

PROGRESS.

Board of Works Survey 1900

VOL. XII., NO. 615.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 24 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A Woman With a "Pull."

The appearance of a paragraph in a morning paper to the effect that Nettie Kimball or Mrs. Newcombe had left the hospital and gone to Boston created some surprise. There was an idea that the woman was under police surveillance and would be brought up for examination on the charge of attempting suicide, but such does not appear to have been the thought of the authorities.

As there has been a good deal of comment and talk about the sudden disappearance of one who was supposed to be a prisoner, PROGRESS made some inquiries into the facts of the case and it cannot be said that the result is at all creditable to the men who are sworn to do their duty as peace officers.

When the police officers met Mrs. Newcombe on Charlotte street she went up to one of them and showed him a bottle which she said had contained laudanum and told them that she had taken it as she wished to end her life. The police, noting the size of the bottle, soon found out where she had purchased the laudanum and went there to make enquiries if the woman's story was true. They found that it was and that two ounces of laudanum was enough to kill two or three people.

It seemed that the woman had gone into the drug store quietly and waited fully ten minutes for her turn to be waited upon. She was well and quietly dressed and when asking for the laudanum explained that she wanted it for poultices and that she used thirty drops at a time. It is not usual to sell the drug to strangers but with such a plausible explanation as that the clerk did not hesitate and gave her the laudanum.

The policemen rushed her to the station and as Dr. E. Berryman happened to be there he took the case in hand at once. The woman was kept moving, walked rapidly to and fro in the guard room and in a short time the ambulance arrived to take the patient to the hospital and they prepared to lose no time when the patient arrived. The stomach pump soon got to work and the result was, as every one knows, that the woman's life was saved.

The report book in the police have two statements, one from Officer Killen stating that he took the woman to the police station and the other by the police physician, Dr. Berryman, that he had examined her and sent her to the hospital.

Dr. Macaulay said the woman came from the police station in the ambulance. She was suffering from an overdose of laudanum and she was treated for that. They had been notified from the police station of this and made their preparations accordingly. There was no doubt that the woman had been accustomed to the use of opium or else she could never have survived the quantity of laudanum she took. This statement was the same as Dr. Berryman made to PROGRESS. Dr. Macaulay also said that the woman was not under police surveillance as he understood the term viz: there was no officer there to guard her. Still during her stay in the hospital she was visited by the chief of police and when she recovered she went away just the same as any other patient.

These are the main facts of the case and they do not reflect any credit upon the Police inasmuch as a woman who confessed that she had attempted to take her own life was permitted to go without any charge being made against her.

Section 288 of the criminal code says that "everyone who attempts to commit suicide is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to two years imprisonment."

There was no doubt about what Nettie Kimball intended and attempted to do. She tried to take her own life and she failed because such prompt remedies were used. The police knew this but no charge was made against her. Under these circumstances it is difficult to understand why the chief of police visited the woman in the hospital. There is no doubt that he did for the superintendent of the hospital says so but what passed between him and the patient can only be conjectured. It may be that he recommended a trip to Boston and if he did she took his advice because she started in that direction.

But might not the question arise, was not the woman actually in the custody of the police? She was sent from the police

station to the hospital, she was visited there by the chief of police. She had committed a crime that called for two years imprisonment in the penitentiary—well, if she was not in the custody of the police, was it not neglect of duty? It was the second time that day that she had been in charge of the police. The first time she was intoxicated and could not drive her horse in such a way as to avoid knocking down an aged citizen but the captain, with unusual leniency, let her go. The result was she had a chance to commit a crime. Now the chief let her loose again and there may be another report—only this time it will come from Boston!

In this connection it may be interesting to note section 166 of the criminal law which says:

"Everyone is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to five years imprisonment who being a peace officer having any such person in his lawful custody or being in a place of any prison in which such person is lawfully confined voluntarily and intentionally permits him to escape therefrom."

Nettie Kimball may not have been a prisoner since there was no charge against her but when she surrendered to the police and charged herself with attempting her life there can be no doubt but that she should have been placed under arrest.

Suspicion has led to the arrest of lots of people for offences less serious than this and they have been detained for weeks waiting an examination. Only last year a poor girl from St. Stephen without friends and without money was arrested because her baby was born and died in the park. She did wrong but did not commit any greater, if as great, an offence as Mrs. Newcombe. Yet one was arrested and the other goes free.

THE AMATEUR OPERA.

St. John has Another Corps of Vocalists Highly Capable of Putting on a Show.

The production of Gilbert and Sullivan's tuneful opera Iolanthe in the Opera house Wednesday and Thursday evenings caused quite a little flutter in social as well as musical circles. It is not everybody that knows what it means to drill and stage a production such as Iolanthe, and none too much cannot be said of Prof. Collinson's latest achievement, which was brought about in so comparatively short a time. Quite true he had the advantage of Mrs. Lyman's stage experience, she being with the Gilbert Opera Co. for some years, also frequent "tips" in the historic art from Miss Annie Blanke of the Valentine Stock Co. These advantages of course worked wonders in the rank and file and a smooth running show, with exceptional good amateur acting was the result.

However discouraging several of the rehearsals may have been the chorus as well as principals buckled down to solid work at last and two bumper houses

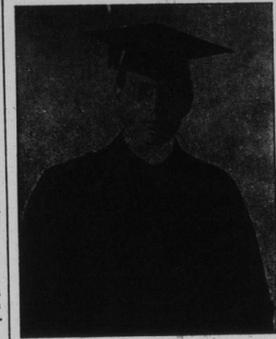


MISS MAUDE McCLASKEY.
(Queen of the Fairies.)

greeted them with their unstinted plaudits. St. John is indeed a musical city, and musical out of its proper proportion, as is evidenced by the fact that it now boasts at least two distinct opera troupes, capable of putting on any ordinary light opera. In Iolanthe a whole lot of talent has come to the fore in new roles. Miss Clara Brennan has established herself as clever at stagecraft as her voice is sweet. She certainly sang the title role admirably. PROGRESS regrets a photo of her was not procurable for

reproduction in this issue. Miss McClaskey is also new to the footlights in costume and it can be said she has added to her reputation as a singer greatly as the Queen of the Fairies. Of course Mrs. Lyman as Phyllis was the star and her part received all the attention that could be given it. Mrs. Lyman resumes her professional stage career in a year or so.

On the whole Iolanthe was a many-sided



PROF. GEO. COLLINSON.

Musical director of Iolanthe, and Finlayson some years ago.

triumph—financially, musically and from the standpoint of a not too exacting actor. The costuming could not have been better and now that a new band of vocalists have shown what they can do, St. John will soon again expect some more of Gilbert and Sullivan, or perhaps Olivette, as spoken of some months ago.

The humorist who adapted a lot of the "lines" of the opera to local and war affairs must certainly have been in fine fettle. Roy Thompson's encoore verse perhaps caused the biggest uproar. It ran:

"Aid now that our own boys are in the line,
I think that I'll soon be in view
Says I to myself says I,
When we get all the news on top of the 'deck'
We'll dance such a breakdown on old Kruger's neck
The market in rubber'll be worse than a wreck.
Says I to myself says I."

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.

PAGE 2.—Portrait of Hon. A. E. Gillmor of Charlottetown, soon to be a senator.

Story "The Lost Child of Wymouth."

PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic items from all over—with an extra lot about the home theatre.

PAGE 4.—Editorial—Do the police protect gamblers of vice—Lottery gambling in this city—Civic representatives who should be charged—Letters on the Duty of the Evangelical Alliance to improve the morals of the South End.

PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Society happenings in Halifax, Fredericton, Moncton, St. Stephen, Calais, Truro, Parrabrook, Sussex, Wolfville, Digby, Hantsport, Chatham, Sydney, Windsor, Newcastle, Yarmouth, Woodstock and smaller places.

PAGE 9.—Another week with this page brimful of interesting articles pertaining to St. John and otherwise locally colored, including:

—Townpeople Who Read—The Public Library and its patrons.
—The "Surprise" party must go.
—Incorrigible "Meg" Sullivan.
—St. John man sees a vicious elephant killed.

PAGES 10 and 11.—The first instalment of a new four week serial, "The Mystery of the Mountain Pass."

PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page with appropriate poetry, another vigorous writing on "The Study of the Fairies," and miscellaneous literature of a Sabbath Day nature.

PAGE 12.—Some Vanished Diamonds—A detective's story of the value of small things.

PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bonfires—Appropriate to this fascinating time when fashions are unfolding themselves in rapid succession. Truly a women's page.

PAGE 14.—"Ordered to Africa"—Clifford Mills' new famous writing from Fall Mall Magazine.

PAGE 15.—The Lost Fiescho Mine—Characteristically western and a good story.
—Births, deaths and marriages of the week all over the lower provinces.

Two Obtrusive Agents.

Two men, whom all will agree were to say the least extremely audacious, made quite a fuss in the quiet and highly respectable home of Mr. Frank Melliday, Sydney street, last Monday evening, and on Wednesday Mr. Melliday sought legal sources for sufficient justice to remind the intruders that the quietude and peacefulness of his home was sacred, and further to straighten out some crookedness in connection with business dealings he had had with one of the men in question.

Mr. Melliday it appears was the St. John delivery and collecting agent for a tree and plant nursery firm in Auburn Me., the salesman of which, one B. J. Robinson, was the chief offender at the Melliday household during the early week. He, chaperoned and guided by a man named Jerry Quinn; a sewing machine agent, started in to enter Mr. Melliday's house about 9 o'clock in the evening without form or ceremony. In fact their entry was exceptionally boisterous, both inside and outside doors being burst open with all the force a big burly body could produce. After the men were well inside the hall one of them had sufficient sense left to remark, "Guess we should have knocked."

"Yes, I should think so," returned Mr. Melliday, just then entering the hall from an inside room, and not a little put out by so brusque an entrance to his home by blank strangers. His wife was lying ill in an adjacent room and such noises as the intruders made greatly disturbed her.

Robinson at once started in bulldog fashion to "settle up accounts," as he termed it, with Mr. Melliday. His attitude was everything else but friendly and his words of the dominating stamp. Mr. Melliday said he was fully prepared to meet him in their business relations and at once set about to produce papers etc. for a general signing off.

Matters were becoming more and more strained as the tree agent's uncouth entry and forwardness were grinding hard upon the mental sensibilities of the well known masonry contractor. However, he held his temper admirably and not until insults had been further heaped was the climax reached.

It was in going over the collected accounts that Mr. Melliday called Robinson's attention to the fact that in some cases people in this city had been billed twice for one order of goods. At this the brawny nursery agent became very wrath and towering above the slender form of Mr. Melliday asked in louder tones full of command, if he would stick by what he said. Mr. Melliday calmly asserted that he would, whereupon Robinson asked him to quote an instance. Mr. Melliday did so, mentioning the case of a Prince William street insurance agent.

The book was referred to and the number of the order found. It mentioned the

stand it further, ordering both Robinson and Quinn from the premises. They refused to go, and Mr. Melliday started to put them out. His first tackle with Robinson was ineffectual and when in the second his ailing wife jumped from her bed and threw herself between the men. Naturally enough such a scene in a well-ordered home was as bad as an earthquake. The children were frightened beyond tears and a severe shock was administered to their frail mother. Still the intruders refused to leave and Mrs. Melliday and her children pleaded with them. Robinson arrogantly persisted in his "having business" with Mr. Melliday, who being prevailed upon by his wife and children, had held himself in check. After the burly visitors had added more to the confusion by their doggedness, they shrunk toward the door, terming Mr. Melliday "lunatic" etc.

Consequently no business was done at that meeting of salesman and collector, but surmising some pressure for a settlement would result from the fracas, Mr. Melliday sent his collected money to the nursery people direct. Since he has received a lawyer's letter from Mullin & Mahoney, Robinson not knowing of Mr. Melliday's remittances. The whole case at the time of writing (Thursday) was to be thrashed out on Friday in Court.

Candidates for the Mayoralty.

Count deBury is out for Mayor. He is bound to run and thinks with five in the field he is bound to win.

Candidate Moulson and the Count met at the head of King street Thursday and chatted pleasantly on campaign matters for a few minutes, in the presence of the writer. Mr. Moulson said he had been around the city a good deal and was well satisfied with his reception. He found that Dr. Daniel had been canvassing and the Count, but he had not met the canvass of His Worship. "I suppose" he added with a smile "he is so sure of election there is no need to canvass."

"I have been around a little" said the Count and almost everywhere I go I find that my friend, Mr. Moulson has been there ahead of me. He seems to have been everywhere. I find a good many people who say that Mr. Moulson was the first to see them and they have promised him but then I find many others who say that I am the first to ask them and so I get the promise. Dr. Daniel is over in my end of the town today and I am doing some work here. Mr. Wallace is around too. I meet his canvass quite often."

Mr. Moulson hurried away as he had to be in Carleton to go the rounds with a friend. From what he said one would gather that he was on the move most of the time.

The election will be held the 17th of April.

An Insurance Agent Skips.

A young man for some time engaged in the insurance business, and although not very big in stature one who never failed to let the people know that he was still on top of the earth, has gone. Where, is only a matter of conjecture; why, because it is supposed, some men who were injudicious enough to trust him for goods or with money were trying to persuade him to settle up. So, empty is that circuit of St. John atmosphere in which it was his wont to exist. His diamond rings will no longer light his friends home dark nights, his elaborately "chased" gold watch is not now ticking off the hours for the convenience of time-inquiring friends in dear old St. John by the sea, or will the boastful voice and affability of its possessor for some time weary town-talk. Getting policies was like breaking sticks to him, the town was "dead easy," he said, but he'd think differently now if he would only serve a habeas corpus on himself. His employer is not wearing a red, white and blue badge in honor of this gay young man's exit.

Patriotic Neptune Boys.

The Neptune Club boys never lose an opportunity of bursting forth into the strains of "Soldiers of the Queen," and Thursday night at the Opera house they entertained the vast audience between the acts in this wise. There were some good singers among them too which shows all the local talent is not yet used by in opera choruses.

MRS. LYMAN.

Of Moncton, who sang the leading role, Phyllis.

goods and price, seven dollars. With exulting words the agent waxed warm and then thundered threats as to what he would do if the good name of "his firm" was impeached etc. Nothing daunted Mr. Melliday asked him to refer to order number so-and-so for the alleged duplicate, or fake order. It was found also and it was now the St. John man's turn to get good and angry which he did with a righteous indignation.

He said he had been brow-beaten and insulted in his own house and would not

Richard Roche, 76
us Oumling, aged 68
Burdick, the aged 64
Robert McDonald, aged 82
on C. Nickerson, aged 18
ce Elizabeth McDonald,

John Ferguson, aged
Feb. 23, Mary Jane Archibald
Daniel McNeil, aged 19
Roderick McLennan,
Murdoch F. and Marion
March 1, William Dur-

Delross White, 2 years
Clifton Wadstan Steven-
Archibald, wife of Clay
arrie, Pa., Feb. 23, Fred
Margarette Boutilier, 2
George, wife of William
oldest child of Mr. and
infant daughter of Mr.
infant son of H. A.
infant son of Mr.
infant daughter
aged 7 months.

ROADS.
IAN
CIFIC

a Comfort
Express.

Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat
Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat
Tu W Th Fr Sa Su
Su Mo Tu W Th Sat

SLEEPER
Monday, from MONTREAL
without change,
to Montreal to Winnipeg,
\$6.50; Calgary, \$9.50;
\$8.00.

points in Canada, West-
to Japan, China, India,
Siam and Manila, and also
master and maps, write
A. J. HATH,
D. F. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

day, Feb. 6th, 1900, the
service of this railway will

Prince Rupert.
AND DIGBY.

Monday, Wednesday,
Friday, Saturday, Sunday,
same days at 12.50 p. m.,
1.35 p. m.

TRAINS
day excepted).

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service of this railway will

THE WORLD MADE USEFUL.

The introduction of a terrestrial globe into the home of an East End citizen, at no very small cost, was hailed by the younger members of the household with unbounded delight.



It would be invaluable to them in their home lessons and what an enviable advantage Mr. — had to follow the war movements on his huge ball chart thought the neighbors. Visitors still continue to call at the household, when the globe never ceases to be admired.



—especially by privileged friends.

THE "LOST CHILD OF WYOMING"

A White Child who was Carried off by Indians and Became one of Them.

A very interesting monument is soon to be dedicated on a high knoll overlooking the valley of the Missisiveva River, in Wabash County, Indiana. An address will be delivered by the governor of the state, and many distinguished people will be present. The monument marks the burial place of a woman of singular and romantic history,—known as Frances Slocum among the white people, and as White Rose among the Indians,—who was stolen from Quaker parents in the Wyoming Valley of Pennsylvania in 1778, and brought up among the Indians in the West. Her parents were Jonathan and Mary Slocum, of Connecticut, who had moved to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, when that was a small frontier settlement. There, when Frances was a young girl, their dwelling was attacked by Delaware Indians.

Two or three members of the family were killed, and little Frances was carried away first to Ohio, and later to Indiana and Michigan. Soon after her capture her father was killed by the Indians, but her mother, aided by Frances' brothers and other white men, made a persistent search for Frances, who became known in those parts as the "lost child of Wyoming." She was not found.

For meantime the Indians had carried her far away, over the mountains and through forests. They treated her kindly, giving her blankets to sleep upon at night in beds of leaves. At length, too, they gave her a horse to ride, and dressed her in garments of buckskin, decorated with beads. All this pleased her; she dried her tears, and became happy in her new life. She was taught to fear and hate the white men, and whenever she saw one she ran away. None of the white men who visited her tribe suspected, therefore, that they had a white child among them. She learned to shoot well with the bow and arrow. When the Delawares had a war with the whites, she was run off into the north with the other women and children. She did not lament this.

When she was sixteen years old she was married to a Delaware chief, Little Turtle. He treated her cruelly, and she left him, and afterward was married to the Osage chief Chepokenah, or "Deaf Man." He was good to her, and she remained with him through a long life.

She remembered the wars of the Indians against General Wayne and General Harrison, and in both her sympathies were with the Indians. After the last war her husband and his people settled on the Missisiveva, at a place called Deaf Man's Village.

To this place in 1835—fifty-seven years after Frances had been carried away from the Wyoming Valley—there came one night a trader named George Ewing; he belated on the road, he sought a night's lodging. The old chief took him into his cabin.

The chief's wife busied herself about the room, and as the trader waited for his supper he watched her. He noticed that she looked like a white woman. Once she raised her arms for something; her loose sleeves fell away, revealing arms that were suspiciously white.

The trader could speak the Indian tongue and as she made no response when he addressed her in English, he questioned her in that language. She admitted that she was a white woman, and had been stolen in her girlhood. She remembered her name, and the names of her father and mother, as well as that of the place from which she had been taken.

Ewing, much interested, wrote to the postmaster of Wilkesbarre asking if there were any people of the name of Slocum still living in that vicinity. It took two years for his letter to fall into the hands of Frances' surviving relatives, but at last it reached them.

In due time her brother and sisters came to her cabin. An affecting interview took place between her and them, and they were instantly satisfied that she was indeed their long-lost sister. They implored her to go home with them, but she refused.

"I am old," she said, "and have lived all my life with these people. They are my people. I love my husband, and am happy with him."

She even refused to go with them as far as the neighboring town of Peru apparently suspecting a trap. They went away sorrowful. Not long afterward her husband died. Her relatives came again, once more imploring her to go home with them to Pennsylvania. But now she declared that she could not leave her bones elsewhere than by the side of her husband's. She lived there until 1847, when she died.

Her story is often told in Indiana, and the monument to her memory will be not only a reminder of a romantic history, but the memorial of a woman who was steadfastly faithful to a people who had won her love as well as her loyalty.

He Came Down.

In "Old Times in West Tennessee" the author describes an amusing example of the administration of justice in the early history of Tennessee. Squire Thomas Thompson was the first magistrate in Tip-ton, and the reader will see that he did not allow offenders to go unpunished.

Joe Seahorn, a quarrelsome fellow, had a difficulty with a neighbor which ended in blows. The squire ordered the offending parties arrested and brought before him. Seahorn, the chief offender, took to his heels when he saw the officer approaching. Finding that he should be overtaken, he climbed a tree like a squirrel, and took refuge in the topmost branches. The officer commanded him to come down. Seahorn defiantly refused.

"If ye want me," he called "come up here an' get me!" Thinking himself safe he crowed like a defiant rooster on his perch. The officer hesitated but a moment.

"Fetch me an axe," he said to a bystander. The axe was soon in his hand, and he began aiming sturdy blows at the trunk.

Joe's bravado began to melt as the tree cracked and showed signs of falling.

"Hold on!" he cried, rather weakly. "I'll come down."

"Hold on yourself!" shouted the officer.

"This tree's coming down, and you with it!" saying which, he whacked away at the thinning trunk.

Seahorn, thoroughly frightened, began to slide down, and struck the ground just as the tree left the stump. He was caught

publish no crimes in this paper, therefore will merely state that he promised to be good and go back to work. Last week he was foreman on this paper.

"Wanted—A woman for general household work. Nothing served undressed, and time allowed for bible reading and prayer meeting."

"One of the reporters of this journal was assaulted by a stranger yesterday afternoon. He turned to the other cheek. Later on the stranger was taken to the City Hospital, where they took him in."

"Mr. Howe" editor of the "The Atchison

the poet's cipher and coronet, and a gold snake ring for a necktie. A plain gold heart shaped locket no longer contains the miniature of fair lady, while a gold and crystal miniature frame is also empty. There is a diamond shaped gold and crystal slide, presumably intended for a lock of the adored one's hair; likewise a reliquary which has lost its relic. Much greater is the living interest of a gold and black enamel heart shaped locket, which contains within a crystal a small coiled lock of hair 'of one of the poet's loves.' Within the lower cover are the lines:

"Earth holds no other like to thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me."

We are told that this is 'apparently an unpublished couplet, but purely Byronic.' Then there is a gold wrist clasp (is that some kind of bracelet?) set in pearls containing a lock of light brown hair—whose? asks the dealer, pathetically. These seven trinkets will cost the enthusiastic Byronist who secures them a trifle of £27 or so.

The Type of the Prevailing Grip.
From New York Herald.

"Although Grip prevailed in mild form during the late autumn months, it has now taken on an unmistakably virulent type in the extent and character of its new invasion. During the last fortnight thousands who have escaped heretofore have been stricken, and the disease is plainly epidemic over a very wide section of country.

The type of the disease is essentially catarrhal and chiefly manifests itself in inflammatory affections of the membranes of the nose, throat and upper air passages. The attack is quite sudden and there is generally a high temperature, with pain in the forehead, hacking and irritative cough, with general muscular pains and prostration.

It is the attention to little things—the avoidance of draughts, the cultivation of habits of temperance in eating and drinking, the obedience to all hygienic rules—which can make any one reasonably safe."

Dr. Humphrey's Specific "Seventy-seven" meets the exigency of the prevailing epidemic. "77" restores the checked circulation (indicated by a sudden chill), the first sign of taking Cold; starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaks up" the Cold. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, on receipt of price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

"I took Ethel riding in an automobile yesterday," he said.

"Have an enjoyable ride?"

He shook his head.

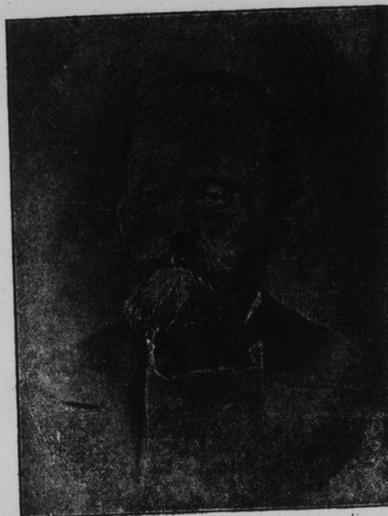
"The horseless carriage," he said, "is not a success."

"Not a success?"

"No, sir, it is not. Between the motor lever and the brake it gives a fellow more occupation for his hands and arms than even a spirited horse. What is needed is one that can be operated entirely with the feet."

Miles—I want to purchase a thoroughbred cow, but I don't know how to look up the pedigree.

Giles—Why don't you look in a cattle-log?



HON. ARTHUR H. GILMOUR.

Now Canadian Commissioner to the Paris Exposition but Spoken of as Successor in the Senate to the Late Mr. J. D. Lewin.

in a moment by the officer, and for safe keeping was put under a cart body weighted down with a huge log. There he spent the day, awaiting the squire's time for trying his case.

The Dog Was Tired.

The negro is famous for his irrepressible good humor, even under the most trying conditions. His ability to see and appreciate the "silver lining" to a cloud, however obscure, might well be emulated by many a morose white man. The following story told by the late General Lawton, of the night after the affair at El Caney, illustrates the point.

General Lawton's division was marching back to take a new position the next morning, after the fight at El Caney. The general and his inspector-general, Major Webb, were sitting by the roadside, watching the tired but plucky men file past. The dawn was just breaking.

They heard, up the road, a man talking and laughing loudly. Other men were chatting and joking. The colored troops were coming. A big corporal was the loud talker. He seemed especially jolly, although in addition to his own accoutrements he carried the gun and full ammunition-belt for another man, who was limping by his side. In his arms he had a dog, the company mascot.

"Here, corporal," called Major Webb, "didn't you march all last night, and didn't you fight all day, and haven't you been marching since ten o'clock to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said the big corporal, making a vain attempt to salute.

"Well, then," the major shouted, "what are you carrying that dog for?"

"Why boss, the dog's tired," was the reply.

Whereupon, according to General Lawton, Major Webb rolled over and over on the ground, and laughed and cried like a boy.

Out Both Ways.

In an interval in the drilling one of the volunteers belonging to a crack regiment stepped out from the ranks to light a cigar from that of his officer.

The latter took this evidence of the democratic spirit of freedom in good part, but said by way of a hint: "In the regular army you couldn't have done this to an officer, Brown."

"Right you are," responded the private, "but in the regular army you could not be an officer."

Sheldon the Editor.

"During the temporary absence of the circulation liar, we desire to state that the circulation of this paper is twenty-five hundred by actual count."

"Ten dollar suits at Wagstaff's for \$4.99 this week only. (N. B. We have personally examined these suits and find they are not worth 80 cents.—Editor.)"

"A very bad man was arrested last evening for doing something wrong. We

Globe," who is temporarily filling Mr. Sheldon's pulpit while he is engaged with this journal, will preach on Sunday upon "The Printer's Devil."

"Use Smith's pills. They will reduce your head to its normal size. (The editor has had occasion to use these pills, and found them all that is claimed.)"

"Wanted—A Christian young man to saw wood. One who goes to Sunday school preferred. No pay, but good society."

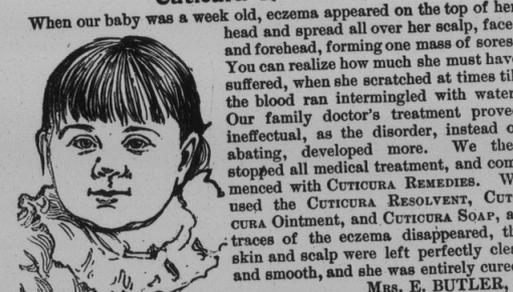
Absence of Mind.

A curious and authentic instance of absence of mind is recorded concerning a popular book. A certain person needing a copy of Mr. Whiteing's "No. 5 John Street," is stated to have taken a cab to John-st., Adelphi, to have rung the bell of No. 5 and astonished the maid servant by asking for one Whiteing. This sounds like fiction, but as a matter of fact it is true.

Some Relics of Byron.

Relics of Byron are snapped up so eagerly that it is surprising to find more than half a dozen of them in a lump in a catalogue issued by a dealer in curiosities. There is a small silver powder-box bearing

Mother's Story of Baby's Cure
Of a Most Distressing Humour by the
Cuticura Remedies.



When our baby was a week old, eczema appeared on the top of her head and spread all over her scalp, face, and forehead, forming one mass of sores. You can realize how much she must have suffered, when she scratched at times till the blood ran intermingled with water. Our family doctor's treatment proved ineffectual, as the disorder, instead of abating, developed more. We then stopped all medical treatment, and commenced with CUTICURA REMEDIES. We used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, CUTICURA Ointment, and CUTICURA SOAP, all traces of the eczema disappeared, the skin and scalp were left perfectly clear and smooth, and she was entirely cured.

Mrs. E. BUTLER.
My oldest boy, age nine years, was troubled with sores on different parts of the body, especially on the leg, about twenty-four in all. They were about the size of a five-cent piece, and would fester very much and eject a pus. They were very painful. After my above experience with the cure of my little girl with CUTICURA REMEDIES, I did not bother with the doctor in this case, but gave him the CUTICURA treatment which completely cured him in four weeks. Mrs. E. BUTLER, 1289 3d Ave., S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sleep for Skin-Tortured Babies

AND REST FOR TIRED MOTHERS in a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, and a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, greatest of emollient skin cures. This treatment, assisted in the severer cases by CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood, affords instant relief, permits rest for parent and sleep for child, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure of torturing, disgusting, itching, burning, permanent, and crusty skin and scalp humours with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. COMPLETE EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL TREATMENT. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA Ointment, CUTICURA RESOLVENT. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Kind of Humour," free.

Save Your Hair with warm shampoos of CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This simple, refreshing, and inexpensive treatment will clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow on a clean, wholesome scalp when, all else fails.

Music and The Drama

The production of "Iolanthe" by amateurs under the direction of Mr. Collinson so eagerly looked forward to by the musical, as well as those interested otherwise in the appearance of the city's best known young people in opera, took place in the opera house this week, and filled that building on both evenings, the audience being most fashionable and representative. "Iolanthe" was beautifully staged and costumed, and the production in every way is certainly a triumph for Mr. Collinson and those who took part. The opera is bright and pretty the airs catchy, jingling and rhythmic with a sweetness and dash that would make the piece pleasing under almost any circumstances. There were some well known and popular amateurs among the principals while others made their initial bow to the public through the medium of the opera. The solos, duets and choruses throughout were exceedingly well done, but as for acting—well outside the work done by Mrs. Lyman, pleasantly remembered here as Marie Zahn, Mr. Roy Thompson, and Mr. Kelly there wasn't any acting. Mrs. Lyman acted and sang with a grace and charm that won for her most flattering recognition, her beautiful, forceful voice, and clear enunciation, making her appearance as Phyllis wonderfully pleasing. As Strophon Mr. Frank McCaskey sang well, and in appearance came quite up to one's idea of an Arcadian shepherd "half fairy and half mortal." His articulation was good, and he sang with much force and power. Mr. Royden Thompson in the role of the Lord Chancellor did some really good acting, and appeared thoroughly free from self-consciousness, and restraint. Mr. Kelly has appeared in opera so often that one hardly classes him with the other amateurs. His free and easy style showed that he was no stranger in the work, and though he has sung better, his acting was exceptionally good and won many warm words of praise from the most critical present. Miss Brennan and Miss McCaskey sang the roles of Iolanthe and the Fairy Queen respectively while the principal fairies who seemed to have a voice in the affairs of Fairyland were Misses Laura Brennan, Ella Payne and Gladys Campbell.

M. DeWitt Cairns whose pleasing baritone voice has been often heard in concert made his first appearance in opera on Wednesday evening and though decidedly nervous, his appearance created a most favorable impression; he sang his role in an excellent and pleasing manner, receiving a double encore in the second act, when he spiritedly sang a solo to which a patriotic verse was added. The choruses were good, and the orchestra and singers were kept in almost perfect control by Mr. Collinson, who wielded the baton in a most creditable manner. Several of the lady principals were presented with handsome bouquets, Mrs. Lyman being the recipient of two. The opera was repeated on Thursday evening. Adelaide Phillips has been engaged for "The Casino Girl." The European tour of Sousa's band will include all the largest cities. Altrida Rhoda a New York girl is soon to make her debut in opera in Paris. Claud McArthur has been engaged as musical director of "A Woman in the Case." Albert Saleza sailed from New York for Europe last week to recuperate in southern France. The Robinson Comic Opera company is playing Connecticut and Massachusetts very successfully. Lulu Glasier it is understood is to go to Berlin this summer with the intention of studying for grand opera. Emma Calve was able to resume her work in the Maurice Grau opera company, after a few weeks illness. Henri Marteau made his first New York appearance as a soloist at a Philharmonic concert on March 9, and won instant favor. Henry Wolfson has returned to New York from Europe. He has engaged for concert tours next season, Lillian Blauvelt, Clara Butt, Augusta Cololon, Mr.

and Mrs. Henschel, Fritz Kreisler and Hugo Becker. Josephine Hall was ill for a part of last week and unable to play. Her role in Mam'zelle Awkins was well played by Rosa Belmont. Ludwig Englander has returned to New York from Vienna whither he had gone to reside permanently. He was not pleased with the Viennese, hence his return to America. A cafe chantant artist Lina Cavalieri one of the most beautiful women in Italy has left the vaudeville for the lyric stage, and is making a great success in Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Pietro Mascagni, according to a report from San Francisco has promised to stop at that city in his contemplated tour of the world and to conduct performances of his opera while there. Robert Grau has just landed another big fish in his vaudeville net. This time it is no less a personage than Della Fox, the popular comic opera comedienne. She will appear in a new sketch written for her, and it is said will receive \$1,500 a week for her services. Jessie Bartlett Davis will spend the summer in England with Ellen Terry. She is considering two offers, recently received for next season, one to become a member of a London operatic company and the other to star in comic opera in America. It is said that she and Francis Wilson are to be co-stars next season.

TALK OF THE THEATRE. The F. M. Association gave its annual concert in aid of the catholic orphans at the opera house on Monday evening, and following previous records packed the house to the doors; it is said over 300 applications for seats were refused on Monday. The names of many local favorites appeared on the programme every member which was replete with the interest to the audience and the enthusiastic applause bestowed was well merited. There is a possibility of the concert being repeated for the benefit of some other local charity. The Valentine Stock Company played a very successful engagement at the capital this week, the residents of which gave the members a warm welcome. The company in turn was delighted with the celestial and enjoyed their brief stay very much. On Friday and today the bills at the opera house by the Stock company will be, on Friday "A Parisian Romance, Saturday matinee Little Lord Fauntleroy, and this evening Ma'mzelle. Harrison J. Wolfe closed his starring tour on March 7. George Rignold has announced that he will soon visit America. May Irwin is packing the Boston Museum at every performance. J. Aldrich Libby has been engaged for a leading part in "Aunt Hannah." Joy Holford-Beringer is making a hit in "Hearts are Trumps," in England. Phoebe Davis may star next season in a play by W. A. Brady and J. R. Griermer. Helene Wintner, daughter of a Jewish Rabbi, is winning fame in "The Toll-gate Inn." Chauncy Olcott, at the Boston Theatre has made a success in "The Romance of Athlone. M. Leonce a once popular French comedian and very wealthy died in poverty recently. Stuart Robson will terminate his season at the close of his present New York engagement. Augustus Piton is writing a new play for Chauncy Olcott that will be produced next season. Arthur E. Moulton the well known Comedian died at his home in New Hampshire on Feb. 27. Max O'Rell now lecturing in the States is ill and has been obliged to cancel some of his engagements. Anna Eva Fay, the white Mahatma who is well known here is now in St. Louis, gulling the credulous. Sir Henry Irving has contributed \$100 to the fund for making permanent the Dewey Arch in New York. Von Honsteins dramatic legend, "Buddha" was produced last week with unusual success in Munich. Louise Hamilton, a famous soubrette, five or six years ago died the other day in London of Bright's disease. Ada Roban's tour began last week in Baltimore and will last for ten weeks, extending to New Orleans and Denver. Modjeska will sail for Europe in May and there is a chance of her being seen as Hamlet while visiting her native Poland. James K. Hackett may present "The Pride of Jennico" in London in May if arrangements can be made with George

SPECIALTIES

Ladies' and Gentleman. We can supply any specialties and novelties in Ribbon & Mill Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send no stamp for circulars. THE UNIVERSAL SHIRTMAKING CO., P. O. BOX 1124, BOSTON.

Alexander, who controls the English rights to this play. Last weeks sleet storm which was felt here is said to have done \$10,000 worth of damage to theatrical printing in Chicago. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has produced in London a one act play in which she impersonates the once famous Mrs. Jordan. Gertrude Coghlan, a daughter of Charles Coghlan before a starry tour last week in "Lady Flora" a play written by her father. Ethel Barrymore probably will be seen next season in the principal role in a new comedy to be written for her by Clyde Fitch. Marie Lamour accepted last week a new comedy by Wilfred Clarke, author of her present play, "A Wise Woman." The new play is as yet unnamed. Will Nankoville has purchased the Boer melodrama "The Prodigal Parson." "The Runaway Girl" is to be revived at Daly's on April 30 for a spring run. Maude Milton of Sir Henry Irving's Company appeared at Montreal in Ellen Terry's roles and will act them until Miss Terry is able to resume her work. Diane de Lys one of the younger Dumas' dramas is being revived in Paris. It is said to fall far below Camille in merit though it has some effective situations. Now that the dramatization of novels has become a fixed factor in current stage productions, a new feature is contemplated in the possible dramatization of pictures. Leo Dietrichstein is at work upon a new romantic play for E. H. Sothern. Sothern has been engaged to appear at the N. Y. Madison Square theatre in "Twelve Months After." Robert Taber produced Laurence Irving's new play "Bonnie Dundee" in London a couple of weeks ago. The Critics appear to have liked Mr. Taber better than the play. The Mary Saunders company in "The Old Curiosity Shop" started out recently under bright auspices but closed abruptly last Saturday. Poor bookings in Canadian towns shortened its career. Daniel Frohman has begun negotiations with Charles Dona Gibson with a view to presenting a play based upon Gibson's series of sketches called "The Education of Mr. Pipp" that have appeared in Life. Roland Reed was discharged from St. Luke's hospital, New York, last week with a good bill of health. He has recovered from the effects of the several operations underwent and his physicians say he is in better physical condition than ever before. Julia Marlowe will not be under the management of Charles Frohman next season, but her tour will be directed by C. B. Dillingham. The change in managers will not be made at the opening of the season when she plays Barbara Frichotie in Chicago, but when she goes to New York in October with her new play, "When Knighthood was in Flower," it will be under new management. Madame Butterfly is to be produced in London shortly with Evelyn Millard in the name part. Blanche Bates has been playing the role in this piece at the N. Y. Herald Square. It is a sad little tragedy in one act by David Belasco. The Mirror says: "Amid the mass of frothy trash that encumbers the stage at present Madame Butterfly shines as a gem of the purest water. It ranks among the worthiest productions of the season. A theatre in Washington has adopted a novel plan to get ahead of sidewalk speculators. When the tickets have all been sold at the box office an employee of the theatre takes up a position on the sidewalk near the speculators and offers a free ticket to any person who shows a desire to purchase from the outsider. The result of the experiment seems to have been disastrous to the speculators who find themselves "stuck" with numbers of tickets. Not a little uneasiness has been felt on both sides of the Atlantic over the illness of Ellen Terry at Toronto. Upon her arrival in that city from Chicago she contracted a severe cold that quickly developed into pleurisy. She was placed under the most careful treatment. Sir Henry Irving and his company filled their Toronto engagement and proceeded to Montreal leaving Terry in Toronto, as her physician said she could not be moved without danger. During the week she was in Toronto scores of telegrams and cablegrams were received but the famous actress was only permitted to see those from relatives and intimate friends. Her rooms at the hotel were filled with flowers sent daily by her friends. Miss Terry was sufficiently recovered to return to New York a few days ago. A Winning Crew. That bluff and wide awake British sailor Lord Charles Bessford, has seen many strange sights and interesting people in his

varied career; but it is little wonder that he was particularly interested in Ann Glanville of Saltash, whom he knew well in her old age. Ann was herself a nautical character of distinction; she was stroke of the Saltash crew. To be sure, a woman who can row is nothing remarkable nowadays; and we have all heard of college crews composed of young women—and well trained crews they are, too. But they seldom race, even against each other, and never against crews from outside the college, and no one doubt that should they race against men they would incur defeat. The noted Saltash crew, however, of which Ann Glanville was stroke for many years, was a crew which often raced, and usually won, against crews of men as well as of women. They had to their credit races against male crews in the ports of Liverpool, Portsmouth, Plymouth and Hull. The Premier of South Australia, a Saltash man, recalled in a recent speech his recollections of the women of his native place. "It was a pretty sight to see half a dozen boats start in a regatta with all the women in snow white frilled caps and frilled jackets. One crew of which Ann Glanville was stroke, and which I have seen row, would beat a crew of men of the same number, and would not, I believe, have thought it anything very wonderful to beat a crew of men with a couple of men extra. I have often heard that she used to row round the captain's man-o-war gigs in the Hamoaze, and chaff the bluejackets." But the most famous feat of Ann's crew occurred in 1850, when Captain Russell of the Brunswick, bound to show what the women of his native island could do, took them to France, to race in a regatta at Havre. They were received there by the wondering Frenchmen with the honors of a band, a military escort, and a welcome from the mayor and corporation. The race duly came off; and Ann Glanville, with her faithful crew,—Jane House, Emilia Lee and Hyatt Hocking,—won gallantly. Captain Russell himself steering them to victory. So pleased were they that M. House—winning oarsmen do wild things, even in our own colleges, so she may be forgiven—could only express her sense of elation on reaching the committee boat by leaping overboard, diving under it, and coming up triumphant on the other side! As the uniform worn by the Saltash rowers consisted of a black skirt, loose white overgrown and ruffled cap, she must have been an odd-looking object when she scrambled back to her place. Ann Glanville died in 1880 at the age of eighty-four. Since then the prowess of the Saltash women has decreased sadly.

"A Lump Like Lead"—How often one hears the dyspeptic complain of this sensation in the stomach. Through neglect or overwork the digestive organs are weakened and this symptom is the common sensation after eating. The pineapple contains a large percentage of vegetable papain, and is a potent aid to digestion. This discovery has given to the world nature's delightful and positive cure, Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets—50 in a box, 25 cents. Early Journalism in England. Among other examples of newspaper enterprise in the days before telegraphs and railways had covered the country, Mr. Coleman tells how Murdo Young, the proprietor of the old "Sun," in whose office the veteran writer rose from reading boy to sub-editor, went to the enormous expense of engaging special relays of horses between Glasgow and London in order to obtain the earliest report of the installation of Sir Robert Peel as Lord Rector of Glasgow University. The "copy" was in this way received and printed in a little over twenty-four hours, which was about the equivalent of two hours of the present age of wires, huge staffs of compositors, and perfected printing presses. She (before a copy of Venus de Milo)—Poor thing, I wonder how she lost her arm. He—Looks as if she twisted 'em off trying to hold a lookin' glass so she could see her back hair. Palmist—Your hand shows me that you have had a fight this morning. Visitor—You could tell it quicker by the other fellow's eye.

"Silver Plate that Wears" MADE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDEN B. COMPANY. A very complete line of this reliable brand in Tea-ware, Bake-dishes, Fruit Bowls, etc., and also latest patterns in "1847 Rogers Bros." Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.



Pure and Fragrant The "Albert" Baby's Own Soap. Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.



BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" 1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 194in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon any color. TO INTRODUCE these bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination on receipt of \$1.00. The \$1.00 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us. WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$2.00 to \$25.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

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unusually as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Flesk Sores, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Earache, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally. Large Pots, 1s 1/4d. each, at Chemists, etc. with Instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

Free Cure For Men. EVERY WEAK MAN

It will positively CURE COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH and BRONCHITIS. It will immediately relieve Asthma, Soreness in the Chest and all Lung Affections. It can be given to the youngest children with perfect safety, as well as to adults, as it contains no morphine or injurious drugs, and is purely a palatable combination of Balsams. PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

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It will positively CURE COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH and BRONCHITIS. It will immediately relieve Asthma, Soreness in the Chest and all Lung Affections. It can be given to the youngest children with perfect safety, as well as to adults, as it contains no morphine or injurious drugs, and is purely a palatable combination of Balsams. PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

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coronet, and a gold archief. A plain gold longer contains the while a gold and me is also empty. craped gold and crys- intended for a look of likewise a reliquary ic. Much greater is a gold and black locket, which con- a small oval lock of oet's loves.' Within he lines: other like to thee, vain for me.' is 'apparently an un- purely Byronic.' wrist clasp (is that t) set in pearls com- t brown hair—whose? etically. These seven enthusiastic Byronicist rife of £37 or so. Freewalling Grip. York Herald. revealed in mild form an months, it has now ably virulent type in actor of its new inva- tent fortnight thousands heretofore have been eases is plainly epidem- section of country. disease is essentially ca- manifests itself in in- of the membranes of d upper air passages. sudden and there is eperature, with pain in and irritative cough, lar pains and constra- n to little things—the ights, the cultivation of e in eating and drink- all hygienic rules—y one reasonably safe." Specific "Seventy-sev- gency of the prevailing restores the checked cir- by a sudden chill), the Cold; starts the blood he veins and so "breaks annual of all diseases, children, sent free. druggists, on receipt of 1.00. Humphreys' He- ce Co., Cor. William & ending in an automobile d. able ride' ead. carriage," he said, 'is not ' not. Between the motor ke it gives a fellow more e hands and arms than e. What is needed is eperated entirely with the to purchase a thorough- don't know how to look on't you look in a cattle-

My's Cure

by the ed on the top of her ver her scalp, face, ng one mass of sores. uch she must have cratched at times till mingled with water. s treatment proved disorder, instead of ore. We then e treatment, and com- RA REMEDIES. We A RESOLVENT, CUTI- CUTICURA SOAP, all ma disappeared, the left perfectly clear he was entirely cured. Mrs. E. BUTLER, sores on different parts in all. They were about much and eject a pus- ce with the cure of my ther with the doctor in which completely cured S. Brooklyn, N. Y.

ed Babies

TRA SOAP, and a single appl- es. This treatment, assisted eans the blood, affords in- plants to a speedy, permanent, ting, bleeding, scaly, pimply, ill else falls. Sold throughout ENT. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTI- CHEM. COE., Sole Propo.,

KING WDER... wholesome

Waking up... Good Fellow... High favor in this city...

as the Big Apple... local government are sending... Capt. H. B. Stairs...

Keep Her Dates... (See Cor. Digby Courier)...

LEGACIES... Dally Chronicle... Mr. E. G. Knight of Walkerville, Ont. was a visitor to the city this week.

rd, how strange! It's all...-ring-an'-hair-for 'er!

bed they have made him... in the blankets and cheap...

the bugle is crying... have heard and are brave...

he sat at home... and he knew him at the door...



Last week was pretty well filled with social events, that is considering the season...

McLaughlin in entertaining the guests, among whom were the following: Mrs. Malcolm McKay, Mrs. Sherwood Skinner...

Mrs. A. C. Smith gave a very pleasant tea on Wednesday afternoon at which a large number of guests were present.

Mrs. E. F. Quigley got back this week from a visit to the upper provinces. The week Governor spent a little while in the city this week enroute to the capital.

Mrs. W. A. Estlin came home Saturday from a visit to British Columbia. Harry W. McLeod has been transferred to the Toronto branch of the Bank of Montreal.

Mr. George Robertson, M. P., returned Monday from Halifax where he had been to bid Mr. Duncan Robertson good-bye. The latter sailed for the Transvaal on Saturday.

Mr. Charles Flood who was called here from Boston by the death of his sister Miss Ida May Flood, returned home on Tuesday.

Misses Josie and Eliza West of Riverside have been spending a little while in the city. Miss Nellie Kane left Tuesday for Halifax after a visit to her home in this city.

Mr. J. D. Patterson left this week for New York, called thither by the death of a relative. Rev. John Reid of Centenary church spent a little while in Fredericton this week.

assist in the production of Iolaths at the Opera house on Wednesday and Thursday. During their stay in the city they were guests at the Deffen-

Miss Mary McKenna of the West End left on Thursday on a visit to Boston. Mr. O. B. Newham of St. Stephen was in the city in the early part of the week.

Mr. John E. Thomas returned the first of the week from a visit to Boston and New York. Mr. J. Noel Scovill has returned from Paris where he has been pursuing his art studies for nearly a year.

Mr. Clarence Ward who has been ill with influenza came out on Saturday and was obliged to lay up again on Monday, but is at present much improved. The Crescent whist club was on Thursday evening last brought to a close at the residence of Mrs. H. Doherty...

Dr. Drummond was entertained at luncheon on Wednesday by Dr. Walker, and later was given a sail on the harbor by Mayor Sears. St. Stephen's church guild enjoyed a very pleasant time last Monday evening when a charming program was rendered...

The death occurred at an early hour on Sunday morning of Mrs. McAlpine with old David McAlpine well known in connection with his publishing of directories, Mrs. McAlpine was in poor health for some time but her final sickness was of but two weeks duration.

Mr. Sinclair of the Elder-Dempster line Mrs. and Miss Sinclair were in the city this week on their way from Halifax to New York. Mr. Sinclair had visited Halifax in connection with the sailing of the Strathcona Horse.

Mr. Thos. B. Wheelock and family will remain in China this summer, so as to enable Mr. Frank Gove to visit England, Paris and America. Mr. Wheelock's cottage will not be opened the coming season in consequence.

Mr. James Hunt has returned to Boston. Conn. McNeill of Deer Island, gave St. Andrews a call on Thursday last. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer are arranging for a continental tour.

Mr. W. J. Dougherty of Eastport, accompanied by his little daughter, is visiting at St. Andrews. Miss E. Vaughan Fiewelling left by the O. P. R. Wednesday afternoon for her home, St. John, N. B., Miss Fiewelling has become very popular during her stay in this city, a guest at the Windsor.

ST. ANDREWS, MAR. 22.—Mrs. J. F. Dutton, of St. Stephen, visited St. Andrews friends last week. Mr. J. J. Alexander was in town on Thursday last arranging for the summer campaign on Campobello Island.

F. E. Vroom, Mrs. Harriet Clarke, Mrs. John McAdam, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. G. B. Grimmer, St. Andrews, Mrs. P. M. Abbott, Mrs. Andrew Mar-

Miss Grace Moore of the West End. Mrs. J. B. Carruthers of Kingston, Ontario is this week being entertained by Mrs. Isaac Burpee. Dr. J. E. McIntosh is confined to his residence with a severe cold.

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The Story of It's Worth... It is best told by the economy and effectiveness of its use. When a thoroughly pure and economical article is wanted; don't experiment stick to the old reliable.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES. A musical programme was arranged for entertainment. Mrs. George J. Clark sang the "Old Man's Dream" sweetly and pathetically.

Corticelli Skirt Protector should not be used as a binding—it is a physical impossibility for any kind of a binding to outwear a skirt. Corticelli Protector Braid should be sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—one at upper edge of braid and the second near the bottom of the skirt.

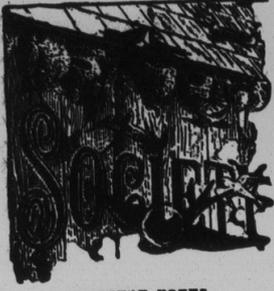
When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."

What Cured Your Cough? ADAMSON'S BALSAM! No cough can stay after being treated with it. It simply soothes it out of existence. There is nothing harsh or imperative about ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM.

FOR THE MOTHERLESS. COMFORTABLE HOME and motherly care by parents of girl four years old, can be engaged for girl about same age at moderate terms. PROBATE COURT. City and County of Saint John. To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John or any Constable of the said City and County—Greeting:

"STRONGEST AND BEST." Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCOA. Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Purchase should ask especially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

FOR ADDITION... EIGHTH FIFTH AND... EIGHTH FIFTH AND...



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programmes for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- Monroe & Co. Barrington street
O'Connell & Co. Barrington street
The News Co. Barrington street

R. C. Keith, son of Mr. Donald Keith of this city, received a cable notifying him of his appointment to a lieutenancy in the field artillery, and directing him to proceed to London at once and report to the war office; he left Halifax on Wednesday to take the Campania at New York on Saturday.

Rev. A. H. Beavin, who came here two years ago and has been assisting the rector of St. Luke's cathedral, left for New York; he was highly highly esteemed by the congregation of St. Luke's.

Rev. F. McDonald, brother of E. M. McDonald, M. P. F., (now at Edinburgh), has received a hearty and unanimous call from St. Paul's church, Truro.

Mrs. Parker, wife of Rev. D. O. Parker, of Wolfville, is very ill of heart trouble. Mr. and Mrs. Parker are spending the winter in Boston with their daughter, Miss Alberta Parker, Acadia '04.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beckwith, of Royal Hotel, Wolfville are spending a few days in the city, the guests of Mrs. Arthur Taylor.

Mark O'Meara, the popular clerk in Elder, Dempster Co's office, Quebec, went on the Monterey as private secretary to Capt. Parry. Mark is a very clever young man and will no doubt do credit to himself while acting in his new capacity.

Major S. J. B. Siroon has been receiving congratulations on the success he made as embarkation officer for Strathcona Horse. The general major acquitted himself with credit both to himself and the citizens of Halifax.

Mr. John Edwards, Assistant Marine Supt. of the Elder-Dempster Co., who has been in Halifax since the arrival of the S. R. Montserrat, left for Montreal this afternoon. Mr. Edwards has made many friends during his stay in this city, especially among the fair sex, who became infatuated with his stentorian voice, as he sang out his orders on the deck of the transports during the course of their transformation.

Dr. W. B. Drummond, the distinguished author and poet who appeared in Orpheus Hall Thursday evening was the guest of Judge Henry while in Halifax.

Sheriff Chisholm of Antigonish was in the city this week. He came to witness the departure of the Strathcona contingent. It is understood that seven men of the contingent belong to Antigonish county.

Mr. Shino of St. Mary's school, is laid up with an attack of lagrippis.

Mrs. Booth-Perry the Academy vocal teacher of Yarmouth, is in the city.

Rev. A. H. Beavin, who came here two years ago and has been assisting the rector of St. Luke's cathedral, leaves this week for New York. The reverend gentleman is highly esteemed by the congregation of St. Luke's and his departure is deeply regretted.

Rev. P. M. McDonald, M. P. F. has received a hearty and unanimous call from St. Paul's church, Truro. The call has been sent to Edinburgh for his consideration.

Rev. James McLean, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian church, Great Village for over 20 years, has resigned. His resignation will not take effect until July. At the request of the congregation he will then hold the position of pastor for emeritus.

East River and Portauque congregation is now moving in a call to Rev. A. L. McKay, a graduate of Pine Hill, Halifax.

D. A. Hearn, of Sydney, is at the Queen.

A. G. T. Pinder, of Strathcona's Horse leaves for England on the first steamer to transact some business and sails from there for South Africa, where he will rejoin the Strathconas. He has leave of absence until next month.

Lieut. Colonel Morris, of the North West Mounted Police, was in St. John on Friday, en route to Charlottetown. His business is to secure recruits for the Mounted Police. After leaving Charlottetown he will visit Halifax and other points in Nova Scotia and will return to St. John about April 20.

Colonel Morris is a Frederickian man. There have been a few enquiries by Halifax young men as to whether or not the Mounted Police would recruit here.

J. W. H. Sutherland, bookkeeper for the Intercolonial Coal Mining Co., has succeeded D. McDonald as editor and publisher of the Westville Free Lance.

Colonel McDonald, of the militia department, leaves this afternoon for Ottawa.

E. Trew, R. M. L. I., Bermuda is at the Halifax. Wm. Fraser, assistant superintendent of the D. A. E. is in the city.

H. R. Clouston of Bradford arrived on the delayed I. C. R. train yesterday and is at the Halifax.

going the rounds and has met with good success. The death occurred at the Infirmary, Halifax, of Jesse, wife of N. H. Finlayson, of Lawrenceton. The deceased was 80 years of age. The remains were brought by train to Lawrenceton for interment.

The amateur dramatic company, drawn from the Bachelors and Pickwick Clubs, are busy rehearsing the drama "Down East," which they are to put on at the Academy in the near future.

TRURO. (Programme is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and at Crown Street.)

Mar. 21.—Mrs. C. M. Blanchard, Miss Maud and Master Eric Blanchard, arrived home Saturday evening from a short visit with Halifax friends.

Mrs. D. E. Smith is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thompson at Antigonish.

The marriage of Rev. Mr. Macroe of Antigonish and Miss Beale Lewis, B. A., of Dalhousie, daughter of Mrs. John Lewis, is to be consummated shortly.

Mrs. J. E. McKay and Mrs. G. L. Walker are visiting the latter's home friends in Wallace.

Mrs. Thomas McKay, Miss McKay and Miss Lawson, called on Friday last from Halifax, per S. S. Beta for Bermuda.

Mrs. A. S. Murphy is home from a short visit in Wallace.

Miss Gertrude Donkin spent Saturday and Sunday with home friends here, and returned to Mt. Allison, Sackville, Monday morning.

Mr. E. S. Eaton, on route home to Kenville, from Woodstock and St. John, where she has been visiting friends, is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. J. Walker.

Mrs. W. S. Casson who was spending a few days with her relatives at the "Learnment" returned to Halifax on Monday.

YARMOUTH. Mar. 23.—Mr. A. S. Matheson presented our correspondent with a mayflower in full bloom yesterday.

Mrs. Moss, an aged resident of Lake George, passed away on Sunday in her 81st year.

Mr. John Haskell passed away at Overton Sunday aged 76 years. The funeral was held Thursday at 2 p. m.

Mr. Albert Cameron who was on the barkentine Peerless during her last cruise, returned from Halifax, where he left the vessel, Saturday afternoon.

The concert given by St. Ambrose Dramatic Club on Friday, realized \$44 for the organ fund of St. Ambrose church \$83 was taken at the door.

A requisition has been handed to Mr. S. C. Hood, asking him to become a candidate for the vacancy in the town council caused by the resignation of Councillor Comeau.

The Canadian ensign floated bright and early from the post office building Saturday in honor of Ireland's patron saint. The flag is a brand new one and will do good service celebrating British victories.

Councillor Rogers, Dr. Ferrin, and Mr. L. E. Wheaton returned from Halifax, where they witnessed the embarkation of the Strathcona horse Saturday. Mr. A. J. McCallum stopped off at Windsor and returned yesterday.

The many friends of Lenox Beveridge who resided with his grand-father Mr. Benjamin Treiry, Park street, will regret that the condition of his health necessitated his removal to a Halifax hospital. He was sent there on arrival of the papers which were necessary for his admission to the institution. The young man has been acting strangely the past few days but it was hoped that his case was less serious than it unfortunately is.

Mrs. Medelina Lenz, widow of the late Col. Jas. Lenz, collector of customs and postmaster at Tusket, died at her home at that place Friday evening at 9 o'clock. She has been falling in health for some time. She remained conscious almost to the last. Ten children survive her, Mrs. Stephen Gillis Somerville, Mrs. Charles Hunter, Yarmouth, Mrs. Herbert Hatfield, Tusket, Arabella and Cecilia F., and Adolphus S., Abram J., James W., Thomas K., and Arthur R. Adolphus and Abram live in Tusket. The other sons who now live in the United States have arrived to attend the funeral, arrangements for which have not yet been made.

HANTSPOET. MAR. 21.—The debate held in Sweet's hall last Friday evening, though not largely attended was very exciting. The subject under discussion was, "Resolved that a self educated man (on the common school basis) is more successful in commercial life than a man with a college training." The speakers for the affirmative were Messrs Chittick and Smith. The negative were Messrs Shields and Borden. A large number of good points were brought out by both sides and when the vote was taken it was found to be a tie. Mr. Sweet, as chairman of debate, gave the casting vote in favor of the affirmative. The next subject for debate will be, "Resolved that the Imperial Federation would be of benefit to Canada."

We understand that a concert is to be given in Churchill's hall on the evening of July 1, under the auspices of the B. Y. F. U.

A very enjoyable supper and entertainment was given at Mrs. Lockhart's last Thursday evening. A large number attended and quite a sum was realized for the pipe organ fund.

Quite a number of our people attended the embarkation of Strathcona's horse. They declared that it was much superior to the others, both in the appearance of troops and ship.

Navigation on the Avon, though open all winter, is now perfectly clear. Already vessels are daily going past, and the shipyard will soon begin to be occupied. The Avon will be overhauled before being ready for work.

WINDSOE. MAR. 21.—Mrs. Joseph Scott is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Fyazant Falmouth.

Miss Mary Smith has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends in Dartmouth.

Mrs. G. J. C. White, Wolfville, spent a few days with Mrs. W. H. Blanchard, last week.

Mrs. Robert Taylor, Halifax, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clarence Redden, at Martock.

Albert K. Dwyer, of Shubenacadie, spent Sunday the 11th with his parents in Springhill.

Miss Aimee Jones returned home Saturday morning from a visit with friends in Halifax and Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Campbell, Weymouth, spent Sunday in town, on their way home from Halifax.

Miss Nora Black arrived home Friday evening from Truro, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lewis Rice.

Miss Maud McLatchey and Miss Evelyn Dimock, visited Mrs. Augusta Allison, Halifax, last week, returning home on Monday evening.

CHATHAM. MAR. 22.—We understand Dr. Sprout has purchased the Troy tenancy property, corner of Duke and King streets.

At the close of the service in St. Mary's church

WALL PAPER! MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT. ESTABLISHED 1843. 3000 PATTERNS IN STOCK. The G. A. Holland & Son Co., MONTREAL. SOME OF OUR PRICES. Ungrounded Flats 3c, 3 1/2c, 4c, 5c. Embossed Gilt Borders 12c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c. Gilded Flats 6c, 7c, 8c, 10c. 30 Inch Plain Ingrains 15c, 17c, 25c, 30c, 40c. Gilded Gilt Borders 8c, 9c, 10c, 15c, 20c. Room Mouldings to Match all Papers 3 1/2, 4c, 5c, 10c. Special prices on application for Japanese Goods, German Flax Hangings, French Cretons, English Washable Papers, Burlap's and American Pressed Papers. We send samples of wall paper by return mail, free of charge, to any part of America, upon request stating style of room or rooms to be papered, colours preferred and limit price. We import our wall papers direct from the best manufacturers in Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Japan, United States, and Canada, so that in dealing with us, the genius of the world's wall paper art is brought to the homes of all through our mail order department, at a minimum cost. Our heavy buying, and 57 years business record in Canada's great commercial centre gets us large discounts, choicest patterns, which we in turn give to our customers. When sending samples, we enclose complete instructions how to calculate number of rolls required for each room, also full directions for ordering. If required we will also send a handsome illustrated wall paper booklet with valuable information about decorating homes. We guarantee prompt shipment of all orders same day as received. Our close prices cover Express Charges many times over and saves in addition in most cases from 30 to 40 per cent. Illustrated Catalogue of our other departments in Games, Toys, Dolls, Fancy Goods, Baskets, Purses, Musical Instruments, Sporting Goods, sent to any one on application, enclosing a 8 cent stamp for mailing same.

The G. A. Holland & Son Co., Canada's Wall Paper Importers, 2411 St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, Canada.

Sunday evening, the Te Deum and God save the Queen were sung at a thanksgiving for the continued British success in South Africa. On St. Patrick's day the Newcastle C. M. B. A. band drove around town in the afternoon playing patriotic airs. The band sleigh and horses were royally decorated. The music was favorably commented upon and the boys were loudly cheered as they returned to the band room. The band of the Newcastle C. M. B. A. rendered this patriotic air. The leader Mr. De Wolfe, is to be congratulated upon the fine appearance of the turnout. Mr. John Anderson formerly of Chatham now of Toronto is visiting his uncle, Mr. A. A. Anderson. Miss Annie Flanagan has returned from a visit to Boston. Mr. F. O. Peterson lately visited Sydney. He will start business there about May. Mr. George Leach of Derby, who has been working in Sydney for some time, has returned home to make arrangements for moving his family there. A very large audience greeted St. Michael's C. T. A. society concert company, in the Masonic Hall, Saturday evening, when the drama "More Hired than Sinned" was put on in good style. The matinee in the afternoon was also largely attended. Each member carried out his part well, and the management is to be congratulated upon the successful entertainment. There was only one thing that could be complained of and the same thing happens every year, namely, selling reserve seat tickets on the principle of the general admission tickets—without a plan of the hall. The heaviest part of the drama was taken by Mr. J. T. B. Kain, who recited his part with the air of professional actor. The following songs were rendered during the evening. "Just out of the top of me," F. H. Dunn; "Why did they sell Killarney," Noemie Maher; "Just sing a song for Ireland," M. Gorman; "One among the many," T. Mulhern. The best feature of the evening, and in fact the part well, was the song, "More Hired than Sinned" for a long time, was the song "darkness." They were a whole show in themselves. Drink Only Good Tea. There's a reason for it! Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Tetley's Elephant Brand is safest, as its packer's business reputation is staked on its purity.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL, Wholesale Agents for Canada. News and Opinions OF National Importance.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION. Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

No Yankee Humbug but good honest value in Maypole Soap the great English Home Dye. DYES ANY MATERIAL ANY COLOUR FREE book on Home Dyeing by applying to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

WOODSTOCK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock's Bookstore and B. Mar. 22.—R. W. Tompkins, Iowa Monday. J. L. Henderson, Richmond Monday. Jas. McManus left on Sydney, C. B. C. G. Connell has so far refused to get again. Capt. W. Boyer, Victoria, on town last week. Mayor Murphy has been for some time from an attack Harry Watt has secured a office, Edmundston, and has Mrs. C. V. Wetmore, after her parents here, left on a ton where she will visit at Sydney, C. B. G. A. Bedell, Andover, Wednesday.

MONTOUR. [Progress is for sale in Tweedie's Bookstore and B. Mar. 22.—Mr. James B. formerly employed as a Whitehead's tailor shop where he has secured a a good workman and winning town of Sydney. Mr. P. Hopper has returned. Miss Tweedie went to Mr. Albert Stewart, railway, Bathurst, was in Mr. and Mrs. Burpee, spending a few days in M daughter, Mrs. T. C. Bur Mr. C. H. Gunning, Worcester, Mass., Tele week at his home in Bridging is a son of Mr. J. H. Moncton boys who has Dr. B. A. Marvin of B treat express on Friday tawa. On his return he Montreal to visit the McGill college. Mr. W. F. Humphrey

Cold Ha Thin Blood Star Weakens the Becomes Poor Are Cold, System Run Do Vitality Dr. Cha

Vital energy of the body by the centre where it is one-fifth the blood quired by the this force which body. Just as soon as weary and dispirited for lack of pro out in nervous body pains—crie approach of paration. Brain lag, loss appetite, sleep inability, incap the future and weakness of the tones of the thin nerves which ca women of this a To call a qui nerve waste an active process of possibly find no Dr. Chase's Ne blood and buil Dr. Chase's uate or deaden and surely bu only overcom new hope, nment of the best restorativ men, women box at all dea Co., Toronto, ceases sent free

Asthma, bronchitis and colds are cured by Syrup of Linseed Oil. Price 50 cents.



At the TOP of the TREE.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"Strongest and Best."—HEALTH.

200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]
MAR. 22.—R. W. Tompkins, Riverbank, was in town Monday.
J. L. Henderson, Richmond corner, was in town Monday.
Jas. McManus left on Monday for a trip to Sydney, C. B.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Miss Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones' Bookstore.]
MAR. 22.—Mr. James Best, the well known tailor formerly employed as pressman in Mr. J. W. Whitehead's tailor shop left this week for Sydney, where he has secured a good position. Mr. Best is a good workman and will doubtless do well in the rising town of Sydney.
Mr. P. Hopper has returned from a trip to Montreal.
Miss Tweedie went to Boston Saturday on business.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.]
MAR. 21.—This has been a week of so much sorrow to so many homes here that we have all felt more inclined for sympathy with the saddened ones and personal pleasures have been forgotten.
The death of Dr. George E. Coulthard on Saturday morning after a short illness of ten days has been a great grief to many homes and to his sorrowing wife and daughter is extended the sympathy of the entire community.

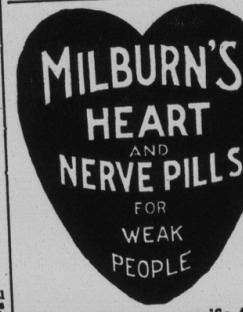
THINGS OF VALUE.

Where Genius Thrives.
He started to write with a holder of red ink.
And a point that surely was gold.
His paper was purple and blotched instead of the blue paper of old.
And his desk was a treasure, from silver stamp case that was given to him by his father.
And the foot of his lamp was a bronze lion's face.
While a dragon encircled the shade.

He can! Will he?

Your dealer can supply you with silver-plated knives, forks and spoons stamped with the W. ROGERS' mark.
They will cost you but little more, if any, than plate made by unknown makers.
He will sell them to you if you ask him for goods bearing that mark, the kind that lasts. At all dealers.

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



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood.
They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fag, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

Good Paper AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

New York Millionaires.

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RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent.

WANTED RELIABLE MEN

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FOR 1900 (INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.
HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.
Articles by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.
FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. HILMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

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

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,

Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

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

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

Cold Hands. Thin Blood.

Thin Blood Starves the Nerves and Weakens the Heart, Circulation Becomes Poor, the Extremities Are Cold, and the Whole System is Weak and Run Down—Restore Vitality by Using.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Vital energy or nerve force is supplied to the body by the brain—the great nerve centre where it is created. No less than one-fifth the blood of the human body is required by the brain in its work of creating this force which runs the machinery of the body.
Just as soon as the blood becomes thin, watery and diseased, the brain is starved for lack of proper nourishment, and cries out in nervous headaches, neuralgia and body pains—cries that give warning of the approach of paralysis or nervous prostration.
Brain fag, loss of energy, ambition and appetite, sleeplessness, nervousness and inability, incapacity for business, tears of the future and general exhaustion and weakness of the body are further symptoms of the thin blood and weak, wout nerves which cause such misery to men and women of this age of nervousness.
To call a quick halt to this process of nerve waste and set at work the restorative process of building up you cannot possibly find no efficacious a restorative as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the enricher of blood and builder of new nerve cells.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does not stimulate or deaden the nerves, but gradually and surely builds up the system, permanently overcomes disease and puts new life, new hope, new energy into every movement of the body. It is the world's greatest restorative for pale, weak, nervous men, women and children. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. A book on Nervous Diseases sent free.
Asthma, bronchitis, croup and all coughs and colds are quickly cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine. 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much. 60 cents.

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Vital energy or nerve force is supplied to the body by the brain—the great nerve centre where it is created. No less than one-fifth the blood of the human body is required by the brain in its work of creating this force which runs the machinery of the body.
Just as soon as the blood becomes thin, watery and diseased, the brain is starved for lack of proper nourishment, and cries out in nervous headaches, neuralgia and body pains—cries that give warning of the approach of paralysis or nervous prostration.
Brain fag, loss of energy, ambition and appetite, sleeplessness, nervousness and inability, incapacity for business, tears of the future and general exhaustion and weakness of the body are further symptoms of the thin blood and weak, wout nerves which cause such misery to men and women of this age of nervousness.
To call a quick halt to this process of nerve waste and set at work the restorative process of building up you cannot possibly find no efficacious a restorative as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the enricher of blood and builder of new nerve cells.
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does not stimulate or deaden the nerves, but gradually and surely builds up the system, permanently overcomes disease and puts new life, new hope, new energy into every movement of the body. It is the world's greatest restorative for pale, weak, nervous men, women and children. 50 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. A book on Nervous Diseases sent free.
Asthma, bronchitis, croup and all coughs and colds are quickly cured by Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine. 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much. 60 cents.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

on Saturday afternoon given to Mrs. W. T. Rose. During her stay she was the guest of Mrs. W. F. Todd.

Miss Florence Boardman spent Sunday in town with her family.

Miss Florence Mitchell went to St. John on Monday to visit Miss W. near for a week.

Mrs. Earlight gave a birthday party on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her daughter Sadie's eighth birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. I. B. Todd are visiting Boston.

Mrs. Todd will spend a week with Mrs. Vose in Portland before returning home.

Mrs. Edgar Hitchcock expects to leave for her home in Montreal, Mexico, on the 25th of this month.

Miss Ethel Bliss Forster who went to Boston to enter upon a course of study to be a trained nurse, was unable to stand the rigors of the work and has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Miss Rita Ross gave a very pleasant progressive whist party at her home on Tuesday evening.

Miss Anne Young who has been visiting relatives in Fredericton, is again at home.

Edward Short of Nevada city, California, has been in town for several days, after an absence of twenty years.

Mrs. Gillman of Oak Bay, has been spending a week visiting friends in town.

Miss Florence Boardman entertained friends at a musicale last evening, the guests of honor being Mr. Whisman and Miss Maloney.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidgwell entertained friends at tea on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Geo. Clarke and daughter Doris, are visiting in Fredericton.

The Call of the Drum.

All faint and far away I hear The calling of the drum. Its rhythmic thrumming, drawing near, Is ever pleading: "Come!" The colors are waving— My heart throbs with craving— As nearer And clearer, And louder, And prouder Its melody grows as the sound comes and goes. "Come! Come!" Is the call of the drum.

Now brave and grand, and near at hand I hear the calling drum. The flag, by gallant breezes fanned, Is beckoning: "Oh come!" We'll rush to the clamor Of battle with its clamour, And swelling, And telling The story Of glory.

The drum stuns in place as it passes by me. "Come! Come!" Is the song of the drum.

Still faint and far away I hear The ever calling drum. Now singing low, now ringing clear, In its insistent "Come!" With tones sweet and hollow It lures me to follow.

Far away Through the day It calls me— Cathartes me— The lit of its beating heart is repeating. "Come! Come!" Is the call of the drum.

An Ex-M. P. Organizer's Work.

Ald. Millidge made the remark a few days ago that he intended to run again this year because he had the protestant support. He was very frank about it and indicated that the same support was to be extended to Dr. Christie. Last year it seems this support that is now counted upon was against the doctor and the lawyer but through the effort of an Ex-M. P. the chairman of works and Ald. Millidge are going to be in it this year again. The hope that Mr. A. C. Smith will get the collectorship and that Mr. John Chesley will be chosen for his present position is not the least encouraging possibility that is urging the Ex-M. P. organizer to work the lodges.

Maxon—Did you tell your wife about that California decision that a man had a right to be out all night and give no account of himself?

Wazon—I did.

Maxon—Then what did she say?

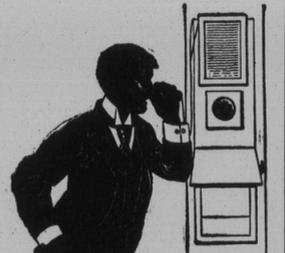
Wazon—That the decision was reversed.

'Have you ever qualified yourself for the stage, madam?' inquired Mr. Oldham, the eminent theatrical manager.

'I have divorces in 4 languages, sir,' replied the young and beautiful Mrs. Har ker, aspirant for histrionic honors.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Dual 17 Waterloo

Call up 214



AMERICAN LAUNDRY

and have us call for your next bundle. You'll not have to wait a minute beyond the appointed time—we always get your work out on time, or a little sooner.

Our wagon will call for your bundle and take it back again—a clean, sweet package, washed and ironed with the utmost care and the smallest wear.

If work is promised for a certain time, you will get the linen, and not excuses.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

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

"Every Well Man Hath His Ill Day."

A doctor's examination might show that kidneys, liver and stomach are normal, but the doctor cannot analyze the blood upon which these organs depend.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood. It cures you when "a bit off" or when seriously afflicted. It never disappoints.

Rheumatism—"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for rheumatism. It has done me more good than any other medicine I have taken." MRS. PATRICK KENNETT, Brampton, Ont.

Bad Cough—"After my long illness, I was very weak and had a bad cough. I could not eat or sleep. Different remedies did not help me but Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up and I am now able to attend to my work." MINNIE JACQUES, Oshano, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FLASHES OF FUN.

The signs of spring are everywhere; they want the swallows soon; and soon we'll hear once more the cry: "Say, mister, wot's de score?"

Visitor—when you are grown up, will you be a doctor like your father? Bobby—Mercy, no! Why I couldn't even kill a rabbit!

Cobwigger—Did the boys salute the bride by throwing old shoes at her? O'Moulihan—No, be jabers! Phwin they saw th' orange-blossoms they went at her wid brickbats.

Judge—Here, officer, this man says he was arrested for merely taking cold. Is that correct? Officer—It is, your honor. He was stealing ice when I nabbed him.

'Mary' said the lady of the house, 'you didn't put any salt in the bread.'

'But,' replied the new girl, 'didn't the master say yesterday he wouldn't have nothing but fresh bread on his table?'

'Do you see that dog?'

'Yes. But what is there so wonderful about him?'

'He's worth \$50,000!'

'Good gracious! How did he save the money?'

Wife—My shopping (wasn't very satisfactory today.

Husband—Ump! I suppose as usual, you were trying to get something for nothing.

Wife—Well, yes dear, I was trying to get something as a birthday gift for you.

Little Girl (viewing the remains of a broken pitcher)—Boo-hoo! Boo hoo!

Kind-hearted old gentleman—There! There! It's no use to cry over spilled milk.

Little girl—It wasn't milk; it was beer. Boo-hoo hoo!

Hewitt—So you are engaged to Miss Gruet?

Jewett—Yes.

Hewitt—She looks so much like her twin sister that I don't see how you can tell them apart.

Jewett—I don't have to; I'm engaged to both of them.

He wouldn't pay an architect, it was a simple waste; He'd go ahead and just erect a house to suit his taste.

He did, and now the neighbors find a cause to stop and grin; For, don't you know, it slipped his mind To put a chimney in.—Chicago News.

'Where's that music Dolly was playing this morning?' asked Mr. Camrox.

'On the piano,' answered his wife; 'what do you want with it?'

'I'm going to fix it up. I got Dolly to show me the marks that mean "repeat" and I'm going to take this eraser and rub 'em out.'

'I am glad to see you are free from that egotism which prompts professional jealousy,' said the man who assumes a patronizing and paternal manner.

'No,' replied the young actor, languidly. 'To tell you the truth, I haven't seen any actors whose work suggested any reason whatever for my being jealous.'

Judge—So the prisoner hit you on the head with a brick, did he?

McGinty—Yes, yer honor.

Judge—But it seems he didn't quite kill you, anyway.

McGinty—No, bad 'cess to him; but it's wishin' he had Oi do be.

Judge—Why do you wish that?

McGinty—Begory, thin Oi would have seen the scoundrel hanged for murder.

'Rumor is a potent and terrible thing,' said the man of much sensibility. 'How often it happens that some man falls under the suspicion of the world, and through no fault of his own is met on every hand with questioning glances.'

'Yes,' said the young man. 'But you get used to it after a while and don't mind it.'

'Do you speak from experience?'

'Yes. I'm the clerk who receives people's money every month at the gas office.'

'Out damned spot!'

It was Lady Macbeth who thus shocked the proprietors.

Then she put some more benzine on the sponge and rubbed the glove still harder.

In those days people were not so well

acquainted with the fact that speech was invented to conceal thought.

Perhaps, though, it would have been just as well had Mrs. Macbeth said, "Oh, shoot!"

The Old Dogscreech.

Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest,

Where the flowered gowns he folded, which were once brave as the best;

And, like the queer old jackets and the waistcoats gay with stripes

They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old dogscreech outfits.

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny hook, seemingly made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look;

Litharge of purple and velvet, odd little frames of gold

Circling the faded faces brought from the days of old.

Grandpa and grandma, taken ever so long ago, Grandma's bonnet a marvel, grandpa's collar a Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby hands

Painstaking no one should notice—in glittering gilded bands.

Aunts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and stiff array,

Lovers and brides' then blooming, but now so wrinkled and gray,

Out through the misty glasses they gaze at me, sitting here

Opening the quaint old cases with a smile that is half a tear.

I will smile no more little pictures, for heartless it was, in truth,

To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of a vanished youth.

Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns and your lavender,

And dream 'mid their bygone ghosts, of the wonderful days that were.

Dungarvon's Contingent is Ready.

(The following was composed in a lumber camp on Dungarvon River which flows into the Miramichi.)

We're a peaceful lot of people, And hunt the roving caribou,

Or sometimes "hootem goose." But a w the fur is rising up

Along Dungarvon's back For our country's flag is drooping

And our Empire's on the rack.

We can hear the bugle sounding, And there's war talk in the air,

And we read of bloody battles And we'd like to have our share,

So we're arming up our crooked knives With whetstones on our lap.

We've had prk and beans all winter And we're spolling for a scrap.

And up and down our country line From Boiestown to Senniac

We see men rolling up their sleeves And lumping up their backs,

And the captain of our battery Stuffs the huckle from afar,

And is raising of his plumage Just like Henry of Navarre.

For they tell us that the Empire Is fast falling to decay

That old England's power is waning And all Briton's had their day,

The hairy man from Africa Has got them on the ear,

And other nations standing by Are giving us the laugh.

Even the man down at the Bridge Who was always kind and free

And liked to soothe a brother's woe Since the day of Hardy Lee,

Even he is backing up the Boers And saying in his prayers

That they've got old Joshua's banners And the land of Canaan's theirs.

And it sets our blood to boiling As we look down the years,

And we see the swish of Empire out Behind the British cheers;

And see the lead of liberty And right and law and such,

All fought up to a standstill By the blasted lop-eared Dutch.

If sausage and Bologna Are to lead the hopes of man,

Where roast beef and plum pudding Have been always in the van.

If they must place a sausage wreath Around Victoria's brow,

By the Great Dungarvon Whooper We want to know it now.

So wiro us when you want us And we "wamble" we'll be there

With bread crumbs in our whiskers And hayseed in our hair,

But our arms are strong for battle And our spirits light as dew,

And our hearts against our jumpers Will beat loyally and true.

Then fling our banner over us— The great old Union Jack,

That doesn't get put up a bliff Where there's a hole to take it back.

We want no gilded lace or straps, No bagie call or ruse,

Just place us on the firing line And leave the rest to us.

—The Newcastle, N. B., Union Advocate.—Feb.



"SURPRISE"

SAVES HALF.

SURPRISE Soap will do your washing in half the time, with half the labor and half the wear to your linen.

No scalding, no boiling, no hard rubbing, no yellow or streaked clothes, no red hands.

Only 5 cents for a large, long-life cake.

Remember the name—"SURPRISE"

A BIG POKER GAME.

How Millionaire Bucket Against One Another in a Game of Draw.

The New York World tells this story of the biggest poker game of recent days and gives the value of the hands that won.

Ten fall on fives won..... \$32,000

Three aces won..... 25,500

Ace high won..... 23,000

Nine high straight won..... 18,000

Three fours won..... 12,000

Ace high diamond flush won..... 9,000

King full on aces won..... 7,500

Ace full on kings won..... 6,000

Ace full on threes won..... 4,000

Four deuces won..... 3,000

This is the record of the high hands in the biggest poker game ever played in New York city, perhaps the world. Something between \$700,000 and \$1,000,000 changed hands in the course of a week.

The game was on the Chicago limited, en route to New York and the Waldorf-Astoria. The players were the millionaire members of the American Steel and Wire Co.—the Steel Trust.

They played from the time they left Chicago a fortnight ago, until they shook New York dust from their feet a week later.

There were 6 of them. One lost \$300,000 in the week of play, another dropped \$250,000, a third was a \$100,000 loser and the fourth was out \$80,000.

The 2 winners took back to Chicago the sum total of these amounts. What took place on the train ran the total losses in this stupendous game to \$1,000,000.

It was a fortnight ago that the men, who make the Steel and Wire Trust, decided to come to New York from Chicago on business. They engaged a private car, stocked it with the fat of the market and the pick of the wine cellars, and had it coupled to the swift Chicago limited, which reaches New York every afternoon around 6.30.

In the party were Col. I. L. Ellwood, J. W. Gates, Max Palm, Col. John Lambert, J. A. Drake and several others.

Sports on Deck.

A writer in Travel, speaking of the monotony of life on shipboard, names some of the sports which find favor there.

The obstacle race is generally the first diversion to be thought of, and demands from the gentlemen who take part in it no mean proficiency in gymnastics.

They may start from the port side of the quarter-deck, and in about ten paces have to climb up a rope and lower themselves, feet foremost, through a suspended life-buoy, then go hand over hand up to the bridge, run across that and down the gang way to the forecastle, where they must scramble, on hands and knees, under a hammock-netting lashed down on the deck.

As they run down by the bow, they find a rope ladder swung from a swaying rope ten or twelve feet above the deck, up which they must climb, over the rope and down the other side.

The next obstacle is a canvas ventilation funnel, lashed down on deck, through which they must crawl, like a rat through a drain; and lastly, a rope, loosely stretched across the quarter-deck, about eight feet high, must be got over in some fashion. And all this is not even so easy as it reads.

The ladies' obstacle race, although not so exacting, is productive of great amusement.

ment. Starting amidst, perhaps, they run to a folding deck-chair, lying flat. This they must raise, put together and sit in, then work out a sum in simple addition chalked on the deck under the chair, re-fold the chair and cover their sum, run up to a skipping rope, skip half a dozen times then hop around the quarter deck on the port side, where they find a gentleman provided with a life-belt.

They must wait while their partner adjusts the belt in a secure manner. Then they run to the goal together.

It not infrequently happens that the winner on time is disqualified by having done her sum wrong.

No Exception.

A case was on trial before the circuit court in one of those staid, conservative counties of central Pennsylvania where people live very much as their fathers did, and are seldom troubled by desires to emigrate.

Eleven jurors had been secured, and a taleman was undergoing examination as to his fitness for the position of twelfth jurymen, when the attorney for the prosecution suddenly asked:

'By the way, Mr. Crouch, I see you have the same name as the defendant in this case. May I ask if you are related to him?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the taleman. 'I am distantly related to him.'

'Then, your honor,' said the lawyer, turning to the judge, 'I shall challenge him for cause.'

'He can step down if you wish, Mr. Sharpe,' responded the judge, 'but I apprehend it will not make much difference. The eleven jurymen you have secured are all distant relatives of the defendant.'

Harbingers of Spring.

The spring inevitably approaches. You feel it in the air. Already our old friends, those familiar cakes of "new maple sugar" have made their appearance on the grocery stands; and they seldom show up more than a week or so before the sap begins to run.

Already the experienced house cats are licking their chops in anticipation of the time so near when the fool young robins will push each other out of the nest, and they will do the rest. The sweet scent of flowers will be in the air, the sparkling brooks will dance through the green fields, and the experienced trout will lie in wait for the wary angler from whom the strong arm of the law shuts him off for so many months of every twelve.

How fresh the miracle each year as it unfolds before us, and how still fresher the man who accepts the new conditions as permanent and ventures away from home without his overcoat!

Disease Germs Flourish in Dirty Carpets.

Have yours cleaned and the colors restored by our famous renovating process. Also dusting done without injury to pile.

Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 58

BOURBON.

ON HAND

75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

TOWNS

The Free Public of Patrons—

Take the Free John and it is an open insurrectionally rebel. From this institution is a lack of appreciation of all public grant of money each year for its

a lack of appreciation of all public grant of money each year for its

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May

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

TOWNSPEOPLE WHO READ. The Free Public Library and its Hundreds of Patrons—Twelve Thousand Volumes. Take the Free Public Library out of St. John and it is safe to say there would be open insurrection, the people would actually rebel.

There are at present twelve thousand volumes on the shelves of the Free Public Library. The range of subjects covered by these books is enormously wide and the tastes of readers are invariably satisfied.

All the books pretty nearly have their turn at being sent out, except the few already mentioned, although that turn may not come to a certain class of book more than once in the course of a year.

The librarian says that from one hundred to one hundred and fifty books per day are loaned, two volumes being allowed on one card to each family. Saturdays this number mounts to nearly four hundred and fifty, and at all times there are fully one thousand volumes from the Library in the homes.

One need only stand near the librarian's desk of a Saturday night to get at an idea who the people are who regularly draw books. It is no particular class or creed, but seemingly everybody. Rich and poor, black and white, catholic, protestant and jew.

One of the best features of the Public Library is its reference volumes, which are being used more and more each year. During the last twelve months this department has been more looked into by the public than ever before, and its benefits are appreciated to the limit.

Outside the Library itself with its thousands of books, the most appreciated department in conjunction is the Reading Room. Winter and summer it is never without its quota of attendants, and indeed the array of present day literature exposed for perusal is most tempting.

but how sadly has this natural state of affairs fallen off! So quickly did the "surprise" idea spread that even small children were soon planning grand gatherings of the infantile clans for one another's houses.



FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY PATRON.

some and editing in current literature of a periodical nature. The young as well as the old are catered to in this regard and St. Nicholas, Boys Own Annual etc., are on the tables.

Nowadays the most popular table in the reading room is that on which the Illustrated London News and Graphic are to be found. Everybody wants to see the South African war pictures.

Miss Martin, librarian, is really a very busy person from Monday morning to Saturday night and if she did not have the many thousand books in her care a finger tips, so to speak, she would find herself unequal to her task at times when a rush is on.

Perhaps no person in St. John has been forced into a wider range of acquaintances than she, persons whom she meets regularly each week. Books come in and books go out again and yet practically none go astray.

"SURPRISE" PARTY DAYS DONE. This Once Popular Mode of Being Sociable a Dying Fad.

It looks as if the days of the "surprise" party and all the miseries, pleasures etc. that go along with it and follow in its wake, are about done, at least as far as this city is concerned.

The winter about closing has had its quota of friendly gatherings, but the once universal "surprise" party with its "beautiful oak sideboard" or "handsome easy chair" accompaniment has not been so much in vogue.

For some years now the "surprise" party has been on the throne in the line of friendly functions with the majority of people, at first starting out in a really "surprising" way, administering more or less of a gladsome shock to the invaded household.

Among the older ones the habit became chronic and fancy goods and furniture stores reaped the benefit. Whenever a few impressionable girls or young women wanted to have a jolly time in order to meet this young man, or if a few of the opposite sex thought they would like to become acquainted with that certain young lady, why forwith a composite committee was formed and a "surprise" party sprung.

A mutual friend was selected as the victim and inadvertently the house holders were "tipped" as to the company they might expect on a certain evening. Of course they came, that is the committee, and a host of people perhaps blank strangers to the host and hostess, who by the way have been taken completely by surprise, despite the fact that the beautiful state of household preparedness would denote otherwise; and all goes fast and furious in the amusement line till a hush falls on the assemblage and two burly guests push back some "secret panel" and extract perhaps, a mirrored sideboard.

Felicitations of a time-honored and talking doll quality ensue and "in a few well chosen remarks Mr. ——— thanked those present for their kind gift as the papers say." The young ladies, whose "sheet of cake" constituted their contribution to the gift smiled and giggled, but the poor men and boys grouped about dejectedly with hands sunk deep in their pockets and thought of the "paper" that had to be paid.

Oil having thus been poured on the troubled waters of the household and recompense made for the loan of the comfortable home for the night the gastronomical phase of the affair looms up. Feeding lasts some time amid utmost hilarity, and then the game tables, parlor amusements or dancing is resumed. Early next morning sees the happy band dispersed, and with the departure of the last guest the host and hostess sigh with relief, look disconsolately at their upset home, oft times feel ashamed of having had a gift thrust upon them and wonder what the names of many of "their guests" were.

Anniversaries, when not too frequently celebrated are apt to be joyous occasions, with gifts an appropriate accompaniment, but it looks very much as if the played-out "surprise" party has been vetoed.

INCORRIGIBLE "MAG" SULLIVAN. St. John's Champion Woman Offender and Her Long List of Misdemeanors.

Margaret, or commonly known as "Mag" Sullivan, added another to her long list of appearances in the city police court in the early part of this week. His Honor fined her \$100 or six months jail, along with two friends of hers, for keeping and being an inmate of a habitation with somewhat of a shady reputation.

The Kearsarge, like the Maine, perpetuates a name honored in American naval history. So do many others of the ships now in the navy: the Philadelphia, the Massachusetts, the Boston and the Chesapeake.

So many new war vessels of one kind and another are now building that the number of officers and men of the navy will have to be almost doubled in order that they shall be manned. It is evident that a naval career is to be open to many Americans in the not distant future.—Youth's Companion.

I told May that her voice only needed cultivation and advised her to go to Prof. Von Donnerblitz.

"You did? Why, she simply can't sing!"

"I know. I'm in hopes the professor will tell her so."

seemed to go on forever. A new generation of "cops" appeared, another Chief and different judge, still the indomitable South Ender sallied to and from the penalty-paying institutions with the utmost unconcern, as a business man would attend to his banking obligations.

Crime and its attendant disgraces were to her real life, she seemed to know no other, and today she lies in jail as old as the majority of grandmothers, silver-haired and intelligent, but sin-blacked, devoid of the least refinement, the ruin of what might have been a useful life.

Starting out as a base woman "Mag" Sullivan was more than once snatched from her life of shame and degradation by philanthropic people and employed in their homes as a domestic. At keeping house and the various duties included in the care of the average good home she could not be excelled, but the worse influences got the upper hand and ever since she has been a denizen of Sheffield street, keeping a small beer shop; a resort for the lowest class of people. Sergt. Watson of the police force, now a very old man, says he remembers arresting Margaret Sullivan over twenty years ago, shortly after the fire, for parading Sheffield street with an apron full of stones breaking in all the glass she could see.

She said she was showing her disapproval of the manner in which the now famed street had been rebuilt after the big blaze. The police court officials of today know something of "Mag's" dexterity in throwing missiles, remembering the day last summer when she bounced into the court room full of liquor and carrying a bag of apples, which she started in to throw at the Magistrate, Clerk Henderson and others, throwing out the tid-bit of information as she did so, "everybody takes their hat off to me."

The frequent leniencies shown this incorrigible woman by His Honor in hopes that a helping hand, some sound advice and her own better judgement would bring about a change in her, seemed only a waste of good nature. And today her distorted face, unkempt habit and sinful ways mark her as the unsoftened woman she really is.

The leader of the reunited Irish party in the House of Commons stands for the principle that Home Rule cannot be worked out through political alliance with English parties. This was Mr. Parnell's policy. Mr. Redmond, his most faithful follower, has clung tenaciously to it and has forced his Irish associates to adopt it.

Mr. Redmond is a serious man, dominated by a single idea—that the Irish members must keep out of English politics and fight their battle on their own lines. When a majority of his associates, led by Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, were willing to follow Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberals, Mr. Redmond was obstinate and became the champion of Mr. Parnell's policy.

The chief of a minority group who would not vote with the English Liberals has now become the leader of a reunited Irish party. A great part of his strength is drawn from the fact that he represents the original Parnellism, which was in arms against both English parties.

Mr. Redmond is a tall, portly Irishman, with an air of determination and defiance. His melodious voice is under perfect control, and while he is less fluent as an orator than many of his associates, he is a powerful speaker. Like Mr. Parnell he is without humor, but possesses solid knowledge, practical common sense, and the courage and tenacity of a bulldog. In all these traits he resembles Mr. Parnell.

The Irish party under Mr. Redmond's leadership will break off the alliance with the Home Rule Liberals and act independently. It will await the next general elections in the hope that the English parties will be evenly divided, and that the Nationalists as a third group will be able to force Home Rule upon both.

A Long Felt Want. Customer: "Have you felt slippers, young man?" Shoemaker's apprentice: "Yes, ma'am. But I haven't for a long time now."

THE SEQUEL TO THE STORY.

Of the Killing of the big Elephant Witnessed by Mr. C. B. Robertson of this City.

Many of the readers of newspapers will remember an account printed recently—copied from a London newspaper—of the killing of a keeper in the Crystal Palace by a big elephant and the killing of the brute afterwards. Mr. C. B. Robertson of this city was an eye witness of the attempt to kill the animal first by poison and afterwards by express rifles. The London Spectator gives some interesting facts that come out at the inquest on the man killed and says that the evidence in favor of the elephant could not have been more clearly put. Mr. Sanger, its owner, admitted that the animal had once before killed a former keeper; and he gave the facts which led to the death of the second. The first man had been discharged by Mr. Sanger fifteen months previously for gross brutality to the animals. He came back and asked to be employed again. This was granted, and he was taken on, not as a keeper, but as a laborer. The very first time he went into the stable the elephant, though it was quite dark at the time, instantly recognized the man's voice and at once crushed him to death against the stall. That the creature had acted only in a panic of horror at the reappearance of a tormentor was so well established at the previous inquest that it was retained in the menagerie. It was exceptionally docile, and was taken through towns and villages all over England.

Why then did he kill the second keeper? Because this man, after his Sunday dinner, declared that he would "pay out" the elephant for striking him with his trunk. He actually took a lance, one of those taken from the Arabs in the Sudan. (Those who have seen the trophies taken from the Mahdi's followers will realize what a horrible weapon this was.) Followed by another keeper also armed with a lance, he proceeded to "prod"—i. e., pierce the chained elephant. The tortured creature after backing as far as it could, "at length rushed forward to escape the lance, broke its chains, threw down the keeper and trampled on him." If the elephant had been a man, and had been put on his trial afterward, would it be too much to anticipate that the verdict would have been one of justifiable homicide? All these facts, it is worth remembering, were sworn to an oath.

The Irish Leader. The leader of the reunited Irish party in the House of Commons stands for the principle that Home Rule cannot be worked out through political alliance with English parties. This was Mr. Parnell's policy. Mr. Redmond, his most faithful follower, has clung tenaciously to it and has forced his Irish associates to adopt it.

Mr. Redmond is a serious man, dominated by a single idea—that the Irish members must keep out of English politics and fight their battle on their own lines. When a majority of his associates, led by Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Dillon and Mr. Healy, were willing to follow Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberals, Mr. Redmond was obstinate and became the champion of Mr. Parnell's policy.

The chief of a minority group who would not vote with the English Liberals has now become the leader of a reunited Irish party. A great part of his strength is drawn from the fact that he represents the original Parnellism, which was in arms against both English parties.

Mr. Redmond is a tall, portly Irishman, with an air of determination and defiance. His melodious voice is under perfect control, and while he is less fluent as an orator than many of his associates, he is a powerful speaker. Like Mr. Parnell he is without humor, but possesses solid knowledge, practical common sense, and the courage and tenacity of a bulldog. In all these traits he resembles Mr. Parnell.

The Irish party under Mr. Redmond's leadership will break off the alliance with the Home Rule Liberals and act independently. It will await the next general elections in the hope that the English parties will be evenly divided, and that the Nationalists as a third group will be able to force Home Rule upon both.

A Long Felt Want. Customer: "Have you felt slippers, young man?" Shoemaker's apprentice: "Yes, ma'am. But I haven't for a long time now."

Advertisement for a product, possibly soap or a cleaning agent, with an illustration of a person washing their hands. Text includes "your washing labor and half", "hard rubbing, red hands.", "life cake.", "SURPRISE."

your washing labor and half... hard rubbing, red hands... life cake... SURPRISE... No Exception. on trial before the circuit... of those staid, conservative... central Pennsylvania where... very much as their fathers did... idiom troubled by desires to... juryman had been secured, and a... was undergoing examination as... for the position of twelfth... when the attorney for the... proceededly asked:... way, Mr. Crouch, I see you... name as the defendant in... May I ask if you are related to... replied the salesman. 'I am... related to him.'

step down if you wish, Mr. responded the judge, 'but I... will not make much difference... juryman you have secured are... relatives of the defendant.'

Harbingers of Spring. ing inevitably approaches. You... are. Already our old friends... star cakes of "new maple sugar"... their appearance on the grocery... and they seldom show up more... or so before the sap begins to... * Already the experienced... are licking their chops in anti... the time so near when the fool... ns will push each other out of... and they will do the rest. The... of flowers will be in the air... brooks will dance through... fields, and the experienced trout... wait for the wary angler from... strong arm of the law shuts him... many months of every twelve... h the miracle each year as it un... us, and how still fresher the... cepts the new conditions as... and ventures away from home... overcoat!

Washing in Dirty Carpets. are cleaned and the colors... reur famous renovating process... done without injury to pile... sundry, Drying and Carpet... Works, 28 to 84 Waterloo... hone 58

W. L. BOURKE. ON HAND. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

The Mystery OF THE Mountain Pass

IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I. CHRISTMAS EVE.

My name is John Douglas. I am a plain living, plain-spoken man; and, Heaven knows, I never have, and never shall, set up to be regarded as a literateur. Nevertheless, it has been suggested me that certain adventures, through which I passed five Christmases ago, and a year later, were so very startling, that I ought to cast them into the form of a narrative for other folks to read.

I believe my friends are, perhaps, right in this, and hence am beginning to set down these extraordinary adventures; but I warn my readers they must expect nothing more than a narration of facts altogether unembellished by any traces of literary style.

It is unnecessary to detail the circumstances which led me, who am by birth a gentleman, and who, even then, was not without some little money of my own, to take up my residence in a cottage, which was little more than a hut, at the foot of a mountain in Wales.

Suffice it that a quarrel with a relative made me thus seclude myself, and that, for more than six months, I lived in that cottage with no companion, save my dog, and with no occupation beyond fishing, shooting, and mountain climbing.

When Christmas came round, it found me there. Pretty late on the Christmas Eve, I tramped into the town for my store of provisions, and tramped back again through the falling snow, with a misanthropical enjoyment of the fact that, for the first time in my life, I should eat my Christmas dinner alone.

I threw another log on the fire, made myself a glass of whiskey-toddy, and was sipping it very much at my leisure, when the furious barking of my dog made me jump up and hurry outside, confident that something was wrong.

My hut was at least three miles from any other human habitation; it lay out of the way of all beaten tracks—so much so that for weeks together no one passed near it. Thieves were out of the question, for I had nothing to tempt cupidity.

What, then, could be the meaning of Nero's furious barking? It sounded, for all the world, as though he were rending some enemy limb from limb.

To snatch up my gun and open the door was the work of a moment.

The snow had ceased falling, and the moon was shining brightly; but for a moment I saw nothing of my dog, though his hoarse bark sounded more furiously than ever.

A stone's throw from the cottage, and quite at the back of it, was a little copse of trees. From that came the barking, and hurrying towards the spot, I was struck dumb with horror to see Nero attacking a woman. He had pulled her down to the ground, and his teeth had actually met in the fleshy part of her arm.

Even when I called him off, he obeyed with the utmost reluctance, licking his chops, and growling horribly, as though he would fain return to the attack.

I administered an angry kick to him in passing, then strode up to the woman, who had risen to her feet the moment the brute let go his hold.

Even in the moonlight I could see that blood was trickling down her hand.

Fond as I was of my dog, I felt at that moment tempted to put a bullet through his head, so incensed was I against him.

'Good heavens! I hope you are not seriously hurt?' I cried; and, even as I spoke, I became dimly conscious that this woman was no ordinary woman—that this midnight adventure was one of peculiar mystery.

Two things assisted me to this conviction.

One was that the woman had never uttered a single cry or groan.

Even when Nero's cruel teeth had torn her flesh, she had suffered in stoical silence, contenting herself, as I had seen, with a desperate attempt to choke him off by the unaided strength of her own hands.

This in itself was marvellous, for it is second nature with a woman to cry out at such a time, especially when a cry may be trusted to bring her help.

Surely her silence must have been due to the fact that she preferred even the pain and peril of those awful fangs to the chance of being seen by any human eye.

The other thing was that when I approached close to her, and she turned and faced me, I saw she wore a black velvet mask, which covered her features sufficiently to defy recognition.

'Are you seriously hurt?' I questioned, anxiously, and waving my surprise in my tears for her safety. 'Has the brute bitten you severely?'

For answer she held out her arm, bare to above the elbow, and showed me a frightful wound.

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, aghast; 'you had better let me cauterize that. Not that I think the dog is mad. I believe him to be perfectly healthy. But still, it would be safer.'

Then the woman spoke for the first time. Her voice was rich and clear, its accents unmistakably those of a lady; it thrilled me curiously.

'Are you alone?' she asked. 'Is there

anyone in there with you?' and she pointed to the cottage.

'I am quite alone. No one will see you. Come!'

I gave her my arm. She took it without a word, and leaned on me heavily.

We had to pass by Nero, who had been sitting on his haunches, still licking his chops, and steadily regarding us.

A low and angry growl broke, as though involuntarily, from his throat as my companion passed near him.

'Lie down, you brute!' I called out to him, in anger; and, when he attempted to fawn upon me, I sternly put him back.

I had never been so disgusted with him before. We entered the cottage. I led my companion to a seat, poured out a little brandy, and insisted on her drinking it.

I knew she would need some support in the terrible ordeal that lay before her. She did not remove her mask, and I did not suggest that she should do so.

As a man of sense, I knew she did not wear that at midnight among the mountain snows without a purpose; and, as a man of breeding, I, of course, refrained from endeavoring to penetrate her disguise.

Whatever her reason for secrecy, she was welcome to preserve it, so far as I was concerned.

In my own mind, I suspected a love-affair—some romantic assignation, perhaps even an elopement.

But, let it be what it might, it was no business of mine.

Thus I thought, little dreaming then what fate was weaving in the meshes of her mystic web.

'Can you bear to let me cauterize that wound?' I asked. 'Of course I must tell you, frankly, it will give you great pain.'

'I can bear it.' 'Then, the sooner it is done, the better.'

As I spoke, I turned my back to her, that she might not watch my movements, and poked into the hottest part of the fire a long flat piece of steel.

I brought it to a white heat; then I turned to the woman.

I was as white as a sheet, I am quite certain, and it was only with a strong effort of will I kept my hands steady.

I would a hundred times rather have passed that cruel steel across my own arm than across the arm of this tender delicate woman!

But it had to be done—for her sake; and I did not shrink from it.

I gripped one end of the steel firmly with my handkerchief, and pressed it deep—deep—into her flesh!

I never shall forget my sensations at that moment.

The horrible 'fix' made by the burning metal on the cool white flesh, caused me shudder from head to foot; I ground my teeth almost fiercely in the intensity of my feelings, and a copious perspiration started out upon my brow.

The tortured victim herself uttered neither cry or groan.

I could see by the movement of her face that she was setting her teeth hard, and when the steel burnt its way into the flesh, I could feel her shudder; but this was the only token of her agony.

My heart was filled with wondering admiration.

This woman had the soul of a heroine, I told myself.

Never had I seen in female form, a higher spirit or a more dauntless mind.

The moment the branding operation was over, I seized my brandy flask, and attempted to pour a little of the spirits be upon her lips.

I think she felt herself near swooning, for she feebly put up her hand as mine touched the black velvet mask, and whisp-

ered—
'You will not try to see my face?'
'On my honor I will not,' I answered, promptly. 'You may trust me.'

She was lying back in my low basket-chair now, on the verge of fainting. Her eyes were closed her lips tightly set, her face was ashen pale.

I administered a little brandy but feared it would not suffice to revive her. Indeed it seemed to me she had already swooned quite away.

I was terribly perplexed. Fettered as I was by my promise not to look at her face, I could not remove that hateful, tantalizing mask; and yet it seemed monstrous to stand by and make no effort to bring her back to consciousness.

To be sure, the mask did not seriously impede her breathing, for it only reached up to her upper lip, and I had already noticed that her chin was beautifully moulded, and that her teeth were white as pearls, and her lips like some soft crimson flower.

But, if I was forbidden to remove the mask, the interdiction went no further, I reflected, and stooping over the mantelpiece, I unfastened the long dark cloak, which was buttoned closely from the throat to the feet.

A further surprise awaited me, for, instead of seeing a dress suited to the weather, I saw an evening-gown of softest, richest ivory satin, confined at the waist by a zone of pearl and silver, and cut low enough to display the milky whiteness of a throat and bosom such as, for peerless beauty, I had never seen before.

Around the firm white throat was clasped a circlet of rubies, which flashed like points of fire in the light of my reading-lamp.

Hall guiltily, I refastened the disguising cloak, and contented myself with applying some strong smelling salts to her nostrils. Happily, these quickly took effect.

I saw the eyes unclosed behind the mask—beautiful lustrous eyes I was sure they were, even though I could see but little of the face.

She stirred, shuddered, put out her hand as though to ward away some peril, then drew her cloak more closely round her.

I should say here, perhaps, that the cloak had a hood to it, which was drawn closely round her face, but that I had caught a glimpse of her hair gleaming in the fire-light.

'I am better,' she said, still in that thrillingly rich, sweet voice, and in a tone of remarkable self-possession. 'Please let me walk to the door. All I want is air.'

'One moment!' I answered. I had been applying ointment to her poor, wounded arm, and now I wrapped a bandage round it.

'There, now it will heal quickly. You have been wonderfully brave.'

I gave her my arm and led her to the door.

Nero, cowed by my displeasure, was slinking outside; at sight of her, however, he could not repress a growl.

I did begin to fear he might be going mad; and, perhaps, that is what had determined me to cauterize the wound.

At any rate, I had never known him to act like this before.

A minute or two we stood together at the door in silence.

Far and near there was not a sound. The mountain shrouded from its foot to its loftiest peak with snow, towered solemnly above us; the moon hung high in the heavens; the air was intensely cold.

Suddenly the clock in the tower of the little church, on the other side of the mountain, struck out the hour of twelve.

The strokes were borne to us quite distinctly on the still, frosty air.

It was Christmas day.

A slight shiver ran through my companion as we stood together listening to the sounds which told us that Christmas was born.

The stroke of the clock might have been falling—each one of them—upon her heart. She roused herself, as though with an effort, and removed her hand from my arm.

'I must go,' she said. 'I thank you for your kindness but I must go.'

'Go!' I echoed, blankly. 'Go where?'

The question fell from me quite involuntarily.

Whatever curiosity I felt, I had not intended to betray it.

'You have promised not to seek to

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Cheaply made imitations of obsolete forms of Singer sewing-machines are offered by merchandise dealers to deceive an unwary public.

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know who I am,' she answered. Remember, I trust you.

'And you may trust me. But surely you are in a condition to face this night alone. Let me at least see you to some place of safety. I promise you I will not pry into your affairs. I will not seek to know so much as your name.'

'I am an unhappy woman,' she replied; 'a most unhappy woman!'

And there was a mournful cadence in her voice which haunted me for long afterwards.

'But, at least, I can believe that all men are not false,' she added. 'I will trust you.'

I was certain, now, that I was right in suspecting she had come to this lonely place in order to keep some secret assignation.

Probably she had kept her part of it in vain—her lover had forsaken her; why else should she be on the mountain side alone?

Why also should she say, so mournfully, that all men were not false?

I frankly admit, it angered me to reflect that this woman, who had the form of a goddess, and who, I did not doubt, had beauty of face to match, should have wasted the treasure of her love on one who, probably, cared not for the gift.

A moment or two she stood in silence; then she said—

'You shall go with me, if you will, as far as the corner of the road.'

'The corner of the road! But, even then, the nearest house is three miles away. It is impossible that you should walk that distance through all this snow—alone!'

'Come with me to the corner, and I shall be safe,' she answered quietly. 'I have someone waiting for me there.'

Although I was greatly surprised, I was careful not to show it.

'I will do whatever you wish,' I said.

'Thank you. You are very good and generous. I know it must seem strange to you that I should mask my face like this. It is not wholly for my own sake that I am anxious to remain unknown. But I cannot explain. I can only thank you. Now, please let us go.'

I drew on my fur lined coat, then gave her my arm, which she surely needed, for her strength seemed all but spent, and walked with her until we came to the corner of the road.

There she stopped me.

'Good-night, and good-bye!' she whispered, softly. 'Remember, I trust you never to seek to find out who I am!'

'Good-bye!' I answered, wondering vaguely whether this adventure were not simply a part of some curiously vivid dream.

She glided away from me, her dark form silhouetted against the whiteness of the new fallen snow.

I tramped back to my cottage without so much as one backward glance.

Honor forbade me to try to see whether she went or who was her mysterious friend. I felt strangely disturbed and restless, however, as I sat down by the fire.

'Well this has been the strangest Christmas Eve I've ever spent, or ever shall spend!' I muttered.

I was wrong in this. My next Christmas Eve was fated to be stranger still.

CHAPTER II. CHRISTMAS DAY.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear.

I had had but little sleep, for the excitement, consequent on my nocturnal adventure, had kept me awake until two or three hours past midnight.

And even then I had only fallen asleep to dream of a superlatively beautiful woman, with lustrous eyes and pale golden hair, who led me among mountain snows in vain searches after hidden treasure I could never find.

I dipped my face into a bowl of ice-cold water; then, feeling refreshed and thoroughly wide-awake, drank a cup of cocoa, and sallied out, intending to make a more substantial breakfast on my return.

The moment I opened the door, Nero—who had spent the night in an out-house—came up and fawned upon me, wagging his tail and looking wistfully into my face, as if doubtful of his welcome.

I was angry with him and yet in my heart I could not altogether blame him; for in thinking the whole case over during the night, I had come to the conclusion that the mysterious black mask had been the cause of his attack on a defenceless woman.

Doubtless in his eyes, that bit of velvet had had a suspicious and uncanny look. I was very fond of Nero.

He was a magnificent brute, an Irish hound, faithful and affectionate; and moreover, he had on one occasion saved my life.

It was not likely I should keep my anger against him long—especially on Christmas

Day, when we ought surely to show our good will to animals as well as to men.

He was transported with delight at being taken back into favor.

'Come on, old fellow! I called to him, as I bent my steps towards that corner of the road at which I had parted from the mysterious woman.

'No snow had fallen in the night, so that our footprints—mine and hers—were still plainly visible.

At that corner I paused, half doubting whether I should go any further.

To track those footprints would be to track the woman to her home.

Was I not in honor bound not to do this?

But, even as I paced backwards and forwards in decision, I made a startling discovery.

A dozen yards away from the corner the footprints ended, and, in place of them, I saw the marks of wheels, and of a horse's hoofs.

Doubtless a carriage had stood near the corner awaiting my mysterious visitor last night.

The wheels had made deep indentations in the snow; the marks of the horse's hoofs were distinctly seen.

After a short struggle with what I conceive to have been a very natural curiosity, my senses of honor triumphed, and I resolutely turned my back upon those tempting tracks, and prepared to take my morning walk in quite an opposite direction.

My cottage stood, as I think I have said, at the foot of a mountain—I might almost say it was at the foot of several mountains, inasmuch as it was in a narrow pass encompassed by craggy heights on every side.

The pass was a lonely one. In the winter months, no one would enter it for day or even weeks together.

When I turned back from the corner of the road, I walked almost mechanically to the spot where I had rescued the woman from Nero's fangs last night; and, having reached it, I found, to my surprise, that the footprints did not end there, but that they stretched out, far as my eyes could reach, right up the pass.

I walked on a few paces, and soon I made another discovery.

Two people had gone up that pass last night—a man as well as a woman.

This did not so much surprise me as the fact that the man had not come back. The female footprints were plainly enough discernible coming down as well as going up the pass; but the man's only went one way.

The woman had come back alone. I felt vaguely uncomfortable.

It was not that, at that moment, I actually suspected foul play; but still, I was anxious to know where the woman's companion had gone.

The other end of the pass led nowhere, or, rather, it led only to a road across the mountain, which it would have been mad-ness to attempt by night.

I resolved to push my discoveries a little further, and I was confirmed in this determination by the strange conduct of Nero, who was running excitedly backwards, and forwards, smelling at the footprints, and every now and again emitting an angry growl.

'There is some mystery here. I must solve it,' I said, and, making sure my whiskey flask was well filled, I hurried up the pass in the wake of those mysterious footprints.

I half expected to find some poor wretch dying of exhaustion among the mountain snows.

Nero went on before me, growing more and more excited every minute; and I must own, that I was beginning to share in his excitement.

Well, the footprints led us by the pass for about three quarters of a mile; but to my amazement, after mingling closely, they disappeared altogether, close to a cavity in the mountain side.

Beyond this cavity the snow lay, all white and untrodden, without spot or stain.

An eerie feeling came over me—a feeling which was evidently scared by Nero for he was tearing about like a mad thing, seemingly wild with fear, and yet in a fury of rage as well.

I was certain he smelt blood.

The cavity in the rock was just big enough for a man to sit in; but, assuredly it would not have screened one from the storm last night, for the storm had apparently drifted in that direction—had drifted so steadily that it lay in a great heap, or

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)



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Make More Muscle
And keep the same in firm flexible condition. A brisk rub down after exercise or severe work, then bathe with

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The Leading Physical Culture Teacher of America, Prof. ROBERT J. ROBERTS, of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, of Boston, says: 'DEAR SIR:—I can only speak of the "old Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" in the highest terms. I have used it in the gymnasium when the boys have strained or overworked their bodies. It has worked like magic in reducing swollen joints and in removing soreness of the parts. At home my wife has used it with our boys and speaks enthusiastically. In fact for most of the slight ills of the flesh, internal and external, it has proved valuable. [Signed] ROBERT J. ROBERTS. Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. I. B. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.'

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured. At home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Manufacturing Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

The Father's God Church. A roof of glass, a wall of red, Beside handwork of settlers' hands...

A Study of the Parables.

"The Glory of Obedience" "A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said: Son go to work today in my vineyard..."

Simple, ancient shepherds, in the peace of Bethlehem hills and the silence of the night time, watching their timid flocks...

But they do. The interjection, one may say, has even improved with age. Since that wonderful night of the nativity, more and more the church has given glory to God...

Her present feebleness is but the common and inevitable case of great 'bill' and poor performance. She calls herself the army of the Lord, but goes to bed at reveille and rises at tattoo...

"In the advertisement," I say because any profession however noble, unfulfilled, willfully or negligently, 'drops to the basis of mere advertisement. 'Profession' and 'pretense' are synonymous—bar doing.

The noblest of professions, medicine, never advertises, never professes, because even when it has exhausted its resources, the outcome hinges on the patent—to say nothing of the fallibility of drugs and skill and judgement, in battling with disease.

The church must out down in the advertising and concentrate on teaching quality, duty, performance, obedience, glory to God, in the Highest. Abel, Moses, Jesus certify the doctrine; all history, expert-

Colds ON THE Chest

are dangerous; they weaken the constitution, inflame the lungs, and often lead to Pneumonia. Cough syrups are useless. The system must be given strength and force to throw off the disease.

Scott's Emulsion will do this. It strengthens the lungs and builds up the entire system. It conquers the inflammation, cures the cough, and prevents serious trouble.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

once, observation give it confirmation. 'No man hath seen God at any time'; but every man knows at all times what is 'the highest' thing he sees. To steer by that is glory, all the way.

The Christian citizen must stand for 'peace on earth' in terms of 'the highest.' Which in the upshot means that he must fight his way inch by inch up to the perfect day. His 'good will' must be the everlasting ill will toward everything that ruins men. Any basis short of that is short of Christ.

Glorify God, in the highest! Glorify 'peace on earth' by refusing it, on ignoble conditions! Glorify fellowship by offering yourself to society at par. This is the whole program of Christian civilization.

No slavish millinery applied to things comparatively petty has 'glory' in it—such as praying by a time card, reading the bible by pledge, church attendance, church support, 'taking part'—side from singing, sending verses to the consecration meeting. These, every one good in a measure, and the 'institutional tendency to make the church a place of entertainment—a reading room, a kindergarten, a kitchen, a club, an employment agency, are in the wrong direction and toward the second best, or lower, in personal character, unless the Life which they accompany shows them to be the merest incidents of spiritual health.

I think a church should be a place where a good man, stately, stands up to tell busy men and women and children what God has said to him about current duty, in such a way that no smooth sounder can 'enjoy the sermon,' nor any paltry pharisee 'get happy' under it. But nothing could prepare men for such a ministry but 'The Glory of Obedience.'

Meanwhile an extra-church generation rises—recruited in some measure by those who quit her in disgust—that flouts the creed and scorns the message saying, 'I will not go to work in the vineyard, but going 'unchurched,' unpledged, 'unorthodox' about the Father's business. And of these twain it is impossible to doubt which does the will of him that sent us all.

For a dozen years I have not doubted that the church would waken up and keep her word. To that high consummation there is just one route—the way of personal obedience. The Young People's Societies, of which so many of us hoped so much, have proven worthless as the immediate instruments of the highest and most difficult reforms. No perfectly certain cause for this can be assigned. A leadership, careful for everything by prayer and circumspection, with goose-pimples, letting its suspicions be canvassed by the board of trustees, would only make defeat inglorious, not cause it.

Probably it is impossible for any society to take up an unpopular and dangerous reform unless it has been expressly organized for the purpose. It is easy to see the right—and pleasant—but hard to do it. Hence the magnificent resolutions and contemptible solutions. The grace and strength to do the right that seemed so peremptory and so easy in the convention comes to us one by one in loneliness, depression, sacrifice, sorrow, immeasurably away from the magnetism, enthusiasm, and shouting of the great assembly.

He "Hadn't Had a Chance."

A few years ago a railway accident happened in the outskirts of a small California village. The only person killed outright was a tramp who was stealing a ride, but a young fireman, who stood heroically at his

post and helped to save the passenger train from destruction, was fatally injured.

He was carried to the little inn of the village and two Sisters of Mercy and a physician did their utmost to relieve his sufferings. He begged for a minister, and in a short time, summoned by a swift messenger, a clergyman stood by his bedside.

His brother, a brakeman on the same train, and other train hands, were also there, anxious for the faintest sign of hope. 'My dear lad,' said the minister, 'He Who died for us all is your Saviour and mine, now. Do you accept him? Can you trust Him?'

'Yes,' gasped the poor fellow, 'I do believe in Him! But God knows I've worked so hard—sixteen hours every day, and gone to bed so tired—I haven't had a chance to go to church or be a Christian—'

'But, interrupted his brother, sobbing, 'he's been a good boy. He worked night and day to support our crippled sister and mother—and as when I was laid up for a year and couldn't work.'

'Yes, sir, and he took care of me,' declared a big, grimy baggage man, choking so that he could hardly speak, 'when I had the smallpox and nobody else would come near—and he almost lost his job!'

'And more'n once,' added a slender-looking youngster, 'he's took my run—after he'd come home tired—when I was too sick to go out. I'd 'a' lost my place but for him.'

'He was the best of us all,' said the conductor, coming in at the moment and giving his cordial word.

The poor fireman smiled upon his friends—a smile of gratitude, mingled with gentle reproach. He had never expected praise. Then his eyes rested pleadingly on the minister.

'Say, mister,' cried his brother, in a tone of anguish, 'God won't keep such a fellow out of heaven, will He?'

The minister could not restrain his tears. He leaned over the suffering youth, and took his hand tenderly.

'The peace of God be on you, my boy,' he said; 'the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ—for you have done His work.'

He could say no more. But there was no need, for the face of the dying lad brightened at the benediction, as if the One his soul groped for had come and looked on him. Then came silence, the silence that owns the presence of death.

After a brief prayer the clergyman turned away. 'It is the final sacrament,' he said, solemnly. 'The religion of Jesus found this tolling soul shut out from its rites of worship. But he lived its deeds, and it could not deny him his last blessing.'

Found.

New York City was recently the scene of an incident in which the tragic realities of life were happily transformed in a way as dramatic as pathetic. An aged man, past the allotted years of the psalmist, friendless, helpless and despairing, was rescued from the East River, after an attempt at self destruction. Beyond the fact that he knew his own name, his mind seemed childishly irresponsible.

Touched by his forlorn condition a sympathizing woman interceded for him, and through her pleadings he was removed from the police court to the shelter of an institution established to succour such unfortunates as he.

A few nights later there came to the asylum a stranger whose dress and manner showed wealth and refinement. He said to the superintendent that he had become interested in the old man's story, and that he thought he knew him; he requested permission to see him.

On being brought to him, he gazed upon him with yearning intensity for some time. In saddened disappointment he was about to depart, when pausing, as if struck with

Better stop that cough now with a few doses of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup than let it run on to end perhaps in Bronchitis, Pneumonia or Consumption. It's a wonderful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds when others fail.



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a sudden thought, he turned to the superintendent, and placing a roll of bills in his hand, requested that the old man be reclothed and shaved, adding that he would call on the following night and satisfy himself more fully.

His request was complied with and he kept the appointment. Again the eager yearning scrutiny, but this time without disappointment.

'Father! Father!' he cried gleefully. 'Do you not know me, your boy Theodore?'

But from the old man's mind all memories of the past had been erased, and he gazed upon the son with eyes from which the glad light of a father's loving recognition was absent.

Deeply moved the stranger explained to the superintendent that his father had been lost to him for twenty-five years; that he thought him dead; but now he had found him, all that a son's love and ample means could do to give comfort and happiness to his declining years would be gladly bestowed. He refused to give his name and with his strong arm guiding and supporting his father's faltering footsteps, they disappeared into the night.

The Blues in Spring.

Despondent, Melancholic and Tired People Are Made Active and Strong by Paine's Celery Compound.

Rundown and Half-dead Men and Women Obtain Health and Strength from the Great Medicine.

The blues, despondency and melancholy make thousands of lives miserable in spring time. Men and women around us complain of tired feelings, nervousness, sleeplessness, stagnant circulation and general rundown condition.

Though not confined to bed, the condition of the thousands of despondent, melancholic, sleepless, nervous and rundown people is sufficiently alarming to demand immediate care and attention. The symptoms and feelings alluded to are the sure forerunners of disease and death.

This particular season should be a time of cleansing, recuperating and strengthening for run down and ailing people.

Paine's Celery Compound will quickly banish the blues, despondency and melancholy, and tired feelings will give way to life, buoyancy and full health.

It is suicidal for sickly men and women to mope around in a half-dead condition and shut their eyes to the marvellous blessings that are offered by Paine's Celery Compound. It is the one great medicine in spring time with all classes of our population. Try a bottle and see how rapidly you get rid of every physical burden.

Paine's Celery Compound is the kind that "makes sick people well."

Dangers of Newspaper Borrowing.

Here is the latest story of a man who is too stingy to take his home paper: 'A man who was too economical to take this paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbour. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees, and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and tending to notice a barred wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence, and got into the cornfield, and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wile ran, upset a four gallon churn into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In the hurry, she dropped a \$7 set of false teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled milk and into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$30 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up a eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts.'

A Wonderful Fire Alarm.

A fire alarm recently invented is a combination of the graphophone and telephone. In the use of the talking alarm one of the graphophone machines is placed on each floor of a building and connected with the telephone fire alarm system. For each machine a record is prepared. For instance, the graphophone on the second floor of a building would contain the record: "There is a fire on the second floor" etc. This record is then adjusted so that these words are repeated into the telephone by the expanding of a thermostat whenever a fire occurs. In this way the origin of a fire is located immediately and automatically. The alarm also lights the electric lights in the building, sets a red light blazing in front of the building to guide the fireman, and sounds the alarm

through a giant megaphone—so we are told.

CAPTURING A DESPERADO.

The Coolness of a Western Deputy Sheriff.

Let it be said in the first place that there is nothing of the white feather about Tom McTague. He is cool, he is brave, he is intrepid. Many a daring exploit has he had in which he exhibited the highest qualities of courage. Once—it was back in 1888—'Jim McMaster' was a sheriff and 'Tom' was under-sheriff; there was a gang of horse thieves operating along Flint Creek, in what is now Granite County. They would steal anything from a horse to a telegraph pole. Everybody knew who they were, but was afraid to say a word. Everybody realized if he made a complaint he would be burned out of house and home, his cattle confiscated, all his property either stolen or destroyed, and he and his family left hopelessly ruin.

The leaders of this 'gang off' had men were 'Mark' Ryan, 'Chris' Gaffney and 'Jerry' Quinlan. 'Tom' McTague got after them. He landed Quinlan all right at New-Chicago. He traced Gaffney and located him and a man named 'Pat' Dooley in a charcoal house at Lion Mountain, in Beaverhead County. 'Tom' left his horse a mile below and went into the charcoal house all alone.

'I want you, Gaffney,' said McTague. 'I am not Gaffney,' said Gaffney, drawing his gun, 'and you had better get out of here.'

Gaffney had the drop on McTague, and there was no use of parleying. 'Oh, well,' said McTague, 'if you are not Gaffney, I don't want you. I have made a mistake, and beg your pardon. You looked so much like him; you deceived people, and they put me on to you. As a matter of fact, you deceived me myself, for I have seen Gaffney myself once or twice. But come to inspect you, more closely I see well enough that you are not Gaffney, the man I am looking for, and that's all right.'

McTague turned to go. At that moment Gaffney dropped his gun. 'Quick as a flash McTague, who had his own gun in his outside coat pocket, drew it and had the drop on Gaffney.'

'Now,' said McTague, 'no more monkeying, Gaffney, or you are a dead man. You march and do as I tell you.'

McTague compelled both Gaffney and Dooley to march outside the house, threw them a pair of handcuffs with his disengaged hand, and compelled them to put the handcuffs on themselves. Then he marched them down to his conveyance and took them safely to Deer lodge. Ryan was caught at Glendale.

Unfortunately, however, the people who had suffered from the depredations of the gang were still too terrified to testify against them, and all were acquitted. A year or two later Gaffney was shot dead in a Deer Lodge saloon in a barroom dispute.

A Greater Than He.

It was at a recent review of the G. A. R. that a certain pompous State Senator found himself, on arriving late, on the outskirts of the crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and some ladies who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly gripman, who was taking a day off, on the shoulder and said in a peremptory tone: "Make way there!"

"Who are ye pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant statesman. "I'm a representative of the people!"

"G'wan! that ain't nothin'," growled the gripman; "we're the bloomin' people ourselves."

Lamarine's Wife.

Lamarine's barber, a certain M. Isopy is still alive. He is just ninety-two, and his greatest delight is to talk of his hero. He treasures up a faded daguerreotype of the sentimental politician, who, having been the dominant figure in France, died in obscurity. M. Isopy's shop was the favorite gathering place of the celebrities of '48. It is probable that M. de Lamarine, who used to summon his hairdresser to Mecon, employed him as an emissary in those turbulent days. It is interesting to know from such an authority that Lamarine was the inventor of "genuine bear's grease from Russia," and that this unguent was the cause of the poet's silky locks.

People Lose Faith.

In advertising assertions, because of silly exaggerations. We hope the fault of others will not lead you to doubt our statement that Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is worth the cost of a trial. 25c. at all Druggists.

'Did you do a good business on your starring tour?' asked the seedy thug. 'Um—well, perhaps not so good as the sheriff did,' answered the star thoughtfully.—Chicago Post.

Battery.

Complete forms offered by an unwary

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BY

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Some Vanished Diamonds.

A Detective's Story of the Value of Small Things.

"Your market seems to be pretty well glutted with leisure today Colonel," said Abe Cronkite the former detective, as he seated himself near the imprisoned banker in the prison hospital; "so I'll do what I can to relieve the stagnation a bit; and having told a story against myself out of modesty, will now spin one with a successful ending out of self respect."

"It was in the heart of summer and business was slack at the private agency where I was employed some of the men being laid off while we who were lucky enough to be kept along on living wages used up our time just as you and me are doing now by swapping yarns. We sat around the big rear room, which had been given over to us in common, smoking and chinning, and when once in a while the manager's door would open and he would stick his head out and yell 'Shut up!' we didn't mind it a bit but went right on, being certain that it was the lack of any other orders to issue that made him so cranky. Our house was the oldest agency in this country, personally conducted by two partners until they became old and grey in the service, when they brought over this Mr. Redcliffe to take charge of their London correspondents having given him a big send off as a crack-a-jack and no mistake."

"So when the managers door opened, one hot afternoon in mid-July, Colonel, just as I was in the midst of an adventure, I expected to hear nothing more or less than some intimation to stop my yarp. On the contrary, however, Mr Redcliffe said, 'Cronkite will you please step in here,' and slid back again into his box. It was easy to see from the way the boys winked and motioned with their thumbs to the stairs, that they thought I was in for an extended furlough without pay; and the least I myself expected as I obeyed his summons, was that he would light me up good."

"The manager's rooms were quite extensive, covering the front of the building; his private office at one end and then a succession of little hutchies connected with the main entrance by a private hallway in which he could stow away clients while he was busy so that they could neither see nor be seen. Everything in this private office was characteristic of Mr. Redcliffe, as I now had the opportunity to observe since he waved me in a chair in a corner; businesslike, certainly, with rolling-top desks, double-locked files, pigeonholes full of papers, even a typewriter on which he rattled off his notes and correspondence, being too secretive to keep an amanuensis; but one and all having a bustling, slap dash air, as if only used and cared for to accomplish definite ends. I say I observed, Colonel, for that was my mental habit when waiting, which I could not shake off if I would; and so, without seeming to look, I noticed that Mr. Redcliffe was short and brusque with the young lady, to whom he was talking, and that she though naturally a sweet-faced, gentle girl, with big trusting eyes and a dependent way, looked not only terribly worried, but unalterably determined. I noticed something else, too, simply for want of anything to do, and with no idea that it might be important; and yet, as you will see, that same little thing led me out of the woods in which I was about to wander."

"Finally Mr. Redcliffe motioned to me, and I stepped over to his desk. 'Cronkite,' he began, in his quick, decided way. 'I want to introduce you to Miss Alice Leighton. I have been doing a little business for Mrs. Leighton, and I find her, if she will pardon me for saying so, a very obstinate young lady, one whom it is quite impossible to convince that the suspicions which brought her to me are groundless, absolutely groundless. Hence, as you seem to have a superabundance of time, which I haven't, and it was the wish of my superiors that you should be retained here, you might just as well follow out her wishes in this matter until she is satisfied. I can't stop to make any explanation; and it's better you should hear the story from her own lips, since I might prejudice your judgement, while her enthusiasm and energy may stimulate your own, if that were possible. So, do take her into room D. there, and after she has fully unburdened her soul, why, act as your discretion suggest. No one can suffer, at all events, from your working up the case, unless, perhaps, your friends in the other room may miss your genial

converse."

Now, miss, said I when we two were alone, 'you just start and tell me the situation as full as you can. Take plenty of time; Lord, I've got hours and hours to burn, I have. And lest you think because I don't interrupt you with questions that the manager queered my interest by his slurs, let me inform you first that I'll take my turn at talking when you get through, and secondly, that I'll be more worked up over your case, whatever it be, then ever I was when a new hand at the biz, with a reputation to make, and which I'm going to be gayed out of now, you may rest assured. Just try to believe that I look as fatherly as I feel, and do you feel as daughterly as you look, and we'll get along as chummy as birds in the spring."

"I won't attempt to repeat her language Colonel; like the tone of her voice, it was her own private property. But this is the substance of what it were. She was an orphan, a clergyman's daughter, highly educated and as poor as a church mouse filling the place as governess in the family of a millionaire by the name of Marchmont, at which I pricked up my ears, for, of course, we kept tabs on all criminal matters of any importance. Old Marchmont, it seemed, had had a private secretary, a young fellow named Proctor, who also lived in the house, and as was natural, these two, being thrown much together during their leisure, and pride working both ways to shut them off from the others, above and below, fell in love and became engaged. Then came the trouble. The millionaire, like all old men twice married, was silly fond of his young wife; and on her last birthday, about three months before, to show his burning affection, presented her with a zone of diamonds, easily worth, when broken up and shipped over to Amsterdam, \$50,000, and the Lord, He alone only knows what the uxorious old cuss gave up for it at retail. Quite an amount of available stuff, you'll be thinking, to have lying around the house, but neither Marchmont nor his wife thought it necessary to keep the diamonds in a safety deposit; for at the same time, he bought and set up in his library a chilled-steel safe, a new idea that the newspapers had recently been cracking up as a regular burglar-teaser; and nobody besides them two knew the combination except Proctor, the private secretary."

"Now, about a week after the birthday Mrs. Marchmont went to the safe to get the zone to sport at some social function, when lo and behold you, on opening the compartment which had been specially prepared for it, there was nothing inside but emptiness. The diamonds were gone. What followed? you ask. Why, the wife wouldn't accuse her husband, and the husband wouldn't accuse his wife, so naturally they agreed in accusing the young secretary with the result that he was tried and convicted and railroaded into prison at special limited speed. Of course there were suspicious circumstances; the lad had been extravagant and was hard pressed and all that; but it isn't necessary for me to go into them. There always are suspicious circumstances, Colonel; why, if an angel came down, and was pinched as a fugitive from justice, there'd be enough suspicious circumstances, springing up on all sides and breeding into a tangle, to warrant any committing magistrate in holding him."

"Such then was the case that poor Miss Leighton, distracted by the fate of her lover and confident in his innocence, had brought to our office. Such was the case that our manager himself had investigated and found nothing in that could cause him to think that justice had gone astray. It certainly seemed to be a reasonable an inevitable conclusion for all she had to tell; her suspicions were directed against no one in particular, she had no newly discovered evidence, she had nothing at all but faith; and if faith without works is dead, Colonel, as the Good Book says, faith without evidence is deader."

"I'll warrant you can call the turn. Colonel, on the first questions I asked Miss Leighton. You think they were about her mistress? Yes, that's right; of course I went into whether the lady had any feelings tender or otherwise for this young fellow in her household, as there have been instances since Mrs. Potiphar set up the fashion in old Egypt. There was nothing in it. Mrs. Marchmont had always been civil to the young man, but indifferent; and indiffer-

ence, Colonel, knocks out any idea of either love or hate. Then, of course, I went into the other branch of that same theory which the generosity of men naturally supposes about a young and handsome woman with an old husband. 'Seek the woman,' the French say, the eternal woman, who generally turns out to be the infernal woman, in their romances. Again it was en-core! She had no followers. While she made no great pretences to loving her husband, she was faithful to him, being grateful for the luxuries he gave her, which, nowadays, are often dearer to a woman's heart than the pangs and dangers of an intrigue. I not only exhausted this entire field with my questions, but also subsequently with my outside investigations, until I was satisfied that the lady was wholly unknowing of the fate of her diamonds and sincere in her belief in the secretary's guilt; and in these conclusions I was right."

"What, then, remained? Why, the old man next. Colonel, you must have known him, at least by hearsay. Marchmont, the multimillionaire, to whom the loss of fifty thousand ought to be a mere flea bite, but who would feel worse about it than if he was stuck fast to a bee hive; old Marchmont, the meanest but the surest man on the Street, whose word is as good as his bond and much better, for that matter, because he never went on one in his life; old Marchmont, the shrewdest, cunningest flier, in the hull hardware shop, who never speculates, but who, having made his pile, knows how to keep it, and let money breed more money like rabbits breeding more rabbits! Why, the idea that he had worked any hypothesizing game with them diamonds was ridiculous! Again, I landed plumb against a stun-wall and again I was right in getting there."

"What else was there? Why, finally, the servants, Lord, Colonel, there wasn't too much Miss Leighton could say good of them. A lot of old trustees, that you read about and seldom see, devoted to their masters' interests, and each one with a savings-bank account! When I found this out I didn't go any further, for the crooked Colonel, don't cotton to a savings bank for a cent. They're looking for large profits in order to make quick returns of what they took; leastwise that's what they always say, though in my experience restitution is generally put off till the last moment."

"Detecting, Colonel, is often like a sum in subtraction. You lump together all the possibilities, and then, one by one, you deduct those that investigation shows to be groundless, and when you've done this just as far as you can, then the truth ought to be somewhere in the remainder. But, in this case there seemed to be no remainder, unless the conviction of the court had been right, and young Proctor was the thief of the missing diamonds. It was with a heavy heart that I bid Miss Leighton good bye for a day or two, though I put on a brass front; for I liked her style and her pluck, and most of all I liked her loyalty as men like things they may have dreamed about when they were boys, but have never seen before."

"As I passed through the corridor, the manager called me into his office. 'Well, what did you make out of it?' said he. 'Nothing,' said I. 'Of course not,' said he; 'I looked into it myself, out of pity, you know, and then I called you in, because she was so damned obstinate that she said she would go with it to so and so'—naming rivals of ours—'which I don't want, just sleep over it for a while. Cronkite, you're good at that; and before you know it she'll meet someone else she likes, and then good-bye to Proctor and his case. Let me see, how long is it you men say a woman sticks to a man in the pig; six months is the limit, isn't it?'"

"I didn't answer, Colonel, being hotter than before under the collar, but slouched away in a manner which no doubt strengthened Mr. Redcliffe's contempt for me. Perhaps there is where he made a mistake, too; for when a man's pride is hurt and his better feelings aroused, then's when his thinking machine is going to do double-quick work. The face I considered such treatment of a client, an old employee, and a house that had been an honorable exception in a protech with a full supply of crookedness, the hotter I got; and it was my mad, Colonel, not my deliberate judgement, that turned my thoughts in a new direction, a direction that led to the truth."

"The next evening, Colonel, I spent going over the record with young Proctor's lawyer. There wasn't much to it; the prosecution had made out a prima facie case, by virtue of the suspicious circumstances I mentioned and all there was to offset it was the bare denial, bold and candid, but not worth much before city jurymen, with their leaning toward law and order and high respectability. The trouble was, the defense had been all at sea with nothing to do but to fish. Thus the cross-examination wan-

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should take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of Mrs. Richard's latest book "Business in Health and Wealth." This book contains over 100 pages of instructive reading matter, is profusely illustrated and is the crowning life work of a woman whose life and labors have been devoted to the study and treatment of ailments peculiar to her sex and to the education of women on a subject which unfortunately has been shamefully neglected. It is her richest legacy to woman-kind. Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this book and will send it FREE of charge to all who send 10 cts. silver or stamp, to cover cost of mailing. This special offer is good for a short time only.

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dered, taking up one subject only to drop it for another; and the only facts it brought out, which didn't seem utterly worthless to me, had been side explanations attracting no attention. Old Marchmont volunteered the statement that the safe was a peculiar English invention, designed exclusively for the protection of valuables within a small space. Then, later on, when asked by the defendant's attorney, more to use up time than for any other purpose, whether the lock ever got out of order, he answered that it had worked all right before the burglary, but that the very next day after, he had to send for a man to come to repair it, the tumblers being displaced by the violence with which he had slammed the door, in his rage over the discovery of his loss."

"All night long, Colonel, my mind was filled with wild ideas about that safe, and the next morning the first thing I did was to walk by the showy offices that the English inventor had taken in a fashionable part of the town. They were closed and inquiry at the agents' showed that the man had departed hurriedly and for parts unknown. I didn't hesitate a moment, but went right up to old Marchmont's house, and was lucky enough to find him at home. At first, he stormed, but on my appealing to his might and the weakness of my client, he consented to let me see the famous safe. I swear, Colonel, if I had gone into the library alone, I shouldn't have been able to find the darn thing. In appearance it wasn't a safe at all, but merely a handsome cabinet. The little door to the compartments seemed but a part of the woodwork, and the combination knob but a carved boss. Nothing, of course, was within the tiny space but its proper share of emptiness. I rapped along the sides, the top, the bottom; and there I rapped and rapped again."

"Was the workman alone when he repaired the lock the next day?" I asked.

"I suppose so," snapped out Marchmont; "why should any one have watched him? We've got something else to do besides barring the door after the horse has been stolen."

"Get me a stout hammer and I'll show you, said I."

"Well, he cursed a little, but finally he rang the bell, and one of the old trustees brought a miniature sledge to me. And then, Colonel, I took a chance, for, without another word, I drew back and hit the bottom of the compartment a whack at my full strength. The plate—it was nothing but a thin steel plate—shivering like glass, and in another moment we were examining as pretty a piece of trick work as I ever saw in the hull course of my professional career."

"It was hollow underneath, Colonel, instead of being the solidest and chilliest of steel, hollow where it wasn't chock full of all sorts of clock work. There was contrivance to cause the bottom of the compartment to slide back at a certain time and dump whatever might be in it into a little space below. There was a contrivance to cause the lock to get out of order at a certain time after this had happened. Blame me, if I don't think there were contrivances enough to cause the cabinet to drop itself out of the window, if it had been thought wise for it to do so. The proof was too plain for any argument; old Marchmont had been hounded by as slick a gang of English swindlers as ever struck this country for their own good."

"I must say that the old man came up to the scratch without wincing. Young Proctor, he swore, should be got out of quod without delay and have his girl. He would marry them off instanter and set them up for life. As for the scoundrels who had fooled him, he would follow them to hell and back at the cost of half his fortune. 'To think of the credentials they showed, he raved, 'from the highest police authorities in England!' At that, Colonel which was to the suspicious which my mad had aroused like fire to tow. I got in my fine work, and by entreating and promising, I finally persuaded the old fellow to agree to keep quiet and do nothing for a few days."

"Do you remember, Colonel, when I was telling you about my wait in the manager's office, I said that I noticed something, simply for want of anything else to do and with no idea that it might be im-

portant? Yes? Well, that something I noticed was that the platen of his typewriter machine was covered with words and letters, caused by his writing in such slap-dash style that now and then his paper would run out before he knew it, and part of what he was writing would remain on the platen. I hadn't thought anything of it, then, except that it was another of the many instances I had known where a man through very cautiousness laid himself open to betrayal by not also taking into account and guarding against his own little, insignificant personal habits. Redcliffe was too cautious to keep an amanuensis; and yet, by not guarding against his hasty, 'slap-dash way of typewriting, it might well be that he had left imprinted on the platen some word or part of a sentence which would give a clue to what he would most wish to hide. At all events, Colonel, I was determined to have that platen, and see what it might have to reveal."

Colonel, I told the truth, and nothing but it, so help me! That night I had the platen out of Redcliffe's machine and was studying it under a microscope. At 11 o'clock I had made out an address. 'Moritz & Co., Amsterdam,' might not the diamonds have been shipped to them? At 12 o'clock I was closeted with our old firm the good, square partners, who had never thought me stupid because I liked to chat and smoke with the boys. At 1 o'clock the cables were humming to our agents in Europe. Oh, it was rapid work, I tell you! Moritz & Co. squealed of course; our men on the Continent take bigger chances with the third degree than we dare to do here, and they coughed up some of the stuns. Redcliffe was pinched and exposed, and got a ten-specher for his pains. And old Marchmont kept his word, getting young Proctor pardoned out, and married off to Miss Leighton and set up 'solid in a jiffy. And do you know, Colonel, when I went to call on the happy pair, in their hang-up flat, blow me, if they didn't have my picture on the pianer with a big bow of lace above it! Oh Lord, I wonder if they would like one now?"

And Abe Cronkite, the former detective convicted of complicity with opium smugglers, jumped from his seat and stood looking out of the barred window of the prison hospital.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Is Utterly Harmless if Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used.

They are Made to Cure This and all Other Kidney Diseases—M. B. Connick, of North Carlton, Cured When Doctors Said He Must Die.

NORTH CARLTON, P. E. I., Mar. 19.—The horrible barbarities committed by Turkish soldiers among the Armenian Christians were as a summer breeze to a tornado, when compared with the sufferings caused among our own Canadian people by that dread cure of the century, Bright's Disease. Fortunately we are much better off, in one way, than were the Armenians, for we have a protector in Dodd's Kidney Pills, against which Bright's Disease is utterly harmless.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have not failed in a single instance, to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Urinary Diseases, Diseases of Women, Blood Impurities, and all other Kidney Complaints. They simply cannot fail to cure any of these diseases. It is just as natural, easy, and certain that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, etc., as it is that a heavy rain will put out a small fire. They must cure, just as the rain must put the fire out.

Everybody in this place knows that these claims have been conclusively proved by the case of Mr. M. B. Connick, a well-known blacksmith of North Carlton. Mr. Connick was afflicted with Bright's Disease for fifteen years. For six years he couldn't dress himself, couldn't stoop. Five different doctors tried to cure him. They all failed. One of the best doctors in Canada told him he could not be cured.

But he was. He was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. He did so. One box set his cure under way. Ten boxes sent him back to work, healthy, hearty, strong, vigorous, happy.

Belle—How do you know that he loves you?
Kit—I took the ring to the jeweler's today, and he told me that Jack had paid for it.



AMERICA... to obtain a... in health and... of instructed... and in the... life and labor... of ailments... of women on a... humbly re-... posed to... will send... to ca... mail-... for

Yes? Well, that something... that the platen of his type-... machine was covered with 'words... caused by his writing in such... style that now and again his... lid ran out before he knew it... what he was writing would re-... platen. I hadn't thought any-... then, except that it was an-... many instances I had known... through very cautiousness... if open to betrayal by not also... account and guarding against... tile, insignificant personal habits... was too cautious to keep an... and yet, by not guarding... hasty, slap-dash way of type-... might well be that he had left... on the platen some word or part... which would give a clue to... would most wish to hide. At all... I was determined to have to... and see what it might have to... it told the truth, and nothing... help me! That night I had the... of Redcliffe's machine and was... at under a microscope. At 11... had made out an address. 'Mer-... Amsterdam;' might not be... have been shipped to them? At... I was cloaked with our old firm... square partners, who had never... be stupid because I liked to chat... with the boys. At 1 o'clock... were humming to our agents in... Oh, it was rapid work, I tell... ritze & Co. squealed of course;... on the Continent take bigger... with the third degree than we dare... and they coughed up some of... Redcliffe was pinched and ex-... got a ten-speaker for his pains... furchom kept his word, getting... doctor pardoned out, and married... Leighton and set up 'solid' in a... d do you know, Colonel, when... ed on the happy pair, in their... list, blow me, if they didn't have... on the plannier with a big bow... love it! Oh Lord, I wonder if... d like one now!

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

Completely Harmless if Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used.

Made to Cure This and all Kidney Diseases—M. B. Connick, M.D., North Carlton, Cured many Doctors Said He Must Die.

CARLTON, F. E. I., Mar. 19.—Terrible barbarities committed by soldiers among the Armenians were as a summer breeze to a when compared with the sufferings among our own Canadian people at the end of the century, Disease. Fortunately we are much in one way, than were the Ar- for we have a protector in Dodd's Pills, against which Bright's Dis- tery is harmless.

Kidney Pills have not failed in a instance, to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Urinary Dis- eases of Women, Blood Impuri- at all other Kidney Complaints; apply cannot fail to cure any of these. It is just as natural, easy, as that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Diabetes, etc., as it heavy rain will put out a small y must cure, just as the rain must out.

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How do you know that he loves took the ring to the jeweler's to- he told me that Jack had paid

Chat of the Boudoir.

The fascinating time when fashions un- fold themselves in rapid succession has ar- rived once again, and feminine ambitions in regard to dress are running high. The very first smart of spring in the air is like a sniff of gunpowder to a war horse, and every woman with a wavering hope of even one new gown is up in arms at once and ready for the fray. She wants not one only, but dozens of new gowns with hats and parasols to match, inspired no doubt by the visions of spring buds so soon to open. Spring times brings rapid growth in nature, and instinctively women seem to have an irresistible desire to keep pace with the unfolding beauties by blossoming out in varied and fanciful gowns. It is in summer that caprice in fashion can run riot in chameleon-like changes of color and diversity in style, so woman can indulge her fancies to the fullest without stopping to consider the usefulness of the gowns six months hence, providing, of course, that the dress allowance will admit of the ex- travagance.

The special novelty among the new rib- bons, which are legion as to variety, shows a white gauze edge a little more than a half inch in width. Joining this is a flowered border of roses, perhaps with a delicately spotted centre, all of which has the appearance of gauze, giving it a beautiful sheen. The secret of this is in the weaving, as it is hand printed on the warp with all the colors in the design, and the white silk is woven in on this with most charming results. Another very artistic cash ribbon of taffeta is in pale tints with here and there a large poppy or an orchid in shadowy exquisite coloring and long graceful stems woven in. Pannette ribbons, a sort of cross between satin and panne velvets are still another charming variety which doubtless will find many modes of usefulness on the summer gowns as they come in all the dainty pastel colors.

Despite all the pretty synthetic colors and dainty sort of tints seen everywhere in ribbons, flowers and dress fabrics, the report comes from across the waters that Parisian women are wearing red in rather a brilliant shade, and that red and a soft silvery blue are the leading colors in Parisian fashions, barring, of course, the neutral tints of gray, tan and brown which are always worn. The newest tan shade has a delicate tinge of yellow in it. There seems to be a slight tendency in Paris to discard all the pastel colors which can be classified under the heads of blue, red and purple, but all the delicate shades of dove color, mastic and gray flourish in Parisian fashions, barring, of course, the neutral tints of gray, tan and brown which are always worn. The newest tan shade has a delicate tinge of yellow in it. There seems to be a slight tendency in Paris to discard all the pastel colors which can be classified under the heads of blue, red and purple, but all the delicate shades of dove color, mastic and gray flourish in Parisian fashions, barring, of course, the neutral tints of gray, tan and brown which are always worn.

Perforated effects in decoration are very much to the fore again, especially among the cloth gowns. The cloth is cut out in various designs which are embroidered on the edges or finished with a silk cord, and applied on a silk or lace net, or left with- out any foundation and the open spaces are filled in with lace like stitches; but in any case it is a very expensive mode of decoration. One imported model in gray cloth has a close fitting Eton jacket which is entirely of this cloth, guipure of a pale green silk foundation which fills in the spaces with very pretty effect as the design is not very open. A trimming which consists of cut-out cloth applied to a foundation of white chantilly lace and finished with silk cord, chenille dots and silk embroidery, is one of the season's elegant productions and is used to trim a gray cloth gown. The hem of the long tunic has a wide band of this falling over two accordion plaited chiffon ruffles attached to the white silk foundation shirt. Ruches of chiffon edge the flounces, and the entire jacket, which is Eton in shape, is of the embroidery over white silk. Sometimes the sleeves, in this sort of jacket are of plain cloth with a narrow cap, effect on the embroidery at the top, and again the whole upper part of the sleeve from the elbow up matches the jacket and the lower half is plain.

Hand painting on linen, silk and gauze seems to have a place among the modes of decoration, and it is made requisite by the application of artificial flower petals on one side of the painted blossoms with beads for the centre; but it cannot be recommended as a desirable variety; almost anything else on the list is in better taste, and yet at one of the important openings of new dress models there was a black silk costume painted all around the edges in sprays of wild yellow roses the leaves veined with dull green beads. Narrow black velvet ribbon trims some of the new cloth gowns in rows—possibly five—around the hem of the skirt, and stripes the bodice in vertical lines all over. A lattice work design of velvet crossing lace and chiffon vests is another use of velvet, and sleeves are encircled for their entire length with velvet bands, all of which can be applied to an old gown as a very successful means of freshening it.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water. THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME. For the Handkerchiefs, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Headache Hood's Pills. In often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take Hood's Pills. While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Evening dresses, whether of net, lace, or chiffon, show some decoration of black velvet ribbon either in rosettes, loops, or bands applied in various ways, one of which forms a girdle at the waist. Fancy braids are still in use for trimming cloth gowns and a finish of small buckles or buttons, at the end of braid strappings is one of the variations. One glance at the new muslin, dimity and foulard gowns so far exhibited is conclusive proof that any and every mode of treatment as to decoration is in order, and as for the cotton materials, they are almost most beautiful in coloring than the silks, while in quality there is every gradation between pique for the morning gown and exquisite sheer mousselines for evening wear. Silk gowns are not a necessity in young girls' summer outfit this season, as the cotton and wool materials fill every requirement. Many of the cotton fabrics have a mixture of silk or satin finished stripes which make them very attractive, and they are made up with ruffles and most elaborate designs carried out with insertions of lace. One yellow organdie has a five-inch circular-cut ruffle edged with a tiny straight ruffle which has black velvet baby ribbon sewn on the edge. Three ruffles about three inches wide, also edged with black are sewn on above the wider one overlapping each other a seam's width, and above these a scalloped edged white lace insertion encircles the skirt. Black velvet ribbon edges this, stripes the yoke of muslin up and down, and encircles the sleeves the entire length. A band of insertion is set in just below the yoke all around both back and front, extending in a rounded line over the sleeves and giving the broad appearance across the shoulders, which the small sleeves take away. This is an important point in the dressmaking art just at the moment, as it is the effect of a long shoulder seam which is required. If the shoulder seam is really out long, it is ugly, and uncomfortable as well, so the aim is to produce this effect with the decoration. If the top of the sleeve is like the yoke, even though it is of the dress material, simply tucked, the difference in effect is very marked.

The new parasol is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, sure enough, since it has shown itself so capable of variety in design and quaintness in effect. There are so many kinds that it is difficult to single out the specialties which are really new, but it is pretty safe to assert that the square parasol covered with one of the irrepressible Persian-patterned handkerchiefs is a conspicuous novelty. It is anything rather than pretty, but the woman who likes striking, bizarre effects in her summer outfit will take to it very kindly, no doubt. The latest handle is club shaped, but there are all sorts and kinds, of course. A handle decoration of fruit and flowers made of celluloid tinted in the natural colors is one of the extreme novelties. There are gold and silver mounted wood handles set with real and imitation jewels, handles of ivory, coral and lapis lazuli, and handles of light wood, which are very pretty. Red and a pretty shade of purple are the fashionable colors among the plain parasols of silk, some of which are finished with the ruche of white taffeta silk falling a little below the edge. For driving or walking in the morning the plain silk parasol is the correct thing, but there is a great variety of striped and flowered silks as well as foulards. A plain white satin parasol decorated liberally with

designs of applique lace is a desirable purchase, and then there is an endless number of variations carried out in the transparent materials. Chiffon is tucked, shirred and rucked into shape and finished with ruffles black Chantilly lace and white chiffon are combined together, the chiffon being ac- cordingly plaited between bands of insertion. The centre of the parasol is sometimes of cream lace, and the band below of tucked chiffon edged with plaited ruffles finished with a narrow cream lace edge. Silk parasols scalloped around the edge and trimmed with white silk braid are a pretty novelty, and then there are others made of bands of silk joined together with open hemstitching.

Jewelled chains falling with an ornament of some kind, just above the line of the bust, are worn around the neck over the high necked bodice. The stitched and tucked taffeta silk hats will usurp the felt hats this season. Toques made entirely of foliage, with the accompanying flower for a finish and possibly a touch of the black so fashion- able in all things this season, are [one of the season's vagaries. Ivory white lace toques with ostrich pompons] down and and York roses are another variety.

Among the pretty fancies in buttons used to fasten the cuffs and fronts of dainty silk and lawn waists, are silver and enamelled fishes, pearl balls and pale pink coral buttons. Any antique piece of jewelry which can be utilized as a button is a valuable possession.

A novelty in dress fabrics is an all-wool cravat with a patterned border and narrow fringe on one edge. Two bordered handkerchiefs of canvas are sold with this to complete the costume, and the whole robe costs \$25. Mohair is going to be very much worn this season for hack-about costumes. It comes in the pastel colors with a hair line stripe of white, and the price is \$2.00 a yard, double width.

The new wraps for summer show a great variety of capes in light cloth covered with stitched bands arranged in some fancy design, and no end of net chiffon, lace and silk combinations for dress. Capes of cloth applique on cream lace and made over white silk and satin and finished with plaitings of chiffon matching the cloth are really good style and very pretty. Taffeta silk guipure over black forms another style of cape, and cream lace with black net and chiffon is another variation. The capes fit the shoulders closely, fall moderately full below, and are finished with medium high flaring collars. Something novel in a carriage wrap is a long garment made entirely of black satin ribbon alternated with cream lace insertion. In shape it is a coat cape or dolman, and there is a bertha effect around the shoulders, made of the ribbon and lace running around. This is fully a quarter of a yard deep and is set on as if it were outlining a yoke. The lining is gathered white chiffon with a five inch plaiting all around the edge, but showing only the little ruche on the edge from the right side. Scarf ends of lace, net or chiffon are a feature of all the dressy wraps, which in black net or lace over white silk have white chiffon scarf ends to fasten them at the throat. These fall long- er than the garment itself in many in- stances. There are long coats and three- quarter length coats of cloth in the clock department but these are mostly for driving purposes.

Shades arranged around the waist like a

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Eczema Tortured A Child. About three years ago I had to leave school with sore hands. My teacher said it was Salt Rheum or Eczema and told me to see the doctor. Mother got some medicine, but it did me no good. After I had suffered with the itching and burning about three months, mother thought she would try Burdock Blood Bitters. I only took two bottles, when my hands got completely cured. —Emma Sheridan, Parry Sound, Ont.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND FURNISHERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods. Irish Linen: Best Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 40c. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 50c. per yard; 3 yards wide, 60c. per yard; 3 1/2 yards wide, 70c. per yard; 4 yards wide, 80c. per yard; 4 1/2 yards wide, 90c. per yard; 5 yards wide, 100c. per yard. Dusters from 70c. per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 170c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 6c. per yard. Irish Damask Table Linen: Pink Napkins, 10c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 12c. per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c. 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.32 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 2 1/2 yards each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.68 per doz. Monogram, Crests, Coat of Arms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Quilts, Bed, or Moss Orders). Matchless Shirts: Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and cuffs, \$3.25 the half doz. (to measure 40c. extra). New Designs in our Special Indiana Gaze, Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Collars, and Fronts, for \$3.25 the half-dozen. The Cambric of Robinson and Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs: Cleaver have a world-wide fame. The Queen, "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—Spencer's Home Journal. Children's, 5c. per doz.; Ladies', 6c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 7c. per doz. (Especially—Ladies', 8c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 9c. per doz.). Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: COLLARS—Ladies', from 5c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 6c. per doz. CUFFS—Ladies', from 4c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 5c. per doz. Curves—For Ladies and Gentlemen, from \$1.45 per doz. (Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey) and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness.—Court Circular. Irish Underclothing: A luxury now within the reach of all. Ladies' Chemises, 10c. per doz.; Embroidered, 15c. per doz.; Nightgowns, \$1.25; Combinations, 5c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$10.32 Bridal Trouseaux, \$25.50 Ladies' Layettes \$12.00 (see list). N. B.—To prevent delay all Letters, Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND. (Please mention this Paper.)

Swiss belt are fastened with a rosette and finished on the ends with silk fringe.

Embroidered ecru linen which is transparent makes lovely summer gowns, with pink batiste for the underdress which may be accordin plaited. Use the plaited batiste for the under bodice with a short bolero of the linen.

Long lace bars which are carried twice around the neck and tied in a sailor knot falling a little below the neckband are one of the fads in neckwear.

Anecdotes of Col. Ege of Kansas. Col. Ege was a famous character in the early days. Although living in Doniphan county, he was often in Atchison, followed by a pack of hounds. He was a hightoned Southern gentleman, with a kind heart, and one day while returning home from the city, he came across a man whose wagon was stuck in the mud in Independence Creek bottom. Col. Ege at once started in to help the man pry out his wagon with fence rails. While both were working away Ege became angry and yelled to the man: 'Lift, you son of a gun, you are not lifting a pound.' The man picked up the endgate of the wagon, and split it over Ege's head, laying him up for three weeks. Ege had his hat off when he struck, and was so bald before coming to Kansas that he was known as the bald eagle of Mary- land. Ege always carried a pistol, and was always trying to shoot through somebody's hat without hitting him. One day, at the Independence Creek ferry, he shot at a man, but aimed a little too low. But Ege was always a gentleman; he took the man into his home, and tenderly cared for him until he recovered. Col. Ege owned the 1,500 acre farm where Joseph Somons now lives.

Petitions to Congress. What is to be done with the petitions presented to Congress? Not with the requests themselves, but with the paper on which they are expressed. They have become so bulky that it is impossible to examine them, and it is even a problem to provide storage room for them. The privilege of petitioning to those who make the laws is one of the fundamental rights of a free people, and no one desires to restrict it. But in these days of easy letter writing the average Congress man asks himself, when he sees a pile of letters and petitions: 'Who has been starting all this up? For usually some one makes it a business to have Congress bombarded with petitions in order to bring influence to bear upon it. Word goes out to the labor unions, to the farmers' associations, to the commercial bodies, or to religious societies to petition for this thing or that, and thousands, sometimes hundreds of thousands, of responses follow. One man has been so active in bringing pressure upon Congress on behalf of several matters in which he is interested that he is said to have doubled the volume of mail received at the Capitol. His system of stimulating the public to present petitions is most elaborate. When the case of Mr. Roberts of Utah

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Purgative, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

was before Congress, the petitions against his admission, piled in front of the speakers desk, made a larger load than a horse could draw. Sometimes petitions are presented in picturesque form. The collar-makers of Troy, during a tariff debate, once submitted a great book shaped like a coffin, which contained thousands of signatures. Some petitions have been pushed into the House in a wheelbarrow, to give dramatic effect to the outburst of popular opinion which they were supposed to represent.

Nevertheless, a simple letter from a constituent to his representative, which bears evidence of having come spontaneously from the writer, sometimes exerts as much real influence as a million signatures obtained by organization, and affixed to a petition as a result of personal solicitation.

shopping in Scotland. The Scotch have their own idea of a 'bargain day,' and their view is not without a touch of shrewdness. A London paper describes a conversation between an English matron and Mr. Angus McIver. 'I suppose, Mr. McIver,' said she, 'that they have bargain days in Glasgow?' 'Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!' 'Indeed!' replied the lady. 'Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people?' 'Weel,' said he, 'that's juist it. It wad suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naebody wad buy anything on the ither days, ye ken!'

A ten cent package of Magnetic dyes and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk one—try it. One Striking Advantage. There is one point about a clock that strikes the half hour, may not have occurred to the unthinking. 'Papa,' asked a boy, who had stood in silent admiration before the new timepiece on the mantel, until the burden became oppressive, 'what's the good of a clock that strikes every half-hour?' 'Well, my son,' replied his father, after some reflection, 'if you are lying awake at night and hear it strike one three half-hours in succession, you know that when you hear it again it will be two o'clock.'

A Running Item. 'Who defrays the expenses of the government of the so-called Filipino republic?' asked the newly appointed colonial commissioner. 'There are none now,' replied General Otis, 'except Aguinaldo's running expenses.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Eighth Avenue, New York.

Ordered to Africa.

All the doors in the corridor were still closed—all except mother's. She had left here ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had called her name. But Bob had not called; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink, and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pictures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gaudy figure of Bob himself on the mantelpiece, photographed in full uniform.

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose softly, slipped on her dressing gown and slippers, and stole along the corridor to Bob's room.

Bob lay, six feet of British manhood, yellow haired, straight limbed, deep chested, sound asleep.

The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrapnel, rifle and bayonet in thousands, and now they lay around him like corn after the sickle, and Bob smiled and awoke, and saw mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; and yet today something stirred in his breast, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his breast.

'My baby—my boy!' mother murmured. 'Oh, my darling!'

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it—not a little bit; and as soon as he could he wriggled himself free and asked the time.

There was time and to spare and mother said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking what pretty hair she had—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again, and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmanteaus that lay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry, and putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with complacency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly fledged subaltern of twenty years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war.

Having adjusted the cap at every conceivable angle, here placed it and continued his toilet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty minutes saw him full attired, immaculate in a brand new suit, and the stiffest and highest of shiny white collars.

Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much, and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and kissed her.

'Nearly time to be off,' he cried, with almost brutal cheerfulness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty.

Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear hero; but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought-of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would like to have told Bob she was sorry, but she knew he would laugh at her for a little goose; and besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed goodby; so she choked back the lump in her throat and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver.

But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts that the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the din and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; dauntless, wounded, bloody—dying! With a little cry she rose to her feet. Bob, who had been taking careful aim at the gas globe, turned at the sound. 'Halloe!' he exclaimed, 'what's up, Nell? You look as if you had seen a ghost. Then his eyes followed her gaze. 'Little coward!' he cried teasingly. 'I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver.'

Nell stopped short on her way to the door, then she gave a queer little laugh. 'Well, perhaps I did,' she said, and went quickly from the room.

Bob went back and finished his packing; then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went downstairs.

Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure—Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and today is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that

Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off this that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come in-

stantly, for he felt that every one that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

Mother's heart swelled at the tone; she put down the photograph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled, and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots—a buttoned and a laced up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision, to thus betray himself. But there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh, how mother loved him for it! He had been such a stoic too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways, but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He dared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots!

But she knew his nature, and stood for a moment wondering how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently, mother, on her way downstairs tapped at the dressing room outer door. 'One of your lace boots,' she said. 'I stumbled over it; I have put it down out side.' Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves and went downstairs.

As breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listeners. So he refrained, and ate a hearty breakfast.

He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the far off land.

She wondered if father, who was in the dressing room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, only she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not pillowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he had looked up at her with round eyes of wonder; then, when her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment, he had thrown back his little head, and, with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving arms. And now—now—She brushed aside her tears, for she heard father coming.

Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the threshold. To tell the truth he had thought mother downstairs. He had been trying to remember, that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily, whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand. 'Humph!' exclaimed father, 'so you have not gone down?' and his voice was not con-

scious energy, dispells all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Her's was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 25 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a box. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Rouen's Remarkable Bridge. A bridge in the form of an aerial ferry has just been opened at Rouen on the river Seine. In order to avoid interference with shipping, it was determined to place no structure in the stream, or near its surface. Instead of a bridge in any of the ordinary forms, a horizontal flooring, sustained by steel towers and suspension cables, was stretched across the river at an elevation of 167 feet. On this flooring run electrically driven rollers, from which is suspended, by means of steel ropes, a car which moves at the level of the wharves on the river-banks. The car is 36 feet wide and 42 feet long, and is furnished like a ferry-boat with accommodations for carriages, and foot-passengers. The ropes that carry the hanging-car are interlaced diagonally in such a manner that the support is rigid, and a swinging motion is avoided.

A Doorkeeper's Prophecy. When Madame Eames was making a Western tour recently she consented to sing at a church festival in aid of the cathedral of a certain prominent city. The church authorities decided to charge an admission fee to the cathedral to all who wished to hear the great singer. Most people paid willingly, but one crank demanded admission on the ground that he should not be charged for going into a public place of worship.

'Do you mean to tell me,' he argued with the doorkeeper, 'that I shall require a ticket to enter the kingdom of heaven?'

'Well, no,' explained the ticket seller suavely, 'but then you won't hear Madame Eames in heaven.' Then when the enormity of his remark dawned upon him that ticket seller turned and fled.

The Shortest General's Long Titles. "Bobs," who is sometimes known as Lord Roberts, has, next to the royal family, the longest list of titles in Great Britain. Here is his official designation: Baron Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford, P. C., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. I. E., V. C., D. C. L., L. L. D. And yet he is the shortest general in the service. Should he be triumphant in South Africa he may count on a few more letters to his name.

Don't Run Chances. by taking whiskey or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer, in hot water sweetened will do you more good. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

A Question of Height. 'You should cultivate the higher criticism more than you do,' said the Boston maid.

'Well, I don't know,' replied the editor thoughtfully, 'our book reviewer lives in the attic.'

Immense Increase in the sale of the D. & L. Menthol Plaster evidences the fact that it is useful for all rheumatic pains, lumbago and lame back, pain in the sides, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., manufacturers.

Women are, born so fast declares, To smooth man's linen and his cares; But in this world of push and shuffle, Both she's very apt to ruffle.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

CARTER'S LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

sound—for all the the covering of a Upon this mo scratching, and the snow about in Fired with some too, began to rem my horror, I saw ing from it—a ma ly, and on the lit mond.' That the me be told. The only que and what connect between him and th attacked? That they two spot was certain, from it alone. Foul play!—to words that rang stood among the pass, and looked trading hand. In a moment nerve sufficiently to release the snow; or, rather he worked with The snow had and so was the but at length w and then there l body of a man i fur-lined cloak, revealed. There were d and at his wrist in his coat. Quite evident some festive ga He was a ma and shapely, an very handsome Nay, he look lay there, with paleness of de His face was slight mouthca lectuality, and to indicate that either blue or As to his a him at somev All this I sa when I examin saw what had Not, as I h and exposure No; for the slightly stain raised the bod les-sound. The questio indicted? I would h have been ab first place, the which would a been suicide meant almost the second, I the dead man silver broadc thrill of horr night, a trim mysterious w It was she As I stood convinced of with shame I —and yet I h pretended. I positively her suffering It could so had bewitche bered, I had upon her fac But there her voice; so ed responsive say nothing of grace of bea milky whiten And, perch his fate. Perhaps h and treache and woman She had a Well, at had not take cottage to To this c sound of obs of Christm pass upon m 'Peace on the message I resolve this woman' would not home to her I would He, to w open, woul murdered m own way ar There wa But for thrown her I could not crime; an favor, as t great stre me I had made know With in the dead m of broad and cover Nero as thus empl by short a In my c chained up with me; surely ret the body. I wond the woma truth the or whethe clothing c stant had I asked came to

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CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.

ground—for all the world as though it were the covering of a grave.

Upon this mound Nero flung himself scratching, and howling, and scattering the snow about in all directions.

That the man was dead I needed not to be told.

The only question was, how had he died and what connection had there been between him and the woman whom Nero had attacked?

That they two had come together to this spot was certain, and that she had returned from it alone.

Foul play!—foul play!—were the hideous words that rang through my brain as I stood among the snows of the mountain pass, and looked down on that ghastly protruding hand.

In a moment or two I recovered my nerve sufficiently to set resolutely to work to release the body from its shroud of snow; or, rather, Nero and I did this, for he worked with even more energy than I.

The snow had frozen during the night, and so was the more difficult to remove; but at length we accomplished our task, and then there lay before us the still, cold body of a man in evening-dress, which his fan-lined cloak, falling back from the throat revealed.

There were diamonds in his shirt-front and at his wristbands, and a delicate flower in his coat.

Quite evidently he had been dressed for some festive gathering.

He was a man of middle height, slender and shapely, and I should say, had been very handsome in his lifetime.

Nay, he looked handsome even as he lay there, with shut eyes, and the marble paleness of death on every feature.

His face was clean-shaven, save for a slight moustache; his brow denoted intellectuality, and his fair brown hair seemed to indicate that those fast shut eyes were either blue or grey.

As to his age, I should have guessed him at something under thirty-five.

All this I saw in my first hasty glance; when I examined the body more closely, I saw what had been the cause of his death.

Not, as I had half hoped, exhaustion and exposure to the cold.

No; for the snowy linen of his shirt was slightly stained with blood, and, when I raised the body, I saw in the chest a bullet-wound.

The question was, was the wound self-inflicted?

I would have given all I possessed to have been able to answer yes; but, in the first place, there was no pistol to be found, which would surely have been the case had it been suicide, for the shot must have meant almost instantaneous death; and, in the second, I could see, tight-clenched in the dead man's fingers, a few threads of silver brocade, and I remembered, with a thrill of horror, that I had noticed last night, a trimming of silver brocade on the mysterious woman's gown.

It was she who had murdered him!

As I stood beside the body, I was quite convinced of this; and yet—perhaps it is with shame I ought to make this confession—and yet I hoped she would not be apprehended.

I positively shuddered at the thought of her suffering for her crime.

It could scarcely be said that her beauty had bewitched me, for, it must be remembered, I had not not so much as looked upon her face.

But there had been a world of beauty in her voice; something in my heart had leaped responsive to its sweet sad tones—to say nothing of the beauty of her form, her grace of bearing, the satin softness and milky whiteness of her skin.

And, perhaps, this man had deserved his fate.

Perhaps he had dealt with her vilely and treacherously, as man is prone to deal with woman when she loves and trusts.

She had said all men were not false.

Well, at least she should find that he had not taken advantage of her visit to my cottage to hunt her to a shameful doom.

To this conclusion I had come, when the sound of church bells—heralding the joyous Christmas morn—floated down the Pass upon my ears.

'Peace on earth, good-will to men' was the message they proclaimed.

I resolved afresh that, let the measure of this woman's guilt be what it might, I would not raise hand or voice to bring it home to her.

I would leave her to God.

He, to whom the secrets of all hearts are open, would judge between her and the murdered man, and would award, in His own way and time, due punishment.

There was no need for me to interfere.

But for the fact that the woman had thrown herself on my protection last night, I could not have concealed her with this crime; and, my sympathies enlisted in her favor, as they were, it needed no very great stretch of imagination to convince me I had no right to reveal what had been made known to me in such a moment.

With infinite difficulty I released from the dead man's fingers those tell-tale threads of brocade; then I laid him down again, and covered him with snow.

Nero sat on his haunches, while I was thus employed, and testified his displeasure by short sharp barks.

In my own mind I resolved to keep him chained up for a time, when he was not with me; otherwise, I thought he would surely return to the spot and again lay bare the body.

I wondered what had made him attack the woman last night—whether it was in truth the black mask that had angered him or whether he had smelt blood upon her clothing or whether some mysterious instinct had warned him of her crime.

I asked myself these questions, but I came to no satisfactory conclusion concerning

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

A St. Thomas Lady in May, '97 Told How Doan's Kidney Pills Cured Her of Backache and Made Her Strong and Healthy.

In a recent letter she tells how she has enjoyed two and a half years of splendid health—free from pain or suffering.

There are very few remedies now on the market that will stand the test of time. All they do is to give a little temporary relief. They never go to the seat of the trouble and root it out of the system.

Not so with Doan's Kidney Pills.

Their action on the kidneys is of a permanent curative character, altogether unlike any of the substitutes or cheap imitations.

One strong proof of this is the two statements made by Mrs. E. W. Trump, of St. Thomas, Ont.

The first of these, made May 10th, 1897, is as follows: "When I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I was sick and miserable with severe pains in my back and kidneys. I was also very weak and nervous. Since using these pills the pains have been removed, my nerves have been strengthened and good health has been restored to me. They are a splendid medicine for kidney troubles of any kind."

The second statement which we give below is of recent date, and shows what splendid health Mrs. Trump has had since Doan's Kidney Pills Cured her over two and a half years ago.

"Over two years ago I wrote telling of the cure made in my case by Doan's Kidney Pills. At the present time I am enjoying the very best of health, sleep well, eat well and my old enemies, backache and kidney trouble have never returned. Instead of misery and a broken down constitution, I have for the past two years enjoyed a fresh sense of the value and beauty of life."

ing them—nay, I have come to no satisfactory conclusion even to this day.

When I had quite covered up the body, I called to the dog and retraced my steps slowly, and with a sense of deep depression of spirits.

The thought of that dead man lying beneath the snow haunted me.

It seemed almost as though I were guilty of his murder.

The sound of the church bells reminded me that, no matter what his sins had been, his poor body ought to be laid in consecrated ground, and a word or two of prayer uttered over his grave.

Was I acting rightly in suffering him to lie there like a dog?

Ought I not, rather, to make known my discovery to the proper authorities, let the consequences be what they might to that unhappy woman?

Nero walked beside me, occasionally licking my hand, and raising his eyes wistfully to mine.

He, too, seemed unhappy, and as though a weight was pressing upon his heart.

Still the Christmas bells pursued me as I emerged from the pass; still they haunted me with the thought that I had done wrong to leave the dead man hidden beneath the mountain snows.

By the time my cottage came in sight, I was strongly tempted to walk to the nearest police station, and tell them what I had found.

Accident decided the question for me.

I was within a dozen paces from the cottage door, when my foot slipped, and I fell.

A sharp pain in my ankle warned me I had hurt myself pretty severely.

However, I managed to crawl into the house, and flung myself upon my bed; then I realized that my ankle was badly sprained—I was little likely to walk again for days to come.

'Well, at any rate, I shall not go to the police station,' I muttered. 'This decides me!'

And, in my heart, I fancied I described in the fall the hand of Fate.

For nearly a fortnight, during which snow fell almost every day, I nursed myself in my easy chair, never so much as attempting to go outside the door.

Fortunately, I had plenty of provisions, and, for company—well, Nero was all I needed.

He watched by me like a Christian—nay with a far tenderer and more faithful solicitude than half the Christians I have known would ever have shown.

The only thing that troubled me in my captivity was the thought of the man who lay buried beneath the snow in the mountain pass.

Sometimes Nero would raise himself from his slumbers on the rug during the long chilly nights, and would give vent to a low and mournful howl.

In my heart, I was persuaded that he, too, was thinking of the murdered man.

The New Year had come, and was three or four days old, when a visitor came to my hut.

It was a shepherd, who lived on the other side of the mountain.

'I didn't see the dog about as I passed,' he remarked, apologetically, 'so I thought I'd just call and see if you were all right.'

I assured him I was all right—as, indeed, I was, save for my injured foot, and that was mending rapidly.

'There's been a power of snow, ain't there?' he remarked, as he stood in the doorway, looking at the lesden skies.

'There was a poor fellow frozen in the pass. You'll not have heard of it, I guess?'

I shook my head.

'Well, what I say is, they've no right to attempt these mountains in such weather. There's no doubt he'd been trying to cross over by way of the pass, and, being caught in a snow storm,

had taken shelter under a rock. He was frozen to death, of course. Perhaps you'd like to read about in the paper. I've got one here.'

I thanked him, and he left the paper with me.

The moment he had gone, I tore it open with avidity.

The very first paragraph that caught my eye was headed—

"Mysterious Discovery. Unknown Gentleman Frozen to Death in a Mountain Pass."

It was only a brief report; but it sufficed to convince me that the state of the body, found had been such that the bullet-wound was not likely to be so much as suspected.

According to the newspaper account, the dead man's features were quite unrecognizable, and it was only by his clothing it could be surmised that he was a man of good position.

His linen was unmarked, and there was no scrap of paper, or any other thing, upon the body to afford a means of identification.

As a masked ball, in aid of a public charity, had been held in a neighboring town on Christmas Eve, it was surmised he might have been on his way to it; but no one was reported as missing, and the whole affair seemed shrouded too deeply in mystery for the police to hope to solve it.

It had to be relegated to the host of unsolved mysteries, and the unfortunate stranger was to be buried without a name.

I must admit it was a great relief to me to know he would, at any rate, be laid in consecrated ground, and with the ordinary rites of Christian burial.

CHAPTER III. MY FRIEND GWYNNE.

Again Christmas was approaching fast. I was debating within myself where and how I should spend it, when the matter was settled for me in a somewhat unexpected fashion.

I got this letter from my old friend, Sir Harold Gwynne—

"MY DEAR DOUGLAS,—I want you to spend your Christmas at Deepdene. My sister is sending you a formal invitation, and I am writing this private line to make you understand if you'll come. I want to see you most particularly. There are some very decent people here. I feel sure you would get a rather jolly Christmas.

"Yours ever,

"HAROLD GWYNNE."

When I got this letter, I wasn't two minutes in deciding to go to Deepdene. I simply couldn't have refused Harold Gwynne a favour, I loved him too well and owed him too much.

We had known each other fully twenty years, and once when we were out boating together, he had saved my life at deadly peril to his own.

Ever since that time we had been nearer than brothers, Harold Gwynne and I.

His sister's note of formal invitation accompanied his own.

She was Lady Mallory, wife of Sir Thomas Mallory, and her house—Deepdene, in Somersetshire—was at all times a pleasant place to visit at.

She wanted me to make a long stay; she told me to go on the thirteenth of December and to stay over New Year's Day.

I wrote an acceptance at once, and on the thirteenth I put myself and my traps into the train, and was whirled away into Somersetshire.

I should explain that I had given up my mountain cottage ten months before—in deep, as soon as ever my sprained ankle was quite well.

The bachelor uncle with whom I had quarrelled, and whose roof I had quitted in a fit of independence, had made overtures of peace, and I hadn't been at all sorry to respond to them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DON'T THROW YOUR FADED THINGS AWAY.

DIAMOND DYES

Give New Life to Old Garments

That faded and rusty dress, skirt, blouse, cape, jacket, cloak, or your laces and ribbons that you are thinking of consigning to the rag bag, can be made as good as new if dyed with any of the fashionable and seasonable colors that Diamond Dyes produce.

Your husband's son's or brother's dingy and faded overcoat or suit can be renewed for another season's wear by the Diamond Dyes at a trifling cost.

Diamond Dyes work wonders and save scores of dollars annually for thousands of homes on this continent. All well managed homes use the Diamond Dyes and extol their beauty and usefulness. Guard against imitations and substitutes. See that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them.

A Correct Diagnosis.

A certain eminent physician, who is fond of a bottle in the evenings, was recently called upon to attend a lady of social prominence just as he had finished his second bottle. In feeling her pulse he found himself unable to count the beats, and in self-diagnosis exclaimed: 'Drunk, by Jove!'

The lady looked shocked, and the doctor took a hurried departure. The next morning he received a note asking him to call again, and he did so, much abashed for his previous night's indiscretion. The lady met him shamefacedly but cordially, and, to his surprise, complimented him on his cor-

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

root diagnosis of her ailment on the night before, observing: 'I trust I may depend on your discretion in the matter?'

The eminent physician, who had listened with growing wonder mentally, but with an expression as solemn as an owl's, replied: 'Yes, you may depend on me, madam; I shall be as silent as the tomb.'

Catarrhose Fools the Doctor

Mr. I. Reynolds, of 39 Queen St., Ottawa, writes: "I have been a constant sufferer from Catarrh with dropping in the throat, &c., for some time. My doctor said an operation would be necessary, but the use of one bottle of Catarrhose has rid me of my trouble."

Catarrhose is a new scientific treatment guaranteed to cure Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. Sold everywhere. Trial outfit sent to any address for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

A Curious Club.

A story that appeared in Blackwood's Magazine in 1839 had the effect of calling into existence many strange clubs. The story, 'First and Last,' was powerfully written, and dealt with a club of young men who met annually until only one of their number was left. It was extensively copied into the newspapers at the time, and several clubs founded on the principle were started in England and America.

Most of them, however, died of inanition, but one lasted from 1832 until 1881. It was formed on the 30th of September, 1832, in the studio of a young artist in Cincinnati. There were seven persons present, and the story being discussed, they bound themselves together, under oath, as the "Society of the Last Man."

By the conditions of the society all who were living of them met at dinner on the recurrence of each anniversary of the club's inception. Covers were invariably laid for seven, and it was arranged that when but one living representative remained to attend the feast there was to open and drink a bottle of wine that had been provided at the first banquet.

The bottle, with a tightly closed cork, was preserved in a casket of mahogany expressly made for the purpose and shaped like the Bunker Hill monument. In the base the records of the society were kept, and the lid of the casket was locked and sealed. Death spared the little band for four years.

On the fifth year there was one vacant chair at the banquet. In 1839 five members only were found at the table; in 1842 this number was reduced to four, and in 1849 only three sat down to dinner. In 1856 but two remained; one of these died in that year and in 1856 Dr. Vattier sat alone at the banquet and performed the sacred obligation of uncorking and drinking the bottle of wine. For twenty-five years he honored the anniversaries in solitude and secrecy, dining with no company but six vacant chairs and six untouched covers. In 1881 he shared the fate of his fellows, and the last man was with the first.

The Newest Bible.

He was an open-air evangelical exhorter and was spellbinding his hearers by his learned disquisition on the alternative of 'salvation or damnation—the King James Bible or the Donsay Bible.' In the audience was a citizen who had been imbibing freely and whose patriotic sense overpowered his religious feelings. This gentleman apparently misunderstood the preacher, for he yelled: 'Hooray for the Dawey Bible!' The crowd took up the cry and the exhorter was compelled to suspend his meeting.

A Description of Sardou.

The great French dramatist is slightly built, rather under the average height and always wears a white muffer. This is the one distinctive badge of his attire, which, otherwise, is that of a prosperous but modest undertaker. He is an enormous reader, a tremendous talker and at rehearsal plays alternately the tiger and the lamb. He has a passion for architecture and is an accepted authority on historic Paris. He keeps a store of notebooks and has immense folios filled with newspaper cuttings and 'human'

documents. He designs the scenery for his plays, and frequently even the actresses. His plays are written and rewritten until the original MS. becomes illegible and can be deciphered only by his private secretary. He toils at his desk, but at his table forgets his labors and does justice to his meals as a trenchman. He is one of the most successful dramatic workers in the world.

Oom Paul's Joke.

The phlegmatic Oom Paul Kruger has, despite his solemn appearance, a great reputation as a joker among his people in the Transvaal. His humor, however, tends toward the practical order. Here is an instance: Half a dozen back-country Boers had come to Pretoria to see the sights and, with characteristic familiarity, paid the president a visit during his early coffee-drinking hour. Later they were shown over the government buildings by the President in person. In one of the rooms an electric lamp was burning, and as they were passing out, Oom Paul, with his hand on the button, asked them to blow it out from where they stood. Then one after another drew a deep breath, blew out his cheeks, and sent out a tremendous puff but all in vain: the light did not even wince. Then the President bade them look at him, and, puffing out his cheeks, gave a strong blast, at the same time slyly turning off the current. The visitors were amazed, and as they left the building one who had been more observant than the rest remarked: "Oom Paul must have wonderfully strong lungs, for, did you notice, the light was entirely inclosed in glass."

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipations and Head-ache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hober, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.

R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

S. B. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.

C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.

S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.

N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.

C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

A Literary Note.

Lady of the house: "Ah! you are reading, I thought you were hard at work."

Cook: "Yes, mum, I'm reading a novel."

Lady: "Will you tell me who wrote it?"

Cook: "Wrote it? It ain't written at all, mum; it's printed."

General Debility and a "run down" state call for a general tonic to the system. Such is The D & L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Aftermath.

She: 'They must have quarrelled yesterday.'

He: 'What make you think so?'

She: 'He's so attentive now.'

There is no uncertainty about Fryn's Pectoral. It cures your cough quickly. All bronchial affections give way to it. 25c. of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

The Lost Picacho Mine.

Mines have been discovered in many strange ways; but anyone from Gila Bend to Benson will tell you that there is nothing stranger in the mining history of Arizona than the way in which Tom Harper, then a raw Easterner, found the lost mine of the Picacho Peak. Most people in that country say it was 'tenderfoot luck' but the Hon. James Penfield contends that his partner worked it all out in his mind beforehand.

Harper was then a young man from the East, who had a little money. Penfield was a young man from the West, who had no money but who knew cattle. This was the basis of their partnership. They leased the Tortilla Ranch in Arizona for ten years, with the privilege of purchase at the end of the time.

Penfield one day bought a pair of mules, led them home, and turned them into the stockade corral; he went into the house to supper.

'Too dark to see them tonight,' he said to Harper, as he tossed his sombrero in the corner and sat down at the table, 'but we will have a look at them in the morning. I know them of old' and they are all right. Used to belong to Barlow. But I was forgetting, you never knew Barlow. If you like I'll tell you his story after supper.'

'Well, it was this way,' Penfield went on later, 'Barlow kept the first stage station this side of Picacho Peak for twenty years. He was an eccentric old fellow, with a taste for solitude, and he kept no one about his place except a Mexican half-breed who acted as cook. In fact this Mexican was the real manager of the establishment, Barlow devoting most of his attention to cattle-raising in a small way.'

'One morning about three years ago, he found that his only pair of mules had escaped from the corral and taken to the brush, so he started out on their trail. In the evening he returned with them, but stopped at the station only long enough to eat supper, which he ordered the cook to get ready in a hurry. The Mexican was used to Barlow's ways, and paid little or no attention to his movements. When questioned afterward, he remembered only that Barlow changed his clothes, which were very wet, ate a hearty meal, jammed some provisions into his saddle-bags, saddled a horse, and rode off in the darkness.'

The next day, near sundown, he came back, again ordered a hearty supper, and took the west-bound stage, which passed his place about eight o'clock that evening, for Casa Grande.

'When Barlow had been at Casa Grande twelve hours, and had made a mysterious visit to the assayer's office, every man in the town knew that the grumpy and drunken old fellow had struck one of the richest gold-mines ever found in southern Arizona. His pockets were crammed with specimens which assayed three thousand dollars to the ton, and this in a country where ore which runs one hundred dollars to the ton is considered rich.'

'Barlow told everybody that he had come to Casa Grande to get men and tools to work the claim. He blabbed this in all the saloons, and that was the beginning of the great spree that killed him. Two days later he was dead. The secret of the location of his claim died with him. He had been pined with questions, but had not given the slightest clue which might lead others to his new mine.'

'When it was told in Casa Grande that Barlow was dead, there was a great hubbub. I was there, and was one of the first to leave for the Picacho station. All the men of the town were racing at the heels of my horse. It was then that we put Barlow's Mexican cook under cross-examination, but we soon saw that he knew nothing.'

'The one important piece of information he gave was as to the length of time Barlow was absent from the station when he went after the mules. As he had been gone only twelve hours or so, we knew that his discovery must lie in the Picacho Peak yonder, for it is the only elevation within thirty miles of Barlow's place, and so the fact of his being absent only a short time was positive evidence that the rich ledge was somewhere in the Picacho Peak, so we went straight to it.'

'I think that in twenty-four hours almost every stringer and outcrop of quartz on the sides of that mountain were located. From the very edge of the desert on the east, up the long slope to the high peak at the west end, the surface of the mountain was dotted with corner posts of claims. In fact, the mountain was examined, as it were, microscopically.'

'But nothing more valuable than the commonest kind of 'bronco' quartz was ever discovered. The location of Barlow's gold-bearing ledge is a mystery to this day.'

'I would like to find that mine,' said Tom Harper.

'So would every man between Tucson and Yuma,' Penfield replied. 'But where the most expert miners of Arizona have failed, it is not likely that a New Jersey tenderfoot would succeed. It would be fun to see you try it.'

'I intend to try it,' said Tom, resolutely.

'Will you come along?'

'Why, certainly, nothing would please me better. But what line are you going to work on?'

'Did anyone think of following the trail of the mules from the Picacho station and back again?' asked Harper.

Penfield says he had to laugh before he replied: 'I suppose that the idea of trailing the mules was uppermost in every man in the crowd at the Picacho station the morning after Barlow's death. But every trace left by the animals had been washed out by a thunder-storm, and considerable rain fell while we were prospecting the mountain.'

'Did anyone think of turning the mules

loose at the station,' asked Tom, 'and then following them up?'

'No,' replied Penfield, feeling surprised.

'Well, it might have amounted to something. Animals are creatures of habit. They follow the same route in feeding day after day; they go to the same place for water, although there may be equally good springs as near. Now those mules of Barlow's probably had the run of the range often. When they bolted that morning, the chances are ninety in a hundred that they took a trail that they were used to, and followed it until they were overtaken. And mules, unless closely pursued would not climb the mountain side, but would keep on close to the level ground.'

'Go on,' said Penfield, now becoming much interested.

'Now,' continued Harper, 'we may turn our attention to Barlow. He was simply in pursuit of his runaway animals, and it is not likely that he turned aside to make a prospecting trip up the side of the mountain. So if he found a gold mine that day, he stumbled on it accidentally, and he found it at or near the base of the Picacho Peak.'

'And you may add,' interrupted Penfield, 'that he succeeded in hiding it away effectively.'

'Yes, that is a point. The problem is to find something which has been concealed somewhere in the neighborhood of the route of two wandering mules. If we knew their route the problem would be simplified.'

'And you propose to find it by taking Barlow's mules, which I bought this afternoon, to the old station, turning them loose and following their trail? Bright boy! The scheme is worth trying. Tomorrow we will take the mules up to the Picacho station and turn them loose, and the next morning we will take their trail. We shan't find the mine, but we shall have done our best to find it.'

'The surprising thing to me,' remarked Harper, 'is your way of making a practical application of ideas. The notion of following the mules was simply something that occurred to me. Anyhow, it will give me an opportunity to see the Picacho Peak at close range.'

Penfield says they both felt foolish the next morning but one, when they started out from Barlow's old station with provisions for twenty-four, and each carrying a light prospecting pick over his shoulder. Barlow had gone ahead, and Harper insisted that they should follow his example.

The trail of the mules, plain to Penfield's experienced eye, led them in a southeasterly direction, around rather than directly toward the peak. The animals had fed leisurely along for some time, and then, as the Western partner announced, had moved on more rapidly.

The two men made easy progress. The occasional patches of mesquit through which the animals had wandered gave them some shade as the sun rose higher and higher over the desert.

Gradually the trail led them to the base of the mountain, and they began to ascend the extreme end of the long ridge in which the peak ends to eastward.

A point on a well-defined cattle-trail led over a low 'saddle' in the ridge; and as they reached the top of this saddle, Penfield saw the mules calmly switching away the flies under a mesquit tree on the desert beyond.

'There they are,' said Penfield, pointing.

'Then,' remarked Harper, 'I think that we are close to the lost mine.'

'Why?'

'Because this is the only point at which the trail of the mules has touched the mountain.'

Standing on the summit of the ridge, they carefully looked over the ground and then went slowly down the north side of the ridge. Near the foot of the slope the trail skirted the edge of a small pond.

'One of old man Barlow's tanks,' Penfield said.

There had been a small spring in the side of the gully, and when Barlow first began to pasture his stock on the range, he built a dam across the gully below the spring, and so made a watering place for his cattle. After Penfield had explained this, the two young men set about prospecting the ridge.

They were at this more than three hours carefully examining every square foot for a hundred yards or more on both sides of the trail. At last Penfield said:

'We are simply beating over ground which has been searched again and again by the best miners in Arizona.'

'He wanted to stop, and before long Harper agreed that it would be useless to waste further time in looking. They caught the mules without difficulty, and started in the direction of the station.

'Gold!' he cried. The richest quartz I ever saw! Harper, we've got it!'

The mystery of the lost mine has been clear since that moment.

Barlow, following his mules, overtook them near this tank. At the same time he discovered that the dam had been broken by the rush of the torrent down the gully. This torrent, by washing away the accumulating sediment, had exposed the ledge. Barlow, contemplating the wreck of the dam, had seen the outcropping quartz. A quick examination convinced him of the richness of his find. Hastening to his station, he procured the necessary tools returned to the tank, secured some specimens of the gold-bearing rock, and then rebuilt the dam. It was a simple but most effectual method of concealment, for five hundred of the sharpest men in the Southwest had passed over the place and passed by it without ever thinking of drawing off the water from Barlow's tank.

Harper was silent and looked moody—he was thinking hard. After they had gone about a mile he proposed to go back.

'What has struck you now?' Penfield asked.

'Why we looked everywhere except in the place we ought to have looked. There is only one place near the trail over the ridge where Barlow could have hastily concealed the outcropping of a quartz ledge.'

Come, and I'll show you.'

Penfield turned back without protest. Harper rapidly led the way to the watering tank on the nearer slope, and attacked the dam vigorously with his pick. Soon he had made a breach near the base of the roughly constructed bank which backed the waters of the spring. The water began to trickle through the opening, and as the united efforts of both men dislodged a large boulder from the softened earth, the pent-up flood burst through the aperture with great force, and in a few minutes the centre of the dam was swept away.

The downrush of the water carried with it much of the sand and sediment which had accumulated in the bottom of the pool, and exposed the original rock floor of the gully. A projecting knob attracted Penfield's attention. Sliding down the bank to the bottom of the pool, he struck this knob a few resounding blows with his pick, stooped a moment to examine the broken surface, and arose with a cry of exultation, holding aloft a fragment of white honeycomb quartz.

A Woman's Advice

To SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUSNESS AND HEADACHES.

Mrs. Robins, of Fort Colborne, Tells How She Found a Cure and Asserts the Belief That the Same Remedy Will Cure Other Sufferers.

Mrs. Daniel Robins, of Fort Colborne, Ont., is one of those who believe that when a remedy for disease has been found, it is the duty of the person benefited to make it known, in order that other sufferers may also find the road to renewed health. Mrs. Robins says: "In the spring of 1897 my health gave way and I became completely prostrated. Nervousness, palpitation of the heart and severe headaches were the chief symptoms. The nervous trouble was so severe as to border almost upon St. Vitus' dance. The least exertion, such as going up stairs for example, would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. My appetite was very fickle and I was much reduced in flesh. The usual remedies were tried, but did not help me, and eventually I became so weak that I was unable to perform my household duties, and the headaches I suffered from at times made me feel as though my head would burst. I was feeling very discouraged when a cure in a case much resembling mine through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills came to my notice and I decided to give them a trial. After using two boxes I found so much relief that I was greatly rejoiced to know that I had found a medicine that would cure me. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken eight or nine boxes, when I considered my cure complete. The palpitation of the heart, nervousness and head aches had disappeared; my appetite was again good, and I had gained in weight nicely. I regard myself as completely restored and I would urge other women suffering as I did to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am sure they will have equally good reason to sound their praise.

There are thousands of women throughout the country who suffer as Mrs. Robins did, who are pale, subject to headaches, heart palpitation and dizziness, who drag along frequently feeling that life is a burden. To all such we would say give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These pills make rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves, bring the glow of health to pale and sawy cheeks, and make the feeble and despondent feel that life is once more worth living. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Queer Caller.

A writer in Cassell's Little Folks tells a story of a runaway hippopotamus whose keeper succeeded in recapturing him in an unusual manner. In the days when Mr. A. D. Bartlett was king of the Zoo the hippopotamus once managed to break out of its house. It employed its freedom very properly to make a friendly call on Mr. Bartlett. He was not pleased to see this huge charge out of bounds, and sent for one of the elephant keepers to come and secure it.

To this man the 'hippo' had taken extreme dislike, and when he shouted to it, it turned and chased him. Away flew the keeper at the top of his speed toward the hippo's den, the big beast in hot pursuit. The keeper darted through the gate, and bolted up the stairs to the platform over the hippo's tank. Here he was safe. Meanwhile Mr. Bartlett, who had been following the runaways had securely closed the gate, and the hippo was again in prison.

Saved by a Doll.

An exchange gives a story told by an Indian agent of the manner in which a doll averted an Indian war.

On one occasion General Crook was trying to put a band of Apaches back on their reservations, but could not catch them without killing them, and that he did not wish to do.

One day his men captured a little Indian girl and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her heady black eyes watched everything.

When night came, however, she broke down and sobbed, just as any white child would have done.

The men tried in vain to comfort her, until the agent had an idea. From an

officer's wife he borrowed a pretty doll that belonged to her little daughter, and when the Apache was made to understand that she could have it, her sobs ceased and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped in her arms. She played with it all day, and apparently all thought of getting back to her tribe left her.

Several days passed, and then the little Apache girl, with the doll still in her possession, was sent back to her people. When the child reached the Indians with the pretty doll in her chubby hands it made a great sensation among them, and the next day the mother came with the child to the post. She was kindly received and hospitably treated, and through her the tribe was persuaded to move back to the reservation.

Pretty Bad.

There have been many American humorists, good and bad, but only of late has the very worst one been discovered.

'How's Johnny?' asked one of the neighbors.

'Well, replied Aunt Ann Pechies, 'he's got the hives this time. When he was a baby he had the nettle-rash. When he got over that he was troubled with a breakin' out that looked like measles. Then he had a ringworm on one side of his face. He has a hile every spring, and once in a while he gets somethin' the matter with his hands that the doctor says is salt rheum.'

'He must have some kind of humor in his blood,' suggested the neighbor.

'Yes,' said Aunt Ann, shaking her head gloomily. 'He's the worst humorist for his age that I ever see.'

The Missing Line.

Bobby was writing his regular weekly 'composition,' for it was in the old days when compositions and declamations formed a part of the school exercises every Friday afternoon.

The subject of Bobby's essay was 'True Manhood,' and he wished to end it with a petical quotation. He gnawed his penholder, scratched his head, and looked at the ceiling, but the quotation would not come.

Then he turned to his elder sister.

'Rachel,' he said, 'what's the line that comes after this: "Honor and shame from no condition rise?"'

'I know,' spoke up his younger sister, and she promptly quoted: 'Vinegar never catches flies.'

BORN.

Prospect, Feb. 24, to the wife of Hibbert Brown, a son. Canaan, Mar. 2, to the wife of Dr. Holmes, a son. Belleisle, Mar. 11, to the wife of Herbert Bent, a son. Kensington, Mar. 3, to the wife of D. T. McKay, a son. Georgetown, Mar. 2 to the wife of H. Richardson, a son. Bridgetown, Mar. 3, to the wife James Awall, a daughter. Yarmouth, Mar. 3, to the wife of Thomas Long, a daughter. Halifax, Mar. 3, to the wife of E. Blakesley, a daughter. St. John, Feb. 22, to the wife of Willard Smith a daughter. Farnborough, Feb. 5, to the wife of Henry Morse, a daughter. Green Hill, Feb. 9, to the wife of Capt. John Wood, a daughter. Farnborough, Feb. 10, to the wife of Joseph Roberts, a daughter. Farnborough, Feb. 27, to the wife of Newton Pugsley, a daughter. Bridgetown, Mar. 18, to the wife of Louis DeB-Figgett, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Farnborough, Mar. 3, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, E. C. Parker to Annie Malay. Gibson Mar. 14, by Rev. E. C. Turner, John J. Pickett to May E. Clarke. Petite Riviere, Mar. 10, by Rev. J. W. Coffin, Josephine Vogler to Uiam Teal. Yarmouth, Mar. 7, by Rev. F. S. Hartley, Eva Ford to Alfred Sylvester. Enfield, Feb. 26, by Rev. E. W. Young, Robert Kennedy to Annie L. Duban. Westport, Mar. 11, by Rev. H. Murray, Frank B. Cousins to Blanche Guitoune. Deer Island, Mar. 7, by Rev. Edward Bell, Charles W. Humphrey to Eva Fountaine. Farnborough, Mar. 7, by Rev. A. B. Higgins, William J. Warwick to Mabel M. Gayley. Conway, Feb. 23, by Rev. W. C. Muddock, Robert Ramsey to Margaret J. Trowdale. Middle Stewiacke, Mar. 15, by Rev. R. L. Collins, Fred L. Jeffers to Mabel M. Gayley. Shelburne, Mar. 9, by Rev. W. A. Outerbridge, Ralph L. Giffin to Addie H. Dunlop. Charlottetown, Mar. 4, by Rev. J. W. McConnell, Aronson E. Godkin to Estelle Dunlop. Loch Lomond, Mar. 4, by Rev. M. MacLeod, John B. McLeod to Christy B. MacDonald. San Francisco, Mar. 1, by Rev. Dr. J. B. Wilson, Richard A. Bull to Emma L. Dawson. Malden, Mass., Feb. 21, by Rev. J. M. Shepler, Morton A. Thomas to Jennie L. Sperry. Framboise, C. B., Mar. 6, by Rev. M. MacLeod, Donald Morrison to Mary MacKinnon. Upper River Dennis, Mar. 7, by Rev. John Rose, Archie L. McPhail to Sarah McDonald. Summerside, Mar. 6, by Rev. Neil McLaughlin, William Macdonald to Mary Arsenault. St. Augustine, Fla., Feb. 14, by Rev. J. S. Rader, Richard L. Clarke to Marguerite Savage. Port La Tour, N. S., Mar. 13, by Rev. John Phelan, Freeland E. Ferry to Iselta B. McKinnon. Little Bras d'Or, Feb. 27, by Rev. M. A. McPherson, William Wheaton to Christina Steele.

DIED.

Boston, Mar. 9, Frank Gardner, 66. Calais, Mar. 9, William Bullock, 86. Northport, Mar. 4, Jas. E. Aclies, 43. Milltown, Mar. 6, Margaret Busby, 74. St. John, Mar. 13, John McQuarrie, 60. Miscouche, Mar. 8, Thomas Woods, 61. St. George, Mar. 8, Thos. O'Malley, 77. Yarmouth, Mar. 13, George H. Cain, 69. St. Stephen, Feb. 23, Mrs. Ann Soule, 83. St. George, Mar. 4, William Crickard, 93.

Bell Neck, Mar. 4, Mr. Joseph Allen, 68. Halifax, Mar. 13, Ann Eliza Marshall, 47. Barrington, Mar. 17, Coleman Hopkins, 75. Deer Island, Mar. 2, Arotas W. English, 55. Boston, Mass., Mar. 6, Henry A. Berry, 66. Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 4, Emily E. Fosham. Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 4, Agnes J. Murphy. Wooler, Wash., Feb. 7, William H. Flankerton, 62. Macdonald, Mar. 4, Mrs. James R. Macdonald, 78. St. John, Mar. 13, Jane, wife of David McAlpine, 69. St. John, Mar. 17, Sarah Ann, wife of Alexander Scott, 54. St. Andrews, Mar. 15, Anna, wife of Mathan Treadwell, 40. Farnborough, Mar. 14, Susan, wife of James Mc-Lellan, 71. Miscouche, Mar. 8, Anastasia S., wife of Daniel B. Maloe, 48. Bridgewater, Mar. 11, Annie F., relict of C. Henry Doughty, 53. Clark's Harbor, Mar. 9, Matanabel, son of Capt. E. C. Newell, 20. Port Greenville, Mar. 4, Catherine, wife of Capt. Jas. A. Hasfield, 53. St. John, West End, Mar. 17, Susan, wife of William Wilson, 70. Middlefield, Mar. 5, Margaret Ann, widow of George Woods, 53. St. John, Mar. 17, Daniel, son of the late James and Mary Dacey, 21. Truro, Mar. 15, Reginald, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Prince, 3 months. Barrington Passage, Mar. 11, Lydia A., widow of the late John Knowles, 90. Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 2, Mary Agnes, child of the late James and Jane Murphy, 11 months. Eastern Passage, Halifax Co., Mar. 2, Lester Burton, child of Walter and Margaret Curood, months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express.

Lv. Halifax - 7:00 a. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat Lv. St. John - 4:10 p. m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sa Ar. Montreal - 3:35 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su Lv. Montreal - 9:45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Mon Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo Tu W Th Sat

A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Desirable berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.50; Calgary, \$8.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$9.00. For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. E. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr Digby 10:00 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:50 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3:35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 8:30 a. m., arr in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12:45 p. m., arr Yarmouth 2:30 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 3:00 a. m., arr Digby 11:45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr Halifax 4:50 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Digby 8:50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8:50 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 (trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugawash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:35 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05 Express for Sussex..... 12:40 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... Accommodation from Moncton..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.

The disclosure of the proper took place at a faded disclosure said from time it was never pro showed that the claims ranged freds. The large and Mr. Vince dolph and other sums. Judge Van circuit court in the orders of J fore him and he in St. John the fined for his ex to let the letter was the state of Geo. F. Grege Judge Wilson Lynch.

Mr. A. H. prepared for the Progress was postponed by Mr. Pugsley with Mr. Han week Mr. Feg he was in Fro reason for this there have be that the propo retirement of the political some exte counsel for the investigation appear. The public Judge Vanwa prove interest statements and the amou some definite would be val The statem the greater p ed to estates judge when Frederick and cannot Baptist deno in stating the and the Mau same. These ments which looked. If should be pr for the judic vestigation. aims at befo Vanward do the stand. When Mr ment that h detained in examination the fun bega in the Fred alary discus Mr. Greg had been d examination as condit to obel) It was true ing at the S constrained tion in sayi without any to himself today. Ju continued, had been served and know expected to sit in the de to be. Joh support an his exam characteris for the pur examination Mr. Ha be taken d Mr. Gre whatever a be mistake slowly and more ha or Mr. H