford man and a good athlete," replied Lord Lorrimore.

"Just so. Don't you think he might have gone on to the gold fields?"

Lord Lorrimore smiled rather grimly.

"I've had so many fancies as to his whereabouts that I'm beginning to distrust myself," he said. "But it's not unlikely. On the other hand, it's not unlikely that he may have gone tea-planting in Ceylon, or diamond-digging in Africa."

"Well, you aren't in Ceylon or Africa," said his friend, cheerfully, "and as you are near the gold fields, why not try them? It would be a change."

Lord Lorrimore smiled.

He had had 'change' for nearly ten months.

"A small party of us are going out to Wildfall next week; it's about the centre of the gold range on that line, and you might find your man in one of the numerous camps."

"Or I might not," said Lorrimore. "But I'm very much obliged to you, and I'll join you if you'll allow me."

"All right. You'll want a revolver and a gun; there have been some lively times out there lately; and if you don't find your man, you'll have a pleasant trip anyway."

Lorrimore started with the hope that always sprung up at each new departure—how often had that hope been disappointed!—and the party reached Wildfall in due course.

It was Lorrimore's first experience of a diggers' camp, and the scene amused and interested him.

"Wildfall was a big camp, and he set about his inquiries immediately; but they did not receive very much attention, for Wildfall was in a state of excitement just at the time.

"We've come at a bad time for your purpose," said his friend. "There is no end of a row here. It seems that a gang of bush-rangers and blacklegs, the scouring of the various camps, has collected outside in the bush, and that they've been making things lively for our friends in the camp here. A man can only go outside the camp at the risk of his life—or, at least, all the property he carries about him—and the rangers have stopped the goods wagons and other conveyances going to and from Ballarat. Quite like England in the good old times, my lord, when you couldn't travel from London to York without being called on to stand and deliver."

"Do you mean that we can't leave this place?" asked Lord Lorrimore, rather grimly.

"Not without an escort," was the reply.

"It's a wonder that we reached here with

whole skins! I suppose the ruffians were engaged elsewhere."

This conversation took place in the principal store of the camp. Lord Lorrimore looked round him impatiently. The place was crowded, and the men were drinking and talking excitedly and examining their weapons.

"What is the next place, and where?" he asked.

"Lorn Hope Camp," said a digger, who was lounging near the table at which Lord Lorrimore was sitting. "and we've got to thank Lorn Hope for most of this business. They turned out their blacklegs a short time ago, and this is the consequence. But we've made up our minds to put it down. We're forming a corps of vigilantes." He glanced at Lord Lorrimore's well set up figure and added: "You'd better join, stranger."

"Thank you. I should have no objection, but I have business at Lorn Hope. What do you mean to do?"

"We mean to go for these rangers and give 'em Lynch Law. You see, we've got no police nor jury nor judges, and it's every man for himself. There'll be some fun, I can tell you, if we catch them."

"How far is Lorn Hope Camp?" asked Lord Lorrimore.

"Nigh upon a day's ride," replied the digger; "and most like we shall go in that direction."

Lorrimore hesitated. He had come to look for Neville Lynne, not to scour the country with a band of amateur police in search of bush-rangers; but every Englishman is tempted by an undertaking that looks dangerous, and after a moment's consideration, he said:

"Yes, I'll make one of you; but I should like to reach the Lorn Hope Camp."

They formed a band of vigilantes by casting lots. An enormous amount of whisky was drunk, and Lord Lorrimore and his companions were furnished with horses and accepted as members of the party.

"I suppose that is quite likely we may be caught and lynched instead of catching and lynching?" he said to his companion as they turned in for the night.

"Quite, I should say," was the cool reply. "These men we are going after are a desperate set, and knowing what is in store for them if they are caught, will fight hard. I'm afraid I've let you in for a mess, my lord."

"Oh, it's all right," responded Lord Lorrimore, with an Englishman's phlegm. "We take our chance with the rest."

But before he rolled himself up in his blanket he wrote a short letter to Audrey giving an account of his expedition, and releasing her from the semblance of a plight which she had given him.

In the morning, however, he thought better of it, and carefully tore up the letter, which was a pity, as it would have made the future easier for both of them, and Neville included.

The party started in the highest of spirits—in two senses of the word—and rattled over the plain, laughing and joking and asserting their determination to return with every one of the black-legged to their saddles.

But as they proceeded they grew quieter and more cautious, and Lord Lorrimore noticed that an alert and watchful expression set upon each man's countenance.

Every now and then a couple of men would ride forward and examine the ground. These were the scouts—men who had trained their peculiar intelligence until it had almost reached that of the North American Indian. Toward nightfall the scouts rode back to the main body at a pace which showed they had discovered the trail.

"We've hit it," said one of them.

"They're not far off," and he held up part of a broken bridle which he had found on the narrow path through the wood.

A hit was called and a council of war was held, and ultimately it was decided to camp for the night.

"If they're in the woods, they'll make

an ambush of these trees, wait until we ride through, and just pick us off one by one," said the captain of the party. "We'd better wait for daylight."

They chose a hollow in the ravine and lay down beside their tired horses, holding their bridles in their hands; and here, as on the steamer, Lord Lorrimore gave himself up to dreaming of Audrey.

It had seemed so easy that afternoon on Lyne Burrows to say that he would find Neville Lynne, and yet here he was scamping about with a party of vigilantes, and apparently as far off the object of his quest as ever.

And yet it had only known it he had but to ride for twenty miles in a straight line to come upon Lorn Hope Camp and the man he was looking for.

CHAPTER.

Neville worked the Golden Valley, as he and Sylvia called it, very cautiously. His plan was to steal off there at one or two days' intervals, always starting early and coming back at dark, and on off days to make a great show of work at his old claim. And every night he returned from the valley he brought back a quantity of gold.

'Tis was secreted in a hole he had dug in the hut, covering it with the heavy wooden chest; and at night, when Meth was out or asleep, he and Sylvia used to scrape the earth away and look at the shining heap which meant so much to them. And yet, though they were growing rich Sylvia was not so happy as she had been when they were poor; for though she would have been the last to admit it and was scarcely conscious of it, Sylvia was jealous.

They had gone to "church," as Neville had promised, and, as he had declared, Sylvia, in her graceful dress and pretty bonnet, had created a sensation. This was all very well and would have been very nice if Jack had not stopped behind to talk to Mr. Brown and Mary.

Mary had insisted upon their going into the cottage and had made much of them, or at least of Jack, for Sylvia obstinately declined to be made much of, though Mary made persistent though timid advances, and was evidently very anxious to be friendly with 'Mr. Youngton's sister,' as she still considered Sylvia.

"It must be nice to have a brother," she said in her soft, shy voice; "and one who is strong and able to protect you."

And Sylvia, instead of responding warmly, had only mumbled something and straightened her dark brows.

Mr. Brown insisted on them staying to tea, and was kindness itself; but Sylvia refused to thaw. The cottage was scrupulously neat and adorned with various little feminine devices; but she declined to admire it, and Neville wondered what was the matter with her. He had enjoyed himself immensely, and expected that she would have done the same.

"The fact of it is, Syl," he said, as they walked home, "the kind of life you have been living, shut up with old Meth and me, has spoiled you. It only shows how necessary it is that you should get away from it."

"And we shall soon, Jack, shan't we?" she said, walking up into sudden eagerness. "Why can't we go at once? We've got enough money, haven't we?" and she put her hand on his arm and looked up at him imploringly.

But Neville shook his head and laughed at her.

"Not nearly enough," he replied. "Why you've no idea how much money a man wants in England. Besides, it would be a sin to cut and run and leave all that gold in the valley. I mean to have a bucketful before I've got done with it."

She let her hand drop from his arm, and said no more; but she lay awake that night, thinking of Mary Brown, and recalling the soft, shy glances which that young lady had shot at Jack.

On the next "off" day Neville, after working, or pretending to work, his claim for an hour or two, came in, washed himself, put on his best pea-jacket, and strolled down to the camp.

Sylvia watched him with a face red and white by turns. She knew where he had gone.

And indeed Neville did not get further than the cottage, for Mary Brown "happened" to be standing at the door, and at once ran down to the gate to greet him. She had got a small bunch of wild flowers in her hand, and most of the time she was talking to him, kept her eye fixed on it, her small white hands busy arranging and disarranging the flowers.

"You seem fond of flowers, Miss Mary," said Neville.

He had to call her Miss Mary, as being less formal than Miss Brown.

"Oh, yes," she said, lifting her blue eyes to his. "Every woman is fond of flowers isn't she? I am sure your sister must be."

Now, Neville had several times been on the point of explaining his relationship, or rather lack of relationship, to Sylvia but he always hesitated, and he hesitated now.

"Oh, I suppose so," he said. "But she hasn't much time for that sort of thing. By the way, if you are so fond of flowers, I can get you some prettier ones than these."

Miss Mary looked up again shyly, and blushed.

"Oh, I couldn't trouble you—indeed I couldn't, she faltered; but the pleasure his offer had caused her shone in her eyes.

"Oh, it's no trouble," said Neville. "I saw a lot of beauties in the valley—a place where I was a little while ago. I'll get you some."

She thanked him, as if he had offered to procure her a handful of rubies, and Neville after lounging over the gate and talking for half an hour, took his leave.

The next day was one of his valley ones, and he snatched half an hour from his work to gather some of the hardy wild flowers which grew in the protected crevices of the rocks.

When he made his appearance in the hut with them in his hand, Sylvia not un-

naturally jumped to the conclusion that they were intended for her, and smiled at him with a smile that was a thousand times more radiant and beautiful than any Miss Mary could turn on.

"Oh, Jack, how pretty! and how kind of you to think of them! Give them to me! They shan't be hidden under the chest, though they are better than gold!"

Neville colored and looked embarrassed, but only for half a moment.

"I didn't know you cared for that sort of thing, Syl," he said.

"Not care for flowers?" she exclaimed, with a laugh, as she took them from him and touched them with caressing fingers. "Why, I love them!"

"All right, I'll get you some; but these—well, you see, I promised them to Mary Brown. But you shall have them; I can get her some others."

She let the flowers drop from her hand as if an adder had been concealed among them.

"No," she said; "I—I don't really care much about them, and I wouldn't rob Miss Brown—or, Miss Mary, as you call her."

Neville made his usual mental comment: "Girls are rum things!" and he had quite forgotten Sylvia's little display of temper when, the following afternoon, he walked down to the cottage with the flowers in his hand. Miss Mary took them from him with hands that actually trembled, and if Neville had not been blind, he must have seen how it was with her. But he was a modest youth, and not one of the sort which thinks every woman is in love with them.

"They are so beautiful!" she murmured; and—somehow they remind of England!—dear, dear England! but she didn't sigh as she would have done a few weeks ago, before she knew this young gentleman. Lorn Hope had become a very different place in her eyes since then.

They talked some time—or, rather, she talked, and Neville listened. She insisted as usual, upon his smoking his pipe, and gave him a cup of tea. Then, when Neville said he must be going, she remembered her father, and wondered where he could be.

"I think I'll go and meet him," she said.

Of course Neville asked permission to accompany her, and the two sauntered out and went away from the camp. Mr. Brown had gone to visit a sick man at a sheep farm, and they were alone.

Most young men would have seized the opportunity to make love. But Neville was not in love with Miss Mary. Indeed, as he walked beside her, he was thinking of the treasure buried under the chest, and making a calculation as to how long it would be before he could leave Lorn Hope.

"I suppose you'll be glad to get back to England, Miss Mary?" he said.

"She started a little.

"I—I don't know. It is very pleasant out here."

"So it is, as I've said; especially just now. But, after all—well, one counts the days of one's exile; for it is exile you know."

"Yes," she admitted, hesitatingly.

"Then, I suppose, you'll be glad to go?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, promptly. "Of course, I shall be sorry to leave you and Mr. Brown; but that's always the way of it isn't it?"

"Yes," she murmured, faintly, and her head drooped. "Are—are you thinking of going?"

Neville lowered his voice.

"Well, yes," he said. "It's a secret at present, but Syl and I will be off presently."

"The color fled from her face, and left her white—deadly white; but Neville did not notice it; he was staring straight in front of him.

"I—I did not know," she managed to falter, trying to speak carelessly. "But of course you will be glad to go."

Her voice broke, and the tears welled into her eyes, so that she could not see where she was walking, and her feet caught in the undergrowth and she stumbled.

Neville put out his hand and caught her, and in doing so saw her face.

"What's the matter?" he asked stupidly.

"Have you hurt yourself?"

She was trembling from head to foot, but she made a brave fight of it.

"It's—it's nothing. My foot—" she faltered.

"You've sprained it, I expect," he said, anxiously.

"No, no," and she looked from right to left. "Indeed it is nothing. Perhaps I twisted it. I'll—I'll go back now, I think."

"Wait a moment," said Neville. "Won't you sit down and rest? Do!"

But she moved away, shaking her head.

"Anyhow, you must take my arm," he insisted; and he drew her hand over his arm.

It trembled like a leaf, and seemed to shrink from him and yet cling to him at one and the same time.

"You have hurt yourself," said Neville. "You must have twisted your foot when you stumbled. Why, you are quite pale. I'm so sorry!"

Now, this is the worst possible tone to take with a woman in Miss Mary's plight. She trembled still more, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and a sob rose from her heaving bosom.

Neville thought she was going to faint, and put his arm round her. She did almost faint, and her pretty head fell upon his shoulder. Alas, alas!

Then suddenly, in the flash of a moment, he understood. The blood mounted to his face, then left it pale and remorseful—

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



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Sunday Reading.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

"I'm going to make out my application for promotion to the Junction this morning," remarked Ray Standard, emphatically. "I don't believe the railroad ever would promote one it he didn't ask for it."

"Probably no, Ray," answered Arthur, his brother, and senior by two years. "But on the other hand you might lose your position if you seem dissatisfied. I've been promoted twice, and I never once asked for an advance."

"That is the difference between your store, where the officers are all gentlemen, and the J. T. & W. Railroad, where you don't know who is in authority. Those who pay me my wages never come down to collect the monthly bills. If I could get up at the Junction in the main office I might get a chance to work up. But down here at this small station I'm not noticed, and nobody knows whether I do my work well or not."

"Do you believe that?" Arthur asked. "Don't you think they know up at headquarters what agents do their duty thoroughly? I don't know, but I'll bet they have a record of you, and every other employe on the road."

"Well, my record is clean," Ray replied. "My reports have all been correct, and I have never made a mistake of a serious nature in my office."

"Then I should say that such a record will tell in your favor in time."

"In time? Yes, when I'm an old man. I've been here four years—ever since I left school—and I'm no nearer promotion than at the first."

Arthur shook his head. At the fork in the road they separated, and Arthur's last words to his brother were:

"Don't do anything hasty, Ray. Remember, we must support mother, and if you lose your position things will go hard this winter."

"Oh, they won't drop me," Ray answered, a little proudly. "They know that I'm valuable to them, and they won't get another agent here to do their work so well."

The two brothers worked about a mile apart—Arthur in a large factory below Jamesport, and Ray in the railroad station just outside of the village.

Four years before Mr. Stannard had died, leaving his wife and two children practically penniless. Both of them were at school at the time, preparing for college; but with praiseworthy zeal they gave up their cherished plans without a murmur, and secured employment to support their mother.

Arthur was doing well in the woolen factory, where he was liked and trusted, and Ray had always performed his duties satisfactorily as agent for the railroad at Jamesport. He was quick at figures and a good telegraph operator.

But as the months and years passed his ambition to secure a position in the main office at the Junction grew upon him, but seemed to be doomed to disappointment. His position was made more irritating because his brother had twice in the same time been promoted in the factory.

He felt particularly gloomy and dissatisfied this morning, as he left Arthur, and trudged on toward the railroad. He entered the small station, and proceeded slowly to perform the routine duties of his office.

Then, when the morning express had passed and the way bills had been made out, he sat down before his desk and began to write out his application for promotion.

"It's the only way I'll ever get advanced," he muttered to himself, as if to strengthen any wavering of his decision. I've waited four years for some recognition of my service from the company, and at this rate it will never come. I believe every one who succeeds in railroading has to push his way forward."

Satisfied with this argument, he proceeded to frame his thoughts, and to put them upon paper. He found, when he came to enumerate his good points, that he had done nothing extraordinary—only administered the affairs of his office intelligently, and without any serious mistakes.

Ray had fair gifts as a writer, and his petition was well worded. When finished he read it over to see if it sounded just right. He was right in the midst of it when his telegraph instrument began to click. He listened to its sounds, and read:

"Hold the west-bound express at Jamesport until further orders. Track is torn up between Jamesport and the Junction. E. T. T."

Ray took a mental note of the message and glanced at his watch.

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"She won't be here inside of half an hour," he said.

Then once more he started to read his petition. After making a few corrections he laid it down on his desk with a satisfied smile.

"There, if that doesn't do the work I'm mistaken," he muttered in an undertone. "I don't think even Arthur could find fault with it."

It was only natural that the idea of securing promotion should stimulate the boy's imagination, and that he began to plan for the future. Tipped back in his comfortable chair he thought of the time when he might become superintendent of the division, and probably in time general passenger agent, and even president of the road. Then, with a big salary and a private car, he could be his own master and support his mother in the style she deserved.

A wave of compassion for other boys and poor station agents swept over him. He would make an innovation in the management of the road. He would visit every station at certain times and personally inspect the record of the agents. Then, where good services warranted it, he would make promotions, and not keep deserving employes in one place for a long time.

It was pleasant to think of the gratitude the men would feel toward him, and in his dreams he posed as a benefactor to the deserving poor on the road with considerable grace and condescension. It was an added satisfaction to know that he had worked up from the lowest position to the highest, and that he was familiar with all the discouragements and disappointments of the various employes.

In the midst of his dreams he heard the shriek of an engine, but it seemed more like the echo of a dream than a reality. It took some moments for Ray to bring himself back to practical thoughts.

Suddenly he dropped his feet from their perch on the desk with a bang, and jumped from his chair with the startled exclamation:

"The express is coming!"

It was indeed the whistle of the approaching express that had sounded so far away in his dreams, and now he could hear the roar and rumble of the train as it bore down upon him at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

In an instant the telegraphic order to hold the express at Jamesport flashed across Ray's mind. That order had not yet been countermanded, and the express was down upon him without any signals set to stop her.

The boy turned deathly pale as he sprang to his feet and rushed for the door. Just as he reached the platform of the station the express gave utterance to another shrill whistle and flashed by the small depot like a hurricane. In the strong suction of wind that followed in the wake of the flying train Ray lost his hat, but unmindful of that, he stood as if petrified by the awful catastrophe which his negligence had caused.

The express was rushing on to its doom, carrying with it probably several hundred people. Ray was helpless to avert the terrible calamity. The track was torn up

between the two stations, and it would do no good to telegraph on to the Junction. The harm was already done, and no earthly power could save the train.

Ray staggered into the office. Every particle of blood had left his face. He felt weak and helpless. Burying his face in his hands he gave vent to sobs that shook his frame. Before him was his petition for promotion. The sight of it brought a revelation of feelings, and he took it up and tore it into shreds.

"It hadn't been for that I would have attended to my duty," he muttered.

Then the cold perspiration broke out upon his forehead as he again realized the horror of the situation. He was a murderer a hundred times over; in all probability the train was already wrecked, and scores of mangled, bleeding corpses were crying to heaven against the perfidy of the man who had so suddenly launched them to their destruction.

"Oh, God, help me," the boy cried in his utter helplessness.

Under the strain it seemed as if he would lose his mind, and he rose from his seat and paced back and forth in the narrow office.

"I must do something," he said, finally. "I'll face it all and telegraph to the Junction for a wrecking train. I shall not try to excuse myself."

He seated himself at his desk again and seized the knob of the telegraph machine, but before he could call up the operator at the Junction a message for him came ticking over the wires;

"Release the express. Track all clear. E. T. T."

For an instant the boy could not comprehend the full import and meaning of this message to him. Then, as it dawned upon him, the revulsion of feeling was too much for his strength. He dropped back into his chair, and for an instant it seemed as if he lost consciousness.

When he recovered himself he walked unsteadily toward the door and opened it to take a full breath of fresh air. The world never seemed so beautiful to him as that moment: Every familiar object of the landscape impressed him as being dear and attractive. He was in love with his native village, and his small, insignificant office appeared in a new light. When he turned around and realized it all, he said aloud:

"Thank God it is not true; it is not true. That night Arthur asked Ray if he had forwarded his petition for promotion to headquarters."

"No," the boy replied, "I have thought it all over, and I feel content where I am. I won't make any request for a promotion."

Arthur looked queerly at his brother and wondered at the cause of his sudden change of opinion, but Ray did not divulge his secret until long after. One day there came word from the chief at the junction requesting Ray to appear for examination for promotion.

That night, when he was assured of his new place, he related to Arthur the terrible accident that his neglect had nearly caused to the express.

"I was so thankful when I found that it was not true," he concluded, "that I had no further desire for promotion. It made me satisfied with my position, and warned me that I could do more good in attending to my duty than in worrying for something higher. It was an experience and lesson, Arthur, that I can never forget."

And the boy shuddered at the mere recollection of his terrible mistake—a mistake which none but himself knew about, but which might have ruined him for life and precipitated two hundred lives into eternity!

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In another column will be found an advt. for Foot Elm, the great remedy for sweaty tender, or tired feet. Hunt it up, and send to us for the remedy. Everyone sending for it this week gets a box of Carple's Corn Cream, free. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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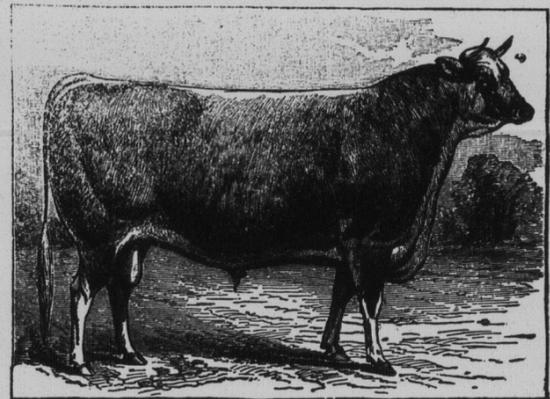
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days, and thereafter until his untimely death. The article was the last of five which Mr. Gladstone had at different times written expressly for the Youth's Companion, and appeared recently. The final revision of the article, in the venerable statesman's own handwriting, was concluded in November, 1897. Such a tribute from a man of eighty-eight, whose statesmanship had made a profound and enduring impression upon the civil history of the world, to a youth of twenty-two who had been sixty-four years in his grave, is probably unexampled in literature. The entire manuscript of this article is perhaps the most precious of the many rare autographs possessed by the publishers of the Youth's Companion.

A Rare Chance

To cultivate a calm, hopeful spirit lies in the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails. It makes no sore spots on the flesh and is therefore painless. It relieves promptly.

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A New England rural school teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils during 'sugaring time': 'Dear Mam,—Please excuse Cyrus William for not coming yesterday which he would of done only he was down to the sugar lot and he fell into a pan of syrup that had just been boiled down and which was still warm but not hot enough to burn him. But he went in all over and such a mess you never see, hair an' all. He had to go through three tubs of water an' then go to bed while I washed out his things. So he wasn't there. So please excuse, also he would some rather you didn't mention to anybody that he fell into the sap, he bein' some sensitive and not wishing to be rigged about it.'—Harper's Bazar.

In the Philippines the windows of the houses of the better class, the villas in the suburbs and the country mansions are made of oyster shells—those wonderful, transparent, pearl-like shells of the Oriental

seas which admit light, but not the glare of the sun, illuminating the interior with the soft radiance of a cathedral. A great window filled with these sprays of pearl shows the color of 10,000 rainbows.

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Rector (short sighted)—Well, Richard hard at work, eh? Let me see, you are Richard, aren't you? Laborer—No, sir, O be John, Sir. You 'ad the pleasure o' buryin' Richard last week, you remember, Sir!—Punch.

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### Notches on The Stick

The lover of verse, who distinguishes the occasional lyrical futility amid the multitude of fugitive effusions, and who seeks to redeem it from the fustian of the press, will thank us for clustering a few choice selections for his or her scrap-book. To find not only rhythmical expression and beautiful imagery, but also the ennobling of noble thought, will add to our appreciation. That is valuable as literature which we may read not once only with delight, but which we may again return to and find the pleasure renewed. The poems we are about to present are of the kind to put us in love with the world of nature, with God, and our fellow-men,—yes and our fellow-creatures of the field and the wilderness also. It adds something to our enjoyment of a poem, too, when we have personal knowledge of the author, and that favorable knowledge illumines and gives significance to the writing. We can say that each one here mentioned, we have reason to regard in the light of personal friendship.

A few weeks ago one of Maine's truest lyricists died in the town of Lincoln, where for years he had lived,—Henry Rand Edwards. At once a lover of books and of nature, his poems have a peculiar stamp a native melody and fire, and excellent literary form. The following lyric is one of his best:

**The Closing Year.**  
 Again far away to the ever-summer latitude  
 The brightness and the bloom with the summer  
 birds have fled,  
 And from Hope back to memory another year has  
 sped;  
 So dance we tonight the harvest dance of gratitude  
 For all that is left to us above the silent dead;  
 Dance we tonight, for the viol rings cheerfully,  
 Hope holds the New Year, and smiling cheers us  
 on—  
 But chide not the footsteps that tread the mazes  
 fearfully,  
 And blame not the joyless hearts that turn back  
 tearfully,  
 Tearfully to years and to friends that are gone.

Faded lie the forest leaves on the frozen meadow-  
 land;  
 Sombre are the shadows o'er the once-smiling vale;  
 Low beat the muffled drum; wild dirges wail;  
 For weird dim forms from out the mystic shadow-  
 land  
 Move to our measure, and at our feasts regale.  
 Yet dance we tonight in our tremulous security,  
 Humble is our joyousness, hopeful when we weep;  
 For only the tender heart can taste its joy in purity,  
 And tearful eyes see clearer, in the lowering  
 obscurity,  
 The stars that shine eternal while the fragile  
 flowers sleep.  
 Low let the drum beat. Trill the music tenderly;  
 Silent as the heart-throb by our tenuous tread;  
 For sorrow hangs above our joy upon a brittle  
 thread,  
 And the fabric of our happiness is fashioned out so  
 slenderly,  
 The heart that holds the most of love has ever most  
 to dread.  
 Yet dance we tonight. And the sweeter for its  
 rarity  
 The light upon our lives that our unity will shed.  
 Then dance we in kindly love that knoweth no  
 disparity,  
 Welcoming the New Year in Faith, Hope and  
 Charity,  
 Peace with the living, and tears for the dead.

This may seem a little out of season, but for all that it may do us good. We shall long remember and cherish the kindly message received from Henry Rand Edwards and the hearty songs he has sung.

Among the poets of Canada we have none who touches a profounder ethical chord than Theodore H. Rand. Our excellent Doctor of McMaster is a teacher of the human heart, as well as a writer of purest classic verse: and now and then he gives the note of pathos, and in "Marie Depure," for instance, of pre-eminent tenderness. His "At Minas Basin and Other Poems," now in the second edition, is a valuable addition to our nascent literature. But it is from "The McMaster University



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Monthly," for April, that the following is taken:

**"Glory Roses."**  
 "Only a penny sir!"  
 A child held to my view  
 A bunch of "glory-roses" red  
 As blood and wet with dew.  
 (O earnest little face,  
 With living lights in eye,  
 Your eyes are too fair for earth,  
 And you seem of the sky!)  
 "My beauties sir!" he said,  
 "Only a penny, too!"—  
 His face shone in his ruddy glow  
 A Rafael cherub true.  
 "Yestreen their hoods were close  
 About their faces tight,  
 But ere the sun was up, I saw  
 That God had come last night.  
 "O, Sir, to see them then!  
 The bush was all aflame;  
 O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,  
 That is their holy name.  
 "Only a penny, sir!"  
 Heaven seemed across the way!  
 I took the red, red beauties home—  
 Roses to me for aye,—  
 For aye that radiant voice  
 As if from heaven it came—  
 "O yes, they're glory-roses, Sir,  
 That is their holy name!"

In the neighbor-towns of Dover and Foxcroft, Maine, are two sister poets, who add to their pure strains of song the influence of lives diffusive of good as banks of violets of odor. As the thrushes in the dells of the Piscataquis among kindred warblers, so, among the singers of her native State, we reckon Anna Boynton Averill. Her woodland lyrics are like a voice, now plaintive and joyous now, breathed out of nature's heart. Her latest poem recalls Wordsworth's on the Pet Lamb, and also some sweet verses of Mary Howitt; but rather by way of suggestion than by any imitation. The poem is indigenous and has the native color. It appeared in the The Portland "Transcript."

**The First Sorrow.**  
 O green and sweet were the grasses, and the waters  
 were cool and clear,  
 Where the little white lambs with their gentle dams  
 roamed in the flower of the year.  
 Through all the tender blossoming May and the  
 Summer's luscious prime  
 Till the leaves turned red and russet and gold in the  
 ripening autumn time.

In the mossy hollows among the knolls, in the cedar's  
 thickest shade  
 They cuddled at night beside their dams, sheltered  
 and unafraid,  
 —The dearest pets that little Beth loved! so innocent  
 and mild,  
 So playful and so beautiful they won the heart of  
 the child!

Through the great barred gate that shut the lane  
 she came each sunny day,  
 —Came calling "Nanny, Nanny," to join them in  
 their play.  
 They loved the sound of her happy voice, and when  
 she came in sight,  
 They would run with joyous bleatings and gambols  
 of delight,—

To nibble her hands and sniff her face and frolic  
 about her feet.  
 A merry group of playfellows as sportive and glad  
 as she.  
 Their breath was sweet with the fragrance of the  
 honey-suckle low  
 That starred the fresh green pasture sod with bloom  
 like drops of snow,—

And their faces, were white as the summer clouds  
 that drift across the blue,  
 And she knew each meek little face as well as the  
 baby's face she knew;  
 And her father said,—Why, little Beth, how fast  
 your lambkins grow!  
 I wouldn't love them over much, for soon they'll  
 have to go.

"Go where," she wondered musingly, and loved  
 them more and more,  
 For every day they seemed to her more lovely than  
 before.  
 But Autumn came, and one sad morn the butcher's  
 heavy wain  
 With cages high to hold the lambs rolled up the  
 pasture lane,  
 And round it surged the mother sheep with piteous  
 bleatings loud,  
 As into it the lambs were packed, a huddled, fright-  
 ened crowd.

And the butcher said,—"They're beauties! The  
 finest lambs I've found  
 From Bowerbank to Garland, in all the country  
 round!"

They'd dress fall sixty pounds apiece, and only  
 four months old!  
 "Good morning, little Blue Eyes! Are you sorry to  
 see them sold?"  
 For mute and white stood little Beth beside the  
 butcher's cart,  
 Bewildered, watching it all, with life's first shadow  
 on her heart.

The sister-singer, of whom we spoke is Mrs. Nellie Wade Whitcomb, of Dover, Me., better known as "Hopstall Farnham." Since the day when first we saw her lines on the Piscataquis River, and since the days when we were fellow contributors

to "Quiet Hours," we have but learned to appreciate her more. We give one of her recent pieces, and one of her best:

**Affinity.**  
 Strange my past was unaware  
 Of the presence anywhere;  
 That we must as strangers meet.  
 Moving with reluctant feet  
 Toward this passion new and sweet.

Loved so late, can years alone  
 For the past we lived alone?  
 Hands and lips have touched and wed,  
 Hands and lips will soon be dead  
 Grasses waving overhead.

Yet, O Love, thou wast and art,  
 And shall be a changeless part  
 Of my being. Glad and free  
 Is our nature's harmony,  
 As when perfect chords agree.

Fast and future both are here  
 Folded in the present, Dear,  
 Like a rose that parteth wide  
 Petals in the summer-tide  
 When the bud is glorified.

Life was hidden in its breast  
 Ere the fragrant lips touched;  
 Life remaineth,—though it lie  
 In the dust,—eternally,  
 Beauty was not born to die.

When we leave the shadow-land,  
 Passing outward hand in hand,  
 Into summer and the sun,  
 Where all restlessness is done  
 And the perfect peace begun.—

Will it matter that the years  
 Deal us doubt and pain and tears?  
 Death can only set us free:  
 Wide and sweet to me and thee  
 Opens our eternity.

It is years behind, and the flowers are  
 faded now, but in memory abides the sweet  
 courtesy of her who sent to my door, and  
 into my hand, that fragrant bouquet,  
 which she had plucked and arranged, and  
 to which her graceful message was added;  
 —the pure and the gifted singer, who is  
 known by many, who prize and bless her  
 helpfulness, as "Hopstall Farnham."

The following lines are a response to a  
 kindly poetic greeting, and, though slight-  
 ly personal, may be acceptable to some  
 readers.

**Thanks for a Song.**  
 (TO DR. BENJAMIN F. LEIGHTON.)  
 Thanks for your song, my brother! I have listened  
 your voice of cheer,  
 And dreamed the dream of your spirit through  
 many a varying year;  
 You have led me, and I have followed, as one who  
 has little care,  
 But in paths of sweetness and safety, and by  
 waters bright and fair:

You have taught me the joy of the faithful, the earnest  
 of all things pure,  
 The pleasures that cannot perish, and the treasures  
 that ever are sure;  
 The joy of the heart of nature, of valley and mountain  
 dome,  
 The wild, free joys of the woodland, and the tender  
 joys of home.

Thanks for your song my brother! You turn my  
 thoughts away  
 To scenes that lie in the distance, and to scenes of  
 an earlier day;  
 You bring back the sweet old visions of love and of  
 poetry,  
 In a quaint old town that lieth afar by the summer  
 sea:

The wharves, the roofs and the spires, I see them as  
 in that day;  
 The ruddy bluffs and beaches, and the waves of the  
 sunny bay;  
 The coves, the lighthouses, the mountain, the steam  
 cranking the pier,—  
 Your gentle-song sings Presto! and lo! the vision is  
 here!

Thanks for your song, my brother! You tell why  
 the scene is dear,  
 While the halo of memory deepens through the  
 shadowy year on year;  
 For you know the joy of a lover, and to dream  
 you are not afraid,  
 Though the world may scoff at the greybeard who  
 goes sighing back for a maid:  
 Ah! but we remember the longing of love for her  
 draught divine,  
 Before the hour that witnessed aloud,—Thou art  
 mine! Thou art mine!

And today we declare that on earth here, or in the  
 heavens above,  
 There is nothing purer or sweeter than a woman's  
 perfect love.  
 So thanks for your song, my brother! May song  
 and love remain,  
 As long as you see the sunshine or feel the touch of  
 the rain;  
 Till life's truest hour may music in your inmost  
 heart abide,  
 And the feet of a gentle woman go travelling in  
 your side:  
 And when for us Time's anthem is drawing to its  
 close,  
 And the eyes of lover and singer shut in their long  
 repose,

**DE WOOD'S**  
**NORWAY**  
**PINE**  
**SYRUP.**  
**THE MOST PROMPT,**  
**Pleasant and Perfect Cure**  
**for Coughs, Colds, Asthma,**  
**Bronchitis, Hoarseness,**  
**Sore Throat, Croup, Whoop-**  
**ing Cough, Quinsy, Pain in**  
**the Chest and all Throat,**  
**Bronchial and Lung Diseases.**  
 The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.  
**Price - 25c. and 50c.**

**\$100.00**  
**IN**  
**Prizes**  
**ESSAY** not to exceed 300 words. Subject: The most satisfactory way to use Surprise Soap for washing clothes.  
**POEM** not to exceed 5 verses. Subject: Whiteness of white goods when washed with Surprise Soap.  
**ADVERTISEMENT** 4 in. square, either plain wording or illustrated, drawing may be larger. Subject: Surprise Soap, best for washing clothes.  
**CONDITIONS.**—Each poem, essay, or advertisement must be accompanied by 25 Surprise Soap wrappers. Everyone sending in the 25 wrappers will receive a picture, and the best essay, poem, or advertisement will receive the money prize in addition. Prizes will be awarded September 1st, 1898. Send in at any time. It will be kept on file. Address: THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.

May they open on the grand, sweet vision, and find the same joys he  
 On Heaven's eternal mountains as down by Earth's  
 summer sea. PASTOR FELIX.  
 Hampden Co., May 20th 1898.

### Women Unjustly Treated

When Dealers Sell Them Common and Deceptive Dyes.

There are thousands of women who have heard of the great saving that can be effected by home dyeing when the Diamond Dyes are used, and have decided to experiment for themselves.  
 Many of these women, thoughtlessly, will simply ask for a package of dye of the needed color when buying. This request will allow the wary dealer to loist on the unsuspecting customer some imitation or soap grease dye, worthless as coloring agents, but on which they realize a large profit.  
 Dealers who do this kind of business are treating and serving their customers unjustly. The dealer knows well that the Diamond Dyes are necessary for his customer to achieve success in her new work. The Diamond Dyes are the only dyes that reputable dealers handle and sell. The wise merchant keeps a full stock of Diamond Dyes, because the daily demand is so great for these guaranteed and world-famous coloring agents. The woman who uses Diamond Dyes for her first dyeing operation will never use other makes. Bright, strong, clear, lasting and fashionable colors are obtained only from the Diamond Dyes.  
 Book of directions and card of 48 colors free to any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

**EASY WAY TO END WAR.**  
 He Came From the Country With Some Brilliant Ideas.

"Do you s'pose I could see the secretary of war?" inquired Farmer Corntoesel.  
 "I don't know," replied the man whom he had waylaid in the corridor. "It would probably depend on who you are and the nature of your business."  
 "Well, who I am doesn't make so much difference. But the nature of my business is important. If I can't see him I'll hunt up the President an' talk it over. But I thought it 'ud be only polite to see the secretary of war first."  
 "If it's an appointment you want the member of the house of representatives from your district—"

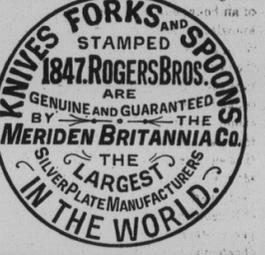
"I don't want no office, I'm here to make a suggestion in the interests of the human race. I want to talk about war."  
 "You can get all the latest information in the newspapers."  
 "I don't desire to get information. I wish to give it. War has changed tremendous from what it used to be."  
 "Unquestionably."  
 "It's mostly a question of which has 'the most fightin' material."  
 "Yes."  
 "And fightin' material costs money."  
 "That's the great point."  
 "An' the idea is fur each side to get off somewhere on land or sea an' ascertain which kin hold out the longest."  
 "That's it."

"I s'pose there aint no way that war kin be prevented from bein' more or less barbarous, but I'd like to offer a suggestion. Was you ever down to Swamp Center?"  
 "Never."  
 "Well, that there's the most malarious-est neighborhood in the geography. An' it occurred to me that it 'ud be a good idee, in case of war, to arrange it so's to march the opposit' forces down into Swamp Center an' insist of shootin' an' stabbin' and incuragin' the promiscuous carryin' of firearms, let 'em settle right down an' see which side kin afford to buy the most quinine. It's jest as reasonable to make the supply of quinine the test as it is to make the supply of gunpowder the decidin' argument. It brings it down to the holdin' out qualities of the two parties, an' while it may not show so much in the way of fireworks, it gives the soldiers more of a chance to git away alive after one side or the other has give out of ammunition."  
 Washington Star.

Lights of London and Paris.  
 Paris has about 600,000 electric lights and London twice as many. More than half of Berlin's streets are now lighted with a gas glow-light, perfectly white, and five times as powerful as the old flams, and the

lamps are being placed rapidly in the other streets, and the city, with a consumption of 10,000,000 cubic meters of gas, will have fivefold the light heretofore obtained from 17,000,000. The 10,000,000 oil lamps burned nightly in England cause 300 deaths annually, and 168 fires yearly in London alone.

**Benefits of Conquests.**  
 The town of Bulwayo affords a very striking illustration of British colonial enterprise. Only four years ago the site of it was in the heart of a savage district, only penetrable at the momentary risk of life, and hundreds of miles from the nearest fringe of civilization. Now it is an English town of between 3,000 and four 4,000 inhabitants, connected by railroad and telegraph with the rest of the world, and throwing out new telegraphic lines of communication in all directions to interior points. The railroad itself is to be pushed forward at once still further into the heart of what was once called the Dark Continent, to the coal fields of the Zimbézi. That it will insure a vast increase in growth and prosperity to Bulwayo can not be doubted. The mere difference per ton in the price of transport on goods coming from Cape Town is about £100. The average cost of carriage for goods from Cape Town is about £15 a ton. It used to be from £100 to £120. The development of trade will influence, not only by the lessened cost, but by the time required for delivery. Goods forwarded by road before the railway was finished, and arriving after trains were running into Bulwayo, had to be sold for something less than the cost of carriage. Already a considerable fall in prices has taken place, and as there are practically no customs duties in Rhodesia, it is expected that living in the neighborhood of Bulwayo will soon be cheaper than in Johannesburg. Just before the opening of the railroad butter was at 12s 6d a pound, fowls at 2s a pair, and eggs at 4s a dozen.—New York Post.



### A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least excitement would make me feel faint, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anemia, Nervousness, Weakness, Fatigues, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Debilitated Nerves or Weak Heart.  
 Laxa-Liver Pills clean Coated Tongue.

### Woman and Her Work

I never could understand the pleasure women take in shopping! Of course very few of our sex will ever admit that they like to go shopping; we usually make it part of the performance to complain bitterly of the hardships we undergo during our shopping expeditions, the fatigue we endure, and the dread with which we meet the certainty that we really must go out and do some shopping soon. But all the same we continue to shop with [being] regularity for people who endure so much, and we can certainly boast of performing a distasteful duty with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. It is really a delightful thing to witness [such] self-sacrifice, if only one could see any reason for it, but then lovely woman is supposed to enjoy making a martyr of herself, and so I suppose the habit has grown upon her until it has become second nature to do those things she would prefer leaving undone just for the sake of keeping her hand in, should the occasion for real self-sacrifice ever arise.

It may be that the bargain counter which is so prominent a feature in all the larger shops now, still has power to charm her roving fancy and nerve her to still more heroic exertion in the line of self-sacrifice. For my own part, I can say with perfect truth that there is no ordeal in the world I dread as I do shopping, even a morning with the dentist pales into insignificance beside the horror of a day's shopping. For one thing, in spite of the physical suffering, one can at least take her punishment sitting down, during the dental tete-a-tete, and there is no danger of being jostled, or having one's feet walked upon, bodily pain is bad enough, but the victim can at least take it in a leisurely manner, and even derive considerable comfort from abusing the dentist between times. But there is no one to abuse for the miseries of shopping, because no one but the shopper herself is responsible.

For genuine satisfaction give me a parcel of samples by my own fireside, a congenial friend whose advice is of some practical use, and the pleasant consciousness that I have enough in my purse to make the question of a dollar or two one way or the other in the amount of the bill a matter of comparative indifference—and then I can really enjoy the pleasure of shopping to the full. There is an absolute freedom about this sort of shopping that is perfectly delightful, for one can examine and discuss and even change her mind a dozen times in the course of an hour without being hampered by the knowledge that she is taking up valuable time, and imposing on the good nature of the clerks. She is not hurried, and therefore can use her judgment calmly, instead of, as is often the case, making a hasty decision for fear of wasting the employee's time, and probably finding, when too late that she has actually got the wrong thing after all. Finally, after the selection has been made and the things ordered there still remains the pleasure of opening the parcel when it arrives and in spite of the chastening effect of the express company's charge, that is no small consideration. Everyone loves to open a parcel addressed to herself, and the delightful uncertainty as to whether the actual goods will fulfil the expectations aroused by the sample lends a zest to shopping by mail which has in it almost as much of the element of gambling as the bargain counter itself.

Surely there must be plenty of women in the world who take this view of the shopping question otherwise the mail order department would not be as important a part of the business in the large department stores; neither would so many city women have been able to build up a good business in shopping for people who live out of town as they have done.

"John Noble, I found this photograph in the inside pocket of an old pair of trousers hanging up in the closet. It's like an explosion. Whose is it?"

"Only you see it's an old picture, Maria. What's the use of stringing up memories that I want to know whose picture that is?"

"Rather a pleasant faced girl, isn't she?"

"I want to know her name."

"No jealous fury in that countenance, is there?"

**ARE YOU OUT OF DRESS STAYS?**

It is so, insist on having THE SILK STITCHED EVER-READY'S

Impermeable, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

STAYS

**4 FOUR GENERATIONS**

**"BABY'S OWN SOAP"**

AND ITS SALE IS STEADILY INCREASING.

Have you tried it?  
The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

"Whose is it?"

"It's a portrait of a girl I used to think a great deal of, and—"

"Her name is?"

"We I you sat for it yourself, Maria, about nineteen years ago; but to tell the truth, I always did think the 'pleasing expression' was a little overdone. Put on your spectacles and look at it again and then compare it with the reflection in that mirror there and see—What are you getting mad about?"

Poor old photographs, what caricatures they are! How often we really do fail to recognize even our own, and how we wonder if it can be possible that we ever considered the horror on which we are gazing, "A perfect likeness" and even wondered furtively whether it was not just a little flattered. It would be a good plan to "call in" one's photographs every ten years at least, and thus avoid the mortification which was the fate of "Maria."

Of all the garments, or accessories to garments, that woman wears, I will venture to say that none give her the trouble, or cost her the same amount of mental worry as her garters. In spite of the improvements, and new inventions which seem to have been applied to all branches of trade, no one has yet succeeded in inventing any kind of a stocking supporter that can be worn with comfort. The old-fashioned round garter is a perfect instrument of torture if worn tight enough to keep stocking up, it stops the circulation makes the feet cold, and is productive of nothing but discomfort. If worn loose enough to be comfortable it is utterly useless in keeping the stockings up, and nothing could be more unsightly than a mass of wrinkles across the instep. If one flies for relief to the hose supporter which looks so alluring in the pictures which accompany the advertisements, disappointment awaits her there because of the extreme inconvenience of the arrangement. Many women like to wear their flannel skirt under their corset, and if the hose supporter is attached to the corset, of course that is impossible. Then the corset is certain to be ruined in a few weeks, for the pins which are provided to attach the supporters, tear out the strongest fabric in no time at all. Some women make a belt and attach the supporters to it thus relieving the corset of the strain, and some wear this belt over, some under the corset. The worst of this arrangement is that one is so apt to pull at her stockings and forget all about the belt until she discovers too late that her stockings are slowly but surely sliding towards the earth with that natural gravitation which seems to be one of their properties, and if she should happen to be on the street her position would be indeed pitiable. Worn under the corset the belt is very apt to be uncomfortable and besides that it is almost impossible to reach, if any adjustment is required. It is also open to the same objection as the round garter because if it is tight enough to serve its purpose the wearer feels as if she were being perpetually lifted off the ground, and if it is loose enough to prevent this it allows the stocking to slip down the moment the wearer attempts to sit down.

The French women claim to have discovered a method of avoiding all these annoyances, and if really as good as they say, it seems an easy way out of the difficulty. Instead of fastening them on the outside of the corset over the hips, they attach them on the under side to the front steel, and fasten them to the stocking on the inside, instead of the outside of the leg. This method is supposed to give the

supporter free play and yet prevent it from pulling the corset into holes. Whether such a plan would be efficacious or not remains to be seen, but after all there is a good deal to be said in favor of the plan I once heard a witty woman suggest. She had tried every imaginable plan for keeping her hose in position without success and at last announced that she had adopted the good old Irish plan of turning them over in a roll at the top, with great success.

It is really and truly a fact that trains are growing to be quite familiar sights on the dresses one sees pictured in the New York fashion plates, and it is further prophesied that by next autumn we shall all be wearing them, not only in the house but on the street. The mere idea makes one's heart sink thinking of the trouble, the dirt and the expense of such a fashion but yet there is no doubt that a train will make almost any woman not absolutely deformed, look graceful, and a train is certainly lovely in the house however inconvenient it may be for the street. There is always the resource of holding it up, and to the woman who possesses a handsome silk petticoat the opportunity of showing it to such advantage should be rather a blessing. I trust the good taste and common sense which have prevailed for some years will still retain their influence sufficiently to keep trains out of the ballroom for many a day to come.

The fashion writer really has rather a hard time of it in these days, for either authorities differ to an extraordinary extent, or the fashions must change with lightning rapidity! On week the faithful chronicler of what is worn in swindlow conscientiously announces that the fashions for summer are definitely settled and everything will be worn as fluffy as possible, a literal mass of ruffles and lace—I know I made that announcement with innocent confidence only a week or two ago. And now I see it stated on unimpeachable authority that simplicity of outline is the thing to strive after if one would be quite in line with the very latest advices from Paris. Small sleeves, scant skirts, and almost close fitting bodices are in high favor at the gay capital. Three yards is the prescribed limit of fulness for the very latest skirt. One of the most popular models has a narrow front breadth, and the remaining portion is set on a yoke as if it were a flounce. This yoke is quite narrow, falling just below the hips, and the front breadth may be of another material if desired, but this is not necessary, and it is much more frequently of the same fabric as the gown and quite plain, the trimming which encircles the bottom ending at each side of the front. Of course this plain close style is only a French fashion, it has scarcely reached this side yet, and as things are now it may never do so, as our American cousins are setting their patriotic faces against everything French I hear, but all the same many people will be glad to welcome the narrow skirt back to favor.

A great deal has been said against the Spanish flounce, not on account of its origin I fancy, so much as its oddity, but all the same if you happen to have a few inches over five feet to spare in your stature, have a Spanish flounce by all means, on at least one of your summer dresses. They are stylish in the extreme and almost as graceful as a train. Of course a dress made in this fashion will not make over, but surely the mode will last long enough to enable one to wear out at least one gown of that description. I have no love for the unspeakable Spaniard myself, but all the same I know that a Spanish flounce looks well on me, and that it does not matter in the least to any Spaniard, living or dead, how I have my clothes made.

**DONT VARNISH YOUR HORSE**

But if his coat is dull, his eye lusterless, his movements slow, give him a few doses of DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. They revive the appetite, cause a fine coat, destroy worms, and are invaluable in the Springtime.

Sold by all reliable dealers, 25c per package. Full size package sent post paid as sample on receipt of price.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

**Green is the rage**

Last year's dress will readily become a stylish up-to-date green by using the well known

**MAGNETIC DYES**

Light Green. Green. Dark Green.

These dyes like the other colors of Magnetic dyes, give a lasting color, and leave the fabric soft, and new looking.

When best results in dyeing in any color are wished for, use only Magnetic Dyes.

At all dealers, or a full size packet as sample post paid, for 10c. by HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

**\$250 Costume Complete** THE HIGHEST KNOWN VALUE FOR MONEY  
Skirt alone \$135

**John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes**

SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST, safely packed to all parts of the Globe direct from The Largest Firm of Customers in the World. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED for excellence of Design, Material, Make, and Finish.

THE LADIES of the Dominion of Canada have shown their appreciation of these World Famous Costumes to an extraordinary degree during the past season. It is found that after paying carriage and duty a very great saving is effected by dealing direct with John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester, Eng., whose goods are made not only to look well, but to yield faithful service.

**PATTERNS** sent Post Paid (together with a New Illustrated 32 page Dress and Drapery Catalogue) of the two good durable cloths in which the Costumes are made.

I.—JOHN NOBLE COSTUME COATING, smooth-surfaced, medium weight.

II.—JOHN NOBLE CHEVREY SERGE, smooth-surfaced, medium weight, weather-resisting.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6 yds. 22 ins. wide) for \$135. Postage 5c.

The Costumes are ALSO SUPPLIED in good WHITE FINE or in HULL and BLUE (Fawn or Blue), at the same price.

COLORS of COSTUME COATING and CHEVREY SERGE are Black, Navy, Brown, Ruby, Myrtle, Grey, Stone, Fawn, Purple, and Electric.

THE THREE STOCK SIZES are 34, 36, 38 (round bust under arms); skirts being 38, 40 and 42 ins. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 50c. extra.

LADIES who cannot wait for Patterns may safely order straight away in the certainty of obtaining full satisfaction.

THE BEST WAY to remit is by MONEY ORDER or draft on London Bank.

BANKERS: LONDON AND MIDLAND BANK, LTD.

Kindly name this newspaper when ordering or writing.

**JOHN NOBLE LTD.** Brook Street Mills MANCHESTER ENGLAND

**A THRIFTY SQUIRE.**

He Took the Mustard in Place of a Cigar—a Stroke of Luck.

Old Squire Blank was the richest and stingiest man in the town in which he lived. Nothing gave him such keen delight as to get something for nothing. One day he and several of his neighbors had been in conference with a manufacturer who contemplated establishing a mill in the town, and at its close the manufacturer stepped up to a show-case containing some cigars, and said:

"Have a cigar, gentlemen." All of the men selected a cigar but Squire Blank. He did not smoke. Therefore he said, "Thank ye, sir, but I don't smoke; but as the beggars are a dime apiece, I'll take a dime's worth of mustard if you say so."

Of course the astonished gentleman said so, and the Squire went home jubilant over a hull half-pound of mustard that never cost me a cent!—Harper's Bazar.

**WAR ON THE TORMENTORS.**

12 Years of Irritation, Torment and Pain, Relieved and Cured with One Box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment for Skin Diseases and Piles.

A. Darnell, of Hayden, Neb., writes: "For 12 years I was tormented with itching piles, the agony at times was almost beyond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-called pile remedies without any lasting benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured me." This remedy cures eczema when all else fails.

**SNAKE WITH A STINGER.**

An Indian Territory Reptile That Struck and Fought With Its Tail.

J. A. Smith, who lives in the Indian Territory, is a reliable man, and people who hear him tell the following snake story believe it:

"Saturday afternoon I saw a snake lying by the roadside and went to kill it. I wore a heavy pair of boots and thought of stamping it on the head, as I have done many a one before, but something prompted me to pursue another method, and I verily believe that this second thought saved my life. I picked up a stick and struck the snake a heavy blow on the back, wounding it so that it could only wriggle.

"It was a peculiar kind of reptile, bearing many of the marks of a rattlesnake, and, thinking it was a rattler, I looked at it to see why it did not rattle, as such snakes always do. This examination proved that the snake was not a rattler. It had a stubby tail, blunt and hard, which looked almost as much like the head of a snake as the head itself. I noticed when looking at this tail that the snake turned it upward, and what I took to be a stinger darted out quickly, lightning-like, and threatening. I at once placed a forked stick on its head to prevent any danger from that quarter, and a neighbor and myself examined it, and sure enough there was a stinger about an inch long on the tail.

"Knowing such a snake to be a curiosity, I took it to my wife at the house and intended preserving it. My wife, Mrs. Nancy Smith; Peter Maytabbi, Bethel Gladden, Mrs. Thomas Lancaster, and others examined the snake and all saw the stinger clearly and plainly, watching it for a long time, and every time a stick or anything foreign would touch it the reptile would throw out its stinger menacingly. I took care of it and Sunday sent it to Denison to Dr. J. L. Jones for him to make an examination

of it and see what the stinger was like, and if deadly poison, which I believe it to be. The neighbor who brought the snake in did not understand what was wanted, and after a cursory glance at the snake the doctor told the man it was a copperhead and it was thrown out in the alley. I came in to-day to look for it, and we made a diligent search, but failed to find it. I wanted some man posted on such matters to ascertain what kind of a reptile it was, the darkies having told of killing snakes that had stingers twenty-five years ago, and I wanted to satisfy myself if there was poison in the sting as in the fangs. As to there being a stinger there is not the slightest doubt, for myself and wife and the people named above saw it, as did others."

From Cancer of the Breast.

Many deaths occur every year from cancer of the breast. Our method of treatment is painless, and permanent cures are effected by it. We would like to tell you about some of the marvelous cures we have made. Some of the cures are simply marvelous. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Our trade with Japan grew very rapidly last year—in fact, more rapidly in proportion than that of any other nation. The gain which the United States has made over other parts of the world in supplying Japan is shown by the fact that the imports from the United States increased 65 per cent. in 1897 over 1896, while in total imports from all parts of the world the increase of 1897 over 1896 was only 28 per cent. The gain of Great Britain, the chief competitor was only about 10 per cent.

**PRESERVE YOUR TEETH**

and teach the children to do so by using

**CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER**  
6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1lb 6s. Tins, or

**CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE**  
6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

**F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.**

**MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION**

Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

"No Emulsion so pleasant to take."

"I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease curable. After taking this splendid Emulsion for a short time I was completely cured."

HERBERT V. NICKERSON  
Loves, Wood's Station, N.S.

Price 6s. and 3s. a bottle at all dealers.

FLASHES OF FUN.

'Dar ain' no wus victim ob misplaced confidence,' said Uncle Eben. 'dan de man who gits ter thinkin' he knows ev'rythin'.'

In the Prison. Warden—'A reporter wants to see you. What shall I say?'

'Mertie has a score of men in love with her, and she is engaged to most of them.'

Perrv [Patetic—I 'see they're talkin' about stoppin' the copper cents.

Wayworn Watson—I didn't know a copper had any sense to be stopped.

Simmons—Is this new song of yours written for the piano?

Louise—I've fixed Kitty so that she will answer my letter at once.'

Ned—Jack and Tom were bitter rivals for the hand of Miss Gotrox, and now Jack says he is willing to let by-gones be by-gones and be friends again.

D'mpleton—Do you know, old man, I don't spend so much money now as I did before I was married.

'Well, I don't have it to spend.'

'What's the latest?' eagerly inquired the man with the flag on the lapel of his coat, who had just come up.

'Colonel,' the beautiful girl asked, 'what was the bravest deed you ever did?'

'Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement,' said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

'I understand,' said the matter-of-fact chairman. 'We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could.'

'This is the fourth time you have asked me to marry you,' said Miss Cayenne, rather impatiently. 'How often do you wish me to refuse you?'

Burglar Bill (to the new cell-mate)—'So you're a musician, are ye, an' got sent here for stealin' a pianny? Well, ye won't do much music practicin' in dis place, I'll bet. New Comer—Oh, I don't know. If I get hold of a fife I'll probably try a few bars.

'Have you read Rudyard Kipling's latest poem?'

'Yes; it's great, isn't it?'

'No; do you?'

'No. What a genius he is!'

As the Colonel viciously tore up the bulk of his mail and threw it into the waste-basket, he remarked:

'There is one commonplace interdict that I would like to see inscribed on the walls of our Post office.'

'What is that?'

'Post no bills!'

He—You say the detective was positively insulting?'

She—Yes; he was.

'What did he say to you?'

'He asked me if I knew anything about the case.'

'Naturally.'

'And then he said he only had a minute to spare, and for me to tell him all I knew.'

'Mista' Pinkley,' said Miss Brown, 'what is dis here diplomacy?'

'After all,' remarked the Kohack Philosopher, aggressively, 'and, in spite of all the assertions to the contrary, it is easy enough to be happy, though married.'

'The matter has been discussed and debated and thrashed over, ad infinitibus, as you might say, in public meetings and private jangles, and in columns and columns of print, by long-haired men and short-haired women, on the rostrum and everywhere else that you can think of, even in monologues in the sanctity of the bed chamber while the nominal sheik of the family kept his weary head buried beneath the coverlets; and, yet, despite all the



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good breath and costly ink that have been expended on the subject, it is, to most minds, still a debatable point. But, after havin' given the matter my attention for about three minutes, I discovered that there was nothing in it to debate about—no two sides to it. If a woman gets all she wants to wear and a man gets all he wants to eat they'll be happy in this life, married or not married. If they don't they won't; and that's all there is to it!—Pack.

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The Right Rev. Dr. Kinnion, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is making no end of talk in England, making his Episcopal visits on a bicycle, and he had announced that he will continue to do so. He wears his gaiters and apron and black coat, but instead of his sugar-loaf hat he uses a soft black cap.

A NEW MAN.

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He Had Endured Years of Misery and Agony.

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DEAR SIR:—I can conscientiously recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who may be suffering from dyspepsia and liver trouble. For years, while living in Black Brook, I suffered from a complication of troubles, and was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not touch a morsel of food. I found it difficult to sleep, and what little I did get was often broken with horrid dreams. Intense sufferings from liver complaint added to my load of agony; I also had dizziness, pains in the back, and was pale, haggard and despondent.

I kept doctoring and dosing without deriving the slightest benefit, and finally gave up all hope of getting well. One day my daughter, who had read of a wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound, begged me to try one bottle of the medicine. I told her it was no use to throw away money, but she pleaded so hard that to please her I bought a bottle, and before it was used up I felt better. Encouraged so much I continued with the medicine and improved every day.

I am now cured, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. You cannot wonder that I consider Paine's Celery Compound the greatest medical discovery in the world. I urge all who are suffering to try this grand medicine and test its virtues.

Yours very truly, CHARLES COMEAU, Neguac, N. B.

Variation in Boiling Heat. Water boils at different temperatures, according to the elevation above the sea level. In London water boils practically

at 212 degrees Fahr., at Munich, in Germany, at 209½ degrees; at the City of Mexico, at 200 degrees; and in the Himalayas, at an elevation of 18,000 feet above the level of the sea, at 180 degrees. These differences are caused by the varying pressure of the atmosphere at these points. In London the whole weight of the air has to be overcome. In Mexico 7,000 feet above the sea, there is 7,000 feet less of atmosphere to be resisted and consequently less heat is required and boiling takes place at a lower temperature. Boiling water, therefore, is not equally hot.

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A STRANGE SENTENCE.

Condemned to Die When He Reached the Age of 99 Years.

In 1801 a man died in the Catskills who had been condemned by one of the strangest sentences on record. Ralph Sutherland was born in 1701, and lived in a stone house near Leeds. He was a man of violent temper and morose disposition, stung by his neighbors, and generally disliked. Not being able to get an American servant, he imported a Scotchwoman, and according to the usage of the times, virtually held her in bondage until her passage money had been refunded. Unable to endure any longer the raging of her master, the girl ran away. Immediately upon discovering her absence, the man set off in angry chase upon his horse, and soon overtook her. The poor woman never reached the house alive, and Sutherland was indicted and arrested on the charge of murder.

At the trial he tried to prove that his horse had taken fright, run away, pitched him out of the saddle, and dashed the girl to death upon the rocks; but the jury did not accept the defence, and Sutherland was sentenced to die upon the scaffold. Then came the plea of the insufficiency of circumstantial evidence and the efforts of influential relations. These so worked upon the court that the judge delayed the sentence of death until the prisoner should be ninety-nine years old.

It was ordered that the culprit should be released on his own recognizance, and that, pending the final execution of his sentence, he should keep a hangman's noose about his neck, and show himself before the judges of Catskill once a year to prove that he wore his badge of infamy and kept his crime in mind. It was a more cruel decision than the sentence of immediate death would have been, but it was no doubt in harmony with the spirit of the times. Thus Ralph Sutherland lived. He always lived alone. He seldom spoke. His rough, imperious manner had gone. Years followed years. At each session of the court the broken man came before the bar of justice, and silently showed the noose that circled his neck.

At last his ninety-ninth year came; the time when the court had ordered that the utmost penalty of the law should be executed. For the last time the man tottered before the judge's bench; but new judges had arisen in the land, new laws had been made, old times had been forgotten or forgiven, and there was none who would execute him or execute sentence. Indeed, the awful restriction, that had bound his life so intimately to the expiation of his crime, was now legally removed. But the spirit of self-punishment continued, and when Sutherland, after he had passed his hundredth year, was discovered dead, alone in his house, his throat was found to be encircled by the rope which had been placed there nearly three quarters of a century before.

A Baby in Battle.

Among the Chinese present at one of the battles between the two Asiatic nations in the late Chinese and Japanese war, was one spectator of an unusual kind. After the capture of a small fort by the Japanese, and the retreat of such of their enemies as had not been taken prisoners, a healthy-looking Chinese baby was found by the victors, lying on the ground in their line of march. The captain of a division picked him up, and did his best to administer consolation, and presently called one of the prisoners, to whom he offered his liberty on condition that he should take the child to his parent. The captive joyously assented, but the baby raised a noisy objection. He lifted his voice on high and cried so loudly, when the attempt was made to take him from his Japanese friend, that the latter saw no resource but to submit. So, holding the baby on his left arm, while he grasped his sabre with the right, Captain Higuchi marched on to the capture of the next fort, receiving, meanwhile a bullet through his cap. The baby was looked on wonderingly while the fort was taken in gallant style, and seemed to be quite unmoved by the din and uproar of battle, so long as he could rest upon his captain's shoulder. When the fight was over, the captain gave the child to some of his troopers, who bore the little creature to a Chinese house near by.

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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

merciful and angry with himself. What a stupid brute he had been—what a blind idiot not to have seen it before!

And why, oh, why couldn't he return the love which spoke so plainly in her swimming eyes and trembling form?

But he knew that he couldn't, and being an honest young fellow, though a stupid one, he could not affect that which he did not feel.

"I—I think you had better rest," he said. "If you'll sit down here, I'll run on to the cottage."

His tone, so full of sympathy, and yet, ah me! so empty of love chilled her to the heart and gave her strength. It was a terrible tonic.

"No," she said, drawing away from him and standing with pale, averted face; "I am all right now, and—and I will go home. Please—her voice faltered—please do not come with me."

Neville stood with bent head, feeling unutterably guilty and miserable.

"Very well," he said. "Good-bye." "Good-bye," she said, with a faint emphasis on the words, as if she intended him to understand that it was indeed farewell—a long and last farewell.

Then she raised her eyes to his face with a look that haunted Neville for many a day, and turned and left him.

Neville stood staring at the ground for a moment, then looked up and saw the flowers which she had let fall from her hand, and, acting on an impulse, he snatched them up and strode after her.

"Your flowers," he said, rather huskily. She turned and looked from his face to them.

"I—I hope you will take them," he stammered, "or I shall think I've offended you in—in some way."

A smile, very sad and pitiful and very gentle, passed over her face.

"No," she said, "you have not offended me. You have always been kind, and I'll take one flower—only one—to remind me of you when you have gone."

She took one, the smallest and humblest in the bunch, and left him standing with the rest in his hand. He flung them from him with something like an oath and strode away.

Five minutes afterward Locket sauntered up and saw the flowers lying scattered on the ground. He stooped and looked at them lazily; then he picked one or two of them up, and as he examined them his countenance changed from indolent indifference to keen interest.

He recognized one of the flowers as that of a kind which did not grow in Lorn Hope Hollow, but which was to be found in the valley beyond the hills. He knit his brows and looked after Neville's stalwart figure striding away in the distance. Then he laughed slowly, collected the flowers carefully, hid them in his coat, and walked away with a lazy indifference which was more affected than real, for presently he ran.

Neville worked at his claim until dusk, and was so quiet and absorbed that evening that he did not notice that Sylvia was more than usually silent and thoughtful.

Early the next morning he started for the valley. Mary Brown's pale face and sad eyes still haunted him uncomfortably; but he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by hearing the sounds which a digger detects a mile off—the tick, tick of the pick and the rattle of the "cradle."

He stopped, with his heart in his mouth; then he rushed forward and looked down. The valley was full of diggers working as if for dear life. His secret was out—the valley was his no longer.

He walked down the hill slowly, looking as cheerful as he could, and the first man who saw him was Locket. He looked up at Neville's face with an ironical smile of amusement and triumph.

"Halloo, Young 'Un!" he said. "Taking a stroll? Never been here before, have you? Pretty place, isn't it?" and he laughed shortly.

Neville looked round at the busy throng with a grim smile.

"Who told it out?" he asked, grimly. Locket admitted his self-possession.

"I did," he replied.

"Oa, it was you! You saw me—tracked my footsteps, Locket?"

"No," said Locket, laughing again. "Take another guess."

Neville sat down on the heap of dirt and stones and pulled out his pipe.

"That's right," said Locket, approvingly; "take it cool. You're true grit, Young 'Un; I always said so. And you worked it well, too. But the cleverest of us makes a slip sometimes, you know; so don't you be down-hearted."

Neville smiled.

"I see you don't mean to tell me," he said.

Locket straightened his back, drew out the bunch of now crushed and mangled flowers from his pocket, and held them up.

Neville's face flamed, then he nodded coolly.

"See? But of course you do. I picked 'em up just outside the parson's, while you were in sight. 'Ha'lo!" says I, "the Young 'Un got these from the valley." Then it came over me that you wasn't the kind of man to waste your time hunting after wild flowers, though you might pick 'em casual like while you were on the work; and when I see they were the valley flowers, why—"

Neville rose.

"Just so," he said.

"Never mind," said Locket, with a rough attempt at consolation. "Take a clasp and go in with the rest of us."

Neville looked thoughtfully at the plain, which had been transformed from a solitude to a human anti-heap, and shook his head.

"Not to-day, anyhow," he said, quietly.

"Well, I can understand that," said Locket, with a nod. "I should just feel the same as you do. It is hard when you think you've got a bit all to yourself to find that you've got to share it. Have a drink?"

Neville took a very small sip of the proffered liquor.

"Here's luck to you," he said; and he banded the flask back to its owner and walked away.

Sylvia looked up and started as, an hour or to later, he walked into the hut.

"Jack!"

He nodded and smiled gravely.

"The men—all of them—are in the valley," he said.

"Oh, Jack!"

He was silent a moment, and she with a woman's true instinct, was silent too, but her beautiful eyes poured out sympathy.

"What will you do now, Jack?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Go to England," he said.

The color rushed to her face, and an exclamation of delight broke from her lips, then the color faded.

"And—and Miss Mary, Jack?"

He colored, and his face grew almost stern.

"Let Miss Mary alone, Syl," he said. "She is nothing to either of us, but she is too good a girl to be hated for nothing."

She looked at him for a moment, then her face cleared, and a look of relief shone in her eyes.

"I don't hate her any longer, Jack, she murmured, humbly, 'now that we're going,' she added, with a delicious naivete.

"And when are we going, Jack?"

"To-day," he said. "Hush! I've thought it all out coming home. We must go off quietly. There must be no brass band; you understand, Syl? Not even old Meth must know, for she talks. Listen: send her down to the camp on some errand that will keep her there; then pack up—it must be only a bundle that I can carry with mine. We'll reach Wildfall, exchange the gold for notes or letters on the bank, and join the first escort party for Ballarat. Then"—his grave face lighted up—"then hurrah for old England!"

They made their preparations, Jack, coldly and deliberately; Sylvia, with suppressed excitement which would have revealed their purpose to old Meth, if she had been sharp-eyed; and at dusk, Meth being still away at the camp, the two started.

Neville had secured the precious bag of gold to his belt, and carefully examined and loaded his revolver. He had thought of buying a couple of horses, but had decided that it would attract attention, and possibly give the rangers notice of his departure. Besides, he felt averse to lessening the treasure for which he had worked so hard.

Sylvia stood for a moment and looked back at the hut with a strange sensation fluttering at her young heart. She was saying good-bye to the rough place forever—and well, somehow, she knew that she had been happy there, and that happiness does not always follow in one's footsteps.

They were both rather silent as they walked, at first slowly, and then quickly, in the direction of the woods through which they must pass to Wildfall, and Neville did not tell her how the secret of the valley had been discovered.

"What a good thing it is moonlight, Jack!" she said, at last. "How lovely it is!"

"Hem! yes," he assented, rather doubtfully.

If the moonlight enabled them to get along quickly and comfortably, it would also enable the rangers, if there should be any about, to see the two wanderers.

They reached the woods, and Neville called a halt, and they sat down and ate some sandwiches which Sylvia had packed up.

"It's like a picnic, isn't it?" she said.

Her spirits had risen with every yard they had put between them and Miss Mary Brown, and she began to sing in a low, rippling voice.

"Hold hard!" said Neville, with a smile. "That voice of yours carried a long way, Syl, and I'm not anxious for company."

She laughed.

He remembered that the smell of tobacco also carries a long way.

But Sylvia did not notice the action, and sat munching her sandwich and taking little sips from the water-flask, as if indeed she were at a picnic.

Neville looked up at the moon presently.

"Are you rested enough, Syl?" he asked.

"Rested? Why, I wasn't the least bit tired!" she replied.

"Come on, then," he said; "we've got a long walk before us, and—"

He stopped suddenly, for his sharp ears had caught the sound of a breaking twig.

Sylvia was fastening her shawl round her, humming all the while below her breath. She was, as she had said, so happy! And how could she be otherwise, all alone with Jack in that lovely moonlight, and no Mary Brown near? It was just like old times—before that young lady had appeared—and now she—Sylvia—had her Jack all to herself.

"I'm ready," she said. "I'm ready to walk, oh, for a week! What's the matter? For Neville was standing stock still, his face set like an image with his intense listening.

The instant her question had left her lips she heard the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices. She didn't cry out or rush and clasp his arms, as—well, as Mary Brown would have done, but stood, her eyes fixed on his face, ready to obey his slightest signal.

He motioned to her to crouch down, and knelt beside her.

"They may pass," he whispered close to her ear; "but get your revolver ready."

The color fled from her face, but not with fear.

"Jack," she said in a still voice; "I have left it behind."

He nodded coolly, pressed her hand to comfort and encourage her.

The sounds came nearer and the voices grew plainer.

"They're here somewhere," they heard some one say; "it ain't possible for them to slip us."

"No," came the response, and at the sound of the voice uttering the single word, Neville's heart leaped furiously, and Sylvia shuddered.

The second voice that had spoken was Lavarick's. "No; we've got 'em, I think. Mind, do what you like with the man—shoot the young hound, if you fancy it, but I won't have the girl hurt. I want her safe and sound."

Neville put his hand over Sylvia's lips; but he need not have been afraid. Though her heart was cold with terror—not for herself, but for him—she would have died rather than utter a sound.

They crouched, motionless, almost breathless, and waited.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Neville and Sylvia crouched and waited. A life-time of anxiety was crowded into the three or four minutes during which the sound of horses' hoofs and men's voices hovered about them, now coming near—terribly near—now drawing away, and yet again sounding close to them.

A fierce rage and resentment filled Neville's breast, dominated by the almost irresistible desire to spring to his feet and attack Lavarick. But he crushed it down.

Judging by the sounds, he estimated the party at ten or twelve, and he knew that they must be the rangers with whose desperate deeds Lorn Hope Camp was ringing.

That Lavarick should have joined them rather surprised him. That the gang possessed courage had been proved, and he knew that Lavarick was a coward at heart. This must have been some very strong inducement to draw him into the gang of which he seemed, by his tone and words, to be the leader.

Neville kept his left hand on Sylvia's, while his right held the revolver tightly. He had resolved to sell her liberty dearly. Of his own life he thought nothing.

In reality only a few minutes passed, though they seemed hours, as Sylvia and Jack lay and listened, and gradually the sounds grew less distinct, and presently died away. The gang had passed on without discovering their prey.

Sylvia would have risen at once, but Neville held her motionless by a pressure of his strong hand until a couple of minutes had elapsed since the departure of the gang; then he rose slowly and noiselessly, and looked round.

"Have they gone, Jack?" she asked, without a tremor in her voice, though it was low and cautious.

"Yes," he replied in a whisper—"yes," and he drew a long breath. "Thank Heaven I don't smoke that pipe! They would have smelled the tobacco and spotted us."

Sylvia was silent for a moment, and a slight shudder ran through her.

"It was me, Jack, they wanted," she said "at least that man Lavarick said so. Why, Jack?"

He shook his head.

"Perhaps they think you carry the gold," he suggested.

She laughed softly.

"Why, you wouldn't trust me with that, would you? I've only got a few shillings—the change Meth gave me last night. There's nothing else, except—"

She stopped, for she had suddenly remembered the mysterious package which lay hidden in her bosom.

She had promised her father not to tell anyone of its existence, and she had kept that promise so faithfully that she had not told even Jack—even Jack! And at times she had longed to tell him and to ask his advice. Besides, it seemed to her that she ought not to have any secrets from Jack—Jack, who had bought her—Jack her

brother. Ought she not to tell Jack and ask him what she should do? She put her hand to her bosom, and felt the package. Should she tell him now? Surely if her father could have foreseen the circumstances, the dangers by which she was surrounded, and could have known this champion and protector of hers he would have said: "Confide in him. Though you tell no one else tell him."

She looked up at the handsome face, grave with intent listening, and the words faltered on her lips.

"Jack, I want to tell you something."

He looked down at her, not exactly with impatience, but as if he were surprised that she should have anything to communicate at such a moment.

"Won't it do when we get to Wildfall?" he said.

She shrunk into her shell of reserve in a moment, and the golden opportunity had gone.

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"All right; tell me then. It's a pity you left your revolver behind. Those fellows—but don't be frightened; they won't come back. I fancy they are meditating an attack on some outlying members of the Wildfall Camp, and only took us on their way, so to speak."

"And yet they spoke—that man did—as if it were he who was in search of," she whispered.

Neville shut his teeth.

"Lavarick will not search for anyone else, if he should happen to find us," he said.

"Jack!"

"Be quiet!" he said, almost sternly. "You saved him once before; you won't do it this time. I shall shoot him like a dog if I get the chance."

She said nothing. It was not for her to argue. Besides had not Lavarick told his men to shoot Jack?

They had been standing under the shadow of a big tree during the colloquy, and Neville waited for another five minutes before he ventured to move on.

"I'm almost sorry we didn't wait till day-break, after all," he muttered, almost to himself.

Sylvia's quick ears heard him, however.

"Oh, I'm not," she said, cheerfully. "We should have missed this lovely moonlight. Besides, Lavarick would have been sure to see us then."

"There's something in that," he muttered. "We'll go on now, I think, but slowly, and on the watch. Are you cold? If so, take my coat."

She drew back, and put her hand to prevent him taking it off.

"No, no," she said. "I am not in the least cold, and I will not have it. Besides you would be cold then."

"Take my hand," he said, not noticing the exquisite tenderness of her last words.

"Tread as quietly as you can, and keep those sharp ears of yours open."

She put her small brown hand in his, and her fingers closed with loving, child-like trust round it, and she laughed softly.

"What a big hand you've got, Jack! See, I can hide mine in it."

"I wish to Heaven you could hide the whole of yourself in it!" he growled.

She laughed again.

"Why, I'm nearly as tall as you are, sir, for all you're a man and I'm only a girl."

"You talk enough for a full grown woman, said Neville. "Do be quiet for half an hour, at any rate."

She drew his hand up to her warm cheek, as a sign of obedience, and they walked on—very much as the pilgrim walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

But all was still. The moon shone down upon them with a peaceful splendor, the faint breeze made music in the trees, the barking of a dog came faintly from the distance. It was a poem of a night, and the charm of its magic stole into the heart of the unconscious child-girl. She had just passed through a terrible peril, danger still hovered near, and yet she was happy. For Jack was by her side, and his great, strong hand inhaled hers.

Ob, mighty Love! Even in the heart of such a maiden you reign supreme, and at your throne even a woman's natural fear and timidity humbly bow the knee!

They drew near the edge of the wood, and Neville stopped and hesitated. A few yards, and they would emerge into the moonlit plain, upon which their figures would stand out like ebony. If the gang had ridden to the edge of the wood at a little distance, they could not fail to see the two fugitives on that dazzling plain.

"What is it now, Jack?" Sylvia asked in a whisper, still holding his hand.

He nodded toward the opening in the trees.

"I'm half afraid to risk it," he said. She understood.

"You think they might see us?"

He nodded.

"Yes; we must stay here till the moon goes; then we must creep out in the dark."

"Very well," she said, contentedly.

He slowly and as noiselessly as possible raked some of the undergrowth into a heap at the foot of a tree, and trod it down with his feet.

"You must get some rest—some sleep, if you can. Anyhow you must rest. There is a long march before us to-morrow morning, and you will want all your strength."

She slid down on the rude couch, and he took off his coat and laid it over her.

pluck ran through him. Was there another girl in the world who could have slept under such circumstances? How infinite must be her trust in his strength? Once she moved, but not restlessly, and the coat dropped down. He bent over her and drew it back into its place, and patted it softly as a mother pats the coverlet of her child; then he went back to his tree and his thoughts.

He was taking her to England to find her people, or, failing that, to send her to a first-rate school. In any case, they would part. The reflection gave him a nasty twinge, just the twinge one feels when the demon dentist approaches with the hideous instrument which is going to extract one's teeth. To part with Sylvia! Why, good heavens! it would be like parting with one's—one's favorite sister! The moon moved majestically on—that placid moon which looks down upon the joys and sorrows of great humanity as unmoved as if it were regarding the woes and joys of so many ants.

Neville grew stiff and wroth, but as far from sleep as a night policeman. Then suddenly he heard her speak. He was about to blow her up for waking soon, and bid her go to sleep again when he saw that she was still in the land of dreams.

He bent down and heard his name breathed by her parted lips.

"Jack! Jack!"

Then she smiled.

Neville was touched.

"Poor little Syl!" he murmured. "Dreaming of me! Well, who else she got to dream of? I'm the only one she's got in the world. Lord! I wish we were out of this. I was wrong to risk it. I ought to have waited for a party or an escort. What would all the gold in the world be worth if anything happened to her?"

His question was answered the moment it was uttered. For in that moment he heard a crackling of the bushes behind him, and turning, received a crushing blow on the head.

He fired, but in the moment of blindness caused by the blow, and in an instant felt himself seized and his arms forced behind his back. Then in the next flash of time he saw a dozen men surrounding them, saw Sylvia awakened by the report of the revolver, spring to her feet to be seized by one of the ruffians.

"Jack!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gold Feet.

Cause much sickness. You can have them warm and comfortable by using Foot Elm. 25 cents at druggists or sent by mail. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

True.

Raggy—"What's the hardest thing to do in the world?"

Jacky—"The hardest thing in the world is for a good man to get into sassity. Give us another."—Boston Courier.

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

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

A RECORD OF MANY YEARS IT NEVER FAILS. HAVE YOU A COUGH? A dose will relieve it. HAVE YOU A COLD? A few doses will remove it. TRY IT ALSO FOR Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis. DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE CURES. ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. As good for children as for adults. "THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE" THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, (C.)

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

CANCER. And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, no plaster. For Canadian testimonials & 25-cent book—free, write Dupré, L. MARON MEDICINE CO., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

THE STOWAWAY.

Bring him up," said the skipper, tersely. They dragged him up the companion ladder accordingly—a shivering, ragged lad, his pale face pinched with days of hunger, his sunken eyes scanning those around him as do the eyes of captive animals.

"How do you find him, Mr. Billings?" continued the skipper. "Behind one of the cotton bales, sir," the mate replied. "He had an old muffin bone, with the meat all gnawed off. Provisions, I suppose, for the voyage."

"Who's there?" growled a sailor drowsily. Dick's answer was to slip as quickly and as noiselessly as his bruises would allow up the ladder. At the head he listened intently.

"That's correct, Mr. Billings," he answered. "He doesn't want to pay for his passage, try him with the rope's end."

"That, my dear sir," he answered, smilingly, "is the stowaway getting his first lesson in seamanship from Mr. Billings."

"What became of the stowaway," asked one of these worthies. "Jumped overboard," I expect," answered another. "Billings gave him 'whatfor,' I can tell you. I must say I don't understand why he wanted to wallop the poor little wretch."

A chuckle ran around the forecastle. "Why, you donkey," cried the man who had first spoken, "Billings just wanted to show how zealous he is in the company's service. The captain thinks there's nobody like Billings."



which made the stowaway under his canvas prick up his ear—one of them was still very painful from the master's cruelty—and listen intently, for the scheme, in which all of that watch were accomplices, having shipped with that express design, was nothing less than the capture of the £250,000 and the sending adrift of the captain and Mr. Lancelot, if it was not necessary to murder them to secure the treasure.

To stir from his hiding place at this moment would mean death at the hands of those desperate men. And as yet none of them showed any intention of obeying Billings' advice and 'turning in.'

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ing you will surely soon go blind. Now, the question is simply this: Do you prefer being cured of the drink habit and retaining your sight or do you prefer to keep on drinking and go blind? The young man paced the floor for some time and was in a brown study. Finally he turned to his friends and, with a resigned expression of countenance, replied: "Well, I guess I've seen about everything."

Teaching the Deaf and Dumb to Speak. Deaf mutes may be taught to speak and to understand articulate speech by merely watching the motion of the vocal organs. This is by no means new or novel, as it has long been practiced in some of the schools of Europe, the earliest attempts at such instruction having been as successful as those of more modern times. It is recorded in history that a deaf and dumb man was taught to pronounce words and sentences by an English bishop away back in the year 686.

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Present fares St. John to Vancouver on Victoria, B. C. \$35. First; \$25. Second. From Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangle \$60. First; \$40. Second class. These rates include meals and berth on Steamers, excepting between Wrangle and Glenora. From Glenora connections are making teams on Trail, S. S. Acheson or Carlar leave Vancouver and Victoria every Thursday on arrival of the Transcontinental gold train. Equally low rates from other points quoted on application. Send for "Klondike and Yukon gold folder" and other advertising matter, and apply for reservations on Steamers to A. E. NOTMAN, Asst. General Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.



Paint for Everybody

And for everything under the sun. Every home has need of paint. Each kind of

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

It's specially suited to some home use—either outside or inside. It's knowing the right kind of paint, and putting it on the right place that makes painting a success. Tell us what you want to paint, and we'll tell you the right kind to use. A book about painting free. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS, 100 Canal St., Cleveland, 397 Washington Street, New York. 2529 Stewart Avenue, Chicago, 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

DIED.

Boston, May 25, F. Murray 26. Halifax, May 24, Walter Baker. Halifax, May 24, Monaghan 24. Halifax, May 27, John Keddy 40. Windsor, May 24, Mrs. Bowby 45. Boston, May 26, Mary J. F. Legoff. St. John, May 27, Thomas Foster 65. Truro, May 20, Luther A. Pugh 19. St. John, May 26, James Dickson 27. Hudson, N. Y., Robert B. Shepard 88. Hopewell, May 21, D. W. Crook 62. Johnville, N. B., May 1, Lucy Ellis 23. Springhill, May 13, Florence Burton 19. Springhill, May 16, Margaret Taylor 80. Springhill, May 18, Ethel G. Proctor 22. Guysboro, April 27, John H. Hadley 80. Milford, May 17, Martha B. Hunter 16. St. John, May 28, Thomas McGowan 58. Pictou, May 25, Dr. J. A. Arbuckle 25. North Kingston, May 2, John Harris 76. Kingston, Ont., May 20, James McBride. St. Stephen, May 22, Mrs. John Smith 67. Black River, May 16, Mary Ann Reid 94. Spry Bay April 17, Mrs. John Higgins 91. West Dublin, May 18, Samuel Corkum 73. Westville, May 22, Alexander Graham 81. Sheet Harbor, May 7, Mrs. Collin Grant 75. Barrington, May 20, William B. Hopkins 66. Middle Stewiacke, May 18, Wm. Farnell 60. Lower Argyle, May 23, Freeman Harding. Cambridge, Hants, May 7, Jeremiah Lantz 54. McLean Settlement, May 18, Catherine Britt 62. Westworth, Hants, May 4, Mrs. John Cochran 88. Gadenham, May 14, Albert, son of Adam Johnston 8. Charleston City, Kansas, May 22, John K. Osborn 88. Bridgetown, May 20, Sarah, wife of John H. Hicks. West Pictou, May 10, Mrs. Andre D'Entremont. St. George, P. E. I., May 19, Erna R. Wickwire 81. Somerville Mass., Margaret, wife of Donald McLean. Mechanic's Settlement, May 23, Maggie A. Chambers 9. Londonderry, May 18, Hannah R. wife of E. P. Dill 82. Oakland, Carleton Co., May 21, Mrs. Dennis Tompkins 78. Nictaux, May 13, Rebecca, wife of J. Albert Beck. Carleton Place, Pictou Co., May 18, John Urquhart 69. Halifax, May 26, Margaret, wife of George Wainwright 83. Margareville, Sunbury Co., May 2, Frederick W. Miles 62. Smith's Creek, May 23, Frances, wife of Sylvester Ryan 56. Halifax, May 24, Margaret, widow of Thomas P. Dotten 74. Halifax, May 24, Elizabeth, widow of Thomas B. Dalton 74. Hantsport, May 22, Lydia, widow of the late James Frisbie 86. Liverpool, England, Bessie, wife of Surgeon Colonel S. Archer. Stellarton, May 10, Elizabeth M., widow of William Fleming 76. Kardsale, May 22, James, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Croscup. Boston, May 11, Sarah A., widow of the late Ebenezer Cole. North Sydney, May 20, Cassie, daughter of John F. McDonald 26. St. John, May 27, Louise, third daughter of Dr. Whetton Settlement, Westmorland Co., May 7, John Wheaton 75. Hawkebay, May 6, Henry M., infant son of M. L. Palmer 3 months. Barrington, May 19, Mary E., daughter of the late Samuel O. Doane. East Pictou, May 10, Dora E., child of Mr. Moses Goodwin 4 months. Four Falls, Victoria Co., April 16, Lila V. child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Turner 1. Halifax, May 26, Mary W. infant daughter of John and Annie O'Neill 10 months. Station Island, N. Y., May 20, Caroline S. widow of the late Wm. C. Robertson 81. Cambridgeport, May 27, Katie, daughter of Daniel and the late Julia McMillin 20. East Boston, May 28, Carrie, wife of Fred Ferris and youngest daughter of the late Alexander Barnhill.

BORN.

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OH RICH COURTS

May Differ and Split Hairs on Doctrinal Points, but May Join Hands for Humanity in Proclaiming the Values of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Catarrh, that dread menace to humanity, attacks the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the learned and the illiterate, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the sovereign cure and needs no more reliable testimony of its efficacy to cope with and cure this disease than that such eminent divines as Rev. W. H. Withrow Methodist; Rev. Mungo Fraser, Presbytorian; Bishop Sweetman, and other prominent leaders in the Church courts, who have their own signature testified of its virtues. What better evidence for you that it will cure you.

An Aged Organist.

Dr. E. J. Hopkins 'the father of English organists,' is in many ways a remarkable man. Dr. Hopkins' fingers have not lost their cunning, though in constant use over the keyboard for fifty-five years. As a chapel royal boy he sang at the coronation of William IV, and thirty-six years later he was a tenor in the choir at the Diamond Jubilee services at St. Paul's.

Had Seen it all.

A young fellow who drank much more than was good for him was advised by his friends to take the gold cure, but he refused. 'But,' protested his friends, 'your physician says that if you keep on drink-

STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton.

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John. While navigation permits, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton for Woodstock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Steamer Olivette will leave Indiantown for Gagetown and intermediate landings every Monday at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 5 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock. GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.50 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local) CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Wednesday, 1st June, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

DAILY SERVICE. Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.15 a. m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.38 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 3.55 a. m., arr Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr Halifax 5.48 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 5.00 p. m. Lvs. Digby 6.30 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward.

BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.50 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....1.00 Express for Halifax.....12.10 Express for Sussex.....12.10 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10 Express from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 6.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30 Express from Moncton(daily)..... 10.30 Express from Halifax..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Camp Bellefleur..... 12.10 Accommodation from Moncton..... 24.3

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are heated by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTJONES, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.