

# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

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## His Worship Was Angry.

### The Closing Scene of the Year at the Common Council.

#### A Cool Greeting to an Excellent Proposition—The Argument Between Messrs Newcombe and Schofield Described—Topics of Much Interest to the Tax Payers.

When Mayor George Robertson arose in his place at the special meeting of the council, Tuesday afternoon, he had the celebrated and much-discussed C. P. R. contract in his hands, and he wanted the representatives of the people to confirm an agreement which he had been largely instrumental in forming. It is true that he had some help from Messrs. Timmerman and McLean of the C. P. R., to say nothing of these astute railway men, Messrs. O'Shannessy and Van Horne, but on the other hand, the suggestions of Recorder Skinner and that able gentleman, Mr. Millidge, must not be overlooked. So, with the approval of the board of trade and, Mayor Robertson said, the "unanimous approval" of the press and the citizens, the mayor presented the agreement to the council. Incidentally it may be remarked here that his worship drew a long bow when he used the words "unanimous approval." He must have forgotten the letter of Mr. Edward Scarr, one of the mayoralty candidates, who, while not expressing any decided opposition, was certainly not in accord with the proposed agreement. The press, if PROGRESS makes no mistake, was not entirely in agreement with the proposed contract and so far as the people are concerned they knew little about it. The mayor said the agreement had been printed in one newspaper, but all the people do not take one newspaper. There are five dailies in the city and to reach all the people the document should have been given the widest publicity. If there was any object in not doing this, that particular point was easily gained.

But exactly two minutes from the time the mayor opened the council the aldermen confirmed the agreement. Alderman Macrae made the motion, somebody seconded it—no discussion—carried. Then Alderman Daniel made the necessary motion that the seal of the City of St. John be attached to the all important parchment, and another link was forged in the chain that binds the city to the big railway corporation.

Mr. Fred Sandall is chamberlain for another year, and PROGRESS in common with many if not all of the people, hopes that he will continue there for a long time. But a motion was necessary to appoint him or another twelve months, and needless to say, there was not a voice raised against it.

The appointment of constables for the wards and special officers came up in due order and each and every alderman made his motion in due course that the men at present serving in this unenviable capacity be appointed again. And so it passed until the name of Mr. Thomas J. McPherson was reached when Alderman Christie made a "kick". He understood that this official was coming out as alderman at large and the council had no business to appoint him. He should have resigned before he sought the votes of the people. Several of the aldermen agreed and Mr. McPherson was laid upon the shelf for a time. No one was appointed in his place, but if Thomas J. persists in making a race for the aldermanic chair he may lose his collection of civic taxes. Speaking of this, Aldermen Macrae and McMullin deplored the large number of people who had not paid their taxes. Of course, every candidate would like to see all the taxes paid. It would mean more votes, but whether that would help any of them to a great extent is doubtful. One alderman told PROGRESS that he did not believe in the system of depriving a man of his vote because he had not paid his taxes. He said that the holding of an election did not make any material difference in the amount received by the chamberlain. If the constables were efficient that would be the best means to swell the receipts.

In the discussion that took place when this subject was up one alderman stated that the experiment of a constable for each

ward had been tried before and that it had proved worse than a failure. The delinquents knew the officer and avoided him. The officer was intimate with the people of his ward and failed to find them; whereas a stranger could go into the same ward and collect the money. And so the chamberlain advised the council to return to the old system.

If the city paid as little for everything they bought as they do for printing what a difference it would make in the tax bills? Wharves costing nearly a million dollars are built by the day's work and the material is bought from Tom, Dick and Harry, just as it suits the whims or the preference of the man who orders it. He may ask a price and he may not, but he does not worry his head about whether the price is near cost or the merchant has a decent profit. But when the board of management or any other city board wants a report printed, all the printers of the city get a most polite invitation to tender and the printers have been hard enough competitors in the past to fight against each other and get the prices down to a point where no one can make a profit and some may make a loss. More than that, the city wants a deposit from the printer to guarantee that he won't throw up his contract. Well, the result of all this was that when the treasury board called for tenders to print the city accounts—the biggest job the city has—only one was received—the Telegraph's—at 56 cents per page! Low enough to satisfy even an alderman, but what would the price have been had the Telegraph known their's was to be the only tender. Twice as much without a doubt. And it would have served the city right.

PROGRESS has given Alderman Christie great credit for his persistence before and has occasion again to speak in the same line. And again it was the pulp mill and the Carleton water supply. It is clear to everyone that the pulp mill cannot be in operation until the big 24 inch main from Spruce Lake is laid and as the alderman in question secured the unexampled rights and water privileges for the promoters of this new industry he is anxious to push the matter to an end.

Some time ago the city called for tenders for something like 3000 tons of pipe and a firm away down in Pennsylvania made a quotation several thousand dollars lower than the estimate of the engineer. So far, so good. But at this time the plans of the proposed route to Spruce Lake had hardly been filed in the common clerk's office, at all events they were not filed, when the notice appeared in the press calling upon all who had claims for damages to come forward and file them. That of itself necessitated a change of date and a new advertisement. Some of the aldermen maintained however that if the city ordered the pipe which would amount to something like \$90,000 the claimants for land damages would put up their values and the city would lose more than they would gain by the prompt purchase. This view prevailed on the first days meeting in spite of the assertion of Alderman Christie that the city was protected by arbitration and that its own arbitrator might be depended upon. But when the adjourned meeting met next day Mr. Christie was on his feet again and he had the plan of the proposed route. More than that he had Director Smith there to back up his opinion about the price of pipe. The result of it all was that Ald. Smith of Carleton made the motion that the pipe be purchased from the lowest tenderer and this was carried, the only audible may being that of Alderman Millidge who stoutly maintained that the purchase should be delayed.

The appointment of the city's arbitrator on land damages was promptly recommended and John A. Chesley ex. M. P. was the man. Mr. Chesley was one of the commission that drew up the act uniting St. John and Portland and he should be a

careful and judicious man in the present instance.

There were some smiles about the board when the suggestion was made that Gray Murdoch be employed to assist Wm. Murdoch in the work of construction etc. Gray Murdoch is a son of William Murdoch and he is following the profession of his father. He offered to do the work for \$4.50 a day, and find himself. This last condition was no doubt important. There are few people in the employ of the city who would not undertake to "find themselves" on \$27 a week. Even Mr. Hurd Peters the city engineer, who gets \$3 a day has to "find himself." But the council was in a complaisant mood and there is not much doubt but that the engineering in connection with the new water works will be kept in the Murdoch family.

That long talked of claim of Hugh Andrews of the North End came to the front again in the shape of a court summons for the amount claimed. Mr. Andrews used to do a good deal of work for the city in the electric light station in the North End. He is an electrician and consequently commands good pay for his services. His dispute is with the director of safety who refused to initial his bill. When the particulars come out they will doubtless be interesting as PROGRESS understands that the machinist's work was taken from him and given to a firm particularly favored by the council in this respect.

As at all last meetings of the Council there was plenty to do and much to interest the people. That promoter of steamship companies, Mr. Newcombe, was outside the council chamber and with him the veteran Capt. Fleming. They were interested in getting a berth for the Manhattan Steamship company. Along with them however was Mr. S. Schofield and his aide-de-camp Mr. Dunlavy and in addition to these gentlemen Mr. John Thompson and Mr. Joseph Knight were also in attendance. When invited inside, the mayor, after casting a slight dash of cold water over the prospects of a permanent berth for the Manhattan Line, invited Mr. Newcombe to state his case. He did so in a plain but satisfactory sort of a way and did not take up much time. He left the impression that the company he represented had nothing small about it and was ready and willing to add to the harbor revenue. There was a good deal of technical discussion about "drops" and "overhang"—no doubt very important to Mr. Newcombe and his steamers but not interesting to the reader. But the fact was revealed that the city has very little wharf accommodation on the eastern side of the harbor—only the so called Monticello wharf and the Pettingell. These wharves have been pretty steadily occupied last summer and this winter and how the city proposed to lease one of them without being unjust to the West Indian, Thompson and other lines of steamers was a puzzle.

Mr. Samuel Schofield when called upon proceeded to show the unfairness of any such move and he did it in his most gentle and smoothest manner. Mr. Schofield never gets excited—or rarely does. He always has his notes when he makes a speech and he is careful that any important facts or figures shall be typewritten and has a few copies in his breast pocket for distribution. The newspapers are sure of some plain copy and Mr. Schofield has no fear of incorrect or garbled statements appearing in the press. So, armed with his documents he proceeded to annihilate Mr. Newcombe's project, after having served that gentleman and his worship the mayor with his documentary facts.

But Mr. Newcombe had a chance to reply to both Mr. Schofield and Mr. Thompson and he made it plain that a regular New York passenger steamer could not depend upon a transient wharf like a tramp but must have a home when she reached port. He made some interesting statements about summer travel and where the moneyed tourists came from. Boston and New York did not supply Maine with her tourists but Chicago and the Western States did more in that direction that all of New England. There were more Louisville people in Bar Harbor last season than New Yorkers. These are interesting facts to the Tourist Association which is looking for the tourist with cash.

Mr. Newcombe, however, gained a point, for a committee was appointed to look over the Monticello wharf and report

the next day. When they did report the question was decided in short time for Mr. Newcombe decided to take the Monticello berth provided proper facilities were provided. Thus the Manhattan Steamship company will soon come to St. John and everybody is glad because it means another feeder for tourist travel.

There was lots of fun at the council meeting Wednesday and it began when Alderman McGoldrick moved a resolution that any citizen who came to the city hall and paid his taxes should not have the fifty cents marshal's fee collected from him. As a matter of fact executions are out against all of those who have not paid their taxes and are no doubt in the hands of the constables. But constables are mortal and in many cases do not find it easy to locate a man. Perhaps they do not know him. Then later this same man will walk into the chamberlain's office and want to pay his taxes. He is surprised and gets angry very often because the chamberlain or the office officials will not take the amount he offers unless he pays half a dollar in addition. And in many cases he walks out without paying and seeks out his favorite alderman to lay his complaint before him.

Alderman McGoldrick must be well known for he had a grist of such complaints. Then the fun began. Every alderman wanted to speak at once and tell his sad experience. Macrae got the floor and seconded McGoldrick's motion and told how he had the taxes of a Carleton man in his pocket at that moment minus the half dollar. Messrs. McMullin, Hamm and others chimed in and Alderman Christie told a funny story of how time after time he had been handed a tax bill and the amount of it to hand to the chamberlain only to find when he did so that there was an extra charge of fifty cents. The Mayor wanted Alderman McGoldrick to withdraw his motion but the alderman from Stanley could not see it in that light and after Millidge had declared that it was contrary to law and the recorder had sustained him the mayor was forced to rule the motion out of order.

Those who ride bicycles and the merchant tailors should be tickled to death with the action of the board. They passed a by-law making it cost the pretty sum of \$100 if other than a ratepayer came to town to take orders for clothing and the letter of the bicyclists protesting against the night lamp was attached to the obnoxious by-law which on motion of Alderman McGoldrick was referred back. This probably means that the objectionable portion of it will be eliminated. PROGRESS has an idea that there is not an alderman who can ride a bicycle. There may be some mistake about this but the writer has no recollection of seeing a city father scorching on any of the high or byways.

By the time all this business was through the mayor had a word to say and it was plain that he wanted all of the aldermen present to remain and listen to him, for, when Alderman Hamm, doubtless remembering that there was a certain man on a certain street whom he had not canvassed, started in hot haste to put on his rubbers and coat, preparatory to leaving, the mayor asked him to remain.

That was cue enough for the aldermen that he wanted all present to remain while he laid his proposition before them. Which in brief was this. Recognizing the growing importance of the port of St. John and the increased trade, his worship had come to the conclusion that a dry dock was a necessity. In order to effect its construction he had communicated with the Dominion government and with their consent and good will had obtained letters of introduction to the colonial secretary through whom he would seek imperial aid for the project. To do this he asked the city to delay his expenses while in the old country.

Now this wasn't much to ask, especially when his worship assured the council that he was offered transportation free of charge. But while he talked—and he made a rattling good speech—the aldermen seemed inclined to smoke and chat in the outer room. No doubt the session did seem wearisome but it wasn't exactly respectful to the chief magistrate to greet his utterances with puffs of tobacco smoke from the ante room. Perhaps this served the mayor a little and he talked with greater force and vim than he does usually. He certainly outlined a splendid future for St. John, pointed out what had been done and what might be done.

When he sat down one might naturally

## WHO WILL BE ELECTED?

### THAT IS THE QUESTION THAT WORRIES THE CANDIDATES.

For Civic Honors—Another Ten Days of Suspense and Then all Will be Over—How The Battle Rages and Who are Fighting The Present Aldermen.

There was an hour or two of considerable suspense among civic politicians this week when it was thought that there would be a third candidate in the mayoralty field on account of the council's reception of the mayor's proposition. But it blew over and the excitement vanished with the rumor.

PROGRESS has never seen such a keen, quiet canvas as is being carried on from all sides. The opposition—where there is opposition—is of the sort that does not admit of idleness and as a consequence the aldermen are doing their best to hold their own. Strange to say there is no one retiring from the board except the mayor and this is in direct contrast to what is heard all through the year when the aldermen complain of meetings and committee meetings and the importunities to which they are subject. But still they want to stay there. Why is this? Is there anything beside the \$100 a year that makes them so anxious to serve the city and give up their valuable time and energies? Perhaps the best answer would be, the love of power that abides with every man, coupled with the satisfaction of having a prefix to one's name with all that such implies.

The first gun of the mayoralty contest was fired in Carleton when Alderman Daniel held his meeting. There were speeches and applause and then the band played. But the speeches were good, the attention of the citizens earnest and the information they received of much value. Coupled with Dr. Daniel the speakers were Messrs. Macrae, Christie, Keast and others, including the mayor, who having stated his intention to take no part in the contest had perhaps better have remained on the east side. Carleton is, Dr. Daniel's friends think, his weak point and hence the meeting. But it is hard to tell in this contest where the weak points of the candidates are.

Mr. Sears is making a personal canvas, and doing it upon somewhat different lines than he did last year. He is tireless, apparently and as fresh at the close of a hard day's canvassing as in the morning. Such are the advantages of a giant frame and an iron constitution. Mr. Sears has not, so far as PROGRESS can learn, sought to make any combinations, but no doubt there are certain of the aldermen who will favor him while others will remain with Dr. Daniel.

The old banner ward of Kings has the most persistent canvasser in the city. Alderman Hamm does not propose to give up his seat in the council without a struggle and he is on the street early and late looking for votes. His opponent, Col. John R. Armstrong, wears the same placid look as usual and has not, apparently, awakened to the fact that the honor of representing some forty or fifty thousand people is in the scale. He hasn't done any canvassing, he told PROGRESS, and he further remarked that he did not believe in canvassing for that sort of an office. If the people wanted him, well and good, if not, well and good. Surely that is a happy form of mind. That is the quietest state of Alderman Millidge who is never moved by anything except something goes wrong or he disapproves of at the council board. Then he moves all over. His is a case of perpetual motion—while he is on his feet. His opponent, Mr. N. W. Brennan, thinks it well to let the people know that he is out for election and he put his card in the newspapers—by the way, it is in PROGRESS—and takes every opportunity of making his views known upon civic affairs.

The man in the council certainly has a better chance to canvas than the outsider. There has been a little bidding for popular support at the board this week. Among them may be mentioned the adoption of the tailor's by-law; Alderman McGoldrick's motion to cease collecting that abnoxious additional fifty cents to a man's taxes at the Chamberlain's office; the compliant attitude toward the cyclists—all these are election straws, but they were moved in the right direction all the same.

Capt. Keast is after the scalp of Ald. McMullin and PROGRESS learns that he is

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The event of interest for next week is of course Prof. Titus annual concert which takes place on Tuesday the 12th.

On Easter Sunday the worshippers at most of the leading churches will be regaled with excellent music which has been in course of preparation for the last couple of weeks.

St. John's Presbyterian Church, Monoton. Pastor—Rev. J. Millen Robinson.

MORNING SERVICE. Organ Voluntary (a) Hallelujah Chorus.

Psalm Selection—70 Hymn—61 Hymn—59 Organ Voluntary—I Know That My Redeemer Liveth.

Organ Voluntary (a)—Fugue (G Major) Bach Organ Voluntary (b)—Overture (Easter).

Anthem (Invocation)—Te Deum. Jackson Psalm Selection—118 Hymn—61

Organ Voluntary—Andante Weber's Der Freischütz Lotz

Hymn 574 Concluding Voluntary—March. Meyerbeer

St. Mary's Church. Choir Master J. N. Rogers. Leader of Orchestra W. G. Stokes.

MORNING SERVICE. Hymn 131—Welcome Happy Morning Easter Sentences—(Anthem Setting)

Organ Voluntary—Ave Maria. C. Simper in F. Nunc Dimittis. C. Simper in F.

Hymn 134 Christ the Lord is Risen Today The Orchestra of the Church will assist at both services.

Cathedral. Kyrie and Gloria. Mozart's 12th Mass Sanctus. Benedictus and Agnus Dei.

Centenary Church. MORNING SERVICE. Anthem—Awake Thou That Sleepest.

Organ Voluntary—Ave Maria. C. Simper in F. Nunc Dimittis. C. Simper in F.

Hymn 134 Christ the Lord is Risen Today The Orchestra of the Church will assist at both services.

Evening Service. Anthem—As it Began to Dawn.

Organ Voluntary—Ave Maria. C. Simper in F. Nunc Dimittis. C. Simper in F.

Hymn 134 Christ the Lord is Risen Today The Orchestra of the Church will assist at both services.

Organ Voluntary—Ave Maria. C. Simper in F. Nunc Dimittis. C. Simper in F.

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FACE HUMORS

Pimples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, oily, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

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EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

opinion that Anton Seidl's sudden death would in all probability occasion the engagement by Maurice Grau of Hans Richter as the conductor for the promised great Wagner cycle at Covent Garden, London in which Nordica is to sing with the Dr. Reszkes.

Eugene Ysaie, the Belgian violin virtuoso, has announced his intention of assuming charge of an orchestra in the States in the capacity of conductor.

David Belasco has provided a fund to award a medal annually to the best student in each of two classes in the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts.

George Bernard Shaw's domestic comedy "Candida" will shortly be seen in London. It is being successfully played by Janet Achurch.

Mrs. Mansfield (Beatrice Cameron) has temporarily given up acting and is at her home in Philadelphia.

At the New York Empire last week Sara Perry played Babiolo de Grandpre in "The Conquerors," taking the Ida Conquest, who had gone to London with William Gillette and "Too Much Johnson."

The principal engagements for next season made by Daniel Frohman for the Lyceum Stock Company are as follows: Mary Manning, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Walcott, Rhoda Cameron, Katherine Florence, Elizabeth Tyree, Adelaide Kelm, Charles Walcott, Edward Morgan, William Courtleigh, Theodore Babcock, Joseph Wheelock Jr. John Findlay, Harry Woodruff, William Kittridge, E. W. Thomas, Seymour George, H. S. Taber and Thomas Whiffen Jr.

Fenton Mackay's curiously named new farce "The J. P." (Justice of the Peace), has made a bit in London owing mainly to Florence Lloyd's male impersonation and Lionel Righold's depiction of some elderly dissipation.

tion of 'Saints and Sinners,' wherein she was the Sinner; then with the Lyceum troupe, when she played second to Ellen Terry, and later in the Daly production of "Roger La Honte," with Terriss.

Lewis Waller, according to the London correspondent of the New York Telegram, will forestall Beerbohm Tree in playing D'Artagnan in the "Three Musketeers."

An interesting discovery was recently made by the literary executors of the will of Victor Hugo, the author of "Les Miserables."

John L. Hatcher, a noted trader of New Mexico, had such a reputation as an Indian fighter that his name was a terror to the savages who intested the settlements.

The English home of ballet, the Alhambra, is about to make a startling change in its policy. It will discard grand ballets, which the directors think are played out.

Max Pemberton's new novel, "A woman of Kronstadt," is to be dramatized. Its central feature is an English woman who makes a daring attempt to steal the keys of the famous Russian fortress.

Nellie Farren's birthday is not far off, being on April 16, when she will reach her fiftieth year. The popular actress has two sons, aged 24 and 27, both of whom are in good positions in the profession.

Next season Viola Allen will star in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Twelfth Night." Her father, C. Leslie Allen, now with Henry Miller, will be a member of her company and will probably act as her manager.

Phoebe Coyne, who played the part of Mrs. Honeycombin "The Girl from Paris" will on Monday assume the role of Mrs. Carthew, now played by Jennie Winston, in "Monte Carlo" at the Herald Square New York.

Jessie Millward, who is in September next to succeed Viola Allen as the leading woman of the Empire Stock Company, only recently occupied a similar position in the company of William Terriss, the well known actor who was murdered for a fancied insult by the insane man, Archer, as he was about entering the theatre.

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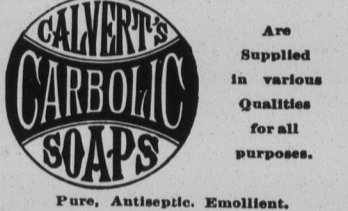


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the furs out of the wagons and get inside. When they were all under the cover of the wagon sheets, Hatcher let go of the chief's hair, and told him and his friends to leave.

Doctor—After a careful examination I fail to find any symptoms of insanity in the lady.

Softun—Well, I want you to be positive about it; she is my wife.

Doctor—I can readily understand that she must have been crazy at that time, but I assure you that she longer labors under any of her former delusions.

Mr. Thompson (who has been pouring out all his troubles to his fair companion)—"Ah, I often wish I had been a soldier. Then I should have gone to the front, and my friends would say, 'Poor old Thompson's gone!'"

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"Two pits"

"77" FOR Grip & Colds FRIENDS OF SEVENTY-SEVEN"

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PROGRESS.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 2nd.

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

MAYOR ROBERTSON'S PLAN.

The personal proposition that Mayor ROBERTSON made to the common council, Wednesday was a good one. He made it frankly and intelligently and anyone who heard the explanation that accompanied it could have no idea that anything save the interests of the city was actuating the mayor.

This is an age of competition. Cities as well as business houses have to do missionary work and the place that can offer the greatest advantages is the one that will get the greatest trade. There is an opportunity for the city of St. John to do something in this direction at present and all the people will agree that no better man in the community could be selected than the present mayor.

We are glad to note that the council holds a special session today for the purpose of giving the mayor's proposition such consideration as it deserves.

The Montreal Witness, with commendable enterprise, offers prizes amounting to a hundred dollars for the four best patriotic songs sent it before the first of May.

point than Mr. E. G. NELSON's "Our Own Canadian Home?" If any song has ever been accepted by the people of Canada that has been. Mr. NELSON is a modest gentleman and has not blazoned the merits of his poem but in spite of that fact it has been cheered to the echo in every city of Canada.

Since Mr. G. U. HAY severed his connection with the schools of this city he has been devoting more attention to the Educational Review, making it better and brighter than it has ever been.

Those readers of PROGRESS who enjoy the interest and excitement of a good continued story will be pleased to learn that one will be begun in these columns next week.

HE DIDN'T LIKE "MARY O'BRIEN"

The Postmaster Objects to an Employee Singing her Praises.

"Give us, oh give us the man who sings at his work," said a paragraph in the old school books. Some people might say it made all the difference in the world what you sang and how you sang it.

The incident over which the dispute arose occurred a couple of weeks ago on the same day, by the way, that the postmaster and Mr. Joe Ritchie had the little difficulty spoken of in PROGRESS.

It wasn't merely that Mr. Haney was singing that irritated Mr. Hanington, it was the song, though what in the world he could see in "Sweet Mary O'Brien" to find fault with is hard to say.

The musical engineer paused long enough to make a remark to the effect that if he were reported he hoped the truth would be told in the matter, and then began another attack upon the unoffending "Mary O'Brien" with renewed vigor.

Mr. Hanington didn't press the matter any further, but he didn't forget it either, and he thought out a little punishment to fit the crime.

Now Mr. Haney is one of the most faithful employees of the post office and has always been at his post precisely at 6.30 a. m.; but since he developed into a singer the fiat has gone forth that he must be on hand half an hour earlier.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Hanington has the power to increase the staff, but as no increase of pay is mentioned it is perhaps all right.

HIS WORSHIP WAS ANGRY.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

have looked for hearty applause but there was a dead silence—a painful silence—which was broken at last by the slow and labored tones of Alderman Waring, who began a speech which lasted altogether too long.

There are times when Alderman Millidge is an invaluable member of the board; there are other occasions when he never would be missed. And it was that way at this juncture of the council when he moved an amendment to refer the matter to the treasury board.

That \$20 treasury note that fell into the hands of William Condon through the medium of Alta Freeman, a young woman who lives near his store, and was given to her, she alleges, by one Bartha Green, turned out to be a bogus bill and the two young women in question are, in consequence, making the acquaintance of the police cells and the jail.

Where the Counterfeit Came From. That \$20 treasury note that fell into the hands of William Condon through the medium of Alta Freeman, a young woman who lives near his store, and was given to her, she alleges, by one Bartha Green, turned out to be a bogus bill and the two young women in question are, in consequence, making the acquaintance of the police cells and the jail.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Lonely Nest.

In bitterness of soul I weep, My spirit sorrowful must keep, My prayer availeth not, No voice shall call me mother sweet, No childhood make my life complete, Estrangement is my lot.

I ne'er can sing a mother's love, Or clasp as mine a nestling dove; Close to my childless heart, So let the love I would have given, Ascend through silent tears to heaven And peace to me impart.

To be beloved is my cross, My wedded life another's loss; Doth deep anguish make, I taste the wine of my despair, Though he doth ever treat me fair And love me for love's sake.

My soul I have poured out in vain, To suffer sharp maternal pain; While those no prayer who made; Are blest where rosy faces meet, With kisses fond their lips to greet; And chubby forms displayed.

I have no garden bed to hold, The buds and blossoms of the fold. The Shepherd loves to see: No merry voices morn and night, Like surging flowers home delight. Or mother, call to me.

And never mother's neck around, Shall dimpled arms of love be found; Or dear face on my breast; Awake me with a cry of need; Nor through the day my footsteps speed; To give my darling rest.

Ah never can my life fulfill, The law of the Almighty will; One life to add to more, So one who mother here has not, Be mine to comfort my sad lot; For one passed on before.

Hyalinth, March 1898. CYPRIUS GOLDS.



WHO WILL BE ELECTED?

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

making a keen and energetic canvas. He was at the Carleton meeting, he speaks at the board of trade and when he goes about town he is accompanied by some one who knows the people and whom he does not hesitate to pay for his time and trouble for showing him around.

Robert Maxwell is after Alderman McPherson and it he does not catch him it won't be his fault. Mr. Maxwell has a good many friends and he would make an excellent representative.

Messrs McArthur and Purdy may be said to be sure of their election. Those who advised Constable McPherson to come out should advise him to retire. His chances for the office of high constable are slim now, but if he runs they will disappear altogether.

In Carleton Mr. Chas. Belyea opposes Ald. Smith and Major Gordon opposes Ald. Stackhouse. Progress cannot see where they are going to get enough votes to elect them, but that is their lookout. Major Gordon speaks for himself on the eighth page of Progress today. He is well known on both sides of the harbor and the worst canvas that can be made against him is that he is supported and assisted by ex-Ald. Baxter.

A Splendid Easter Display.

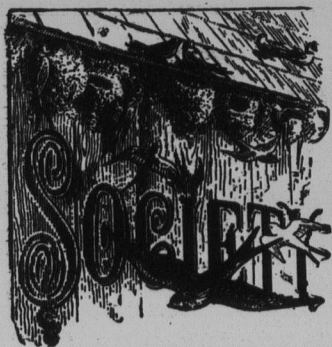
Anyone walking through the country market at this season of the year naturally looks with a great deal of interest at the splendid display of meats and poultry made by the prominent victuallers. None of them possess more interest for Progress readers than that of Thomas Dean, who at all times has what his customers require but at the festive seasons outdoes himself in his selections. Looking at his stall this week the writer could not fail to note the handsome beef—Mr. Dean told him it came from Ontario—which, while fat, was not so fat as to be uneatable but with just that pleasant sufficiency for tenderness and toothsome-ness. Then there was a famous veal suspended, raised and fattened by that enterprising farmer, John Chaloner of Kingston, and truly it looked like a young heifer, it was so heavy and fat. The Southdown mutton came from King's county and could not be excelled. It is almost needless to speak of the pork, the poultry and other good things Mr. Dean had displayed but those who want the best that is going should not fail to give him an early call.

News From the Klondykers.

Progress is in receipt of the very latest news from the Fredericton Klondyke expedition which left for that region on the 1st. March. The letter is written by Mr. George Black from Juneau, Alaska, dated March 25th, aboard the steamer on her way to Skagway. He says all their party are well, the trail good, but charges heavy. Mr. Black notes the vast difference between the steerage passengers in the Yankee craft and those aboard the Canadian boat and says "give me Canada first and forever." The party expected to reach Skagway that night, and to proceed at once upon their journey over the White Pass, upon which they would in all probability be pretty well advanced by this time—being now 13 days on the trail.

Pearls of Thought.

Training is the art of gaining. Quietness is the magnet of peace. Good works are the voice of faith. Patience is the barometer of faith. Influence is the magnet of character. Capability is the polestar of position. Truth is the dynamite gun of revolution. Discipline is the crucible of responsibility. In forgiving a fault, we may inspire a virtue. Temptation is the balance where character is weighed. Conscience makes cowards of only those who fail to obey it. Love has emulation without strife, unity without uniformity.



Holy Week finds society in a proper state of religious fervor and quietude, but with next week there will be a revival of gaieties...

About the busiest people in town today will be the florists. Flowers are becoming more popular every year as tasteful Easter offerings...

The large room in the basement is decorated with flags and bunting, while numerous candles arranged around the walls shed their light on thousands of dainty, modest violets, gorgeous roses and tall Easter lilies...

Notes and other cut flowers were shown in abundance, the former being particularly large and beautiful, the stems measuring fully three quarters of a yard...

Mrs. W. L. Waring left this week on a short trip to Boston. Mrs. George H. Davidson and Mr. Edgar David, son are spending the holidays with Mrs. Gilbert of Duke street...

Mrs. W. H. Barnaby and son left Thursday for a visit to New York. The serious illness of Miss Muriel Carr is announced, and is occasioning very deep regret among her friends...

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Johnstone of Bathurst spent a day in the city this week on their way to Boston. Miss MacFarland returned last week from New York where she had been attending the spring millinery displays...

Mr. D. W. Newcomb of Woodstock was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. W. E. West of Halifax spent part of this week in St. John. He was accompanied by Mrs. West...

The Art Exhibition which is one of the events to take place in the very near future promises to be one of the most interesting things that has been held in the city for a long time...

Golf promises to be quite as popular the coming summer as it was last year, more interesting perhaps because of the fact that the president of the club W. H. Thorne will give a piece of plate as a challenge prize to be competed for during the season...

Monday, 18th April—Mrs. E. A. Austin, Mrs. H. D. McLeod, Mrs. G. McKean. Tuesday—Mrs. Robt. Thomson, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Mrs. Geo. F. Smith. Wednesday—Mrs. J. P. C. Burpee, Mrs. A. Binning, Mrs. R. C. Cruikshank...

Thursday—Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. C. B. Allan, Mrs. R. E. Taylor, Carleton. Friday—Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Mrs. T. A. Rankine, Mrs. W. H. Merritt. Saturday—Mrs. W. H. Tuck, Mrs. Prescott, Miss Berryman...

Miss Blair is this week a guest of Miss Mabel Thomson. Mrs. A. L. Goodwin of Nithbank and little son have returned from a two weeks visit to Boston. Miss Small and Miss Ketchum left the middle of the week on a visit to Boston...

Mr. W. W. Turnbull left the first of the week for New York to meet Mrs. Turnbull on her return from the south where she spent the winter. Lent de Bury has, it is understood been ordered to Ceylon where he will receive an appointment as a Justice. He leaves St. John next week, after having spent a short time with his parents the Count and Comtesse de Bury...

Miss Jones and Master Andrew Jones left by train Tuesday afternoon for New York, where Miss Jones will meet her father, Mr. Simeon Jones, and they will sail on the 13th inst. for England, to be away till June. Mr. Fred Jones who is now in New York and Master Jones will return home next week...

Miss Corn Tutts of Queen street, West End is confined to her home this week through a slight illness. The concert of next week under the management of Mr. T. us, is developing into one of far more interest than was even anticipated. Mr. Titus has been enabled to secure the violinist Ole Theobald for a return engagement in this city which fact will be hailed with delight by all lovers of music...

Mrs. Thomas Vaughan was the guest this week of Mrs. A. W. Reed of Prince William street. Master Arthur Chipman and Miss Constance Chipman of St. Stephen are spending their Easter holidays with St. John friends...

Rev. James Whitehead and Mrs. Whitehead of Woodstock have been visiting St. John and Hampton friends for a short time. Mrs. D. W. Newcomb was called to the city this week by the serious illness of her father...

Mr. George Coster will go to Fredericton Monday to take part in a concert to be given there on that evening by Professor Bristowe and the Ole Theobald management. The marriage was solemnized this week of Miss Maud Williams formerly of this city but recently of Yarmouth, and Mr. Hunter Gardner of the latter town...

General Supt. Timmerman of the C. P. R. went up to Megantic the first of the week. Miss Luella Barker is spending Easter holidays with her sister, Mrs. James Black of Windsor. Mr. H. S. Bridges spent Sunday in Fredericton with his mother Mrs. H. S. Bridges who has been quite ill lately...

Mr. Hedley V. Cooper is quite seriously ill and under the constant care of Dr. Murray MacLaren. A successful sale and tea was held by the ladies of the Portland Street Methodist church last Tuesday evening, upon which occasion the large room in the basement was costily and tastefully decorated with flags and bunting...

An Easter Monday ball is one of the events of the coming week and as arrangements are in the hands of a committee who are leaving nothing undone that will add to the success of the affair there is no doubt regarding the result. Miss Nora Deane of Malden Mass. is in the city to spend a week or two with city friends after which she will visit relatives in Nova Scotia...

Mr. B. R. Macaulay returned this week from England. Mrs. Macaulay who went to New York to meet her husband returned with him. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Starr, went to Boston the beginning of the week. Mr. and Mrs. John Holder are in Sussex where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Landdown...

Judge Barker registered at the High Commissioners office London, last month. Hon. L. P. Farris of Grand Lake was in the city Tuesday. He went to Fredericton later accompanied by Premier Emmerson, Attorney General White and Hon. Mr. Dunn. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin and Master Stanley Elkin left the first of the week on a visit to Bridgewater Mass...

Messrs. C. A. Everett and W. C. Pitfield went to Fredericton this week on business connected with the government grant to the provincial exhibition. Mr. J. N. Sutherland and J. D. Seeley went to Montreal the first of the week. A happy event occurred this week in the family of A. H. Notman, assistant general passenger agent of the C. P. R. by which the domestic circle was increased by the appearance of twin boys...

The Y. P. A. of St. David's church held another of their interesting social meetings on Tuesday evening, the occasion being a most profitable one to both for those who attended and those whose names appeared on the following programme: Catechism—Question XV; "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God" (Matt. v. 9.) A. Malcolm; Among the Builders of the Empire; sketch, Ireland—Wellington, James Malcolm sketch, Scotland—Gladstone, Miss Milligan; piano solo, Scotch airs, Miss Goddard. Golf promises to be quite as popular the coming summer as it was last year, more interesting perhaps because of the fact that the president of the club W. H. Thorne will give a piece of plate as a challenge prize to be competed for during the season...

Committee of management—J. D. Short, H. H. Hansard, J. T. Hart, H. Ruel and E. Ritchie. Grounds committee—J. D. Short, H. H. Hansard and E. Ritchie. House committee—J. deW. Spurr, E. F. Jones and G. G. Ruel. The grounds will be open for play on the 1st of May. Mr. W. Edgar Beck left this week for Halifax en route to London, his father's recent death making the trip necessary. Miss Elliot who has been Mrs. Beck's guest for some time returns to her home in England by the same steamer...

Rev. John deSoyres will leave about the last of the month for England on a three months visit to friends. Arrangement for supply during his absence have not yet been completed but Rev. Mr. Burt of Shediac will look after the spiritual well being of the congregation during the month of May. Miss Ellison and Miss Hamilton who have been attending school at Bethesda are spending the Easter holidays at their home in Bear River. Major Wedderburn returned recently from a visit to Toronto and other Upper Canadian cities. Mr. James Reynolds has returned from Windsor whither business connected with the fire relief fund had called him...

On the banks of the river St. Laurent. Not far from Trois Rivieres My father live on little farm I live with him down there My sister she live there also— Was born in the old place And stay there, till one Yankee-man He love my sister's face. He say "Mon Chere" and M'aimen Vous" And take right hold her hand "Oh fly with me my belle Marie To dear old Yankee land" He say "I've plenty money My father plenty too! If you will only marry me We will divide with you."

The work was plenty scarce that time Marie say "I will go" To miss a chance so good like that She would be very slow. We give them both our blessing, And shook them by the hand, They took de train from Trois Riviere Bound for the Yankee land. My father's eye fill up with tears, My mother cry "Boo! Hoo!" In French she say, "God bless you gal," May be good to you. The nights was just so long Like if some one was dead, There was no one to tuck me in When I get into bed.

You see the barge go up the stream? The time just go like that, I had no one to cheer up me. Except the old black cat. And when he set him by the fire He look right up at me And try him hard to talk something Sounded just like Marie. 'Twas much more bad the time of year, When sister went away. Because the snow was falling The birds don't want to stay. The winds were saying something Just like they were in pain, By goah! I wished me often Marie'd come back again.

One time I think I hear her voice By golly I did ra. I was mistake it was not her, Come back with Yankee man. The neighbors say to me "Batiste You hear from Monsieur Bain" Just like the y think he skip some day. No more come back again. One day a carriage she drive up, So fine I never see, Some one get out, come in the yard, It was our sweet Marie She had twy diamonds much more worth Than twenty farms up there A seal swin coat, down to her feet And bijoux in her hair.

She look so fine. I take right hold To shook her by the hand I felt so proud of my Marie Just back from yankee land She kissed me, then she say to me "How are you all, quite well? Tell mother I've come back again And have good news to tell. My husband Mr. William Bain Wants you to live with me There's plenty room in our big house, For many more than three We'll give the farm to Jacques Traudon You'll receive heart and hand, Adieu, Trois Riviere adieu, Hurrah for yankee land. WILLIAM VAN BURAN THOMPSON.

The Blind Archer. Little boy Love drew his bow at a chance, Shooting down at the ball room floor, He hit an old chaparron watching the dance, And, oh! but he wounded her sore! "Heb, Love, you couldn't mean that! He Love, what would you be at?" "No word would he say, But he flew on his way, For the little boy's busy and how can he stay?" Little boy Love drew a shaft, just for sport, At the soberest club in Fall Mall; He tinged an old veteran in his port, And down that old veteran fell. "Heb, Love, you musn't do that! He Love, what would you be at? It's indelicate quiet?" "But it's no use to argue, for Love's out of sight."

A sad faced young clerk, in a cell all apart, Was planning a celibate vow; But the little Boy's random arrow has sunk in his heart, And the cell is an empty one now. "Heb, Love, you musn't do that! He Love, what would you be at? He say for you, He has duties to do!" "But I am his duty," quoth Love, as he flew. The King sought a bride, and the nation had hoped For a Queen without rival or peer, But the little Boy shot, and the King was eloped With Miss No-One! on Nothing a year. "Heb, Love, you musn't do that! He Love, what would you be at? What an impudent thing, To make game of a King!" "But I'm a king also!" cried Love, on the wing.

Little Boy Love grew pettish one day, "If you keep on complaining," he swore, "I'll pack both my bow and my quiver away, And so I shall plague you no more." "Heb, Love, you musn't do that! He Love, what would you be at? You may ruin our ease, You may do what you please, But we can't do without you, you sweet little tease." Three Wishes. It was years ago, when I was a child, A fairy came to me; "Now, Look at your heart and wish," she smiled; "You shall have wishes three. Look deep in your heart and wish," she said, "For what your wish shall be."

I looked in my heart—I was but a child— And I wished for a red, red rose, The sweetest, the largest, the reddest flower That in any garden grows. It came and it withered with an hour; Flowers fade, as every one knows. I looked in my heart—I was but a child— Yet a child can be so wise; "Give me wish's sweeter than any sweet rose. More fair than the dove that flies. A lover, affectionate, good and true!" 'Twas then I looked into your eyes.

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Here is an easy way of getting a good Bicycle for very little money. Your grocer has the Famous old reliable "Welcome" soap and specifications of the "Welcome" Bicycle, or write us for particulars. This is the most liberal Premium proposition ever offered to the public. Remember we guarantee the wheel. They are being snapped up quickly, the supply is limited. Place Your Order Now.

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Trampers,

Campers, picnickers or Klondykers find ideal nourishment in those small light, quickly prepared, Lazenby's Soup Squares. Each one makes 1 1/2 pints of strong rich Soup. Recommended by the British Government for the Army in India. Sold by progressive grocers everywhere.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. F. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces. Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

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Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBBENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

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AZULBRIDAL PARTY.

Picturesque Wedding Ceremony in a Savage Community. The marriage of a well born Zulu woman creates as much of a sensation among her own people as our fashionable weddings do here...

If a Zulu man wants a wife, he must pay for her in cattle, and the payment is made, not to the girl, but to her father. The lover begins his negotiations by sending some men with a few cattle to his future father-in-law...

Early in the morning the bride and her party bathe in the nearest stream, after which they dress, the bride often wearing a veil over her face, then set out, singing and dancing, toward the bridegroom's kraal.

The next morning the bride, surrounded by her party of girls, enters the kraal, carrying a spear. One of the girls carries a calabash of water and another one beads.

Child saved by a Bear. Residents of Apalachin, N. Y., had a bad scare recently, when the four-year-old child of Henry Rathburn started out alone to look for trailing arbutus.

They All Come Back. "There are fads in medicine as well as in other things," said a busy druggist, "but the most remarkable thing about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that customers who try other remedies all come back to Hood's, and this is why the enormous sales of this great medicine keep up while others come and go in a short time out of sight entirely."

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the standard—the One True Blood Purifier. cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

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METALIC ROOFING CO, Limited 1189 King St. west, Toronto.

searchers that the object was a bear and the bundle a child. It is many years since a bear was seen in this section, but the men, though unarmed, prepared to give battle, one of their number coming back for help.

But the bear trotted toward them as though totally unconcerned, and when a few yards away carefully laid down the child it was carrying by its dress.

On the Education of Lions. When lions were still numerous and easily observed in southern Africa they were sometimes seen instructing one another in voluntary gymnastics, and practicing their leaps, making a bush play the part of the absent game.

Luxury in Bedding. Travellers in Canada visiting the ancient cities have often remarked on the perfection of the bedding in the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec. It is said to be the most luxurious bed in existence being made on sanitary principles and embodying all the newest inventions in springs and upholstery.

Not less than nine hundred miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought hither by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio and the still broader Mississippi...

POKER IN THE KLONDIKE.

One Game in which the Winner Scooped in \$240,000 in Gold Dust.

A recently returned prospector, who was one of the first to reach the Klondike when the initial rush began, tells a curious story of a poker game which took place in Dawson City, the metropolis of the newly discovered Eldorado, in which the players bet two-quart jars and kerosene cans of gold dust.

Money—that is, coined money—is scarce in that region, so dust and nuggets were used, said the prospector in telling of the game. "At the start of the game white sheets of note paper were spread on the table, and when a man would ante he would put in a pinch of dust.

The next man was Joe Hollingshead, a Texan, the discoverer of the Bonanza Creep camp. Joe saw the bet and raised it another jar. The next man was a Swede, and he passed out. The last man, the dealer, hesitated long, but finally tossed his cards in the center also.

In the deal the first man took two cards, 'Sandy' took two also, and Joe took two. The first man had failed to fill. He dropped out. 'Sandy' had no more oil cans of gold, but he had two jars, and Joe had an equal amount. Which one of the boys but I do not recollect, but, anyway, both had their jars on the table at about the same time, and a show-down was demanded.

How much gold was on the table at the time? Well, I can't give the exact amount, but I should calculate at \$240,000 worth.

STORIES OF DUMB ANIMALS.

Showing the Wonderful Instinct of Some Pet Brutes.

About seven weeks ago, Mr. A. M. Sargent of Lynn, Mass., brought from the town of Haverhill a favorite cat and placed her in his store on Union street. The cat remained in the store, apparently quite contented, for three or four days, but one morning upon opening the store she was missing.

We have lately been placed in the possession of a fact that shows how nearly allied to the reason of a man is the instinct of the brute creation. Not long since Mrs. B., residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry county, in this state, bringing with her a favorite dog.

Not less than nine hundred miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought hither by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio and the still broader Mississippi...

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

LEAD, POTATOES and MILK.

A Dyspeptics daily diet.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it in a more or less aggravated form. Few diseases are more painful to the individual or more far reaching in their effects on human life and happiness. What the dyspeptic needs is not local treatment, not mere temporary stimulus. The real need is the toning up of the entire system. Fortify the system and it will do its own fighting, and promptly eject any intruding disease.

Try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla if you are dyspeptic. If you want more testimony to the value of the medicine, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I shall be a Candidate for the representation of Leaside Ward in the Common Council, at the election which will take place on the 19th day of April next, and, as it will be impossible for me to see more than a comparatively small number of the electors, I take this means of respectfully soliciting your suffrages.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. J. M. SMITH.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of the electors of this city I shall be a candidate for Alderman for Lower Ward, at the coming election. If elected I shall give the business of the city my most earnest attention.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. J. W. KEAST, 80 Bridge street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— THE VERY LARGE VOTE I POLLED LAST year, has prompted me again to offer myself as a candidate for Alderman of Lower Ward, at the coming election. Should I be honored with an increase of your confidence this year, and elected, my every act will be for the very best interests of the city generally.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. N. W. BRENNAN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— I shall be a candidate for the office of MAYOR at the Election to be held in this city on the 19th inst.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. JOHN W. DANIEL.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— I SHALL BE A CANDIDATE FOR ALDERMAN of Prince Ward at the Civic Elections to be held on the 19th inst., and hereby respectfully solicit your support.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. ROBERT MAXWELL.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— AT THE SOLICITATION OF A LARGE number of friends I have decided to offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Alderman for Brocks Ward.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. JOHN J. GORDON.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— I SHALL BE A CANDIDATE FOR THE Office of Alderman of Queen's Ward, at the Election to be held on Tuesday, the 19th inst., and respectfully solicit your suffrages.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. WALTER W. WHITE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— AFTER THE EARNEST SOLICITATIONS of many friends I have decided to offer for Alderman for Wellington Ward in the coming Civic Election.

St. John, March 29th, 1898. JAMES F. DUNLOP, Grocer, Cor. Waterloo and Paddock St.

News and Opinions

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1898.

### AN OLD MONCTON JOKE

HOW THE ORANGEMEN PARADED UPON ONE OCCASION.

And King William on His White Horse Refused to Pass Under an Arch of Spruce Because it was Green—A Story that is Told With Many Bits of Humor.

MONCTON, April 6.—Irreverent Moncton people who do not belong to any branch of the Loyal Orange Order themselves, and can therefore appreciate many of the little peculiarities which distinguish that well known association, tell a good story about a certain orange celebration which took place in their city a few years ago. As a sufficient time has elapsed since the incident occurred, to prevent the feelings of the main actors in the drama from being hurt by seeing it in print, a brief description may prove instructive to those who are either about to join the order, or who having enrolled themselves under the yellow banner, expect to occupy positions in the front rank, and take a prominent part in arranging the details of processions or managing the decorative portion of any public demonstration.

Moncton is well known to be a veritable stronghold of Orangism. There is scarcely a house in the place that is not painted some shade of yellow, the color scheme ranging from the deep flaming shade of a Florida orange, to the delicate lemon tint of the Jamaica variety. Even the bricks for the new station which is to be the glory of the city when it gets finished, were made to order, at great trouble and expense, in a peculiar shade of dull orange as conspicuous as it is hideous. Calceolarias in their rich and varied tones of yellow, daffodils, tiger lilies, cowslips, marigolds,

wallflowers, and garden chrysanthemums in vivid yellow tones, are the favorite flowers of the protestant Monctonian, and the stranger who visits the city for the first time, is usually rendered color blind for some days from the glare of yellow houses set in yellow gardens which meet his dazzled eyes on every side. It is said to be a matter of constant regret to the sturdy orange element which is so predominant in the city, that nature will persist in clothing the trees with green foliage for the greater part of the year, and the few weeks in autumn when everything is in the serene and yellow are far from being melancholy days to them, since only then can they enjoy true harmony of color.

Under conditions like these, it is indeed surprising that any member of the order could have made the mistake which led to the following sad fiasco; but the most plausible explanation is that he was suffering from a slight attack of jaundice which affected the optic nerves and made everything look yellow to him. The occasion was a very special one, and arrangements were made for having a demonstration on an unusually magnificent scale. Orange banners were displayed at every available point, and orange draperies and strings of streamers stretched across the streets in most imposing array. The preparations were almost completed when it suddenly occurred to one of the brethren of the order, that a triumphal arch spanning one of the principal streets on the route, would be just the one thing necessary to round off the decorations to perfection, and he immediately acted on the inspiration of the moment by constructing one with his own hands. It was a beautiful arch; a

combination of the Gothic, and early Byzantine styles of architecture, boldly carried out, and the material in which it was developed was spruce. Unfortunately the artist made the mistake of using fresh spruce, instead of securing some which had been cut the previous season, and turned the rich burnt orange, which would have suited the purpose so well, and blended so artistically with the other decorations; but it looked so well when finished that a thrill of pardonable satisfaction warmed the heart of the Orangeman as he contemplated his work, and no fear of the result disturbed him.

The eventful day dawned and the procession got together, and into line without any more hitches and false starts than are usual on such occasions. Each member of the order, wore the historic "stovepipe hat" without which no Orange procession would be legal, and the regalia of the different degrees shone resplendent against the usual back ground of shiny black broadcloth; while the white gloved hands of the Loyal Orangemen dangling gracefully at their sides, formed a conspicuous feature of the procession with such startling distinctness did their sombre surroundings throw them into bold relief.

No matter how imposing an Orange possession may be in its own estimation their is always something delightfully funny to the spectator who does not happen to be an Orangeman himself; and this one was no exception to the general rule. It swept solemnly up the street until the crowning glory of the day, the triumphal arch was reached, and there it stopped! The white charger which King William bestrode so gallantly, receiving a sudden

check which he was far from expecting rose suddenly on his hind legs and executed an impromptu war dance which was not on the programme of the day's sports, and which seriously discomposed his royal rider; then he shied as if he had suddenly encountered a whole brigade of red haired girls, and the horses belonging to the standard bearer and the royal body-guard promptly did likewise. The rear, and middle portions of the cavalcade, unaware that there was an obstruction of any kind to the day's proceedings continued blithely on their way until they bumped up against the vanguard, while the latter in their determination not to pass under the arch crowded back against their advancing brethren until the arch itself was surrounded by a struggling, writhing perspiring mass of black coated humanity packed as solidly together as a swarm of bees. No one seemed to know what the trouble was until the author of the crowning glory of the occasion rose up in his stirrups and standing waving his hand towards the arch shouted encouragingly "Pass right along gentlemen, pass right along, it's as firm as a rock, no danger of falling and lots of room to let us under. I built it myself, and I ought to know!" "Pass under?" roared King William excitedly "Not if we know it we won't! Take the thing down or we'll go another street. Do you suppose I'm going to lead an orange parade under anything GREEN?" And down the arch had to come before any one of those broad minded heroes would proceed on his way.

The story was kept quiet for a time but being too good to keep it finally leaked out, and was told with such enjoyment that

if you want to try an Orangeman's temper now, all you have to do is to ask him what kind of triumphal arch the brethren intend erecting on the twelfth of next July.

#### The Expense of London's Lord Mayor.

A man must have a fat pocketbook to fill the office of lord mayor of London. The expenditure for subscriptions and entertainments are in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs the lord mayor in or about the sum of 100,000 to occupy the office. The preceding occupant, Sir George Faudel-Philips, has probably spent \$125,000 in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic codging. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the Mansion House. The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No lord mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least \$50,000 poorer for the experience; but the honor of neighborhood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as lady. No alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Re-election to the office never occurs. No alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice.

#### Obdurate.

The Cook—"It's th' second complaint an' it'll be th' last. Oi'll lave whin me month is up!"

He—"But, Bridget—"

The Cook—"That'll do, sor! I'll lave at th' end of me month, though I did intend to give yez another month's thrial!"

### 7 BIG BOILS.

A Centralia, Ont., Man Cured in Six Days by B. B. B., the Best Blood Purifier in the World.

Mr. William J. Hepburn writes from Centralia, Ont., under date of Feb. 10th, 1898, as follows: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and, inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B. B. B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B. B. B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

# Burdock Blood Bitters

### CONSTIPATION.

A New Brunswick Lady Cured by B. B. B. After Suffering Agony for Five Years.

Miss Marcelline F. Bouffrau, Cocagne River, N. B., was a great sufferer from that too common complaint—constipation. She's been cured by B. B. B. and gives the history of her case that others may benefit by her experience: "To say all I ought to in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters would be impossible. It has been a great health restorer to me. I am a different girl now to what I was three years ago, when it was expected I would die. "I am today in perfect robust health, for which I have only B. B. B. to thank. "I suffered for five or six years from constipation so severe that at times I went out of my mind. I tried various doctors, both in Canada and the United States, but with little success. When I took B. B. B., it succeeded beyond all expectations, requiring only two bottles to effect a complete cure."

Purifies and Enriches the Blood—acts on the kidneys, liver stomach and bowels—cleanses and invigorates the entire system from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn, weary this spring—Take B. B. B. and keep well.

### STOMACH AND LIVER.

A Chesterville Ont., Lady Says B. B. B. did Her more Good Than Thirteen Years of Doctoring.

Plenty of people with disordered stomachs and sluggish livers at this season of the year. All they need is B. B. B. It never fails in the worst cases of stomach trouble or liver complaint. Read what Mrs. James Bailey, Chesterville, Ont., has to say about her case: "I am thankful that there is such a remedy as B. B. B. It has been worth its weight in gold to me, and I would not be without it in the house. It has cured me of sick headache, sour stomach and liver trouble, for which I have been doctoring for the past 13 years. The two bottles of Burdock's Blood Bitters which I have taken have done me more good than all the doctors and I am only too glad to recommend this medicine to the public."

# The Best Spring Specific.

### SALT RHEUM.

A Little Boy's Legs From His Feet to His Body Entirely Raw and Ran a Blood-tinged Irritating Water.

His Mother Tells How B. B. B. Cured Him. "With gratitude I can testify to the wonderful curative powers of Burdock Blood Bitters. Our little son, Freddy, was afflicted with salt rheum, and was in a dreadful condition. His legs from the soles of his feet to his body were entirely raw, and ran a bloody water, which appeared to burn and itch until he was almost in great agony. "After trying several remedies, we resolved to give B. B. B. a trial. "You can imagine with what delight and gratitude we saw our boy entirely cured after using one bottle and part of the second. We gave him the remainder of the second bottle, and from that time till the present he has never had a sign of salt rheum or a sick day." MRS. A. KEIRSTEAD, Sander Mt., N. B.



Sunday Reading.

Christ Was slain on Friday Last But Today He Liveth. (CONTRIBUTED TO PROGRESS.) Another Eastertide has dawned: And the world is one year older, Loosed from winter's icy clasp, The flowers are growing bolder. Steadily struggling out of the ground, They timidly look to God, Scorning to strive at a lower mark, Once they have pierced the sod. Surely this is a lesson of life, A lesson for every day, To teach us to look to Him who rose On this blessed Easter Day. Surely if only for once in awhile, We might cease from our worldly care, And fix our hearts on the heavenly hills— And the God who is ever there. Christ is Always the Same.

I suppose one would have to have an experience, and a painful experience, of changeableness in themselves or in some one else, to appreciate the comfort in those few words, 'Thou art the same.' Some people have not to go any farther than themselves to have this painful experience of changeableness. I have no doubt some people are more changeable than others, but sooner or later, in one way or other, they will come infinite rest in the thought, 'Thou art the same'; and the soul says, 'Can it be that you love me when I am unloving? Can it be that when I am so stupid and cold I am just as dear to you?'

'Yes, He has not changed. 'Thou art the same.' I met a Daughter once in a Circle, and she was the only one without the cross. I said, 'I miss your cross!' She answered sadly, 'Yes, I have taken it off.' 'Taken it off!' I said, 'what for?' She hesitated a moment, and then with tears in her eyes she answered, 'I have spells once in a while.' 'Spells?' I inquired, 'what kind of spells?' 'Well, I get angry and I am hateful, and then my mother says, 'You are a pretty King's Daughter;' and she continued, 'I had one of those spells this week, and so I took the cross off.' A real feeling of pity swept over me as I looked at the dear girl. I said very gently to her, 'I want you to put on the cross again, and when you have one of those spells (though I do not think you will have any more) I want you to look at the cross, and believe that there is One who loves you, who has infinite patience. And when you believe that, the spell will not come again.' Only through wearing the cross and doing everything 'In His Name' can you conquer your impatience and learn to be really a daughter of the King.—Margaret Bottom in the Ladies Home Journal.

Christ can Fill Your Soul's Longing. There is no sadder cry than 'My sister hath left me to serve alone'; serving the Christ as Martha was serving Him when she was actually serving His physical needs, and yet missing His companionship. Mary had it but Martha had not. She had not even Mary with her. Ah, we complain because the Marys are not with us, but we may each now have the Christ, as Mary had, and as Saint John had Him. Well, there is the place for each of us; for there is a whole Christ for each one now. 'Christ is all and in all,' now, let me ask you if you ever really tested whether He could fill the longing of your soul. Make it definite to yourself. If the need with you has been a satisfactory love, hear Him say: 'Try Me and prove Me.' Did you ever ask Him if He could meet the want of your nature—not your sinful nature, but your real nature; the nature He made; the nature that wants some one that can understand it; that it can please, and know that it gives satisfaction; that it is loved perfectly as well as loves perfectly? Now your sense of justification and sanctification, and your future glorification, depend upon your having this experience. It is the answer to the cry: 'Give me Thyself, from every boast, From every wish set free; Let all I am in Thee be lost, But give Thyself to me.'

A Young Man's Greatest Help. You tell me that many intellectual men around you believe that there is no God. That is no reason why you should get that notion. The man who says there is no God is either one or two things; a knave or a fool. Prove God to yourself. How? Make of Him a real being, a father, a personal God. Let Him come right into your very life, into your every day. Make Him an actual part of your every action, of your every thought. Feel that he is your God; just yours. That He knows, as He does and as He will soon make evident to you, every wish, every desire of your heart, every thought that comes to you. Go to Him as you would to a living father; talk to Him in quiet; tell

Disease. Suffering. April and May. Health. Happiness.

How to Banish Disease and Secure Good Health.

Paine's Celery Compound the Great Spring Cleanser and Life Giver.

IT MAKES FRESH, PURE RED BLOOD FOR PALE AND SALLOW PEOPLE.

April is now with us. The feathered songsters are here again warbling their sweetest notes in praise for a new season. Nature is throwing off her old garb. The trees are budding, the grass is showing new life, and soon the wild flowers will put on their dazzling dress of beauty and richness. All nature seems to be calling out to man, saying, 'Be happy and rejoice; give thanks to Him who makes such glorious provision for the children of earth.'

Many a thankful prayer will ascend from the beauties and bounties of the new season. On the other hand, a vast multitude of half-dead, broken down, weak, debilitated and suffering men and women will not have the capacity to appreciate the mercies so bountifully bestowed. Their thoughts are centred on their afflictions and sufferings; they are moody, despondent, morose, and some are hopeless and in despair. It is to this suffering class that we would speak words of hope and comfort. Warning would be unnecessary if you fully realized the fact that Paine's Celery Compound cures the disease that is now making such progress and havoc in your body. It matters not whether the trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease,

liver complaint, nervous prostration, agonizing dyspepsia or blood diseases, Paine's Celery Compound is able to make you whole and well. Paine's Celery Compound, unlike other medicines, is a true and rapid banisher of disease; it makes the blood pure, so that life and energy flow quickly to muscle, nerve and tissue. Nature's medicine promptly restores strength, vigor, appetite and digestion; it gives sweet sleep and repose to the wearied and restless. Will these honest and strong assurances induce you to give earth's best medicine a fair trial in this your time of danger? The experience of physicians and their kindly

words in favor of Paine's Celery Compound should be a guarantee of success to you. The marvellous results given to weak, sickly and broken down clergymen, judges, members of parliament, and to worthy and honorable citizens of every city in the Dominion, speak volumes in favor of Paine's Celery Compound. One bottle experimented with at this season is always enough to make the most critical and skeptical continue with the medicine until they are cured. It has been truly said by an eminent Canadian press correspondent that 'No physician is ever needed in homes where Paine's Celery Compound is used.'

Him your worries, your troubles, your aims, your hopes, your desires. Come close to Him. Before long, after He has shown you light a few times, after He has told you what to do when you did not know yourself, then you will find out for yourself whether there is a God or not. You will have no doubt of Him. He will be to you, as He is to thousands, a living Being, an actuality—One that you know almost as you do your own father, who lives his life before you.—E. W. Bok, in the Ladies Home Journal.

The Merchantman and his Pearl. The kingdom of heaven is strictly business. It is significant that Christ's kingdom is not likened to a warrior, or a poet, or a philosopher, or a slave, but to a business man. God's saving a man is not turning him into a righteous machine, but developing him into a righteous son. Jesus' view of his work was as of a business. At the start he said, 'I must be about my father's business'; at the close, 'It is finished.' The banana peddler handles personally his goods. Mr. Armour sits in his office surrounded by papers and clerks, while his trains and ships are at the other end of the earth. So the little man lives by sight, the big man by faith, and religious faith is simply business sense carried to perfection, reaching to eternity Enterprise and boldness, not caution and fear, are the foundations of religion.

Old People's Troubles. Hard for the old folks to move about—constant backaches to bother them in the daytime—urinary weakness to disturb their rest at night. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Strengthen the Kidneys and help to make the declining years comfortable. Mr. W. G. Muford, Chestnut Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I., writes: 'For the past two years I have had much trouble with disease of the kidneys and non-retention of urine, was dropsical and suffered a great deal with pain in my back. I have been greatly benefited by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.'

Fairly Caught. Listeners, it is said, hear no good of themselves, and there is another form of eavesdropping to which a similar remark might apply. A young man who had been sent by a newspaper to report the proceedings of a political meeting in a neighboring town was occupying his time while on the journey by writing a letter in shorthand to a brother reporter at home. Having finished the body of the letter, he proceeded to add a postscript as follows: 'P. S. A rather pretty young woman, by the way, is sitting on the seat directly behind me. She seems considerably interested in what I am doing, and I believe she is an stenographer herself, and has read every word I have written.' 'Sir!' exclaimed the young woman, interrupting him indignantly. Then she turned a fiery red and looked the other way. Those Sacred Labials. Traveller—You see that trunk? It has been all around the world with me. Visitor—It appears to have had an extremely checkered career.

Christ is the Fountain of Love. The things we thirst for are varied. One thirsts for wealth, another for knowledge, another for love, but whatever we thirst for if we can see deeply enough, that for which we thirst is in Christ for us. He is unspeakably rich. In Him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. If we seek love, He is the fountain of love. He is the love of the universe. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.' In Christ dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We have a person to go to, and the human need is for a person. There is a lack felt in most Christians. They themselves feel it, and others feel it—a lack of fullness. I do not say there is nothing of God in them. I only say that they are not filled, and many look hungry and thirsty, and so many 'strive with earthly toys to fill an empty mind,' and especially is this thirst felt on the line of love. So few people are filled with love, the love that passeth all understanding.

God's Word Like a Hammer. Words of Jesus are mighty warriors. How they strike in the oration of Patrick Henry for human liberty and in John Milton in his 'Paradise Lost,' in the Declaration of Independence created by Thomas Jefferson, on the equality of mankind, bringing out the scriptural fact, 'God hath made of one blood; all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth;' in the awful hammer blows of brave old Gladstone in behalf of Ireland, 'that the best and surest foundation we can find to build on is the foundation afforded by the affections and convictions and will of man,' which is in accord with the song of the angels, the first Christmas night, 'On earth peace and good will toward man.'

Bishop Brooks? These two, perhaps more than others, showed that to be Christians meant that one was a man in every sense of the word. There is a loud call in everyday life for men of conviction. We need men of high ideals, and it is Christianity that gives perfection. You may be the greatest scholar in the world, but without Christ you will find the world is hardly worth living in.

Do you Suffer from Nervous Troubles? Is your Blood Weakened, does it need a Renovator? Take Broma Powerful tonic compounded of peptonized beef, phosphates, nux vomica, etc. Broma is the great medicine of the day, containing all the elements necessary to life. Weakness, anaemia, tuberculosis, etc. are radically cured by the use of this incomparable tonic. Convalescents recover their strength, women their health and weak men the energy and courage which they require in their work. Broma has a delicious taste, giving appetite to some, helping digestion in others. Thousands of Testimonials come to us from all parts from persons careful or greatly relieved by the use of Broma. The best doctors of the country prescribe it. M. Ernest Parochon of Montreal cured of anaemia and general debility.

Womanly Beauty. I believe in the gymnasium. No, I do not believe in the dance. It may develop some muscles in the body, but it develops false muscles in the soul. Health of soul brings the highest and deepest beauty. Our bodies give expression to the real life of the soul. Hate, anger, jealousy, impurity, stinginess, frivolity, drunkenness and despair tell in the face, walk and action and destroy beauty. Love, kindness, peace, joy, purity, generosity, patience and hope find expression here also, and whatever the features where these dwell is the house of beauty. Soul beauty wears. Some girls with blue eyes and golden hair seem very beautiful at first, but lacking this deeper beauty it soon fades, while the plain girl who possesses it grows more beautiful as you know her better. Beauty, like that of the fair Helen or Poppaea will soon fade, but the

Self Discovery. To know oneself is a great accomplishment. We make many blunders, both ludicrous and painful, because we do not know our powers, capabilities, faults and weaknesses. There will be no self improvement until we are conscious of what we need improvement. If all were satisfied with our present attainments, this would be a dead world. Christian Manhood. It is eminently manly to be a Christian. If the contrary should be believed, alas for our young men! Jesus Christ was above all in Christian manhood. He has followers today in all walks of life. What nobler examples than Thomas Hughes and

The Higher Christian Life. Now let us look at one form or kind of thirst. Of course, it is only another word for love. The thirst for companionship—perfect companionship. God only knows that thirst, and no need does Christ more emphatically promise to meet. I believe the need of the human heart is all contained in the two little words 'mine and thine,' but the fullness of these words, the utterance, the abandonment there is in them is what we want; then we have what we call a full salvation. Then we know the meaning of what we sing: 'As by the light of opening day The stars are all concealed, So earthly pleasures fade away When Jesus is revealed.' A Perfect Law of Liberty. A man attains to a perfect law of liberty when his impulses coincide with his convictions. The law of his conscience has become the impulse of his life. Duty is no longer a task he must do, nor even a conviction he must obey. It is something to which his heart itself instinctively responds. He needs no rules and no restraint for the spirit within him is a surer guide than any rules that can be imposed. The Church Must Ever Advance. The very genius of Christianity is enlargement and conquest. There must ever be an eager reaching out to the things that are before. The individual must never be content with present attainments. The church must never be satisfied with what it has already accomplished. There is such a thing as a holy unrest that should pervade the church.

Great Britain spends £20,000,000 for imported eggs every year.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1760. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

DR. HARVEY'S Southern RED PINE FOR COUGHS & COLDS. PRICE 25c. per Bottle. The HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE THE COUGH CURE Good for Children and Adults.

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LITERARY ACCIDENTS.

Showing How Famous Manuscripts Are Sometimes Rejected.

'Nobody is the correct and true judge of what any piece of writing is,' remarked a journalist of thirty years' experience...

'I did not give the matter any further thought just then, but the next day or day after the subject of manuscripts came up in a talk I was having with Soneseo of the old publishing firm...

'I went after Habberton at the first opportunity, and he went after Soneseo. What the readers of the firm thought of the manuscript I never learned...

'Speaking of that kind of thing,' said a man with a dome of thought that had no more hair on it than has the dome of the Capitol at Washington...

'The experience of the other literature was somewhat different. He sent a short sketch to a leading periodical of the lighter kind, which also published a collection of things clipped from newspapers and other places all over the world...

Much Heiter.

It is a popular, but evidently an incorrect notion that Indians have little tenderness of feeling toward 'the brute creation.'



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won. SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing. It's best for this and every use. Don't forget the name, SURPRISE.

In the meantime the mother eagle had returned, and circled about the nest high above them.

'What shall we do, John?' the agent asked at length. 'Shall I throw the nest down on the rocks, or shall we pick them off with our guns?'

'Let's go home,' said John, after some deliberation, 'and let the helpless little things grow up in peace.'

A Natural Remedy.

Dr. Medicus.—A careful diagnosis convinces me, madam, that you are suffering from water on the brain; you must adopt a regularly prescribed diet.'

Fair Patient.—'And what will that be?' Medicus (absently).—'Sponge cake.'

Now The Gardener Knows.

MR. WILLIAM SADD is a gardener, and has been for a long time. In that capacity he knows, of course, much about the diseases and complaints that happen to plants and trees. Now, if he should notice that a certain kind of fruit tree was always sickly and unproductive when planted in a particular soil, or under given conditions not hard to observe, he would look into the matter carefully, and, no doubt, presently ascertain the true cause of the trouble and obviate it.

(He would reason) two facts, occurring continually side by side, are likely to have some positive relation to each other: probably that of cause and effect. To see these coincidences, then to find out what they mean, is the foundation of all useful knowledge; it creates the thing we call "science."

This course of proceeding, I say, Mr. Sadd would have taken, and beyond question did take as a gardener. But when it came to investigating his own case, and drawing an inference from observed facts, he showed less keenness and clearness of judgment.

This was not because his mind had failed from the disease which was troubling him, but because he was not used to exercising it in that direction.

'For years,' Mr. Sadd writes, 'I suffered from gravel and indigestion. I felt low and weak, and my work was a burden to me. I had but little relish for my food, and after eating suffered much pain at the chest.'

'My bowels were obstinately constipated, and sometimes days in succession would pass without a movement. There was also pain and stiffness in the back, and difficulty in voiding the kidney secretions, which were thick and scanty.'

'My sleep was much broken through these different causes, and at length I became so weak as to be unable to follow my employment as a gardener.'

'At first I went to the University Hospital; but the doctors at those institutions did nothing to relieve me. None of their medicines seemed to suit my ailment.'

'One doctor said I had inflammation of the bowels.'

'In this weak and painful state I continued until December, 1880, when Miss May Coote, Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.'

'I got a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it I felt a marked relief. The pain in my back was easier, and I felt stronger altogether. After taking three bottles I was completely cured, and got back to my work.'

'Since that time by taking an occasional dose I keep in good health, and have had no return of the gravel complaint. You can publish this statement to let others know of what has done so much for me. (Signed) William Sadd, 9, Cochrane Street, St. John's Wood, London, N. W. December 30th 1896.'

'My goodness! The insurance on this house ran out today, and I forgot to renew it. Where do you keep your keys?'

'In the kitchen closet.'

'Have it carefully carried outdoors at once. What sort of matches are we using?'

'Parlor matches.'

'Burn every one up and bring down your great-grandmother's tinder box from upstairs. Then send the servants to bed before the moon stops shining, and make sure that the kitchen range is fixed right. I'll attend to the furnace myself.'

A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health.



Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Laxa-Liver Pills clean Coated Tongue.

A UNIVERSAL REMEDY

Inflammations are quickly drawn to the surface and cured by the absorption of the powerful and highly efficient medications which

Benson's Porous Plasters contain. Prescribed in every civilized country on the globe, and have proved themselves indispensable for the quick relief of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Kidney Affections, etc. Have them in the house ready for emergency. As a delay in treatment is dangerous, accept none but a BENSON'S. All Druggists. Price 25c. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Agents for Canada.

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STAINED GLASS Memorials. Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

RATS ENDED THE STRIKE.

A Combination Against Striking Micees which They Could Not Resist.

'Not one of the biggest but one of the most stubborn strikes that ever occurred in the Pennsylvania coal region,' said a former mining engineer, was ended by rats. The rats that infest coal mines are of enormous size and as ravenous as they are big. The miners not only tolerate them, but stand in awe of them, for it is a firm belief with the coal miner that these rats can foretell disasters and give warning to the miners of their danger by scurrying out of the threatened mine in droves in ample time to enable the miners to make their escape also.

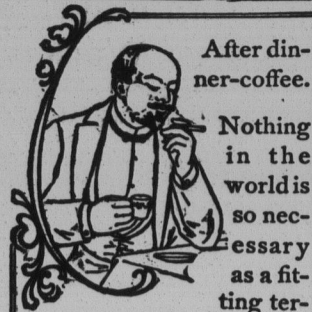
So careful are the workmen of these great, hungry rats that it is not an uncommon sight to see a miner feeding half a dozen or more from his dinner pail. They sometimes become so tame that they will climb on a miner's lap as he sits at his underground meal and crowd around him to receive such portions of his meal as he cares to toss to them.

'These rats never leave the mines so long as work is going on. The food of the mice muls is kept in the mines, and on this the rats largely subsist. They swarm about when the mules are eating, and sometimes the mules have to fight the rats to save their meal. Often scores of dead rats will be found in a mul's stall in the mines, where they have been trampled to death in efforts to secure a portion of the mul's feed. When a mine lies idle any length of time, and the mules are taken out, the rats abandon it and become a great pest in the mining villages.'

'The strike I refer to was caused by the refusal of a mine boss to reinstate a miner he had discharged. The men quit work. The mine owners declared they would let grass grow and choke the mouth of the slope before they would give in to the men, and the men swore that they would cut the grass and eat it, if necessary, before they would yield their point. The muls were taken from the mine and turned out to pasture. The rats, being thus deprived of their sustenance, abandoned the mine and took up their quarters about the miners' shanties, where they soon became a terror to the families. The strike continued and the supplies of the men became exhausted. Miners at neighboring collieries who were at work responded to the requests of their striking brothers for aid and sent two wagon loads of provisions and supplies of various kinds. These were taken in charge by a committee appointed for the purpose and were stored in a building, from which they were to be distributed to the neediest of the miners. The very first night the supplies were in the building it was raided by a horde of rats and everything was devoured or carried away. Four different loads of provisions were contributed by the sympathetic working miners, but it was impossible to save more than one-third of them from the rats. Some of the miners kept cows at that time, there being plenty of free pasture, but soon after the strike began the cows began to fall short in their yield of milk. This was a mystery until one morning a miner discovered half a dozen big rats sucking the milk from his cow as she lay on the ground complacently chewing her cud. These combinations against them at last forced the miners to weaken, and they were compelled by and by to resume work on such terms as they could obtain, absolutely beaten by the devouring horde of rats.'

A Fascinating Place.

'O! all fascinating places under the sun,' said a gentleman who has travelled much, 'the island of Tahiti, one of the Society Islands, is the most fascinating. In this country a little earth lost in a vast ocean, nature has done everything to make indolent souls happy. The climate is temperate and even all the year round, the vegetation is luxuriant, the women beautiful, and the nights, full of perfume, and mystical light, stir the most practical mind to love of meditation and dreaming. The influence of this dreamy, lazy life is insidious. It is not necessary to work, as the island furnishes food without the labor of tillage. I know a number of Americans and French who had gone there for a visit, and have become so enraptured with the languorous existence that, like the visitors to lotus land, they lie down and forget friends, home, ambition and everything. I remember how I used to feel the influence steal upon me. Many a time I wished earnestly to cast my lot with those languorous people. I can look back now and see myself as I lay one night against a cocoanut tree in a sort of ecstasy of meditation. Overhead was a sky bright with a million stars. Sounds came to me in a strange fashion, blending into a murmur. A short distance away a group of natives, girls and men, were shouting the rhythmic chant of the nua upa dance. I thought of myself on this little island, with ocean on every side and New Orleans so many miles distant. Nothing seemed real to me but that spot in the sea, with its bright sky overhead. I could hear indistinctly the chant of the singers and the sobbing of the waves. A mysterious charm possessed me. New Orleans Times-Democrat.'



After dinner-coffee. Nothing in the world is so necessary as a fitting termination to a perfectly served dinner. At no time does the true merit of coffee become so manifest. To produce that delicious, aromatic beverage that delights the hearts of epicures and acts as a delightful conclusion to a well-enjoyed meal, only the finest material should be used. They are represented by Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee. Grocers sell it in pound and two-pound tin cans, and the signature of these famous importers, together with their seal, guarantees its matchless excellence.



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



TEABERRY For the TEETH. A MOST POPULAR TOILET PREPARATION. 25-CENTS-A-BOX. LOPES & CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO.

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SAVED THE TRAIN.

Kane Creek was a railroad crossing on the S. & C. Railroad, about two miles from the divisional terminal at Mercer.

A dozen trains whirled through Kane Creek every day with only a shriek of greeting and a whipping wake of fine sand.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through.

Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man and his companions, some of them, thought him gruff and ill-tempered.

It was one night late in the fall that Polly Marshall had need of all her knowledge of engines.

"Look out!" clicked the sander, and then it suddenly ceased, and try as she would Polly could get no further communication from the station next to the eastward.

"Can't you get Pinckney?" she asked. "Pinckney was a station which had sent her the warning dispatch so mysterious interrupted."

"Pinckney quiet. Can't get answer," was the report of the wires. "What's the trouble?"

Polly answered as well as she could, and Mercer made another attempt to arouse Pinckney.

Her father's train was now due. It should be whistling cheerily at the lower bend. Polly stepped out on the platform and peered up the track.

locomotive whistle, suddenly interrupted as if the hand that had drawn the lever had been struck from his place.

With a hundred terrifying questions flashing through her mind, Polly ran on through the gloom.

For a moment Polly was torn with doubt and terror. Had they shot her father? She knew that he never would submit to have his train captured without a struggle.

Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk in the depot sending a message.

What should she do? She dared not enter the office, and she, a mere girl, could be of no service where the robbers were making their attack on the train.

Now was her chance. Hardly thinking what she did Polly sprang to the engineer's cab, threw back the reverse lever and opened the throttle steadily.

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open, and she saw a robber darting up the track.

The engine was now tearing down the track at full speed. Polly knew that it must be fired or it would not go far, and so, leaving the throttle open, she sprang to the coal pit, flung open the firehole, and with the heavy shovel in her white hands threw in load after load of coal.

Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the airbrake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill.

They heard the firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire, the Mercer men remembered her.

In a little clump of bushes they heard a man moaning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand with her father's head in her lap crying bitterly, and they gathered up the brave engineer and daughter and all the way.

Engineer Marshall was not badly hurt, and he was able to be in Mercer when the general manager of the road thanked the blushing Polly officially and offered her a

DON'T TOUCH.

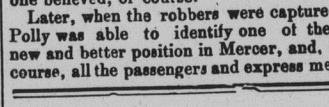
Don't touch a cancer with a knife. The knife is deadly. A cure has been discovered that needs no knife or plaster.

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.



positively—the one who had run the engine—and through him the entire party was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Later, when the robbers were captured, Polly was able to identify one of them and better position in Mercer, and, of course, all the passengers and express mes-



Truro, March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. F. McClure, a son.

Truro, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Evans, a son.

Halifax, March 22, to the wife of James Stanhope, a son.

Canaan, March 22, to the wife of Henry Skidmore, a son.

Halifax, March 20, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wetmore, a son.

Truro, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Neal Campbell, a son.

Gates Mt., March 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ratine, a son.

Northport, March 24, to the wife of John M. Burns, a son.

Lalave, March 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Melser, a son.

Lalave, March 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Young, a son.

Annapolis, March 22, to the wife of E. W. McBride, a son.

Richibucto, March 25, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Bell, a son.

Outram, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Banks, a son.

Truro, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Etheridge, a son.

Truro, March 8, to Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Kennedy, a daughter.

Outram, March 22, to the wife of Chas. Cove, a daughter.

Halifax, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Julien, a daughter.

Moncton, March 29, to the wife of Leonard Black, a daughter.

Winnipeg March 23, to the wife of Fred Ansley, a daughter.

Belmont, March 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roode, a daughter.

Halifax, March 11, to the wife of Mr. G. B. Douglas, a daughter.

Campbellton, March 27, to the wife of S. H. Lungey, a daughter.

Sussex, March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Hubbard, a daughter.

Wolville, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. John Kaye, a daughter.

Outram, March 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar F. Miller, a daughter.

Truro, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. R. O. McCurdy, a daughter.

Brier Lake, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. B. Deveau, a daughter.

Halifax, March 25, to the wife of James R. Theakston, a son.

Horionville, March 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McAdam, a son.

McAdam, March 31, to the wife of Ambrose W. Grass, a son.

New Glasgow, March 27, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kentville, a son.

Kentville, March 18, to Mr. and Mrs. George E. Chase, a son.

Belleisle, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Beth L. Genser, a son.

Great Village, March 20, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Elakie, a son.

Milton, Queens, March 24, to the wife of Allan Morley, a son.

Springhill, March 27, to the wife of John A. McDonald, a son.

Cian Harbor, March 29, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Loman, a son.

Paradise Mills, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. John Howard, a son.

Truro, March 21, to the wife of J. Thomas Blanchard, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 27, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Redding, Jr., a son.

Kingston, March 10, to the wife of R. W. Mitchell, a son.

Wolville, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Woodman, a daughter.

Yarmouth, March 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Allen, a daughter.

Meagher's Grant, March 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Grant, a daughter.

Coder Lake, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kestler, a daughter.

DeBer River, March 12, to the wife of Mr. Alex Cottam, a daughter.

Eastville, Col., March 16, to the wife of Mr. Harvey McLean, a son.

Fredericton, March 29, to the wife of George H. Clarke, a daughter.

Campbellton, March 24, to Mr. and Mrs. W. McD. Metcalf, a daughter.

Fennville, York Co., March 18, to the wife of John Cameron, a daughter.

Antigonish, N. S., March 29, to the wife of John McNeil, a daughter.

Marysville, York Co., March 14, to the wife of Daniel Gregory, a son.

Belmont, Colchester, March 6, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. McKay, a son.

Paint Points advertisement for Sherwin-Williams Paints. Includes text: 'Paint Points' is the title of a little book with a big purpose. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS. They cover the most surfaces, look best, last longest and are most economical.

Paradise West, March 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Selinas, a daughter. West Leicester, March 17, to the wife of Chas. Delesdier, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bridgewater March 23, William Stewart to Bessie Crouse. Buenos Ayres, Jan. 7, George Brown to Mary E. Bowden.

BORN.

Truro, March 28, to Mr. and Mrs. F. McClure, a son. Truro, March 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Evans, a son. Halifax, March 22, to the wife of James Stanhope, a son.

DIED.

Reserve, Mar. 22, Mary Paul. Truro, Mar. 21, John Robinson. Truro, Mar. 21, Henry Blair, 63. St. John, April 1, Maggie Olive, 20.

Canadian Pacific Ry. Cheapest. Quickest and Best. ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE, YUKON TERRITORY. Tourist Sleeping Cars. Intercolonial Railway. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.