

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY APRIL 13, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MR. BUSTIN'S FLIGHT.

Who Miss McDonald Was and Her Career in This City for Some Time.

The whereabouts of Mr. Bustin, formerly the superintendent of the reformatory, has not as yet been ascertained, and the management of that institution is somewhat at a loss whom to select for the successor. It is also said that the boys who took their departure about the same time that he did, have not been heard from since. That is of course the popular report, but PROGRESS is pretty well assured that it is perfectly true. Discipline seems to have been abandoned in the institution since Mr. Bustin left.

The woman whom he is supposed to have left the city with is Miss McDonald, not Mrs. as some of the papers have stated. She was for sometime an attendant at the Provincial Lunatic Asylum and while there she seems to have impressed those in authority with her capability. She stated at that time that she came from Worcester, Mass. and had some relatives living on the line of the Intercolonial, not a hundred miles from this city. She evidently did not like the life of waiting on weak minded people and after leaving the institution boarded for a while in Carleton. A well known gentleman of the west end seems to have been a constant visitor at the house at which she resided and those who follow up those sort of things connected the two names together quite frequently in their conversation.

Whether this good or evil report became obnoxious or not the result was that Miss McDonald moved across the harbor, and for a time earned her own living in one of the leading hotels of the city. Even here she seems to have disagreed with her and having obtained another admirer she took lodgings on a quiet street where it was said Mr. Bustin was a very frequent visitor. He may have been conduced with somebody else but recent developments seem rather to prove that she was not the fact of his somewhat intimate acquaintance with the woman in question. While she was at that boarding house she acted in a very quiet and well behaved manner seldom, if at all, going out in the day time, cooking her own meals and living as any well behaved person might. But the landlady became suspicious too late and one evening there was a new arrival in the room. The doctor who attended her said that the child was living when he left and he was much surprised to hear of its death a short time afterwards. He also said that it was not compulsory to report the birth and he did not do so, but he was quite certain that a death certificate should be furnished by some medical man to entitle it to proper burial under the board of health rules. So far as PROGRESS could learn, this was not furnished, and how the infant was buried is not known. After this of course the woman had to seek other quarters and it is stated that she boarded in one in a quarter of the city, then roomed in another, until it was evident that this kind of living became too burdensome for her and her admirer. It may be that this was the cause of the departure, but at any rate their plans were well laid and no person at the present time seems to have an inkling of where they went or why they went.

Divorces Galore.

If the number of divorces are on the carpet that the public hear of on the streets, there is a lively time ahead for some people. No less than three couples are said to be dissatisfied with married life, and no one knows how many more. The new century seems to have opened rather unhappily for domestic bliss. Of course there are all kinds of rumors, and the gossip's time is now pretty well employed. It looks as if the new Divorce Judge is going to have some rather spicy evidence to deal with.

The Minstrel Boy.

What a great trip the harmony club had on their Moncton tour. They were accompanied by some friends on their trip. One of the "gang" that went with the boys included a well-known and sporty amateur professor of the auto-harp. This gentleman essayed to render some selections on his instrument while on tour. His renditions of airs of the day was very ac-

ceptable but the Monctonites failed to locate in his fair form the "Minstrel Boy" or even the "Harp that once thro' T-ara," although dubbed "Pat," he felt as if he were an Andrew Carnegie and made a lavish throw off of his spare collateral. Just about now he is figuring what it costs for a return ticket from St. John to Moncton, not counting in such details as Abbey's Salt, etc.

Liquor Commission Changes.

Among the laws passed in the legislature during this session was one amending the liquor license law and making it imperative that the liquor commissioners should retire after serving a certain number of years. Under the provisions of this act it is said that the first appointment on the commission, that of chairman George A. Knodell, will lapse and another gentleman take his place. The liquor license commissioner gets \$300 a year and to one like Mr. Knodell, who is in the manufacturing business that supplies in a great measure some of the wants of the trade, he would be in a position to make a great deal more out of the office. It has been said, whether truly or not, that this has been a considerable source of revenue to the business of the chairman and no doubt he gave good value to those who patronized him. But at the same time it does not appeal to the public as a purely proper proceeding for the chairman of the license commission to be supplying those in the trade with their stationery so entirely as he has been. The name of the successor to Mr. Knodell, if there is to be a successor, has been stated as Mr. E. J. Armstrong. Whether this is correct or not PROGRESS is not in a position to say but it is known that a year or two ago Mr. Armstrong was an applicant for the vacancy made by the appointment of Mr. Lockhart to the customs collectorship. Mr. Peter Clinch was elected then, however and it is understood that there are many applicants from the government ranks for the prospective job now.

Not a Happy Family.

The domestic affairs of Captain Dickson and his wife, have occupied some space in the newspapers this week, and it is quite probable that they will occupy still more, if this interesting couple does not agree to agree. The Captain wants the custody of his little daughter and Mrs. Dickson wants to retain the custody of her clothes. At the same time she is holding her daughter as some sort of collateral for their return. No doubt both of them want the child but even after their interview with the lawyer last week, during which they failed to agree, they had a squabble in their boarding house and the landlady in a flurry of excitement went into the corner grocery and hurriedly called for the police. Before the police arrived the angry husband had departed and all was quiet.

Government Appointments.

The vacancy in the post office has not yet been filled and many are still kept on the anxious seat. A friend of Mr. McDade's denies that the latter is after the position, but said he would not be surprised if that gentleman became a deputy minister. In what department however he was not proposed to say. Mr. McDade certainly deserves well of his party. He has been a hard and consistent fighter and his appointment to a lucrative position would be gratifying to his friends.

The Lustric Vote.

It was reported yesterday that the lunatic who escaped from the asylum, had been told that Mr. McKeown's bill had come in force and everyone had a vote. The poor unfortunate became so jubilant that he could not escape fast enough in order to get in his vote at the approaching election. The rumor cannot be confirmed. It is not known whether Mr. McKeown's bill includes lunatics or not, but probably it does. Dead men vote at elections and why shouldn't lunatics.

No Exhibition.

St. John will have no exhibition this year, and the reason given is that the Provincial government refuses to give a grant. It is to be regretted that the annual affair will not take place. It has been a good thing for this city and the province at large and it is thought by not a few that had the exhibition received the management that it deserved, it would have been able this year to be on such a basis, that the taking away of grants would not retard it.

HE WEARS AN UNIFORM.

Changes in Our Police Force—What Comes Next.

A very rapid course has been set in police circles since Fools Days set in. Proposed changes have been talked about, but no decisions arrived at; the old council has virtually decided to pass all its business over to the new (?) body. Among such business is that evolution of the 20th century law framing the "police regulations."

Since then many things have happened, for instance the effervescent and reliable policeman of the people, Patrick Killen, has been forced to don the homely helmet and suit of blue. Everybody in St. John knows "Pat," and his appearance on the street, this week in the brass buttons policeman denoted that something unusual had occurred, what that something was the public is still guessing at.

PROGRESS is far too modest to intimate that it knows what are the internal workings of that happy family on King street east.

Enough can be said, however, to inform the anxious taxpayers that in police circles something is afoot, and, in the language of comic opera, "He never will be missed." One policeman, more or less is nothing, but when it comes to placing genial night detective Killen inside of a uniform, the chief must have something hidden up his sleeve.

It is rumored that officer Amos has been suspended; however that is all conjecture, as the Chief has not sent forth any bulletin informing the public that such is the case.

Another instance going to prove that a policeman's lot is not a happy one is the application of Sergeant Kilpatrick for the position of superintendent of the Boys' Reformatory, rendered vacant by the sudden disappearance of the erstwhile "king" Mr. Bustin. It is true that the sergeant must think that the Superintendent's job is the best or he would not desire to leave the force, where the work is supposed to make one look like the proverbial alderman and seek a position in the house across the flats. Scarcely out of all this trying there must come some fat.

It is a well known and incontrovertible fact that the magistrate continually scores the police, and while the chief ignores such attacks the chief then in turn "roasts" the policemen. So the perpetual motion of discord goes on. The little Vesuvius opposite the graveyard will have another eruption ere long and everybody is wondering who will walk the plinky.

Baseball.

A correspondent wishes to know if St. John is to have any base ball clubs this summer. It is a little too early yet to answer such an important question. The grown up boy is too busy just now to think about it and the younger fry has not yet finished with his marbles.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Story of the theft and restoration of the Galtsborough portrait—Other choice miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, news of the week and other timely readings.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—Suicide and its Causes—Tragedies of life revealed at a coroner's office.
- PAGE 10.—The Russian student outbreak—Women incline their comrades to violence.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—"Declaration of that 'interlocking story' 'Lover and Husband'."
- PAGE 11.—A whole page devoted to Sunday readings—Many matters of interest.
- PAGE 12.—Meeting of the Extremes—A brief short story.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realm of fashion.
- PAGE 14.—Thousands of miles for a Murderer—The work of an American detective.
- PAGE 15.—The Check Dr.—A story of farm life.
- PAGE 16.—Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

A SATISFIED COMMUNITY.

Mayor Daniel and Twelve Aldermen Elected by Acclamation—Only two Elections to be Held.

Dr. Daniel has been re-elected mayor of St. John by acclamation. The announcement came as a surprise to people generally, for it had been quite well understood that ex-mayor Sears would be a candidate and was in the fight to the finish. At the last moment, however, Mr. Sears decided to withdraw and so His Worship had it all to himself. No one has been greatly disappointed at the result. The feeling was prevalent that the present incumbent of the



MAYOR DANIEL.

office should be given a second term, and no doubt no one realized this more than ex-mayor Sears himself, and the latter has lost no friends by his retirement. People as a rule like elections but the rule has its exception and the present instance forms one of those exceptions.

Dr. Daniel has, considering all things made a good chief magistrate and it has become a precedent in St. John that a mayor should be given a second term. Mr. Sears would probably have made a good fight, but the odds were heavily against his being successful. People have not only been satisfied with the way the mayor has fulfilled the duties of his office but judging from results the whole city council has met with hearty endorsement. When it is considered that twelve out of fifteen aldermen have been elected by acclamation there is only one of two conclusions to come to and that is, that either the ratepayers are fully satisfied with their present representatives or that they take very little interest in city matters.

PROGRESS would be very sorry to believe that the latter is the existing state of affairs for our city fathers represent vast interests and interests that are every one's own. At the same time it is to be regretted that there is not more interest taken in city matters, and if things do not go in the future just exactly right, the taxpayer has nobody to blame but himself. Not that the aldermen who have been elected are not good ones, and maybe the best that can be chosen, at the same time the apathy shown on all sides as to the result is most noticeable. At the least, wards might have meetings and rallies, the past actions of its representative and not let it appear that no one cares what has been done or who has done it.

Not a few think that since so many of the whole council was allowed to be elected without opposition that it might have been made unanimous. The presence of Dr. Smith in the field as alderman for Lansdowne and Mr. Wilson as alderman-at-large necessitates a contest and the loss of holding such an election, will amount to just as much as if every ward was contested. Such is one of the errors of the present voting system. No fault can be found with Dr. Smith or Mr. Wilson in seeking aldermanic honors. It is a free country and they have a perfect right to get all the glory that is possible to be found in it. If it is going to cost the city hundreds of dollars to find out whether they are worthy of public confidence or not the fault as has been said is not theirs, but the present system of electing aldermen. This is not the first time that Dr. Smith has been in the field, he has tried several

times to dethrone the veteran councillor Dr. Christie and on one occasion became nearly successful. Defeats, however, have not been discouraging to the doctor and he is ever ready to try again. His motto is evidently the same as the great Bruce's—"If at first you don't succeed try again."

Mr. Wilson was in last year's election, when he was unsuccessful, tried conclusions with Ald. Tully. In that contest Mr. Tully had a large majority and so Mr. Wilson thinks it better not to try Duke's ward again, but enters the larger field as a candidate as alderman at large.

The interest taken in the coming election is very small, and the vote will probably be anything but large. Whatever the result neglect disasters may be expected and St. John will continue along the even tenor of its way. We will still have our council meetings, our delegations to Ottawa and Fredericton, and the spending of the tax-payer's money. Mayor Daniel will have the opportunity of acting as host to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, should their Highnesses condescend to visit the metropolis of the Province, and all may rest contented and satisfied.

The Freshet.

The freshets have come and gone and people, particularly those living along the river have had their annual scare and that is about all. Every year when the ice begins to melt out the same telegraphic despatches appear in the paper telling what awful things are going to happen and how the water is just within a few inches of the greatest rise ever known and so forth. Then when the reading public has become thoroughly aroused and a great smash is looking certain there comes a great drop in water and excitement and everything runs smoothly as before. An old man said the other day "at sixty years ago, and that is as far back as he could remember, the same alarm was sounded and that the rivers rose when always within a few inches of what it had been some sixty years before. This goes to show that some stories never grow stale if they are dealt up at big intervals and seasoned with good sensational spice."

Thos. R. Jones.

Thos. R. Jones whose death occurred Wednesday morning adds another name to the long list of those who have passed away in recent years as a citizen well known in the streets of St. John. The greater part of his life was spent here and on account of his large business connections, formerly as a merchant and in later years as a banker, his acquaintanceship was large. He was always known as a man of strong opinions and had no weaknesses in expressing these opinions. As a legislative councillor his speeches were always characteristic of force, and many Frederictonians can tell today of the hot times that would often occur in old legislative council chamber when Thos. R. Jones was one of its leading members. He is one of the last of the old stalwarts.

A Big Gathering.

Those of the Masonic order, especially those in the higher ranks are looking forward to next August as being a great month in the history of the fraternity. In that month the Knight Templars from all over Canada are to meet in this city and the gathering it is expected will be a large and magnificent one. The order has a strong following in St. John and the entertaining of the visiting Knights will no doubt be on a grand scale. Senator Ellis is the head of the Templars of Canada and his friends are anxious that the good name of St. Johners be maintained as hosts and entertainers.

Church Has Confidence.

The past escapades of certain members of the legal profession, has had the effect of detracting from the reputation of the bar, that is so some think. The church, however, has confidence in lawyers. At the annual elections of the Anglicans on Monday last, no less than twelve lawyers are among those selected as church representatives; so there is a chance yet for lawyers to have good standing in the community.

Mar 20, by Rev D A Frame, Ainslie to Beattie Brown.
Feb 17, by Rev F Hickey, Michael to Minnie McGrath.
Mar 19, by Rev Scott L Hershey, William to Mary Macgregor.
Mar 18, by Rev Wm Brown, Charles W to Nellie Farrell.
Mar 18, by Rev D Drummond, Colin C McHenrietta Campbell.
Mar 21, by Rev Thos Fowler, Lewis to Libbie Terhune.
Mar 20, by Rev Wm Brown, William B to Mrs Susie Weldon.
Mar 20, by Rev A W Teed, Albert to Ella L Hamilton.
Mar 20, by Rev E P Calder, Howard to Helen Leard.
Mar 20, by Rev J W Freeman, Watson to Florence M Smith.
April 1, by Rev C W Hamilton, Chas E to Annie Lester Benson.
Mar 27, by Rev D Henderson, B Sc, Smith to Alice M Irving.
Mar 20, by Elder William Halliday, Nickerson to Bertha Sholes.
Mar 28, by Rev J W Goodwill, McDonald to Mrs MacArthur.
Mar 26, by Rev J A Huntley, W Cole to Mrs Annie M White.
Mar 20, by Rev Frank Wilkins, sales Maione to Edith M Prior.
Mar 27, by Rev Abram Ferry, Lonsbury to L Sarah Sheaves.
Mar 25, by Rev A W Teed, Heric Conners to Minnie Mvd Good.
Mar 21, by Rev L J Stang, Samuel Dyer to Martha Forper.

DIED.

- Reg Meagher.
- Mar 27, Mildred Daws.
- Mar 30, Mr. Thornton.
- Mar 16, James McPhar.
- Mar 13, Joseph Fielding.
- Mar 10, Annie McLeod, 63.
- Mar 7, Mrs. Keddy, 93.
- Mar 18, Annie Seide.
- Mar 27, Henry E. Cook, 55.
- Mar 24, Wylie E. King, 18.
- Mar 19, Mary E. Payzant.
- Mar 6, Geo Smith, 31.
- Mar 28, Marjorie White, 37.
- Mar 26, Maud Fletcher, 19.
- Mar 7, Ralph Farnsworth, 2.
- Mar 20, Malcolm McLeod, 70.
- Mar 27, George A. Roche, 58.
- Mar 18, Kate McDonald, 74.
- Mar 16, Hugh Richardson, 59.
- Mar 22, Harriet Landra, 72.
- Mar 16, Alex Smith, 70.
- Mar 21, Mattie Fraser, 8 mos.
- Mar 17, William Buckler, 82.
- Mar 16, Blanche Wetherbe, 4.
- Mar 14, Richard Churchill, 41.
- Mar 30, Elizabeth Short, 70.
- Mar 4, Margie Bell, Cameron, 6.
- Mar 21, Walter Martin, 44.
- Nov. last, John F Ward, 40.
- Mar 24, Ethel Maud Deo, 2 mos.
- Mar 18, Hannah Chase, 52.
- Mar 24, Charles J. Collins, 47.
- Mar 27, Eleanor Jane Hatfield, 87.
- Mar 30, James McLaughlin, 89.
- Mar 22, Geo. F. Robertson, 27.
- Mar 23, Michael C. Ahern, 69.
- Mar 6, Mrs. G. H. Windrow, 69.
- Mar 30, Margaret M. Dean, 6 mos.
- Feb. 12, Pycha B. Tolford, 58.
- Mar 15, Mrs. Angus McDowell, 15.
- Mar 27, William D. Forsdick, 44.
- Mar 18, Mrs. Samuel Doring, 69.
- Mar 18, Mrs. Richard Hutchinson, 92.
- Mar 15, Walter Dumore, 65.
- Mar 20, Clara Goodwin, 55.
- Mar 23, Dr. C. W. Smith, 43.
- Mar 24, Arthur R. Taylor, 25.
- Mar 25, Geo Dauphinee, 73.
- Mar 20, Marshall Reid, 64.
- Mar 20, Mary B. McDonald, C. B.

RAILROADS.

ADIAN PACIFIC

ER HOLIDAY CURSIONS.

TO THE PUBLIC

class fare for the round trip. Ticket-reen all stations Port Arthur and g April 13th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, until April 19th, 1901.

SCHOOL VACATION

and pupils on surrender of Standard on Certificates, tickets will be sold on and East at one way first round trip going March 28th, to return until April 16th, 1901, and West of Montreal at one way first round trip to one way first class and West of Montreal for the round trip 29th to April 6th, good to return 1901.

Colonial Railway

MONDAY Mar. 12th, 1901, trains (Sundays excepted) as follows:-

WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....7:40
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....12:35
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....16:00
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....17:00
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....22:15

WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....6:20
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....12:40
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....16:00
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....19:10
- Montreal via Chene, Campbellton, Pictou and Pictou.....24:45

run by Eastern Standard, times as notations.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.

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

Romance of the Gainsborough Portrait.

Never was romance written more alluringly than is the history that clings to the Gainsborough portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire, which has just been returned to its rightful owner, after having been in the possession of a thief for almost 25 years. As was told, C. Morland Agnew, with the precious canvas in his possession, sailed for Liverpool on the Etruria, of the Cunard line. Curiously enough, with Mr. Agnew on the ship was another passenger, a stranger to him, but who had in his possession \$125,000, a portion of the gold which had been paid for the return of the famous Gainsborough.

This man is none other than the thief who, in May, 1876, cut the picture from its frame and who has had it in his possession ever since. Interesting in its early history, the canvas, which has been known as the masterpiece of Thos. Gainsborough, has been a connecting link between the lives of scores of persons representing almost every walk of life.

An incident many years ago brought together two men, one a thief by profession, the other a man who has devoted his life to following the vagaries of Dame Fortune—a professional gambler—but one who has a world wide reputation as an honest man. The name of the thief has not yet been given for publication. The other was Patrick Sheedy, whose life, filled with adventure, has carried him into every country in the world.

Many years ago Sheedy, a much younger man than he is now, found himself deserted by luck, stranded in Chicago.

He came under the observation of a young man who had sat by his side during the long hours of a night spent in front of a faro table.

As Sheedy's luck had been bad the other's had been proportionately good. They had breakfast together, and after breakfast the more fortunate of the two said to his companion, whose name he had learned: "Mr. Sheedy, money is of little value to me. Here is \$500 which I want to lend to you. I have a presentiment that I am doing myself a greater favor than I am doing you, and that some time you will be able to repay me, and I am sure that when that time comes you will do so."

Sheedy took the money. What it profited him is not known even to himself. So often has he been buffeted by fortune that he has ceased to remember the ups and downs of his early life. But he always remembered the giver.

William Pinkerton, a brother of Robert, is western manager of the detective agency, and makes his headquarters in Chicago.

For a great many years he has been on terms of intimacy with Patrick Sheedy.

He heard of the story told by Reilly, and knew the name of the man in whose possession the picture was.

While at dinner with Mr. Sheedy in Chicago a few years ago William Pinkerton suggested that his friend was just the man to bring about the return of the canvas to the Agnews. Mr. Sheedy replied that he would keep his eyes open, and that if ever came across any one who could tell him about the picture or those who stole it he would do what he could to place the matter right.

It so happened that Patrick Sheedy one time found himself in Constantinople. While there he was visited by a mysterious Greek, who told him that a friend of Mr. Sheedy, who had heard of his arrival in the Turkish capital, was very anxious to see him. The Greek intimated that the friend of Mr. Sheedy was in trouble.

An investigation was made and Mr. Sheedy found that his friend was none other than the one who years before had lent him the \$500 after his disastrous experience at the faro table.

The wheel of fortune made a complete revolution. The man who had been Mr. Sheedy's benefactor had attempted to turn a little game of torgery in Constantinople, had been captured, convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, but after serving three weeks had escaped, only to fall into the hands of some brigands, who held him captive.

They demanded \$1500 for his release. This money was promptly paid by Mr. Sheedy who was glad of the opportunity to return the favor which had been granted to him.

The man who had been so successful at the faro bank at Chicago and who had the adventure in Constantinople is the same man who stole the picture from the art rooms in Bond street.

Relating his adventures, Mr. Sheedy told

that at last there was a prospect for the return of the canvas, which had been missing for twenty-five years, came over on the last western trip of the Etruria. With him was his wife, who is said to be an art connoisseur without a superior. Mr. Pinkerton vouched for Mr. Agnew for the integrity of Mr. Sheedy, and Mr. Sheedy vouched for his friend.

The \$5000 was placed in the hands of Mr. Sheedy, and he obtained possession of the picture, which was packed in the false bottom of a trunk. The transfer of the canvas to Mr. Agnew was made in the Auditorium hotel, in Chicago, on Wednesday of the week before last. It was carefully examined and all precautions were taken against a fraud. It is the understanding of those who know most of this transaction that \$10,000 of the reward was pressed upon Mr. Sheedy and accepted by him.

The Cause of Baldness.

The hair of the head was evidently intended by nature as a protection to the delicate brain substance, and it would no doubt answer this purpose admirably if it were given the opportunity, as we see it pervasively do in the case of savages, football players and others who need such protection little.

It is generally supposed that baldness, like gray hair, is a necessary accompaniment of advancing age, but this is only because the older a man is the more time he has had to neglect and abuse his hair, and so the more likely he is to have lost it.

Some men are more prone to baldness than others because of thinness of the scalp, which interferes with the proper blood-supply to the hair roots. This is often a family failing; but in such cases baldness might be prevented or postponed for many years by care. In a few instances the hair falls out as a result of some special disease, but for the great majority of men there is absolutely no reason why, if

properly treated, the hair should not last as long as the man.

The chief cause of baldness is pressure by the hat, which constricts the blood-vessels and so interferes with the nutrition of the hair bulbs. It is probable, also, that the shutting off of light and air by the hat helps the mischief. An unhealthy condition of the scalp results, the sign of which is a plentiful amount of dandruff.

There are many facts which go to prove the truth of this opinion. In the first place, women rarely become bald. They wear round the head like a man's hat. Then baldness is almost unknown among savages who wear no hats, and is comparatively uncommon with men in the tropics, where very light hats are worn.

Laborers are less prone to baldness than professional and business men. This has led to the belief that brain work favors baldness by withdrawing blood from the scalp, but this is only self flattery on the part of those who advance the theory. Laborers generally wear soft felt hats or caps, which are apt to be pushed to the back of the head so that the scalp gets plenty of light and air.

As further proof, we find that the baldest men usually have sufficient hair at the back and on the sides of the head below the hair line.

The inference is plain—wear a soft hat or none at all. If custom forbids this, then the best a city man can do is to wear his hat as little as possible, and never to keep it on in the house or office.

Audubon's Frogs.

As an agreeable variation from polite poultry keeping, raising frogs for the market is frequently brought forward as a vocation for young women who are obliged to be partially self supporting. There is nothing to be said against this way of earning money, and a valuable hint is contained in a little story, found in the Lexington

Leader, of the first venture in frog farming ever made in the United States.

Early in the last century, John J. Audubon, the great ornithologist, went down the Ohio river from Pennsylvania in a little steamer of his own, stopping at various points to secure specimens of little known birds, beautiful and accurate pictures of which afterward appeared in his fine work, 'Birds of America.'

While at Hendersonville, Kentucky, which he made his home for some time, he built a mill and proposed to raise frogs on a large scale, preparing for that purpose a pond about half a mile from the river.

The frogs multiplied wonderfully, and on warm summer evenings Audubon would sit under a tree near the pond, listening to the concert given by his stock, and calculating the amount of money he should derive from the sale of the grown frogs, which he purposed taking to the New Orleans market in his boat.

But one night, when the frogs were nearly grown, they heard the booming of bullfrogs in the Ohio. Their curiosity was aroused, and hopping out of the pond, they made their way to the river, into which they plunged and disappeared!

Thus ended the story of Audubon's frog farm. The moral for lady froggers to bear in mind is: Never count your frogs before they are sold.

Only in Self Defense.

An elderly woman who had brought up her children on the 'Go and see what Joe is doing and tell him to stop, and if he won't stop, whip him!' lines was talking with a young mother about her one hopeful, and it came out that he had been spared the rod.

"Do you mean to say that you never whip him?" exclaimed the elder woman.

"Never. That is—except in self defense," was the faltering reply.

Italy has four large battleships under construction.



HUNTING RABBITS.

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Music and The Drama

JOHNS AND UNDERSTONES.

The tickets for the concerts under the management of Mr F. G. Spencer, at the Opera House next week began Wednesday and a good sale is reported.

The music in the churches on Sunday was as a rule, of a nature in keeping with Easter, and in some cases of particular high order.

Rumor has it that Maurice Gran is contemplating an autumn opera in Paris this year with Jean De Reszke as leading singer.

The Winderstern Orchestra has returned to Europe after a tour of the United States. The tour was not as extended as was originally planned.

Arthur Beresford, the well known bass heard here under F. G. Spencer's management, will sail for England in June where he has several engagements.

Enrico Toselli, the young Italian pianist sailed for Europe last week after an extended American tour. He was heard in New York and many of the larger American cities.

Miss Brema has been engaged for the London Opera season at Covent Garden and will sing the part of Brerice in Villiers Stanford's new opera, "Much ado About Nothing."

Among the conductors for the London Musical Festival which begins April 28th, are Yasay, Saint Saens and Weingartner. Colonne, the famous conductor of Paris may also appear at one of these festival concerts.

Sir John Stainer died last week in London at the age of 61. Besides being famous as an organist he was one of the best church composers of the day.

"If She Would Only Return" is the title of a Story-Song the words and music of which were written by Claude H. Bellport, leading man of the Hermann Stock Company, now touring the provinces.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

McEwen, the hypnotist has been giving a series of entertainments at the Institute this week. Those who have witnessed them say they are wonderful.

The Heremann Stock company left here on Monday to begin a tour of Nova Scotia. Their repertoire includes some especially strong bills, and there are some very clever people in the roster.

Miss Marie Furlong is in Chicago. The grand production of The Christian which is to be given in that city begins on Monday next.

Edward R. Mawson will bring some very clever people to this city when he comes next month, and a repertoire of plays which ought to ensure success.

East Lynne is being given an elaborate revival in New York.

Mr. Arthur Boucher is the author of the new modern play just completed by Anthony Hope.

Basil Hoods new comedy 'Sweet and Twenty' is said to be a perfectly simple and innocent tale founded upon the love of two brothers for the same girl.

Molly of the Duke's is the name of the new piece by George R. Sims and Arthur Shirley. It suggests a theatrical piece on the familiar Nell Gwynne lines.

Rachel Noah was given a benefit in Boston on April 12. Miss Noah, herself will be in the cast of "The Weather-vane of Love" the piece chosen for the occasion.

Cecilia Loftus will succeed Virginia Harned as E. M. Sothern's leading lady next season, when Miss Harned goes starring in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Miss Loftus will appear with Mr. Sothern as

Ophelia in Hamlet and the leading female character in the other plays to be presented.

Isidore Rush who was Roland Reeds leading woman for several seasons plays the leading role in John J. McNally's farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Central Park."

Forbes Robertson will begin his spring season in London with a piece called "Counte Lexma. The author of it is A. N. Homer, but the work has been revised by a more experienced stage hand.

Edward H. Kelly has acquired Terry's theatre in London and will reproduce there this week the English version of "The Lion Hunters," Miss Mina Boucicault whose recent work in Paileron's play was much praised will play Suzanne.

"Arizona," "The Royal Family" "The Gay Lord Quex" and several other popular successes have been elaborately travestied by Weber and Fields at their New York music hall, this season, and they are a little puzzled as to which of these diverting parodies they shall present in Boston. It has been suggested that the decision be left to popular vote.

In the cast of W. B. Yeats fairy play "The Land of Heart's Desire" which is to precede. "In a Balcony" which Mrs Le Moynes gave in Boston on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, appears the name of Nora O'Brien, together with some well known names. The scene of this play is laid in County Sligo, Ireland, at the end of the eighth century and the characters are supposed to speak Gaelic.

Sir Henry Irving has brought his provincial tour in England to a most successful close. It has been brilliantly prosperous from start to finish and in several cities has broken all previous records. After a brief rest he will devote all his energies to his approaching revival of "Coriolanus," which will be seen in New York next autumn. Should he begin his London season a little earlier than was arranged, it is possible that he may begin it with a revival of one of his earlier Shakespearean productions.

Mr. Haddon Chambers new play "The Awakening" has proved less successful in London than was expected, and it will soon be withdrawn to make room for H. V. Esmond's new piece "The Wilderness." This is described as a comedy of modern manners, with a strain of seriousness running through it. The action of the first and last acts takes place in London and of the second in the country. Each act has a descriptive label attached to it, starting with "The Night," which is succeeded by "The Darkest Hour before the Dawn," and that again by "The Day."

"Very clever, but of no practical account," seems to be the verdict of the London critics upon Mr. Zangwill's new three-act comedy, "The Revolted Daughter," which has just been tried at a special matinee performance. An heiress, who has broken down her health by over-exertion in the effort to regenerate the slums, unconsciously becomes the rival of a "new woman," Sophia Twick, M. A., for the love of a certain visionary young professor. The "new woman" undertakes to secure the prize by doing the love-making herself, but the professor resists her advances, and the result is a battle royal between the two women, which is said to be the one dramatic moment in the play. One critic says: "Every character comes on to talk, remains to talk, and almost invariably goes off talking. The gist of what is said has all been heard before, in the days when the woman with an unsatisfactory past, a doubtful present, and no future well-nigh monopolized our stage; but the endless conversations are relieved by the outspokenness of one level-headed man, one dramatic scene, and many witty lines."

"L'Aiglon," the latest dramatic masterpiece from the pen of Edmond Rostand, is announced as the bill for the first week of the fortnight's engagement of Sarah Bernhardt and Constant Coquelin at the Boston theatre, beginning Monday evening, April 15. Mme. Bernhardt will be seen as the Duke of Reichstadt, that heir for whom Napoleon longed so fiercely that he divorced Josephine to espouse Marie Louise, and Coquelin in the roll of the old grenadier. It is said that Rostand had the great comedian in mind when he drew this role of Flambeau, but Coquelin did not act it until a short time ago, when he appeared in New York city with Sarah Bernhardt. A large organization of minor actors and superannuaries, a superb production as to the scenic aspect and artistic stage management is thorough keeping with the importance of enterprise are promised. The Bernhardt-Coquelin repertory also embraces such other famous plays as "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Camille," "La Tosca," "Frou-Frou" and "Hamlet." In the last Mme. Bernhardt plays the title role, and M. Coquelin that

of a grave digger. The seat sale will open next Monday morning at nine o'clock at the box office of the Boston theatre.

In an interview accorded the Boston Transcript this week, Sadie Martinot says among other things:

"It was by an odd coincidence that I am now in the part of Sappho. Three or four years ago it occurred to me that a good play could be made from Daudet's novel, and I commissioned Lorimer Stoddard to make a dramatization of the play for me. I was utterly unconscious that Miss Nethercole had done the same thing to Clyde Fitch. My piece was perhaps two-thirds finished when the announcement was made that there would be another production in the field, and with a little sigh I gave up, as I supposed forever, the possibilities of playing Fanny Le Grand. I was sorry, for the part was a fascinating one, and I was anxious to prove that I could do more serious work than the comedies and frivolous characters with which I had been associated by circumstances. Then the illness of Miss Nethercole came this year, and her brother, to my great surprise, asked me if I would take her place for the remainder of the season. And so I play Sappho, after all. How do the two Sapphos differ? Very little in essential details. By a queer coincidence my idea was to have the play open with the ballroom scene, as the present version does, but then we had an act in the south of France which gave a somewhat lighter tone to the first part of the piece and by its comedy relieved the somewhat sombre monotone of the piece. Possibly you remember that the dramatization which was made for Mme. Rejane and which she played here once at the Tremont also had this country scene. However, the omission has a distinct advantage in one respect, and there is no relaxation of the tense development of the personality of hero or heroine. Otherwise our two versions were much the same, and it was not much of a change to prepare for 'Sappho' even if it were not my 'Sappho.'"

"One thing that has grieved me more than anything else is the fault that has been found with one of my dresses. Ever since I have been playing in Boston, I have been criticised by papers and by friends for the untidy dress that I wear in the third act. My only reply is 'read the story.' It is art, not laziness, that makes that dress have its neglected appearance. You see that Fanny had already got into a careless way of living, and she cared less than ever for her personal appearance, and the result was that the frayed edges, gaping seams and general untidiness were just what Daudet depicted. Consequently I had to take a Worth gown and work on it—actual hard work to get it in condition to satisfy my idea of the art. Goodness knows that any woman wants to look pretty when she is on the stage, and she will not wear a dress that looks as if it were going to drop to pieces unless that is one of the requirements of the proper conception of the character."

The Salvation Army Watching Major Winchell's Experiment With Interest.

At the Salvation Army Headquarters in Fourteenth street they smile indulgently over Major Winchell's experiment in play-acting. No plays are being put on in any of the New York barracks, however, and there are no signs of a dramatic outpouring to come.

Major Winchell has the field to himself at present and it looks as if, in a quiet way, the headquarters people will see that he isn't hampered with rivals. At the same time they are going to let him work at his scheme long enough to show whether it is really the good one he is dead sure it is.

The Major had had an idea for a long time that the stage could be used as well as abused. He thought that the ordinary drama was an abuse of the stage all right enough; so he set out to use it for the glory of God and the salvation of mankind. He wrote three plays: 'The New Home-stead,' 'The Frise Fight of Life,' and 'Jonah.' The first of these deals with life in one of the Salvation Army's colony settlements out west. The one about Jonah doesn't seem to be so well known at headquarters, but it is by no means improbable that Major Winchell will try to be as realistic as possible in the matter of the whale.

The Major has always been more or less original. Several years ago he burned the devil in public by way of 'featuring' some of his meetings. Another time he was going to startle Philadelphia with a modern Daniel in the Lion's den. He had his cage of lions all right and he had his Daniel; a former animal trainer, whom he

fondly believed he had converted. The lions and the Major and the Philadelphia were on hand for the ceremony but Daniel had got mixed up with an overdose of tanglefoot and the lions roared for him in vain. A good many people thought that the Major ought to have done the Daniel act himself, but he had the deciding voice and he cast his vote against casting his lot in with the wild beasts.

All of this shows that the Major has the real artistic temperament. He's nothing if not dramatic. He's what they call indulgently in the army 'a great old Winchell'.

'He is unquestionably very much in earnest in this new scheme,' said a Headquarters officer, 'and we will let him show what there is in it. We have relieved him of his command and he is now free to do what he wants to.'

'Was the act of relieving him of his own command in any sense a mark of disapproval?'

'Not at all. He simply could not look after both lines of work and we have left him free now to follow the line his heart was set on.'

'Then the army approves of the plan?'

'I don't want to say that. And neither do I say that we disapprove of it. But we shall not endorse it or take it up until we are convinced that it is a good thing for the Army and for the world. Major Winchell has been visiting the Illinois towns with a company formed of his own soldiers. I believe they are meeting with success. If the idea was followed here it would be with another company. But that possibility is too vague now to be worth discussing.'

'What is the attitude of the Army to ward the theatre?'

'We are not against the play, but against the associations. Of course, we disapprove heartily of many plays that are put on. But I daresay the influence of some of them is good. Still, even in those cases we don't approve of the surroundings, of the general atmosphere, of the associations. As for making our own use of the theatre, I'm not at all sure it will be advisable. Many of our people are strait-laced and would object to anything of the sort.'

'Wouldn't it be a good thing to furnish your own people with entertaining plays whose influence would be good? Don't they need amusement?'

'Well,' said the officer, 'they don't seem to need it. When it comes to happiness there's nothing in the world that can equal the joy of hearing somebody say you've helped to save his soul. So long as we soldiers have that happiness we don't seem to be pining for amusement. Still, we'll let the Major show what his idea is worth.'



PROGRESS.

Some time ago there was a notable automobile procession in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. It was notable for its size, and also for the fact that it was entirely composed of automobiles wagons (like that in the cut above), built to distribute the advertising literature of the World's Dispensary Medical Association, proprietors and manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. In many a town and village Dr. Pierce's automobile has been the pioneer horseless vehicle. These wagons, sent to every important section of the country, are doing more than merely advertise Dr. Pierce's Remedies—they are pioneers of progress, heralds of the automobile age.

And this is in keeping with the record made by Dr. Pierce and his famous preparations, which have always kept in the front on their merits. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is still the leading medicine for disorders and diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive systems, and for the purifying of the blood and healing of weak lungs. Women place Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in the front of all put-up medicines specially designed for women's use. The wide benefits this medicine has brought to women have been well summed up in the words "It makes weak women strong and sick women well."

The reputation of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as a safe and effective laxative for family use is international. It may be asserted without fear of contradiction that no other firm or company engaged in the vending of put-up medicines can rank with the World's Dispensary Medical Association, either in the opinion of the medical profession or of the intelligent public. The Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, which is connected with the "World's Dispensary," is alone sufficient to prove this supremacy. Here is a great modern hospital, always filled with patients, where every day successful operations are performed on men and women whose diseases demand the aid of surgery. No hospital in Buffalo is better equipped, with respect to its modern appliances, or the surgical ability of its staff. Dr. R. V. Pierce, the chief consulting physician of this great institution, has associated with himself nearly a score of physicians, each man being a picked man, chosen for his ability in the treatment and cure of some special form of disease.

The offer that Dr. Pierce makes to men and women suffering with chronic diseases of a free consultation by letter, is really without a parallel. It places without cost or charge the entire resources of a great medical institute at the service of the sick. Such an offer is not for one moment to be confounded with those offers of "free medical advice" which are made by people who are not physicians, cannot and do not practice medicine, and are only saved from prosecution by artfully wording their advertisements so that they give the impression that they are physicians without making the claim to be licensed.

Those who write to Dr. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., may do so with the assurance that they will receive not only the advice of a competent physician, but the advice of a physician whose wide experience in the treatment and cure of disease, and whose sympathy with human suffering leads him to take a deep, personal interest in all those who seek his help and that of his associate staff of specialists.

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser (in paper covers), 1008 pages, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, or 50 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to pay expenses of customers at mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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E. F. Brown

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets—the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

first venture in frog farming in the United States.

In the last century, John J. Henderson, a great ornithologist, went to Pennsylvania in search of his own, stopping at a place where he secured specimens of the beautiful and accurate frog which afterward appeared in the "Birds of America."

Hendersonville, Kentucky, was his home for some time, and he proposed to raise frogs, preparing for that purpose about half a mile from the town.

He multiplied wonderfully, and in the evening Audubon would come near the pond, listening to the croaking of his stock, and calculating the amount of money he should receive from the sale of the grown frogs, and the profit taking to the New England market.

One night, when the frogs were croaking, they heard the booming of a cannon in Ohio. Their curiosity was piqued, and they jumped out of the pond, they went to the river, into which they disappeared!

The story of Audubon's frog farm is a moral for lady froggers to be careful: Never count your frogs until they are sold.

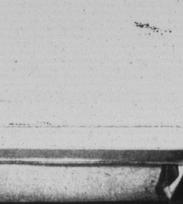
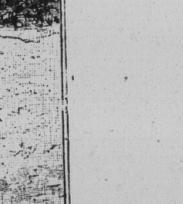
ly in self defense.

A woman who had brought up on the "Go and see what Joe" told him to stop, and if he didn't stop, she was talking to her mother about her own hopelessness.

mean to say that you never claimed the elder woman.

at is—except in self defense, being reply.

four large battleships under



PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 13.

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

RISEN FROM ITS RUINS.

Perhaps no more remarkable instance of rapid recovery from almost total wreck was ever known than that of Galveston, destroyed in the terrible flood of last September. Its dwelling houses had been swept away, and many of its most substantial commercial buildings were injured beyond repair. Seventeen million dollars' worth of its property was wasted at a stroke, and six thousand of its inhabitants were slain. Yet the hapless island town found courage after the storm and determined to live.

In seven days the railway bridge to the mainland, broken by the furious sea was repaired and open to travel, and less than six months after the disaster not only all the railway tracks, but the wharves, elevators and warehouses had been rebuilt, larger and better and more in number than before; and the surviving Islanders are housed in more than a thousand comfortable dwellings.

The terrible relics of the September tragedy have been cleared away, and industry, trade and hopeful activity of every kind are once more making busy days. A nation's sympathy and contributions have helped the people, but no less the brave, swift recovery of this stricken city is a notable example of American recuperative energy and pluck. It gives the lie to the proverbial inertia of southlanders.

Plans for the future safety of the island are already forming, and will be put into effect as soon as the more immediate needs are provided for.

A sea wall may be built, or more probably, a general filling in of the land, raising the surface five or six feet, will place the new city beyond the reach of a flood from the gulf. One of its local newspapers courageously says: 'Difficulties present the opportunities for great achievements, and out of the depths Galveston is struggling to her former position, and learning strength.'

SUBMARINE BOATS.

The British naval estimates for 1901-2 call for more than one hundred and fifty million dollars, mostly for ship building. The building program is headed with three battle ships and six armored cruisers; but the most interesting feature of it is the provision for five submarine boats of the Holland type.

France has already forty submarine boats of what is believed to be an interior type. The United States owns the original Holland boat, which is under experiment at Annapolis, and six more are building, probably to be delivered in July. But the British admiralty has hitherto held a very conservative attitude toward this class of war-ship, an attitude which Germany still maintains.

Yet it need not be very expensive for any nation to experiment. A submarine boat costs only about as much as an ordinary torpedo-boat. Although one might argue that she lacks the torpedo-boat's sea-going capacity, the obvious answer is that she does not need it. The first duty of submarine craft would be to protect harbors and to fight off blockading ships.

The "moral effect" produced by a submarine boat is worth more than the boat costs. At the time of the Newport maneuvers last year it was shown that the Holland—although watched for—could have torpedoed three ships without being discovered. Had they been hostile ships, imagine the panic helplessness of their

crowns in the presence of such an enemy. It is the danger that cannot be faced, foreseen or guarded against that turns otherwise brave men into cowards and decides the result of battles.

The Simonds Election.

Whether Lee, Horgan and McLeod or Lee, Horgan and Moore will represent Simonds at the Municipal Council board remains to be seen on the sixteenth of the month. Mr. Moore and Mr. McLeod are both new aspirants for civic honors and will have no doubt a considerable following but Mr. James Bowes is also a candidate and may surprise both of the other candidates while Mr. Quinlan will no doubt secure some of the votes that would go otherwise to Messrs Horgan or Lee.

It Makes a Difference.

It is quite plain to see that the aldermen had an easy time this election. The North End memorial fountain bazaar says, that the Mayor and Ald. Hilyard were the only City Fathers to attend the affair. A different story might be told had our aldermen been seeking the popular vote.

Much Might Have Happened.

When tigers are really at large in England, says the London Chronicle, there are no newspaper paragraphs about the fact. The secret is firmly held. At Clifton there is a delightful zoo.

It was discovered one morning that a tiger had escaped from its cage during the night. It was the day of a children's fete at the zoo. A hasty search of the grounds was instituted, but no tiger was found. Then the superintendent decided to keep his own counsel and trust to luck for it seemed as if the tiger had sealed the walls and was in the open country.

Thousands of children romped in the gardens during the day, and cried 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' as the fireworks gleamed in the night. All the evening they played and sauntered about among trees and in shaded alleys and dark corners, and then everybody went home, tired and happy.

In the early dawn there was another search for the tiger; and in the corner of a disused monkey house was found the 'moon' arch of the jungle, still trembling from freedom and fireworks.

His keepers threw a handkerchief about his neck, and he meekly allowed himself to be led back to the grateful safety of his cage. But many things might have happened during that late day.

A Lost Specimen.

A collector of specimens needs to guard them in more than one way, especially if he is in the midst of wild life like that of the Sudan.

Stanley Flower, says the London Outlook, is curator of the museum at Cairo, and also has charge of a thousand square miles of the Sudan, to prevent the extermination of wild life there.

On one of his expeditions he secured from the district of Omdurman, with great trouble, a rare specimen of turkey. It was a great find and he sent it back to his quarters at Khartum in charge of an Arab, with every minute directions as to its custody.

When he returned to camp somewhat later he found that dinner was not ready, and after waiting some time asked for an explanation.

'Very sorry, sir,' said the servant, 'but the turkey was late in coming, and it's so fine a bird we don't want to spoil it in the cooking.'

A Judge Judged.

John Marshall day has brought out a flood of anecdotes about the great Chief Justice of the United States. The World's Work relates that once, as the judge was travelling toward Raleigh, North Carolina in a stick, gig, his horse went off the road and ran over a sapling, so tilting the vehicle that it could move neither to the right nor to the left.

'As the judge sat thinking up a way out of his dilemma an old negro came along. 'Old marster,' said he, 'what fer you don't back your horse?'

The jurist thanked him for the suggestion backed the horse, and promising to leave a dollar at the inn for the good advice, went on his way.

The negro called at the inn, and found the dollar awaiting him. He took it, looked at it and said: 'He was a gent'man for sho, but—tappin his forehead significantly—he didn't have much in here.'

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Your attention in your house will soon be drawn to the above articles and knowing as you do our splendid facilities for handling them, we sincerely trust you will not forget Ungar's Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 868.

Military officials at Algiers are anxious over the absence of all news from Gen. Serviere, operating on the Moroccan border, whose whereabouts is unknown.

YERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Old Rail Fence.

In the me... days of boyhood when we never knew a care Greater than the mumps or measles or a mother's cat of hair. When a sore toe was a treasure and a s' mbrace on the heel F'lected the other boys with envy which they tried not to conceal, There were many treasured objects on the farm we held most dear, Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in, and the old spring cold and clear; Over there the woods of hick'ry and oak so deep and dense, Looming up behind the outlines of the old rail fence.

On it rails the quails would whistle 't the summer months Calling to their hiding fellows in the field of waving corn, And the shadow larks and robins on the stakes would sit and sing, Till forest-shades behind them with their melody would ring, There the calbird and the jaybird sat and called each other names, And the squirrels 'nd the chipmunks played the chase and ca'ch me gam's, And the garter snake was often in unpleasant evidence In the grasses in the corners of the old rail fence.

As we grew to early manhood when we thought the country girls, In the diadem of beauty were the ve. r faintest pearls On from spellin' school or mee'n' or jolly shuckin' bet, Down the lane we would wander with a merry l'rie 'nd On the plea of being tired (just the country lover lie), On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moonlight she and I, And we'd paint a picture touched with colors most As we sat there in the corner of the old rail fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we were sitting hand in hand, Up so near the gate of heaven we could almost hear the band, When she heard a declaration whispered in her 'liling ear— One she often since has told me she was mighty glad to hear, On my head there's now a desert fringed with foliage of gray, And there's many a thread of silver in her dear old hair, Yet the flame of love is burning in our bosoms as intense As it burned in the corner of that old rail fence.

Happy Matches.

Say, mighty I, ve, and teach my song, To whom my sweetest joys belong, And who the Happy pairs, Who give yielding hearts and joining hands, Find blessing twined in their bands, To solten all their cares? Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains, That thoughtless fly into the chains, Or the dear bondage bliss; If there be bliss without desire, I've and oaks may grow and twine And be as bliss as they.

Not wordly souls of earthy mould, Who draw by kindred charms of gold To dull embraces made; So two rich mountains of Peru May with to wealthy marriage, too, And make a world of Love, Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms, None of the melting passions warm, Can miracle hearts and hands, Loos of green wood that quench the coals Are married just like stone souls, With osters for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain, Still silent or that still complain, Can the dear bondage bliss; As well may heavenly concerts spring From two old lutes with ne'er a string, Or none besides the lute.

Nor can the soft enchantress hold Two jarring souls of angry mould, The rugged and the keen, Samson's young locks might as well, In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell With throbbrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel letters bind A gentle to a savage mind, For love abhors the sight, Loose the fierce tiger from the deer, For native rage and native fear His and forbid delight, Two hundred souls alone must meet, 'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet, And feeds their mutual loves, Bright Venus on her rolling throne Is drawn by gentlest birds alone, And Cupid's yoke the Doves.

The Gladiator.

Arms stretched out like a Roman god, Legs of steel all bare— My sweat-streaked tunic through the long deep night With the lion and the bear, Elephants chained to his bed post, Reiter strapped to his chair; And all the animals of the ark Are browsing everywhere, Fairies about the scenes of sleep, Whicher moves the air; The moonlight climb o'er Storm King's cliffs And glints his golden hair.

The sun climbs over Crow's nest, The long deep night is done— The young Olympian rouses And the world is full of fun.

When Father Files His Saw.

When father starts to file his saw, As he has to do, There is a rush for other spheres Until he gets all through, My ma she goes across the street, Altho' it's cold and raw; And slater takes her sewing out When father files his saw.

The cat jumps of the kitchen mat And straightens neck and tail; And Towser, though he's somewhat deaf, Sets up a dismal wail, And soon he follows all the rest With fleetness in his paw; For naught can stand that awful pitch When father files his saw.

When father files his saw it seems As though my time was near; And when he says, "Young man, sit still!" Life holds me nothing dear. I wish he were a minister, Or counsellor at law, Or something else so he'd ne'er have To file another saw.

He Deserved a Medal.

Towne—Did you ever hear Borem telling a story? Isn't he tiresome? Browne—Yes, but he has one good point that is really remarkable. Towne—What's that? Browne—He's the only poor storyteller I ever knew who, in telling an Irish story, would admit that he couldn't imitate the brogue.

Ontario Re-elected Gans, Splint, Forjort, et al, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

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

News of the Passing Week

General Botha has reopened negotiations with Kitchener for peace.

Hon. Thos. R. Jones died at St. John Tuesday evening, aged 76.

A serious rebellion has broken out in the province of Mongolia, China.

The Russell theatre, Ottawa, was destroyed by fire Tuesday morning.

Hon. Mr. Blair was unable to attend at the banquet to be given him at Toronto Monday night.

Ex-Gov. Powers of Houlton, Me., has been elected to Congress in place of C. A. Boutelle, resigned.

The mayor and twelve of the fifteen aldermen of St. John were elected by acclamation this week.

Thos. Carroll, who was probably the oldest resident of the Ottawa district, is dead at the age of 105 years.

Four steamships have been chartered to sail from St. John, N. B., this month, and four next month, laden with hay for South Africa.

A big pulp and paper mill is to be built on Tunnel Island, at the outlook of the Lake of the Woods. Ontario capitalists are interested.

The heavy freshets in the early part of the week carried away the C. P. R. bridge, and damaged the railway and passenger bridges at Fredericton.

Judge Burbidge has given judgement for the plaintiff for \$99,000 in the suit of the Canadian government against the British American Bank note.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has decided to adopt the standard system of time on its road and the order has been issued to that effect by the management.

The catholic archbishops and bishops of Canada have addressed to the King of England, through the agency of Cardinal Vaughan, a memorial dealing with the oath of accession and asking to have its provisions insulting to catholics eliminated.

Edward Blake has ceased to be a member of the firm of Blake, Lash & Cassels, Toronto, with which he has been connected for over forty years. Mr. Blake will continue by himself to practice before the privy council and elsewhere, as he has done since he took up his residence in England.

Frank Whitten and John Auburn, young men of St. Catharines, Ont., fought a duel with knives on Sunday. Whitten stabbed Auburn twice first in the breast and then in the abdomen. Both wounds are serious. Auburn is in the hospital. His chances for recovery are very slight. Whitten is under arrest.

Large and excited anti-clerical meetings at Malaga, Corunna and elsewhere have passed resolutions demanding that the government expel the religious orders in Spain. At Corunna the manifestants paraded, shouting "down with the Jesuits" and "down with the convents." They stoned the Jesuit's college and the offices of the clerical newspapers.

The New York Herald says: Mystery no longer envelops the identity of the man who stole the Gainsborough portrait of the duchess of Devonshire from the art rooms of Wm. Agnew & Sons in London. The police say the man who took the picture is Adam Worth. Time, however, has outlawed the crime and though Worth is well known to the Scotland Yard authorities and to the police of this country, he has no fear of prosecution.

Chancellor Boyd and Mr. Justice McMahon on Tuesday gave judgment in the Nipissing dominion election case in which J. B. Klock, conservative candidate, sued for the seat on the ground that Sheriff V. in had conspired with others to delay the election and so promote the return of Mr. McCool, liberal candidate. The judges dismissed the case on the statement made that the election was properly postponed. Chancellor Boyd said it was unnecessary to prosecute the trial further to unearth a vague conspiracy hinted at. Its presence or absence would not affect the election. The costs in the case so far

were given against Mr. Klock, the petitioner.

Lord Salisbury is at Baulieu, France.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is reported critically ill.

Mr. Kruger is at Hilversum, near Amsterdam.

Danger from freshets in New England states has passed.

Premier Roblin has withdrawn his libel suit against the Winnipeg Free Press.

An Austrian explorer proposes to reach the North Pole with a sub-marine boat.

In the Dewsbury colliery, York county, England, a thousand miners are on strike.

Aginaldo is sending a surrendered general to urge the surrender of other generals.

Donald Todd, found guilty of manslaughter at Winnipeg, gets two years' imprisonment.

Import duties for Vladivostok have been raised on all American iron, machinery and steel.

J. P. Downey, of the Guelph Herald, is the choice of South Wellington Conservatives for the Legislature.

The German cruiser Hansa has been ordered to Melbourne to take part in the festivities attending the reception of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York.

Fire destroyed the Gifford mill and Irving box factory in Salem, Mass., Sunday morning, entailing a loss of about \$50,000. Help was summoned from Beverly, Peabody and Lynn. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

Gov. Allen of Porto Rico, after an hour's conference with the President in Washington, announced that he would return to Porto Rico about the first of May. He will continue as governor of the island at the request of the President.

At the services of the Congregation of Syrian Greek Orthodox church held in New York Sunday, it was announced that Czar Nicholas II of Russia has given 2,000 roubles or about \$1,000 toward the building fund of the church which is soon to be erected on Warren street in Brooklyn.

Fifteen hundred pounds of dynamite were used by the authorities of Santiago Du Cuba, Saturday afternoon, in blotting out the forward superstructure of the sunken U. S. collier Merimac which has long impeded the entrance to the harbor. The explosion was plainly heard in the city five miles away.

A meeting of the Investment company, Limited, was held at Montreal on Tuesday when it was decided to liquidate the affairs of the company, liquidation being placed in the hands of the National Trust company. Colton of Quebec, and Ball of Woodstock, were appointed inspectors. It is thought that the securities will be sufficient to pay the shareholders in full.

The unexpected return of the Russian squadron dwarfed the importance of all other events in the programme at Nice on Tuesday. The news is on the lips of everyone in Paris and joy is expressed by both the public and the press. The nationality of this gratification shows that great numbers of Frenchmen had treated with skepticism the explanation that the withdrawal of the squadron was simply due to a desire not to be politically identified with the Franco-Italian demonstration.

Capt Charlie Ross, who succeeded Major "Gat" Howard, in a letter to Col Sherwood, Ottawa, tells how Major Howard was killed. It is as follows: Derby, S. A., Feb. 18.—"Yesterday while the corps was out reconnoitering, Major Howard, accompanied by his orderly, was a couple of miles in advance of the corps, and was ambushed by about sixty Boers, who immediately deprived them of arms, ammunition and valuables, and then brutally shot the two of them down in cold blood. This happened on the borders of Swaziland. Their remains were brought into camp today and were buried with due honors."

She—Men have one fault in common. He—What is it, pray? She—When a man happens to say a good thing he invariably repeats it over and over again.



There were gatherings during reported as past. To the young happiest events Mrs. H. H. McLean street. Although gentlemen were chiefly been con McLean, Over and it is safe to attendance. A bent on enjoyments and com their entertain ing hostess and daughter, Miss the evening, the dining room being music was furnished dance program of the guests had occasion. Supp The table was huc cent flowers and drawing rooms lights, flowers a sinner, while t were much adm Some very c ladies. Mrs. M black silk gree bouquet of crim Little Miss Blis med with chiffon

The closing m club was held much pleasure winter months a garlanded next The members Mrs. E. H. Pyne Miss Elsie Bold Misses Barnaby Miss Nellie Mc Miss Lou McMi Mr. Fraser, Mr. Len Shaw, Mr. Ambroy Mr. S. Fowler, Mr. Fred Allison Mr. Louis Br Mr. Stair, Mr. D. Stely,

At 4 o'clock the H. H. McLean will be 'at home' to h and dainty refreshments given promi pleasant.

Mrs. F. H. Armat invitations for an on Germain street

The parlor enco Bullock, German an immense succe programme was th number present.

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Mrs. D. F. Chis friends in Boston. Miss Hortense Spangfield Mass. home here. She her parents Mr. a her to that city.

Mrs. Wilmore's were among the S and the following: Miss Mary Inch where she had be with friends.

Mr. E. Ryan, w University, spent

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BAKING POWDER

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There were quite a number of pleasant festive gatherings during the week, all of which have been reported as passing off splendidly.

To the young people in particular one of the very happiest events of the week was the dance given by Mrs. H. H. McLean at her residence on Howe street. Although quite a few married ladies and gentlemen were present still the guest list had chiefly been confined to the friends of Lieut. Weldon McLean. Over one hundred invitations were issued and it is safe to say that the number were in attendance. A merry gathering of young people bent on enjoying to the full extent the many amusements and comforts which had been provided for their entertainment. Mrs. McLean makes a charming hostess and with the assistance of her young daughter, Miss Elsie, was ever busy looking after the comfort of her guests.

Dancing was, of course, the principal feature of the evening, the large drawing room and also the dining room being used for this purpose. Excellent music was furnished by Harrison's orchestra. The dance programs were daintily arranged and many of the guests have saved them as souvenirs of the occasion. Supper was served at quite a late hour. The table was handsomely decorated with crimson cut flowers and ferns. The reception room and drawing rooms were ablaze with pretty colored lights, flowers and ferns arranged in an artistic manner, while the many cozy little sitting places were much admired and no doubt much appreciated. Some very elaborate gowns were worn by the ladies. Mrs. McLean wore a beautiful dress of black silk gresdine entraine, with a large corsage bouquet of crimson flowers and diamond ornaments. Little Miss Elsie a dainty costume of cream trimmed with chiffon and ribbon.

The closing meeting of the young people's club was held this week. The club has afforded much pleasure to the members during the long winter months and will in all probability be reorganized next season.

The members of the club are: Miss Ella Payne, Miss Gladys Campbell, Miss Elsie Holden, Miss Mary Inchee, Misses Barnaby, Miss G. McLaughlin, Miss Nellie McAvity, Miss Smith, Miss Lou McMillan, Miss Hegan, Miss Arnaud, Mr. P. Holden, Mr. Len Shaw, Mr. Guy Robinson, Mr. Andrew Schofield, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. S. Fowler, Mr. B. Sturdee, Mr. Fred Allison, Mr. Viets, Mr. Louis Brice, Mr. W. Beer, Mr. D. Staly, Mr. George Robertz, Mr. Roy Thomson.

At 4 o'clock this afternoon the residence of Mrs. H. H. McLean will be again a scene when she will be 'at home' to her numerous lady friends. Tea and dainty refreshments will be served and the affair gives promise of being most successful and pleasant.

Mrs. F. H. Arnaud has issued a large number of invitations for an 'at home' at her pretty residence on Germain street on next Tuesday afternoon.

The parlor concert held at the residence of Mrs. Bullock, Germain street, on Tuesday evening was an immense success. The pleasing and excellent programme was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present.

Mrs. J. V. (Senator) Ellis entertained quite a number of ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Monday evening. The table decorations were very pretty consisting chiefly of lilies and other cut flowers emblematic of the Easter season.

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm is paying a short visit to friends in Boston.

Miss Hortense Heath who has been at school in Springfield, Mass. spent the Easter holidays at her home here. She returned to Boston on Tuesday her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Heath accompanied her to that city.

Mrs. Wetmore Merritt and Mrs. Fred Harding were among the St. John people who spent Easter and the following holidays in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Mary Inchee has returned from St. Stephen where she had been spending the festive season with friends.

Miss Josephine Troop and her cousin, Miss Killam of Yarmouth were passengers on steamer Lake Ontario, sailing from this port on Friday direct to England.

Mr. E. Ryan, who has been studying at the N. B. University, spent Easter with relatives in the city.

The grand concert to be given on next Monday and Tuesday evenings will no doubt be liberally patronized by our music loving public.

While staying in St. John Mr. Tom Daniel will be the guest of his uncle and aunt, Mr and Mrs J. S. Climo.

Miss Ethel Perley is in Moncton visiting her friend, Miss Stevens.

Mrs. G. Gordon and little son of Moncton spent Easter with friends in the city.

Miss M. B. Anderson has returned from a brief visit to relatives at Moncton and Fort Elgin.

The Mechanics Institute was for the first time in many months, the scene of gaiety on Thursday evening, when a dance was given by a number of prominent young men of the city. The guests numbered about one hundred and to many the function was the pleasantest affair of the week's festivities.

In the supper room the decorations were quite appropriate to the season; a profusion of yellow flowers and candles being arranged with artistic effect. Chiffon sitting out places furnished with comfortable couches and chairs and well supplied with cushions were also in evidence. A programme of sixteen dances was carried out, the music being furnished by Harrison's orchestra.

The ladies who acted as chaperones were Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. George F. Smith, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. L. R. Harrison and Mrs. J. McMillan.

Some of the toilettes of the ladies were exceedingly pretty and becoming to the wearers. Among those noted were: Miss Schofield, white bengaline, prettily trimmed with chiffon, corsage bouquet of natural flowers.

Miss Clara Schofield, pale green organdie, black velvet and chiffon.

Miss Daisy Winslow, (Frederickton) pink organdie ribbon and flowers.

Miss Gladys McLaughlin wore a very handsome and becoming creation of pale green with trimming of crimson velvet, crimson flowers also being used in the decoration.

Miss Ella Payne looked dainty in white muslin with valencienne lace and ribbon.

Miss Madeline Barker, white silk, drapings of lace and chiffon. Pink roses.

Miss Arnaud, white shower of hall with lace.

Mrs. Arnaud, black satin with turquoise blue and black trimming.

Miss Lou McMillan, wore a pretty dress of pink silk with black velvet and chiffon on the bodice, natural flowers.

Miss Winnie Barry, white organdie with lace and flowers.

Miss Elsie Holden, was becomingly gowned in pale blue satin, prettily draped with lace, corsage bouquet of roses.

Mrs. Charles Holden, black satin, diamonds.

Miss Ethel Sydney-Smith, white and heliotrope purple flowers.

Miss Armstrong, pretty dress of white silk with gold trimming.

Miss C. Robinson, white shower of hall, pink roses.

Miss Lily Adams, pale blue muslin, black ribbon trimming.

Miss Frances Stead wore a handsome dress of pale green silk brocade with pink roses.

Miss Smith, pale green silk, overdress of net and trimming of rose pink.

Mrs. George F. Smith, black satin with jet and lace, diamond ornaments.

Mrs. Kellie Jones, pale green silk brocade with chiffon and pearl trimming.

Miss Fairweather, white organdie with lace and flowers.

The nature of a coming out party for her daughter Miss Janie Stone, who will be quite an acquisition, to the number of charming debutantes of the season.

The dinner party given by Mrs. J. V. Ellis on Monday evening was in honor of Mr. Beverly Armstrong, who returned some short time ago from South Africa.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. J. M. Driscoll of Lancaster Heights, gave a dance in honor of her daughter. Many young people both from the West End and the city proper were present, and thoroughly enjoyed the very lengthy programme of dances.

A happy and enjoyable event of Easter Monday was the 5th party held at the home of Miss Lillian Codner, Millidge Lane. About seventy five guests were present and the hour passed swiftly with dancing, whist and other interesting games. During the evening Miss Codner was presented with a handsome silver soup tureen and silver cake basket. Mr. C. J. Lake made the presentation and read a suitable address. Supper was served about midnight and the gathering broke up shortly afterward.

The invited guests were: Miss Maude McDonald, Miss Millie Patchell, Miss Lizzie McDonald, Miss Eva Lyley, Miss Jean V. Lance, Miss Minnie Mills, Miss Millie Weepley, Miss Millie Belyea, Miss Jennie Stewart, Miss Ethel Kincaide, Miss Laura Gilbrath, Miss Florie Thomas, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Lizzie Sprunt, Miss Lizzie Dunlap, Miss Annie Taylor, Miss Julia McHugh, Miss Bell Wilson, Miss E. McLaughlin, Miss Sadie McLaughlin, Miss Jennie Hazlet, Mrs. William Wetmore, Miss Maude Climo, Miss Clara Climo, Miss Agnes Burton, Miss Edie Breen, Miss May Burton, Miss Minnie Campbell, Miss Campbell, Miss Allen, Miss Maud McA. Hur, Miss Mabel Ellis, Miss Jessie Burton, Miss Mabel Pilkington, Miss M. C. Hugh, Mrs. Geo. Waring, Mr. C. J. Lake, Mr. Harry Chesley, Mr. Charles Gibbons, Mr. Geo. McKinney, Mr. Charles Crawford, Mr. Hal Golding, Mr. Hermon Campbell, Mr. Archie Duncun, Mr. James Hoey, Mr. Walter Calder, Mr. Will Wetmore, Mr. Hal Crawford, Mr. Charles Nelson, Mr. Fred Morgan, Mr. Harry Murphy, Mr. Harry Codner, Mr. Morley Strang, M. J. McDonald, Mr. S. E. Wren, Mr. Frank Wetmore, Mr. Geo. Waring, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. Foxwell, Mr. Harry Lynch, Mr. Walter Irving, Mr. Ollie Irving, Mr. Howard Codner, Mr. Willis Waring, Mr. Frank Bell, Mr. Hartly Case, Mr. Will Bell, Mr. Chester Brown, Mr. Arthur Woodley, Mr. Stewart McLeod, Mr. Charles Lemont.

Mrs. P. McKinney accompanied by her daughters Miss Katie and Miss Mary McKinney left by I. S. Co. boat for Boston on Monday morning. Mrs. McKinney and Miss Katie will visit friends in that city for a couple of weeks. Miss Mary goes to Lowell where she will study nursing at the general hospital.

Miss Maude Flood leaves next week for Boston where she intends remaining for some time.

Mrs. Corkery and little grandson Masters Jack and George McBriarty left here on Monday for Boston enroute to Baltimore, where they will spend some weeks with Mr and Mrs J. McBriarty.

On Monday evening the members of the Misses Hall's dancing class enjoyed a pleasant little dance in the large assembly room at the McLaughlin academy. The members were all present and gayly skipped through the programme of ten dances with several extra, music for which was furnished by Miss E. Hall. The affair was brought to a close about 12 o'clock.

Mrs. M. Hogan, Princess street, spent Easter in Halifax. She was joined there by her daughter, Miss Kathleen who is a student at the Sacred Heart academy, and her son, Mr. Frank Hogan who has been studying at St. Francis Xavier, and to gether they spent the holidays in a very pleasant manner.

Miss Nellie Blackie and Mr. Arch Connell students at Kerr's business college, spent easter with friends in Woodstock.

Miss Katherine McGoldrick returns this week to her studies at Mount St. Vincent. She spent easter here with her parents.

Miss A. Ann Brennan and Miss Isabella Reid have returned to their studies at the Provincial Normal School, after spending the Easter vacation at their homes here.

Mrs. H. J. Rogers received her bridal calls at her home 11 Elliott Row on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Miss Leora Harrison has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Fredericton.

Miss Evelyn Kirvin leaves to day for Boston. Her cousin, Miss Josie Tierney, who has been visiting here for some months, also leaves today for her home.

ST. STEPHEN AND CAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, E. E. Atchison and J. Vroom Co., in Calais at O. F. Tremblay's.]

April 10.-Lady Tulley started from here last week for Cliff on Spruce, N. Y. Miss Howland left for Toronto, where she will visit relatives.

Mrs. C. F. Beard is at present visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

Mr and Mrs E. W. Thompson are receiving congratulations on the advent of a son to their home last week.

Dr and Mrs Sweeney left on Saturday evening for their home in Boston.

The members of Miriam Lodge, I. O. O. F., and lady friends, observed the 10th anniversary on Thursday evening of last week. Music, singing speeches and a general good time was enjoyed.

The marriage of Mr J. Howard Crocker, formerly of this town, and Miss Reta Clark, will take place in the month of June.

Miss Louie Taylor arrived home and expects to remain until next fall.

Miss Hazel Grimmer of St. Andrews has been spending her vacation her with Mrs. F. E. Rose.

Mrs. Robert Cameron of St. John is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Bessie McAdam.

Genl. Gallagher and Mrs. Gallagher of Augusta have been visiting in Calais.

Miss Marion Curran has returned to her home in Calais after two years spent in Paris, France, which she has devoted to study.

D. & A. Straight Front No. 297. The picture shows you the effect. Our reputation assures you that the workmanship, and durability cannot be excelled. D. & A. Genuine Straight Front From \$1.00 to \$2.00 a pair. Dominion Corset Mfg. Co. Quebec Montreal Toronto

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 158 PRINCESS ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

WHERE THE WEAR IS. This edge of a skirt is the focal point of most skirt worry. What is your experience with "bindings," "edgings," etc? You can remember many a skirt that got frayed at the edge and shabby before the drapery showed even a sign of wear. "Corticelli Protector Braid" sewed on flat, not turned over, will wear as long as any skirt, always be clean, always save the skirt, will not chafe the shoes. Sold everywhere in all shades. Genuine only with this brand. Corticelli

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, - "Having used both we think the St. & Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES; E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street

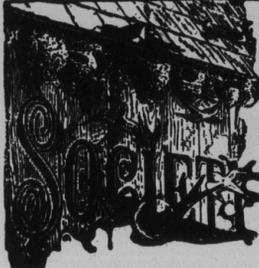
FOR ARTISTS. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL; Wholesale Agents for Canada. M. F. MOONEY;

Buctouche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Bartsels No. 1 Buctouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted WANTED-Underland saw logs, such as Baiting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superfeet, and the time of delivery.

Fry's Cocoa is absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. It is very rich, healthful, nourishing. It is economical to use because of its great strength. It dissolves easily. It has taken medals everywhere because of its superior excellence. A quarter pound tin of it costs but 25 cts, and makes fifty cups. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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FOR ADDITION TO SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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YARMOUTH. Apr. 10.—Captain and Mrs Ladd have returned...

WOLFVILLE. APRIL 9.—A number of Seminary students were...

AMHERST. APR 10.—Miss Maud Kent returned last week...

NEWCASTLE. APRIL 11.—Mrs Wm Withers spent Easter...

WINDSOR. April 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Claude K. Eville and...

TOURN A GOLDEN OFF DAY. Take Laxative Brooms Quinine Tablets...

In the Care of the Queen. The organ of the 'Girls' Society' in London...

Doctors not seldom give up a case, but a mother never does. While life lasts...

"Silver Plate that Wears." Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., always combine...

FAT REDUCTION. Mrs. M. Dumas studied the reduction of human...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Maypole Soap The New Home Dye. It washes and dyes at one operation...

Eugene Field's Poems. A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century...

Given Free. to each person interested in subscribing...

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Eugene Field's Poems. A \$7.00 Book. THE Book of the century...

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MU... LA... FLO... THE... FO...

APR 10.—Mrs McDonald is visiting friends here...

YARMOUTH. Apr. 10.—Captain and Mrs Ladd have returned...

WOLFVILLE. APRIL 9.—A number of Seminary students were...

AMHERST. APR 10.—Miss Maud Kent returned last week...

NEWCASTLE. APRIL 11.—Mrs Wm Withers spent Easter...

WINDSOR. April 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Claude K. Eville and...

TOURN A GOLDEN OFF DAY. Take Laxative Brooms Quinine Tablets...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

NOTICE.

Efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickson Commissioner, who has for some months past, it in the coming spring a number of farmers with capi- province, with a view runs. All persons having to dispose of will please with the undersigned, when ill be sent, to be filled in any particulars as to loca- cultural laborers are also farmers deriving help will communicate with the under- n. N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D.

ROBERT MARSHALL.

NOTICE.

by gives that an application will be made to Legislature at the passing of an act to incorporate by the name of THE COTTAGE, for the purpose of acquir- ing Real Estate, and im- and the erection of cottages and houses, with power to lease, mort- gage, and with such other powers as may be necessary.

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Scribner's

1900

INCLUDES

ROOSEVELT'S

HARDING DAVIS'S

NORMAN'S The Russia

by WALTER A. WY-

STORIES by Nelson Page,

James,

van Dyke,

Sutton-Thompson,

Chariton,

Chanet,

Allen White.

ARTICLES

IRLAND'S article s

RDVARD 'FIFTY

AGG," by Sena-

ART FEATURES

WELL ILLUSTR-

Chayannes,

HN LAFARGE, illus-

illustrative schemes (in

in black and white) by

RAFFLETON CLARK,

ETTO, HENRY Mo-

DWIGHT L. ELMEN-

Illustrated Prospectus

to any address.

SCRIBNER'S SONS,

ublishers, New York.

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

WOODSTOCK.

APR 10.—Mrs Howard F Wetmore left last week for Boston where she will remain about two months.

Miss Nellie Blackie returned home last Saturday from St John, where she has completed a course of shorthand and typewriting at the Currie Business College.

Rev A F Baker. Mrs Baker and their son of Oxford N S, visited Mrs Baker's parent, Mr and Mrs James Sutton, last week.

Miss Blanche Kelly, Hartland, and Miss Eva E Snow of this town, left Saturday afternoon for Boston, where they will continue their studies at the New England Conservatory of music.

S L T Wiggins and bride of Central Norton, spent a few days of last week in Woodstock, guests of Mr Wiggins' brother, Rev W B Wiggins, B A, and Mrs Wiggins. They left for St John on Saturday.

Miss A A Gallagher has returned from St John where she attended all the leading military openings. She is now prepared to have her opening Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16th and 17th. Pattern hats a specialty.

Miss Myrna Connor, daughter of John Connor who after graduating from Aurora Modern College held a responsible position in a large office in Chicago as stenographer, is receiving pupils in stenography and typewriting during the rest of her stay in Woodstock.

Mr and Mrs William R Snow spent Easter at St Andrews.

H Faxon Baird and Miss Baird spent Sunday in Montreal.

Mrs E B Jewett, St John is visiting relatives in Woodstock.

Mrs J E Jewett, Woodstock, is visiting her relatives at Peniac.

A pretty home wedding occurred at River de Chute Wednesday afternoon April 10th, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr and Mrs Andrew Miller, when their only daughter Lillie E was married to Charles Wolterton of the same place.

The bride looked beautiful in a handsome gown of white poplin trimmed with white silk, ribbon and pearl trimmings. Her veil was caught up with lilies of the valley and the whole effect was beautiful.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev H B Hillock. Immediately after the ceremony a sumptuous repast was partaken of. The bridal couple left on Thursday for Cabano, Que, where they will reside, followed by the best wishes of their many friends.

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

Progress Job Print.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M B Jones Bookstore.

APR 11.—Mr and Mrs F W Sumner were in St John for a few days last week.

Mrs Alex MacPherson is visiting in Fredericton. Several Monctonians spent Easter in St John.

Hon Mr C W Robinson returned on Thursday last from Fredericton.

Mrs Wm Bartlett has been spending a few weeks with friends in Springfield.

Mr and Mrs Walton Mills went to Sackville last week to spend Easter.

Misses Kate Hamilton and Edith Mitchell are spending the Easter holidays in Fredericton.

Mrs Phalen of Amherst who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs Fred Cole has returned home.

Miss Mims A Reade of Truro, N S is in the city for the Easter holidays, the guests of Miss Minnie Seaman, Botsford street.

Miss Fannie Kennedy, teacher of Main river, Kent, Co., with her little friend, Miss Annie Graham, is in the city visiting her parents.

Miss M B Anderson of St John, was in Moncton on Thursday the guest of her brother, Mr S B Anderson, who accompanied her to their home at Fort Elgin to spend Easter.

Mrs Nelson Hayes of this city left by the C P R on Thursday for London, Ont, on a visit to her mother.

Mrs B N Jones and Miss Bessie Jones left last week for Montreal.

Miss Treholm of Sackville spent Easter in the city.

Miss Ethel Perley of St John is here paying a visit to her friend, Miss Steeves.

Miss Laura McManus of Memramcook is the guest of her friend, Miss Gallagher at Minto hotel.

The young men of the city gave a most enjoyable dance on Thursday evening in the Caledonian hall. The chaperon was Miss Mims A Reade.

Mr and Mrs W S Turner arrived this morning from Montreal where they were married yesterday morning. Mr and Mrs Turner will reside at Miss Jones' Botsford street for the present.

Mrs George Hillcoat is visiting friends in the city.

Mr and Mrs Windsor of Montreal spent the Easter holidays in the city the guests of Rev and Mrs Fisher. Mrs Fisher will spend some weeks visiting in Moncton.

Mr Clifford Chappell of Etihad, who has been spending Easter in Moncton the guest of his son, A F Chappell, clerk in the I C R office has returned home.

Mrs J W Cove of Amherst, who has been spend-

ing a few days with her sister, Mrs Matthew Trider returned home on Monday.

Mrs C H Acheson is entertaining Miss Bessie Bell of Newcastle.

Mr and Mrs Samuel Gordon and little daughter spent Easter with friends in St John.

Spring Poetry. They say that poets never Should sing of budding spring; I wonder if they ever Have heard the robins sing.

Let those talk on who never Have seen the catkins start Fed from the tide that ever Flows through the tree's green heart;

But we who know the glory When earth awakes from sleep, Who hear the new old story Mrs George Mitchell arrived home from St. Andrews, Monday, where she has been visiting relatives.

J Arch Connell who is attending the St John Business College spent the Easter holidays at home in Woodstock.

Miss Vince, who is attending the University of New Brunswick, spent the Easter holidays at home in Woodstock.

Miss Nellie Blackie returned home last Saturday from St John, where she has completed a course of shorthand and typewriting at the Currie Business College.

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EASING THE CHEST.

It is the cold on the chest that scares people and makes them sick and sore. The cough that accom-

panies the chest cold is racking. When the cold is a hard one and the cough correspondingly severe, every coughing spell strikes the whole system. We feel sure that if we could only stop cough-

ing for a day or so we could get over the cold, but we try everything we know of or can hear of in the shape of medicine. We take big doses of quinine until the head buzzes and roars; we try to sweat it out; we take big draughts of whiskey, but the thing that has its grip on the chest hangs on, and won't be shaken loose.

If the irritation that makes us cough could be stopped, we would get better promptly, and it is because Admanson's Botanic Cough Balsam is so soothing and healing to the inflamed throat that it is so efficient a remedy for coughs and colds. This really great medicine is a very simple preparation made of extracts of bark and gums of trees, and it never deceives. It heals the throat and the desire to cough is gone. When the cough goes the work of cure is almost complete. All druggists sell Admanson's Balsam, 25 cents. Try this famous Balsam for your sore throat and you will find prompt relief.

Preoccupation. One of the familiar figures in our large cities is the busy 'suburbanite' who, apparently, does all his reading on the trains that carry him to and from the down-town district.

An elderly citizen of this class was on his homeward journey one evening, sitting alone in a seat, with his knees braced against the seat in front of him, and was intently absorbed in his evening newspaper when the train on which he was riding ran into the rear end of a train just ahead.

The engineer saw the danger in time to apply the brakes and avert a serious disaster, but the shock was severe enough to throw one of the passengers forward and knock off the hat of the busy suburbanite in question.

He merely muttered, as he picked up his hat and went on with his reading, unconscious that anything unusual had happened:

'I think you might at least have apologized for that!'

Mrs. Ondego (making a call)—I am sorry to hear you are having trouble with your cook.

Mrs Upjohn—Yes, I shall have to let Serena go. I didn't mind her practicing on the piano now and then, but she wants to join our golf club.

'I could die for you,' he cried. 'But the girl gave no sign of reciprocal affection. 'And my life, he continued, 'is insured for \$20,000. 'I am yours,' she sighed, 'till death.'

BLISSFULNESS FUELS LIFE.—The blissful man is never a companionable man because his almost morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Farme's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of the bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

The Caller.—And so you're going abroad. For your head? Oh, not for my health. For my husband's. I am going to give him absent treatment.

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Farme's Vegetable Pills will cope with and create any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing harassing in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

'Gee whiz!' exclaimed the young benedict, 'what ails this mince piece?' 'Why, nothing,' replied the wife, who was a white-ribboner. 'I followed the recipe except where it called for brandy. I substituted root beer for that.'

Money Saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, head a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples, or inflamed breast.

Pessimistic artist—Just look where they've got my canvas, on the top line! Optimistic artist—It might be worse. 'I can't see how; it's as high as the ceiling will allow. 'Yes; but the ceiling might be a great deal higher.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammations of the throat, etc. It is so palatable that a child, will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

'Is Bibb a good neighbor?' 'No; he's very unpopular, because he paints his house every spring and that makes everybody in the block do the same.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

'So your son has returned from college, has he?' 'Yes. 'Did he get his degree?' 'Yes; he got 15 degrees below the graduating requirement.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Howards' Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—papa, what is conscience? Fred Broadhead.—Conscience, my son, is the name usually given to the fear we feel that other people will find us out.

'In my business,' declared the stock broker, 'it is impossible to succeed without pluck.' 'You mean 'plucking,' don't you?' replied the man who had been up against it.

Working on His Pride. A pedler who was in the habit of visiting the various offices in a large down town building at regular intervals with a patent shoe polish was making his rounds one day as usual, when an occupant of one of the rooms said to him:

'Say, you've been coming here for about six years. Twice a year I buy a box of your polish, and never any other. Six weeks ago you sold me one, and it will last me nearly five months yet; and still you drop in regularly every week to ask me if I don't want another box. You know I don't. What do you do it for?'

I thought maybe you'd get sort o' 'shamed of usin' so little shoe-polish after a while and 'd buy a box now an' then as a matter o' pride,' answered the pedler, taking the precaution to edge toward the door as he spoke.

But he sold that man another box of polish there and then.

'Just think, 'Tottie had to make her first appearance on the stage in tights!'

'My! Didn't she feel dreadfully embarrassed?'

'She said she thought she was going to, but she felt quite at ease as soon as she advanced to the footlights and saw some of the décollete gowns in the boxes.'

THE MUTUAL LIFE Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Category and Amount. Income, \$ 58,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,697,480 68; Assets, 304,844,637 62; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 60,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,052,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

Advertisement for Baby's Own Soap, featuring an illustration of a baby and text describing the soap's benefits for skin.

Advertisement for APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies, describing it as a remedy for irregularities and listing symptoms it treats.

Advertisement for BRANDIES, featuring 'Landing ex "Crean"' and 'THOS. L. BOURKE' with contact information.

Advertisement for CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS, offering space for notices and announcements.

Advertisement for WANTED SALESMEN, seeking individuals for travel and commission work.

Advertisement for HUSTLING YOUNG MAN, offering a position with a large salary and expenses.

Advertisement for THE DUFFERIN hotel, located at 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for CAFE ROYAL, located at 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for VICTORIA HOTEL, located at 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for QUEEN HOTEL, located at Fredericton, N. B.

Advertisement for Electric Passenger Elevator, highlighting safety and modern improvements.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

her husband who has been in that state for some time to recall his health. Mrs Gibbs has been a guest during the winter of her parents, Mr and Mrs Charles W King.

Mr and Mrs Edgar Thompson are congratulated on the birth of a son. Miss Daisy Hanson has returned from Fredericton.

Mrs Hazel Grimmer has gone to Boston to visit Mrs G H Raymond.

Mr and Mrs Durell Grimmer returned to their home in St Andrews on Tuesday morning.

Miss Jessie Danton, who is a teacher in the public schools of St. Andrews, spent her Easter holidays in town with Mr and Mrs J F Dunston.

Miss Annie King has gone to Boston.

Mrs Walter McWha is very ill with a severe attack of diphtheria.

Mrs A E Nellis is visiting friends in Philadelphia. H A Frye, D McCready and Fred Matheson, St. George, were registered at the Queen on Friday.

The Trio club, which has given a number of pleasant dances in the G A R hall, give the last one of this season next Tuesday evening.

Miss Ina Maxwell of Old Ridge left by C.P.R., Saturday for Boston where she intends taking a course of musical instruction.

Miss Harriett Irwin returned on Monday to normal school at Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs Asa L Hitchings of Carleton Place are visiting Mrs John G Fraser and other relatives in town.

Miss Marion Black, youngest daughter of J Black is recovering from her illness.

Miss Jessie Wall is spending a few days in St John.

Miss Inches of St John has been the guest of Mrs James Stewart.

Miss Martha Harris, Miss Kate Nicholas, Mrs W A Lamb and Miss Lockary all arrived from Boston on the W C R on Monday.

Mr S H Blair expects to soon leave for Boston where she will spend several weeks. She will also visit New York before she returns.

Mrs Sedra Webber has returned from Houlton. Miss Kinnie Haycock was hostess to the Saturday evening club last week.

Miss Flossie Cooke is visiting Boston.

A very delightful party was given last week by Miss Mina McKusick at her home in Calais for the pleasure of her friend, Miss Marion Curran.

BIRD PROFESSORS.

'Professors' among birds are those that are kept for the purpose of teaching their companions to sing. These professors have been taught by other birds, or by people who are clever at playing in a manner which resembles whistling. Years of experience have taught canary-raisers that they must use Saxon birds as trainers.

The industry of training the young birds flourishes in the Hartz Mountains, and especially at Andreasberg. Nowhere else are the birds so conscientiously brought up. Thanks to the wonderful patience of the peasants of those parts, the birds learn to modulate their voices, produce silvery sounds, and introduce a variety of notes into the long trill, embellishing them with many a grace-note.

Hitherto these results have never been obtained elsewhere, for the exported birds cease to transmit their vocal qualities in perfection after one or two generations. Now, however, canary education in England may be said to be fairly begun, for two schools for birds have been opened, where the musical education of these warblers is entrusted to 'bird organs' brought from the Hartz Mountains.

The London Express characterises these strange instruments as curious in sound as in appearance. They consist of large cylinders full of water. These slide one into the other, and are moved by a chain on a pulley attached to a fixed bar. The musical box is placed at the top of this arrangement.

The bird organ produces a plaintive and monotonous sound resembling that of water rolling over a bed of rocks, and of wind sighing through trees. It seems that these sounds have the effect of taming the birds and making them amenable to discipline.

The walls of the 'classrooms' are occupied by lines upon lines of cages. The pupils are grouped in classes according to their degrees of education. Those that possess weak or defective voices, or have false methods of warbling, are the objects of special attention.

Birds that have made a successful beginning are put under the persuasive influence of the finer bird organs, which are worked by electricity, and are remarkable for the richness and perfection of their tones. Whenever a pupil is considered worthy of it, he receives individual tuition, the best artists thus produced afterward becoming teachers to new arrivals.

Convulsive Foot-Wear.

The heavy advertiser entered the sanctum with anger and disgust written all over his face, says the Ohio State Journal.

'That's a nice thing you say about my business in your paper this week.'

'What's a nice thing?' asked the country editor.

'Read it and see.'

The editor read:

'If you want to have a fit wear Kip's shoes.' Stop the press!

Teacher—Yes, children, Chicago is one of the great cities of the world, but it once suffered a terrible calamity. Can anyone tell what it was?

Pupil—Why, it was this here last census.

BERNIER'S ARCTIC PROJECT.

Experts Think More Favorably Of It Than Of Many Other Plans.

Among the various plans thus far published for reaching the north pole that of Capt. J. E. Bernier, the sturdy French-Canadian sailor who has commanded a number of ocean vessels, seems to be more favored than any other by arctic experts. Nansen tells him he will succeed if he has sufficient perseverance. Dr. Dawson of the Canadian Geological Survey says he believes Bernier has a fair prospect of success. Sir Clement Markham says the Bernier project is worthy of encouragement and support.

Lord Minto has become the patron of the enterprise. Some of his fellow citizens in Canada have made substantial contributions to his fund. The government seems to be favorably disposed toward the project and by invitation of the Dominion parliament Capt. Bernier has just addressed the house of commons and has been led to expect that his enterprise will have a considerable amount of financial assistance from the government.

Capt. Bernier estimates that his expedition will cost about \$180,000, including fair compensation, not only for the crew of his ship but also for the members of his scientific staff. The vessel he is to build will be of 300 tons burden and modelled after the Fram, but with improvements suggested by Nansen's journey.

He intends to pass north through Behring Strait and enter the ice soon after reaching the Arctic Ocean. The fact is now well known that the prevailing winds there are from the southeast, which causes an ice drift to the northwest. By entering the ice far east of the place where the Fram began her drift he hopes to be carried across the Pole instead of drifting just north of Franz Josef Land, as happened to the Fram.

Although his vessel will begin its drift near the place where the Jeannette entered the ice he believes there is a fair prospect that he will be carried northeast far more rapidly than the Jeannette drifted, for it has been observed that the ice of the polar sea has recently had more spaces and consequently more freedom and rapidity of movement than during the time when the Jeannette was fast in the ice.

If, however, the movement of his vessel toward the Pole is very slow he will be prepared to set out over the ice with 120 dogs drawing a large amount of supplies on sledges; carrying also a raft on which he may load his stores and travel over open water. If he takes to the ice he intends to keep in touch with his vessels as long as possible by means of wireless telegraphy. Electric communications during the war in South Africa were sent in this way to a distance of about two hundred miles, and there is a possibility that he will find the new invention very useful.

Capt Bernier intends to be well supplied with scientific instruments; he will make large use of photography, and hopes to bring home much information of scientific value. His main purpose, however, is to reach the Pole, and he thinks he can accomplish this end in eighteen months, though he will be prepared for a three years journey.

He is a thorough sailor and a man of common sense, enthusiasm and intrepidity, who has given years of study to every phase of the work he is planning to do. His chances for success seem at least as favorable as those of any other North Polar enterprise.

Boy and Lion.

The author of 'Dwarf Land' tells a wonderful story about a young Toro boy. The Toro people, it seems, stand greatly in fear of lions. A party of native hunters, returning in single file from their day's hunt after small antelope, were attacked by lions. The man at the end of the line was suddenly seized from behind by the lioness, and instantly killed and carried away.

The rest of the party made off with all speed, all but one little boy, the son of the man who had been killed. He bravely plucky little fellow that he was, actually turned back, and armed with nothing but a small spear, followed the blood stained track through the thicket. After a little while he came upon the lioness in the act of devouring his father.

Without a moment's hesitation the brave little chap rushed at the huge beast, and the lioness, becoming aware of his approach, left her prey and sprang upon the boy. By a merciful providence the boy's spear struck its breast, and by the animal's own weight was forced into his body piercing the heart. The great creature rolled over stone dead.

The boy was utterly unharmed. Rapidly withdrawing his little weapon, he went and knelt by the mangled remains of his father, and while he was bending over him in his sorrow the male lion came roaring through the thicket.

The lad sprang up with almost super-

"Deride Not Any Man's Infirmitie."

Tell him, rather, how to get rid of them. Most infirmitie com. from bad blood and are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every person who has a rofula, salt rheum, humors, catarrh, dyspepsia or rheumatism should at once begin taking this medicine that the infirmitie may be removed.

Weakness—"I have given Hood's Sarsaparilla to my boy whose blood was poor. He was very weak, could not keep warm, and suffered from pains in his stomach. Hood's Sarsaparilla made him strong and well." Mrs. W. C. Stratton, Thomas St., Deseroto, Ont.



human courage dashed toward the second lion, waving aloft his blood stained spear and shouting, 'Come on, come on! I'll kill you, too!'

But the lion was so discomfited by the unexpected approach of the lad that he turned tail and fled, leaving his partner dead by the side of her mangled prey. The boy then went home to his village and called his friends to come and bring the dead lioness to the King, and this was done.

THANKED ITS RESCUERS.

A Singular Hunting Incident Away Up in the Wilds of Maine.

James Mayberry, a drummer for a Boston wholesale house, returned a short time ago from a two weeks' vacation trip to the woods of Maine and reports that the French Canadians and Indians have been making great slaughter among the deer and moose by chasing them on snowshoes. The weather has been very favorable for crust hunting all through March. The snow was from three to four feet deep on the level and coated with a very firm crust, which would not hold the fleeing animals, but which cut deeply into their flesh, causing many to bleed to death from their self-inflicted wounds. A week ago Nat Ranco an Indian, who had been discharged from a lumber camp, shaved a set of Norwegian skis from green beech wood, and killed eight deer in walking home, forty-six miles.

While on his vacation the drummer took a trip with a game warden and three guides to capture two living deer to put into a park near Waterville. The party went to a cedar swamp near Sebais and in two days caught eight deer, all of which died from exhaustion and wounds inflicted by the crust before they could be taken out to the railroad for shipment. They secured five deer on the second attempt, two of which survived and are now doing well in confinement.

During this hunt Mr Mayberry and two guides were crossing the head of Schoodic Lake one morning on snowshoes when a deer came out of the dense cedar swamp and made a dash to cross the lake. As long as the animal remained near the wood where the crust was thick it made good headway, but upon approaching the edge of the lake, where the sun had thawed the snow and made it soft the creature was buried to its neck at every leap. At times it fell on its side and made heroic efforts to regain its footing, kicking frantically and wounding itself with its sharp hoofs. The men, who were behind a small island at the time, were about to capture the deer, when four large foxes came out from the cedars and followed the path of the deer, nosing out its tracks with the accuracy of trained hounds. As this was something new to the party the men waited to watch proceedings.

The foxes came on silently, wagging their bushy tails and winding in and out

among the islands, keeping on the course deer had made. As they came around the end of the last island the deer had turned end over end in its struggle to get along and was lying with its head toward the foxes. No sooner did the animal see its foes than it redoubled its efforts to get away, but the foxes were light and had large hairy feet that would hold them up on the lightest snow, and inside of five minutes they were on the deer's back biting at its throat to open an artery so the poor beast would bleed to death.

The hunters, who had believed that no fox could kill a deer, and had not for a moment contemplated the outcome of the affray, took up their rifles and shot two of the foxes, thinking that the sound of firearms would scare the survivors away, but they continued to worry the fallen deer until the men had fired again, killing another fox, whereupon the fourth one waded off to the woods, casting regretful glances behind.

On arriving at the scene of the conflict the deer, which was exhausted but not badly injured, seemed grateful for the rescue, lapping the hands of the men with its soft tongue and bleating out its thanksgiving in a way that any one could understand. This was one of the two deer that was able to withstand the severe strain of capture and is now doing nicely in a large park, where it has all the hay and grain it can eat and where no harmful animals can annoy it.

St. the Dry.

Si and Josh were New Hampshire men who had settled in Colorado, and who were supposed to be typical New Englanders because their words were few. When they met one day they indulged in the following brevities:

'Morning', Si.
'Mornin', Josh.
'What d'you give your boss for bot?'
'Turpentine.'
'Morrin', Si.
'Mornin', Josh.'

At another meeting, a few days later, the dialogue ensued:
'Mornin', Si.
'Mornin', Josh.
'What d'you say you give your boss for bot?'
'Turpentine.'
'killed mine.'
'Morrin', Si.
'Morrin', Josh.'

There is such a thing as being too economical.

'Money is accumulating very rapidly in the hands of a select few.'
'Yes,' answered Mrs. Cronox. 'That seems to be the case. A few years ago millionaires were considered rich enough to be admitted into our society. Now matters are approaching a point where millionaires will be regarded as mere parsons.'



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 1. I have used SURPRISE SOAP started thousand and find that it is and is better than other soap I have used. J. John
Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 1st Having used SURPRISE SOAP past ten years, I find it the best that I have ever had in my life. I would not use any other when SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry T. Thom.
I have to wash for three brot work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. every other kind of soap, and I body why our overalls have a color. M. M.
Can't get wife to use any of Says SURPRISE is the best. Chas. C. H.
SURPRISE is a great bar!

Are You a Sufferer

-FROM-

DYSPEPSIA,

If so, try a bottle of the great remedy,

B 14498.

Take a teaspoonful in half a wine glass of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bed time. The result will surprise you. For sale by all druggists. Price 50c.

PREPARED ONLY BY

W. C. Rudman Allan,

Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte St. Be sure and get the genuine B 14498.

The genuine has trade mark on every cap and label.

Mail orders promptly filled. Tel. 299.

CALVERT'S

20 per cent.

CARBOLIC SOAP

Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites.

The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap.

F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their shopping by post with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever. -Canadian Magazine. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED. Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, green and White, Plain \$2.56. House Bodice with fully trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.50; carriage, 45c. extra. Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only. Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c. JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS. Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices: 24 27 inches. 48c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 78c. 88 cents. Postage 82 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 46 cents. Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

There were of Manhattan surprised that it is...

Of all the g through the o livion in the p ument throu cides are per student of life the men in the over them an to spin philo tragedy that is 'These suici said one of the Sun reporter. in every case. a verdict of su carbolic acid, pens to be, but all that.

'About one letter. The l those letters r its own indivi the person who ter you can co some are caref some of them paper, margini backs of envel clear hand; so illegible.

'It's queer death. Now, There are mor mans in this ci nationality. S wouldn't expe race to go in fo be the last ma his balance and or a Russian or surprise me; b commit suicide. the world the I somebody, the l head; but the goes to his roo hole in himself.

'They say it's ly is easier on the methods of we could spare othe can spare the G the German in We've decided t has a decent ed grace go hard w cile himself to f German seems agnostic. Half lieve in a heral course it's a temp end to things al Irishman believ takes his own li endure the dam here as sample a worse.

'Very few h Sometimes a ma but the suicide o thing. The Rus on the East side for anything bu It is the christi drinks carbolic a American born v victim too. She suicides, just as list of male sui she more intell ter more from o other girls, or is more likely to get you, these suicid tion point of me.

'After the Ger Americans, but t ality can't be det with the United S a fair guide. N and Bohemians. the Irish. The o by ones and twos.

'You seldom h darkey is too ir how hard luck goe be coming his w depression is abso

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1901.

Suicide and Its Causes

There were 471 suicides in the borough of Manhattan last year. Optimists may be surprised that the number is so large; pessimists that it is so small.

Of all the gruesome statistics that filter through the coroners' office and find oblivion in the pigeon holes of the health department those pertaining to the city's suicides are perhaps the most interesting to a student of life and human nature.

'About one person in a dozen leaves a letter. The law forbids the publication of those letters now, but the files of them make queer reading matter. Each one has its own individuality—bears the stamp of the person who wrote it.

'It's queer how differently men face death. Now, there are the Germans. There are more suicides among the Germans in this city than among any other nationality. Seems odd, doesn't it.

'They say it's racial instinct. It certainly is easier on the public than the other methods of working off steam, but we could spare other citizens better than we can spare the Germans.

'Very few Hebrews commit suicide. Sometimes a man of this race will do it, but the suicide of a Jewess is a very rare thing.

'You seldom hear of a negro suicide. A darky is too irrepressible. No matter how hard luck goes today, he thinks it will be coming his way tomorrow, and fixed depression is absolutely impossible to him.

When he does get worked up to suicide, he usually hangs himself. A German prefers shooting himself. They've all been soldiers more or less and feel a certain dignity connected with a gunshot wound.

'Talking about men and women, we've often noticed how few women kill themselves for love. Men do it—scores of them. A man's sweetheart jilts him, or the girl he loves will not have him, and he blows out what few brains he has.

'You don't suppose that that means the men love more deeply than the women, do you? I can't see it that way. I suppose a woman's pride keeps her from acknowledging, even by death, that she was jilted.

'The women seldom leave letters. They usually try in every way to avoid identification; but the men seem to take a certain satisfaction in the dramatic and they are making and want all the spectacular features.

'The mothers are the persons for whom most of the letters are left. There are letters to husbands, wives, sweethearts, but a majority of the suicides seem more worried about the effect of the thing upon their mothers than about anything else.

'There's one funny thing about the letters. If the writer mentions God or the hereafter at all he usually seems to feel pretty sure that God will forgive him.

'One class of suicides includes the cranks—all sorts and conditions of cranks. There was the man who thought he swallowed dynamite and would rather kill himself than wait to be blown up.

'When an old man of 70 commits suicide because he can't bear being dependent upon his children any longer it makes you think. One seldom finds an old person taking his own life.

'Then I always have felt sorry for the men who made away with themselves so that their wives and children could have the insurance money, and for the invalids who faced lingering death and dreaded the burden and expense for those they loved.

I've never had a suicide case break me up as one did years ago. A sweet-faced, worn woman had consumption. Her husband could earn very little, and she finally got so she couldn't work at all.

'The man who can't get work—I'm sorry for him. Of course there are charities; but some men are proud, and then a man can starve to death while the wheels are getting in motion.

'A good many suicides occur disgrace that never comes to the ears of the world. We don't have so many Wall Street suicides as in old days though. There seem to be more ways of wriggling out of tight financial places nowadays, or else business men have more luck.

'Grip has added to the number of suicides in this country, and extreme hot weather always swell the list. Comparatively few persons commit suicide during the winter.

'June is called the suicide month by statisticians, but August is usually the big month here. The heat has worked on a man's nerve by that time, and when a scorching spell comes along he's half crazed and irresponsible.

'Suicide goes in waves, like various kinds of crime. One man uses a certain method and other cases will follow. Carbolic acid has been a great thing this last year. It is to be used always, Paris green or rat poison.

'This admirable day may not be so far away. Electric power stations and electric light stations are being located farther and farther away from the city's heart; the horse-car, the steam locomotive, the engine in the basement, the coal stove, are one and all being replaced by the quiet, odorless and effective electric motor, by the electric heater.

'The rubber-tired electromobile is rapidly replacing the driven horse, and will replace him not only for driving but for heavy hauling purposes.

'The following story makes one think of the old proverb about a 'guilty conscience' and 'no accuser.'

'Now, boys,' said the patient Sunday-school teacher, 'surely some one of you can tell me who carried off the gates of Gaza. Speak up, William.'

'I never touched 'em!' said the indignant William, with a suspicion of tears in his youthful voice. 'I don't see why folks always think when things get carried off that I've had something to do with it!'

The Russian Student Outbreak

The more or less serious disturbances caused by Russian students and others during the last few weeks in all the principal towns of Russia, are described here today for the first time by the Minister of the Interior in the Government Messenger.

In St. Petersburg, on the morning of March 4, a crowd of students and others collected in the semicircular garden formed by the colonnade in front of the Kazan Cathedral and, after divine service, some of them attempted to make speeches.

On March 17, in St. Petersburg, at 11 A. M., crowds of people of different classes began to collect round the Kazan Cathedral. At noon the arrival of many students of both sexes brought the crowd up to about 3,000 persons, who began to circulate papers and for the most part refused to obey orders to move on.

In Moscow, on March 8, at noon a large crowd of young men and women assembled in front of the university and forced their way into the building, where 300 of them proceeded to hold a meeting. They threw proclamations among another 300 remaining outside in the street, and tried to incite them to take part.

During the fighting, besides the Cossack captain already referred to, severe though not dangerous blows and injuries were inflicted on one of the colonies of police; also on 20 policemen and four Cossacks, as well as on 18 men and 14 women among the rioters arrested.

sixteen students, and one doctor who had been the leader. All the rest were liberated on receipt of their names and addresses. Altogether 34 persons were arrested on that day, including 9 female students and 4 outsiders.

On Sunday, March 17, in the afternoon, 70 persons, mostly students, were shut into the yard of a private house by the police of the Tver boulevard for presenting a demonstrative appearance.

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C. Rudman Allan, 87 Charlotte St. and get the genuine B 14498.

ALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP

NOBLE LONDON, ENGLAND, Mantlemen in the World.

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

ER, LTD. ENGLAND.

Meeting of the Extremes

Valerie had been amply prepared, amply warned by John's numerous girl cousins,—by Eleanor, particularly,—but when the dreaded moment arrived she was alarmed. In five minutes John would be gone, actually gone, for the entire day, and she would be all alone with John's mother—yes, actually with her mother-in-law!

She looked at John very soberly, and let him take her hand under shelter of the table-cloth. John smiled fondly at her. They were having breakfast, they and John's mother, in their own home for the first time. They had been married exactly five weeks, and they had come home from their wedding trip on the previous evening. The home was new only to Valerie. It had been for many years the home of John and of John's widowed mother.

John had explained to Valerie that he might not leave his mother alone, and that she would be loath to relinquish her home, and almost unable to adapt herself to a totally new environment. Valerie was quickly sympathetic.

'She need not, John,' she had said, reassuringly. 'She is older than I, and I don't want to spoil any of her life for her. Of course we will go and live with her. I shan't be a horrid, typical daughter-in-law!' she had warmly concluded.

John did not know exactly what she meant by a typical daughter-in-law, but he assured her again and again that she could not possibly be anything horrid. Their discussions of the practical details of their future invariably ended in such personal irrelevances.

Valerie certainly looked unlike anything horrid as she gravely returned John's smile. Her rose colored muslin breakfast jacket, with its decoration of black velvet bows artistically sewed on at random, lighted charmingly her fresh young face, and harmonized prettily with the rose stuck also artistically at random in her curly brown hair.

John's mother, about whom there was nothing at random, glanced at Valerie occasionally with an inner disquiet almost equal to Valerie's alarm. In a moment John would be gone, actually gone, for the entire day, and she would be left all alone with John's wife—yes, actually with her daughter in law! She had also been amply prepared and amply warned, touching the inevitable emergency; but she also looked soberly at John.

He thought that his mother was thinking how beautiful it was to have Valerie permanently in the house; and again he smiled. His mother was gentle and tender beneath all precision and primness concerning which John's cousin Eleanor had solemnly warned Valerie,—Valerie, whose theories of order were undeveloped,—and she had assured John that his wife would be most welcome.

'I have no intention, my dear,' John's mother had said to him, 'of being a conventional mother in law—and it will be sweet to have a daughter.'

She had the gentlest intentions; but as she looked at Valerie she recalled vividly all that her niece Eleanor, who had been in college with Valerie, had said regarding the girl's tendency to leave her hat on the piano, her umbrella on the library table, her overboots on the stairs, or her book on the floor.

'Valerie is an angel,' Eleanor had said but she think a house is made just to live in. She has such a picturesque, disorderly way of being orderly!

John's mother had had occasion to appreciate the justice of Eleanor's criticism, for Valerie had visited her for a week before her marriage. John's mother had given the criticism not very much thought; but now Valerie was no longer a guest; she was a permanency!

The permanency was meditating upon the possibility of going with John, and spending the day at his office. The nearer he approached the end of his breakfast, the more clearly she remembered his cousin Eleanor's confidence concerning her mother-in-law; yes, she actually had come into possession of a mother-in-law! What should she do with her? Eleanor had said, impressively:

'My dear, John's mother is lovely, but she is the precise person that ever existed. She has kept her silver teapot in the mathematically same spot for thirty-five years; she told me so herself! She has a place for every pin, and she keeps the pin exactly in it.'

'Well,' Valerie had said, 'I don't care. She has a perfect right to keep her pins

and her teapot where she likes. I don't care where things are kept.'

'You certainly don't!' Eleanor had exclaimed. 'That is the very point. You are a dear, but you never did have a real place for a thing; and if you had, you probably wouldn't keep the thing in it—all the time. Would you, Valerie?'

'No, I suppose not,' Valerie had returned, 'but you know I've visited John's mother. I shocked her a little, I'm afraid, but she was very kind.'

'Wait until she is your mother-in-law,' the well-intentioned Eleanor had said.

Valerie had waited so happily, but now—she thought of the silver teapot. 'Thirty-five years! Thirty-five minutes would be nearer the time I'd have kept it in one place!' she reflected.

She looked at John's mother curiously, almost forgetting that she had stayed in the house for a week with her—and, presumably, with the silver teapot; she had not noticed exactly where John's mother kept it. Her mother-in-law in turn looked at Valerie, almost forgetting, on her part, the visit during which Valerie had been so demure and sweet that her habit of dropping her small personal belongings about the house had been all forgiven.

Eleanor's words gained weight. Disorderly order might be picturesque, but it was contradictory, thought John's mother. John serenely finished his breakfast, and methodically folded his napkin. He wondered why his mother and his wife were so silent. He even asked them, but they smiled and did not tell him.

Valerie followed him into the hall, dropping her handkerchief, two hair pins and the rose from her hair on the way. She detained him as long as possible; then she went to the gate with him. At the gate she told him five times to come home early very early. She lingered until he turned the corner; then, restraining a wild impulse to run after him, she slowly returned to the house.

'How absurd I am!' she told herself. 'But I am so afraid John's mother won't really be fond of me. She thinks I'm frivolous, I know.'

John's mother met her in the hall. She held Valerie's rose, her handkerchief and hairpins in her hand. She was a kind woman, but her life had followed for many years the selfsame pattern, and she had acquired a cool fixed demeanor that might have made a less sensitive, impulsive daughter in law than Valerie shrink. 'I think you dropped these?' she said, and Valerie felt uncomfortable.

'Thank you,' she answered. She tucked the rose and the hairpins in her hair, and pushed the handkerchief into her sleeve. Her face was so serious that John's mother was distressed.

'What shall I ever do with her?' she asked herself. 'I had rather hoped she might love me, but she evidently thinks me foolishly particular.' She turned to go into the dining room, and Valerie followed her.

'Do let me help you!' said Valerie. 'I don't know very much about housekeeping—but if you will tell me how, I'd love to help about everything.' She was divided between a feeling that she really ought to help and the fear that John's mother might not desire her to help. She suddenly wondered if John's mother expected her to attend to all the household affairs. She decided to write and ask her own mother's opinion; but meanwhile she must carefully feel her way. 'Eleanor says that you are a wonderful housekeeper,' she said, lifting her face to John's mother eagerly.

John's mother smiled; she was a trifle vain because the silver teapot had never, except when in actual use, left its appointed place. Valerie was coming nearer. John's mother accepted her help.

Valerie did her best, but her heart sank. 'How shall I ever endure it?' she wondered, when John's mother explained to her that the coffee urn also belonged in a particular place, that the sugar bowl was not kept in the ice-chest, and that soapy water made cut glass dull. They spent a sober, restrained morning. After luncheon Valerie, almost on the point of tears, took refuge in her room, 'to write letters,' and John's mother patiently did again the things that Valerie had assisted her in doing. 'Can I really endure this—in my old age?' she asked herself.

Valerie found that her letters refused to be written. John would not be home for at least three hours! She cast about in her mind for some cheering occupation. John had mentioned that their wedding presents had arrived; that the boxes con-

taining them were in the room at the end of the hall. She decided to ask John's mother to help her arrange them.

She went down stairs, her gloom somewhat lightened. It was so pleasant to remember that the wedding presents had no accustomed proper places! Valerie peeped into the dim parlor, with its chairs so precisely set in place, its books so fixedly arranged on the table, which was so geometrically placed in the center of the room. John's mother was not in the parlor, and Valerie wandered about the house looking for her.

'I shall be nice to her always, regardless—if I perish in the attempt!' she heroically resolved. Valerie's ideas of order were perhaps chaotic, but her sweetness of nature was as fixed as the place of her mother-in-law's silver teapot.

John's mother was sitting in the dining-room, hemming an apron. Her face looked tired and pale, and Valerie hesitated a little as she suggested the arranging of her wedding gifts. 'You look a little tired,' she said, gently. 'Perhaps you'd rather not.'

She was seized with an impulse to sit in her mother-in-law's lap and kiss her. Her own mother found such treatment refreshing when she was tired; but Valerie feared that a mother-in-law might find it even proper.

Yet the mother-in-law, who had seen Valerie with her own mother, was wishing that the girl would sit in her lap and kiss her. She was coming a little nearer her daughter in law, and she reflected that Valerie might have committed a greater crime than the putting of the sugar bowl into the ice chest. John's mother was very gentle, and John's wife was very sweet natured. They were doing their best to surmount their unlikeliness and Eleanor's warnings. It was not easy, but it was less difficult than they thought.

They unpacked the wedding gifts, and brought the majority of them down stairs. Valerie had expected to scatter them about the house. She had expected to display the cups, the little silver dishes and the pretty embroideries on an afternoon tea table; she had a college girl's fondness for the tea table. She mentioned tentatively her expectation, but her mother in law said:

'They will get so dusty, my dear. Wouldn't it be better to keep such beautiful things carefully in the china closet and silver drawers?' She made the suggestion kindly; she remembered that Valerie did not appreciate the degree of care needed by silver and glass and china; and Valerie's gifts were too fine, she thought, to be dulled and tarnished by dust.

The girl's disappointment was keen. The wedding gifts were such cherished possessions, she wanted them in a familiar confusion. She had determined, however, not to be a typical daughter in law, and she smilingly allowed them to be arranged in orderly, straight lines, in places in which they would belong—perhaps for thirty five years! The occupation lost its interest, but it helped the flight of time.

'John will soon be here,' thought Valerie. 'If it were not for John, I would go straight home—without waiting to dress. I simply don't know how to be orderly, and I'm really afraid John's mother will never get used to me.'

In spite of this reflection, she thanked John's mother very charmingly, and went slowly away to dress for dinner. John's mother looked after her. The girl's step seemed listless; her face, even with its smile, had been too wistful to escape her notice. She remembered other things that Eleanor had said. Suddenly she remembered that Valerie was a girl—a little girl, she gently amended her remembrance.

'Valerie,' she said, 'come here, my dear child.'

Valerie gazed at her in surprise. She went quickly to her side. John's mother took her hand and looked at its bright new wedding ring. She looked up at the girl's sweet face, at the disordered hair with its drooping rose. She remembered that she was older than Valerie's mother, and she smiled, partly at Valerie, and partly at the recent dismay caused by this tangle-haired, womanly little girl.

'My dear,' she said very gently, 'are you tired?'

Valerie quite forgot that this was her mother-in-law, who was precise, who had kept her silver teapot in the same place for thirty-five years. She remembered that she was John's own mother, her own new mother. She sat on the arm of her chair and put her arms round her neck.

'No, I'm not tired; I'm only afraid I—I will be an awful trial to you. I've never kept anything in the same place for thirty-five years!'

It was a foolish little explanation, but it had a pleasant effect upon John's mother. She laughed and patted Valerie's rosy cheek. 'I hadn't supposed so, my dear. I am a reasonable woman, and as you are only twenty—' She interrupted herself

and said more seriously: 'But my dear, you may keep your silver teapot in as many places as you like. You know this is your home now, too, and you must be happy in it. I don't know how girls are accustomed to keeping things. I was a girl so long ago—'

'If you will keep me in your heart, you may keep my teapot anywhere you like!' whispered Valerie, impulsively.

'So you may, my dear, if you will keep me in yours,' replied John's mother. 'You may move mine to some other place if you like.'

Valerie slipped into her lap. 'Now that you know just where to keep me, for always and I know where to keep you for always, I think we can easily arrange for the silver teapots—and such things,' she said, with a contented laugh. And to the surprise of all the cousins,—and particularly Eleanor,—they did, with complete mutual satisfaction.

The Spring Feeling

NOT EXACTLY SICK—BUT NEITHER ARE YOU WELL.

'Close Confinement During the Winter Months Has Left You Weak, Easily Depressed and "Out of Sorts."

The words "weak and depressed" express the condition of thousands of people in the spring time. It is one of nature's signs that humanity cannot undergo months of indoor life in badly ventilated buildings with impunity. Sometimes you have a headache; slight exercise fatigues you; your appetite is variable; you are easily irritated or depressed; perhaps there are pimples or slight eruptions that indicate that the blood needs attention. Whatever the symptom may be it should be attended to at once, else you will fall an easy prey to graver disease. Do not use a purgative in the hope that it will put you right. Any doctor will tell you that purgatives weaken, that they impair the action of the liver and create chronic constipation. A tonic is what is needed to help nature fight your battle for health, and there is only one always reliable, never-failing tonic, and that is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have no purgative action. They make rich, red blood, strengthen the tired and jaded nerves, and make weak, depressed, easily tired people, whether old or young, bright, active and strong. Among those who have proved the health giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Miss Emma Chaput, of Lake Talon, Ont., who says: "I cannot thank you enough for the good I have derived through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I honestly believe that but for them I would now be in my grave. My face is completely broken down. My hair is as white as chalk, and if I made the least effort to do any housework I would almost faint from the exertion, and my heart would beat violently so that I feared I would drop where I stood. I was a great sufferer from headaches and dizziness as well, and my appetite was so poor that I scarcely ate at all. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me, and then I decided to send for some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got six boxes and before I used them all I was as well as I had ever been with a good healthy color, a good appetite and an entire freedom from the ailments that had made me so miserable. You may be sure that I will always have a warm regard for your invaluable medicine."

Do not experiment with other so-called tonics—you are apt to find it a waste of money and your health worse than before. You will not be experimenting when you use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have proved their value the world over, and you can rely upon it that what they have done for others they will do for you. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Linguistic Triumph in Ohio.

It was during the height of the late military troubles in China, and an English correspondent was standing near two Alsatians of the German troops. One said to the other:

'Schang, schynt d'sunn schun?' (John, is the sun shining yet?)

His companion replied: 'Ja, d'sunn schynt schun lang!' (Yes, the sun has been shining a long time.)

An English soldier chanced to pass as this interesting conversation was progressing, and he stopped to listen. Then he exclaimed feelingly and with evident admiration:

'Wonderful fellers these Germans! Only been here a week, and blowed if they ain't talking Chinese already!'

An Error of Judgment.

A colored citizen, says the Atlanta Constitution, gave a justice of the peace a big fat possum as a wedding fee. Meeting the groom a year after the justice said:

'Well, Jim, how do you like married life?'

'Well, sah,' was the reply, 'all I kin say is—I wish I'd eat that possum.'

Neighborly: Husband—Isn't it about time Mrs. Borrone was returning our call. Wife—Yes, but, if she does return it, it will be more than she does with the other things she gets from us.

THE SIX KINGS EDWARD.

One Belonged to the House of Tudor and the Other Five Plantagenets.

Previous to the monarch who reigns as Edward VII., England had six Kings Edward, five Plantagenets and one Tudor. It is an interesting fact that the title of Prince of Wales, which the present king so long bore, was established by the first Edward, who conquered that little kingdom.

Edward I. was born in 1239. Destined to be the last English monarch who would ever embark in a crusade, he was in the Holy Land when his father, Henry III., died. He had made a great reputation as a fighting man, and he maintained it by his wars against the Welsh and Scotch and French. He amended the laws of his kingdom, and enforced them, too, and his reign of thirty five years was in many respects a wise and just one. Tradition says that he massacred the Welsh bards. He shared, no doubt, the cruelty of his time. It was during his reign that the house of commons was instituted.

The story goes that King Edward, who, for all his fighting, had failed to subdue Scotland, charged his son and successor not to bury him, but to boil his bones clean in a caldron and carry them before the English army until the Scots were overthrown! But that son, Edward II., was no such sturdy character as his father, and it was in his reign that the Scots so completely routed the English at Bannockburn.

He lavished wealth and honors on unworthy favorites, quarreled with everybody he should have cherished, and finally his queen and some of his nobles made war upon him and deposed him. He was murdered in Berkeley Castle in the year 1327, when he was forty-three years old, and had reigned inefficiently for twenty years.

Edward III., the son of this unfortunate monarch, is best known, perhaps, as the father of Edward the Black Prince, who won the great battles of Crecy and Poitiers. But the third Edward, who reigned for fifty years, was a resolute, well-meaning man, and so good a general himself that he carried out his grand-father's pet ambition and conquered Scotland—for a time. The greater glory of the reign, although Edward could have hardly realized it, was that in his day Wyndiff arose.

The fourth Edward was born almost a hundred years later, and came to the throne as a result of the Wars of the Roses. He was Edward, Earl of March, son of the Duke of York, the White Rose champion, and he succeeded Henry VI.

Warwick, 'the kingmaker,' put Edward on the throne, and afterward reinstated Henry. Finally Warwick and Henry were killed, and Edward, who, although vain, avicious, sensual and cruel, was more popular than better men have been, remained in undisputed possession of the throne. He died in 1385, having reigned twenty-two years.

Everybody has read the pitiful history of Edward V., a lad who was only thirteen when his father died. The little king was never crowned, and most of the few weeks he held his title he spent in prison, his uncle, Richard, duke of Gloucester, having had himself appointed 'Protector of the State.' Soon Edward's eleven-year-old brother, the Duke of York, was imprisoned with him, and the two little princes were murdered in the tower.

Edward VI., another boy king, was the son of Henry VIII., and although he reigned—under a protectorate—only six years, dying at the age of fifteen, it seems a safe prediction that he would have been a better man than his father. He died almost three hundred and fifty years ago. What a wonderland the England of Edward VII. would seem to an Englishman of his day!

Trifling With Mrs. Nation's Zeal.

W. L. Higgins perpetrated a practical joke on Carrie Nation while the smasher was in Indianapolis. A well-known local dentist, who dresses well and is rather adipose, was standing at the corner of Pennsylvania and Washington streets when Mrs. Nation got through haranguing the crowd there.

'Look at that man,' said Mr. Higgins, pointing to his friend the doctor. 'He is well off, and he makes his money out of the tears of orphans, the walls of widows and the groans of strong men.'

'He keeps a rum shop, does he?' said the smasher, darting a piercing glance in his direction.

'No,' said Mr. Higgins, 'he is a dentist.'

An accident: Fred—I had a fall last night which rendered me unconscious for several hours.

Ed—You don't mean it? Where did you fall?

Fred—I fell asleep.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

Chat

THINGS

An exchange by an English charity in which gave a dance, an auction figure for sale. A t from which sel the choice the affixed on the be a penny or and was set w parent val to attached. Th haps, had the t making choice ed, pure chan

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Chat of the Boudoir.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

An exchange tells of a novel plan adopted by an English hostess to secure funds for a charity in which she was interested.

An old blue print pillow seen the other day had five blue prints of a pretty 3 year old boy taken in various positions as he was playing.

To stuff eggs with cheese boil the eggs 20 minutes. When they are cold remove the shells, cut the eggs in two and take out the yolks, leaving the white unbroken.

Large toques made of black tulle and with rolled brims have a wreath of small pink roses placed on top of the brim in some of the late Parisian models for summer headgear.

Already new parasols are appearing. The plainer coaching or automobile article shows a distinct tendency toward larger sticks with carved, knotty heads.

Another boy king, was the VIII., and although he was a protectorate—only six years of age, it seems that he would have been crowned than his father. He died at the age of fifty years ago.

With Mrs. Nation's Zeal. A practical NATION while the smasher of the... a well-known local...

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carefully dressed women of a fashionable circle had been required in her girlhood, by her mother to attend scrupulously to every detail of her toilet, and then to think no more about it after leaving her room.

For this early training, which seemed irksome at the time, she never ceased to be thankful when she grew older. She acquired extreme neatness in her personal appearance and an entire freedom from any fussy consciousness about it.

It is a mark of good breeding to be dressed neatly in every detail and never to appear conscious of one's clothes. Sometimes one sees a girl in a street car drawing on gloves or adjusting a veil.

EMBROIDERED DOYLIES.

They Hold Their Place in Woman's Estimation Despite Fashion's Edict.

While the edict has gone forth that only white embroidery may be used for the dinner table, there are many housekeepers who refuse to give up the beautiful doilies embroidered in floral designs that have been such a feature of table decoration for several years past.

For those who follow the custom of serving breakfast and luncheon on a polished table top with the doilies spread upon it without the usual cloth, nothing can take the place of the exquisite floral centrepiece and plate mats.

An exquisite set made to order for an Easter bride consists of twenty pieces done on the finest linen edged with lace. The design is a delicate drawn cluster of white violets with but little foliage.

THE RAINY-DAY SKIRT.

One of its Effects Has Been Almost to do Away With the Mackintosh.

The rainy-day skirt has almost entirely done away with the feminine waterproof or mackintosh cloak which a few years ago occupied a place in every woman's wardrobe.

While they looked extremely pretty on damp days, they were never a healthful garment, for the rubber material excluded the air and made the clothing damp. Then the difficulty of raising the dress skirt was increased and the rubber cloak invariably trailed in the mud and became unsightly.

Nowadays a woman dressed for a journey in the rain is sensibly clad, from her heavy cork-soled shoes, which have done away with the clumsy and objectionable overshoe, to her neat, tightly fastened hat, made to withstand the elements.

Many women venture out in these waterproof suits without an umbrella, but the umbrella gives a finish to the trim costume. On rainy days, and even on fine days when these costumes are worn, the hair should be plainly brushed and neatly coiled or braided.

HOW TO GROW THIN.

A System of Mild Abstinence That is Said to be Quite Effective.

Saccharine has become such a common substitute for sugar that the tea table not supplied with the little white tablets nowadays is thought to lack a very important element.

The Hostess's Fanny Story. They were seated about the dinner table in a fashionable West Side boarding house enjoying the extra frills of the Sunday meal, which has appealed to the inner consciousness of the entire household and made them satisfied with the landlady and the world in general.

cluded in this regiment, which does, however, prohibit any liquid whatever at luncheon or dinner. For an hour preceding the meal no liquids must be taken and to make the cure effective one hour should be allowed to elapse before anything is drunk.

This process is not nearly so difficult as it seems. The most confirmed drinkers of water with their meals, men and women who are never satisfied unless they drink four or five glasses of water during a meal, have found that after two or three days they have become so entirely accustomed to doing without so much liquid. The effects of this sort of abstinence are really remarkable.

SOME STREET CAR WAYS.

A New York Young Woman Who Didn't Understand Them is Enlightened.

The 'Step lively, please,' of the New York street car conductor is usually resented by the visitor from a small town, because it is so unexpected. On the other hand, a New York visitor to a modest interior city resents the 'take it easy' methods of the street car men there.

A young woman who recently returned from a visit to Oswego, the home of her parents, but a town with whose customs she was not well acquainted, is telling her friends of an annoying experience she had during the trip.

She had allowed herself only about the time it would take a New York car to cover the distance. Everything went well until the car got on the bridge and met the other car going east.

'Have you heard the news?' asked one. 'No, What's that?' 'Mike's discharged.'

'What his wife said the young woman who tells the story doesn't remember, because about this time she was protesting to the conductor.

'Sure, don't be uneasy, miss,' he replied, 'there's plenty of time.'

So there was apparently, for though the conversation continued, none of the other passengers seemed surprised or annoyed. The young woman was ten minutes late at dinner.

'Don't mind, dear,' her hostess replied, 'and really we cannot complain about those little things because the men are so obliging in other ways. I have no doubt that the very conductor who ignored your protest is the one who brings up our meat every morning.'

'Why is he a butcher also?' 'No, but the car runs past the butcher's and also past the house, as you know, so I just give him the order. He leaves it with the butcher on the town trip gets the meat when he comes back and stops here long enough to bring it to me.'

'Don't the passengers ever object?' 'Never, unless in a case like yours, they are accustomed to the hurry in a big city. It only takes a minute, and we have many minutes to spare here.'

'But that isn't all,' she went on. 'When John has a rush at the store and doesn't come home at noon, I send a little lunch to him by the street car.'

'And I,' volunteered another woman in the party, 'never worry when Will goes away in the morning without his umbrella and overshoes, for if it rains I just hail a passing car and ask the conductor to drop into the office and give them to him.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 766, Fifth Avenue, New York.

and the women told stories and the men folk laughed. Then the mistress told a story:

'A very dignified young man took a seat in a smoking car. Near him were three travelling salesmen, well dressed, jolly fellows, one of whom suggested a game of cards, and the others agreed. They appealed to the young man to take part and make up a four-handed game.

'Thank you, I never play cards,' came the response to the invitation. 'I am sorry for that. Will you have a cigar with us?' added the spokesman, producing his case.

'I am obliged to you, but I never smoke,' replied the dignified young man. 'They thought they would jolly the young fellow out of dignity, so the leader produced a travelling companion, and asked:

'As you do not play cards nor smoke, you will not refuse to join us in a drink?' 'I thank you, gentlemen, but I never drink.'

'With this a venerable man with ministerial aspect sitting in the seat behind the young man, reached forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

'I have heard what you have said to these men, said the sedate old fellow, 'and I admire you for the stability of character which has enabled you to shun bad habits. I have a daughter in the parlor car, whom I should like to have you meet.'

'I thank you, sir,' replied the young man, turning about and facing the gentleman, 'but the fact is, I never intend to marry.'

MICKY WAS SPANKED IN A CAR.

Mother Who Gave Thumping Called Down the Passengers Who Interfered.

The question as to the advisability of corporal punishment for children was exhaustively debated in a southbound Madison avenue, New York, car Friday afternoon between the hours of 3 and 4.

The seats in the car were comfortably filled, when, at 43rd street, a buxom young Irishwoman with snapping black eyes and a strapping right arm, boarded the car with her four-year old bouchaleen Mickey. A little old woman in black sidled up closer to her neighbor to make room and the mother sat down, drawing little Mickey up close to her knee.

Mickey wore a brilliant green cap jauntily on one side of his tow head, there were stains on his cheeks and he seemed unhappy. When his mother released him for a moment to search for her fare he made a break for the door. His mother strode down the aisle and led Mickey back. Again she started to pay the fare, and again Mickey dashed toward the door, and again he was caught by the nape of the neck. A general titter ran through the car. Mickey, undaunted, made a third dash for liberty. This time, when his mother caught him she stood him on the seat face to the window, and plumped herself squarely down on the seat. The passengers considered the incident closed.

But at 23rd street Mickey squirmed round on the seat with a diabolical smile and said 'Ma,'—the rest of the statement he whispered.

'Wot's that?' his mother cried, grabbing hold of the seat of his trousers. 'Wot's that, ye young devil?' laying him across her knees. 'Say that, agin!' bringing down her open hand with a precision and rapidity that would have made it impossible for Mickey to say anything even if he hadn't been so busy crying.

Thump, thump, thump! went the mother with never a thought of the passengers, who were enjoying the matter immensely with the exception of the little old woman in black, a tall, thin, white-haired man and fat, white-haired man.

'My good woman,' protested the little woman in black to her neighbor, who was still going thump, thump, thump. 'Wot's that?' retorted the mother, never once missing a stroke. 'Wot's that An, wot has th' loikes o' ye to be meddin,' an' intererin?' He ain't yer choild, is he?' 'Madam, madam!' said the tall thin one of the old gentlemen, jumping from his seat and approaching the scene of action. 'Madam, madam!' echoed the short, fat one, taking his stand at the other's side.

'I must really protest at this corporal punishment—'

'It's an outrage that—'

'Corporal punishment; outrage, is it. May th' devil fly away wid de two uv yer!' (thump, thump, thump!) It's foine old gentlemen ye are, lovely old gentlemen, to be—' (thump, thump, thump!) 'Corporal punishment, is? Yez can undress th' young shpalpeen roight here, an there's divil a brise that ye'll find. I know my business. It's my boy. Wot do th' loikes

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

of ye know about childer anyhow, I'd loike to know?' (thump, thump, thump!)

Finally the conductor interfered and persuaded the old gentlemen to return to their seats. They consented, threatening however, to have the 'cruel woman' arrested. Thereupon the mother ceased hostilities, and Mickey, thoroughly subdued and humiliated, wiped his nose on the back of his hand and crawled back to his place at the window.

By this time the car was at the bridge, and the passengers all filed out. Many of them, who had ridden far past their streets rather than miss the entertainment, took the next car back.

A Veteran's Story.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: 'I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for fifty years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder. One box cured me completely.' 50 cents.—25

In a high school examination paper in reply to the question, 'What is a limited monarchy?' was written: 'A limited monarchy is government by a king, who, in case of bankruptcy, would not be responsible for the entire national debt. You have the same thing in private life, in limited liability companies.'

Helpless as a Baby.—South American Rheumatic Cure strikes the root of the ailment and strikes it quick. R. W. Wright, 10 Daniel street, Brockville, Ont., for twelve years a great sufferer from rheumatism, couldn't wash himself, feed himself or dress himself. After using six bottles was able to go to work, and says: 'I think pain has left me forever.'—26

Teacher—How many commandments are there? Small boy—Leven. Teacher—Eleven! What is the 11th? Small boy—Keep off the grass.

Her Heart like a Polluted Spring.—Mrs. James Sibley, Pelee Island, Ont., says: 'I was for five years afflicted with dyspepsia, constipation, heart disease and nervous prostration. I cured the heart trouble with Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and the other ailments vanished like mist. Had relief in half an hour after the first dose.'—27

When we see a man with a long beard it always occurs to us how much worse it must look when he has his night clothes on.

Under the Nerve Lash.—The torture and torment of the victim of nervous prostration and nervous debility no one can rightly estimate who has not been under the ruthless lash of these relentless human foes. M. Williams, of Fordwich, Ont., was for four years a nervous wreck. Six bottles of South American Nerve worked a miracle, and his doctor confirmed it.—28

Tom—Why shouldn't I feel blue. She has refused me.

Dick—Don't be discouraged. A woman's 'No' often means 'Yes.'

Tom—A 'No' might, that's true, but she said 'Nit.'

Ruby Lips and a clear complexion, the pride of woman. Have you lost these charms through torpid liver, constipation, biliousness, or nervousness? Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will restore them to you—40 little 'Rubies' in a vial, 10 cents. Act like a charm. Never gripe.—29

'They say that Boss Platt at one time in his life set up to be a poet.'

'Well, I'll bet he isn't ready to write his own elegy just yet.'

The Backache Stage may be just that incipient form of kidney disease which, if neglected, will develop into stubborn and distressing disorder that will take long tedious treatment to cure. Don't neglect the "backache stage" of the most insidious of diseases, South American Kidney Cure stops the ache in six hours and cures.—30

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving?

Pupil—Yes, miss; I like my father and mother, but I love apple-pie.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.—Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—31

Yes, it was a love match. How do you know? Both had been engaged before.

Salt Rheum, Tetter, Eczema.—These distressing skin diseases relieved by one application. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is a potent cure for all eruptions of the skin. Jas. Gaston, Wilkesbarre, says: 'For nine years I was disfigured with Tetter on my hands. Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured it.' 35 cents.—31

Long Chase for a Murderer.

To one branch of the United States government attaches a peculiar fascination. It is the secret service bureau. It is fascinating because of the mystery which surrounds it and its doings. With agents not only in the United States, but all over the globe, this bureau works silently in a world of its own, among its secret archives at Washington are stories of the most intense human interest which never will see the light of publication. We hear every now and then of smugglers or counterfeiters being caught, and know, in a vague way, that the secret service had something to do with it. But the frauds on the customs and the currency are not all that the bureau has to look after. It is really the detective bureau of the national government, and as such takes cognizance of many things. Wherever there is conspiracy against the government of the United States, wherever there is crime committed against the federal authorities or punishable by them, the feelers of the great detective bureau reach out and investigate.

The recent arrest of Sergeant Loys Darrell by W. O. Dupuy, a secret service agent, is an illustration of the work of the bureau and a gratifying victory for that branch of the government. Henry Crouch and Loys Darrell were enlisted men in the Seventh cavalry, stationed at Pinar del Rio, Cuba. Both were from Colorado and enlisted at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis. At their own request the two men were assigned to the same troop and became "bunkies," or tent mates. Crouch was a steady, saving fellow, and Darrell was intelligent and a good soldier. He soon became a sergeant. Crouch never won his stripes. One morning last April Crouch and Darrell failed to answer to their names at roll call. Darrell was reported absent on leave. He had passed the sentries on the previous evening, showing a pass for four days.

But where was Crouch? It was at first thought that he had deserted, but a soldier soon after, going into the company woodshed, found the body of the missing man lying there with his throat cut.

Crouch, it was known, had \$135 in gold, which he carried about with him. It was missing. At first it seemed absurd to suspect Darrell—the two men had been such sworn friends and companions in arms. But the police of Havana were informed—and, in fact, the police all over the island were informed of the murder and told to arrest Darrell and send him back to Pinar del Rio if they found him. He was such an excellent soldier, such an efficient sergeant, that many of the officers believed that he would return of his own free will as soon as he heard of the murder of his "bunkie" and prove his innocence. But the police could get no trace of the missing sergeant, and when the four days were up and he did not appear at the camp even his defenders gave it up and agreed that he was a murderer. He was officially declared a deserter and a reward offered for his apprehension. Poor Crouch had a soldier's funeral and was buried under the palm trees amid the Cuban mountains. Darrell seemed to have dropped off the face of the earth. No trace of him could be found anywhere. The government was determined to get him, however, at any expenditure of time and money. Such a crime as that could not go unpunished. Darrell's face was sealed. His name was Danny Deever.

Failing to trace the fugitive by ordinary means, the powers of the secret service were invoked. Now, for obvious reasons the United States government has a branch secret service in Havana. In August this branch bureau took up the case, and Dupuy went to the camp in Pinar del Rio and became a trooper in the Seventh cavalry. He was assigned to the troop which Crouch and Darrell had been in, and made himself popular with the men. Before long he knew everything that the men knew about the killing and about Darrell. He earned from the gossip of the camp that the sergeant had fallen desperately in love with a Cuban girl, upon whom he squandered all his pay. He was infatuated completely with her, and resented with anger any suggestion that he break off the connection. He had been a good soldier and a sober man before he saw the dark eyes of the Cuban beauty, but after he became infatuated with the girl he began to drink and to borrow money to spend on his dusky siren. The man who completely in her power and would do anything she asked him. His comrades saw the change

in the man with misgivings, and his tent mate expostulated with him only to be cursed roundly for his interference.

Finally the thing culminated in the murder of Crouch and the robbery of his body of the little horde of savings. Money, money the girl demanded, and Darrell had committed murder to get it for her. But evidently he had awakened from his love dream after he had killed Crouch, for he had not taken the girl with him in his flight nor did he communicate with her as far as could be learned by watching.

Dupuy also got to know what soldiers were friends of Darrell and to whom he would be likely to write. The mails of these men were watched and their letters opened and read without their knowledge. There are ways of opening a letter and sealing it again if one knows how. At length, on September 15, came the longed for clue. One of the men received a letter from Darrell. It was dated from New Orleans, and in it the fugitive said that after leaving the camp he had gone direct to Havana and, changing into citizen's clothes, had taken a steamer, under an assumed name, for New Orleans. The steamer after leaving the harbor was forced to put back on account of a storm and for twenty-four hours she lay in the harbor before starting out again, Darrell all the time being in an agony of fear that he would be traced and taken off the ship by the authorities. Finally he got safe to New Orleans, but he was tired of living in America in constant dread of being discovered and arrested. He had decided to go to South Africa and enlist in the British Army and would sail for Cape Town in the Elder Dempsey line steamer Milwaukee. A telegram to New Orleans was answered by the information that the Milwaukee had sailed twenty days before.

But Dupuy was not discouraged. Hastening to Havana he took the first steamer for Tampa and hurried through by rail to New York where he arrived just in time to catch an American line steamer for Southampton. Meanwhile the United States consuls and consular agents in South Africa had been informed by cable of Darrell's crime, and that he was on the Milwaukee. At Southampton Dupuy caught a Channel boat for the French coast. He had collected all possible information concerning the movements of the Mediterranean steamers, and knew that if no accident happened he could get to Naples in time to catch a steamer bound for Cape Town. Dupuy rushed across Europe, travelling night and day, and getting his food as best he could. He caught his steamer at Naples and finally steamed into Port Said. There he was met by a telegram from the United States consul at Cape Town saying that the Milwaukee was not to stop at that port, but would go on to Biera, a little Portuguese port on the east coast. The steamer which Dupuy was on was the Hertzog of the German East African line, which fortunately stopped at Biera.

As the Hertzog steamed into the harbor of Biera the Milwaukee was lying there and the German steamer passed close to her. Leaning over the side of the Milwaukee, smoking a pipe, Dupuy saw the man who he at once recognized from pictures and descriptions as Darrell. The Milwaukee had been in port a couple of days but the fugitive sergeant had not gone ashore. He wanted to wait until that steamer reached Lorenzo Marques in Delagoa Bay. From there he could quickly make his way across the border into the Transvaal where, he believed, he would be out of danger.

Dupuy an hour after he had landed in Biera had made many friends with the Portuguese secret service men there, and had them all at his beck and call. Now Dupuy is a wily person, and he devised a plan by which he might inveigle Darrell ashore and arrest him. He made a confidential of the captain of the ship, and the captain promised to help him. An advertisement was placed in a local paper of Biera saying that a wealthy citizen wanted a hestler, and would pay him \$100 a month. The captain called Darrell's attention to the advertisement, and advised him to apply for the position, as he had often heard him talk of horses. Darrell fell into the trap and went ashore.

He had hardly stepped his foot upon the landing stage when Dupuy tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was a prisoner. Darrell took in the situation at once, and, remarking, "I guess it's all up with me," allowed himself to be handcuffed and marched to jail. When asked if he would go back to Cuba without extradition papers

the prisoner got a new idea and began to denounce his arrest and declare that it was an outrage and he would not go unless extradited. So Dupuy had to go to Lorenzo Marques, where the Portuguese governor lives, to get his extradition documents. He found that official Portugal moves slowly. The governor seemed to be determined to place every obstacle in the way of the secret service agent, and it was three months before he finally got the papers and started for New York with his prisoner. Three months of worry for Dupuy and three months of imprisonment for Darrell in the abominable climate of Portuguese East Africa had brought both captor and captive to a pretty well "run down" physical state when they finally started back up the east coast. They happened to catch the Hertzog, the same steamer Dupuy had come down the coast in. Darrell was locked in a stateroom and closely guarded by Dupuy. He was seasick nearly all the time, and in his sleep he would talk of his Cuban sweetheart, sometimes accusing her of having brought about his undoing and sometimes telling her of his love.

While the steamer was passing through the Suez Canal a mutiny broke out among the Kafir stokers. Among other things which they proposed to do was to liberate Darrell. The mutiny was put down by the officers of the ship, but all one night Dupuy had to guard the door of Darrell's stateroom with his loaded revolver. When the Hertzog reached Naples, Darrell was taken ashore and placed in the prison for safe keeping until a steamer for New York should come along. On February 21 Dupuy took his prisoner on board the steamer Hohenzollern, which brought them back across the Atlantic to New York. Upon their arrival here Darrell was taken to Castle William. In the Castle are some military prisoners from the Seventh cavalry, and when Darrell was taken to his cell they greeted him with derisive shouts and remarks. When the next steamer sailed for Havana Darrell was on board of it, bound for Pinar del Rio, where he arrived just about a year from the murder of his tentmate, to stand trial for the crime.

Dupuy spent six months and eleven days in the chase for Darrell, and travelled more than 20,000 miles, spending \$2,000 of government money. As a reward for his perseverance and success he will be made assistant chief of the secret service bureau in Havana.

Darrell is not married, but somewhere in Colorado he has an aged mother bowed down with shame and sorrow.

In a Japanese Railway-Car.

The second and third class railroad carriages in Japan give the foreigner a very favorable opportunity to study the life of the people. The glass windows are striped with white lines. The reason for this is that some of the persons who travel in the cars are unused to glass, which perhaps they have never seen before. They are therefore inclined to put their heads through if there is nothing to indicate that something bars the way.

In cold weather, says the New York Sun, all Japanese travellers carry rugs for the cars are heated merely by long steel cylinders filled with hot water and laid on the floor. Spreading his rug out on the seat, a Japanese never sits on anything not perfectly clean.—the passenger shakes off his geta, or wooden clogs, and curls his feet beneath him.

The next move is a smoke, in which both men and women indulge. A tiny pipe is commonly used, which never contains more than a wisp of tobacco the size of a pea, and affords not more than one or two puffs to the smoker. The ashes are then knocked out on the floor and another wisp stuffed in and lighted from the smoldering ashes just rejected.

At every station there are vendors of the little mandarin oranges. Every passenger buys a dozen or more, and eats them in a short time, throwing the skins about the floor. Boys pass by with tea in tiny earthen pots, a cup placed over the top. The price is three sen (a cent and a half). The teapot is left in the car.

The Japanese throw all sorts of refuse about, and the car soon presents a very untidy appearance, or would do so if it were not for the porters, who come in at odd stations and clean up.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.

His estimate—Korneloff told me that he had bought a block of oil paintings, said Cornue.

What did he pay for them? asked Cawker.

He says they cost him something like \$250 a front foot on an average.

'Twas Dr. Chase Who

Saved Our Baby.

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called

it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket." Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say it all right today after seven weeks' sickness." Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

RUNAWAY FOUND.

Girl Related to Duke Of Hamilton Found as an Artist's Model.

The runaway daughter of a cousin of the duke of Hamilton has been found in New York city posing as a model for a life class.

She was located through the efforts of Lord Pauncefote, British minister at Washington, to whom the girl's mother appealed after a year's fruitless search.

Consul General Sir Percy Sanderson of this city, upon receipt of instructions from Washington, notified the police who, after prosecuting a thorough and secret search, found the girl.

She was at once turned over to the care of the St. George society the representative English fraternal organization of New York, and, having expressed her willingness to quit her romantic existence, will be sent back to England Saturday on the steamship Minnehaha.

The girl's father is A. M. R. Douglas-Hamilton, first cousin of the duke. He obtained commendation as a commander in the British navy, but is now on the retired list. Miss Hamilton's mother was Mrs. Theresa Oliver. She was a widow when she married Mr. Hamilton, and her maiden name was Wentworth.

Several weeks ago Lord Pauncefote received a letter from Mrs. Hamilton, who is now the wife of Commander Foster of the British navy, requesting that a search be made for her daughter Isola, who disappeared from home about a year ago. She was described in the letter as a "chronic runaway" and it was said she was last heard from in New York.

The matter was turned over to Sir Percy Sanderson for investigation. He asked the assistance of the police and Miss Hamilton was found at No. 250 West 36th street where she had been living in true Bohemian style since last September.

It was learned that Miss Hamilton had been posing at the Art Students' league in 57th street and it is said that the discovery was a great shock to her British friends. Miss Hamilton was watched several days and was taken to police headquarters, where she had a long talk with a police official. She was turned over to the British consul by the police.

Several ladies of the St. George society are looking out for her comfort, it is said, at the request of Mr. Percy Sanderson.

She eluded her guardian and ran away at the age of 10. She obtained a suit of boy's clothes and sold programs in a theatre in London. She was taken home, and when 14 ran away again. She was caught at Brighton in a fisherman's boat.

Again she ran away and went to Cairo, Egypt, where she attracted the attention of the nabobs. She sold jewelry in a booth at a fair ground for an English firm. The habits of the Egyptians suited her taste and she still sleeps on the floor instead of a bed, sits on cushions on the floor and smokes cigarettes with her friends. She was induced to return home from Egypt.

Her Bohemian habits made it harder than ever for her to live with her mother, and a year ago she left her home again. She came to this country to find her father, and after a search of several weeks located him. She could not get along with her father's wife, who was shocked by her way of living, and after five weeks she left his house with 650 in her purse.

She had no friends in this city when she reached here. She obtained employment in an 8th-av drug store. This did not suit her. On one of her runaway trips in London she had posed, in drapery, for Sir Frederick Leighton of the Royal academy. Finally, at King's college, Strand, and her life again turned in that direction here, she met her father.

Charles E. Frobert did her. She obtained engagements to pose as a model at

the Academy of Design. Chase art school, Art Students' league, New York school of illustration and for Louis Lorenzi and La Farge, artists.

By working from 8 in the morning until 10 at night she made enough to live.

She was engaged to marry a relative of Sir Henry Irving in that city, but separated from him at the church door recently. She gave as an excuse that she could not give up her settled habits, to which her intended husband objected, and so she gave him up.

Miss Hamilton is very popular at the art schools, and everybody speaks well of her. She went to the masked ball at the Art league about a month ago, and when she was discovered some of the students were greatly offended at her presumption. She was requested to leave, and her feelings were so hurt that she welcomed the chance to return home.

No a Suitable Reference.

"Of course, you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggerty to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl, "although I would rather you didn't for Mr. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?"

"She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"H'm, not much in that."

"Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm she is eccentric, then?"

"And finally she has never attended a bargain sale and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy!"

"Oh, the woman's mad! I shan't trouble her for your character. You can come in when you like!"

An Exception.

"It makes me tired to see the manner in which the newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking compartment as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of his hair, an oasis in a desert of scalp, which he spent most of the time in smoothing reflectively.

"I'm pose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points?"

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No; I don't think I could."

"Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the man who had spoken first, in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do indeed," replied the man with the oasis earnestly.

"Well, I must say there are not many like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word; not a word."

THE CLERGY LIKE IT.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures All Colds. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—"Live up to the preaching" in all its claims: Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Whitrow and Rev. Dr. Chamber (Methodist) and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the taking, 50 cents.

Quize—What did Biffie do when you struck him? Mr. Dred—Me.

(Cont. from page 10.)
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Our Baby.

Thoughts Cannot Withstand the Power of Linseed

...eager for medicine time can simply state that she cured her, and she is as light as a cricket.

Design. Chase art "nuta" league, New York and for Louis Lorenzi.

...m 8 in the morning until she was able to live.

...ed to marry a relative of in that city, but separate church door recently.

...is very popular at the art everybody speaks well of her. masked ball at the Art month ago, and when she came of the students were at her presumption. She leave, and her feelings she welcomed the chance

...quite understand that I Mrs Whiffar for your charming Mrs Taggerty to the girl aged.

...replied the girl, "al- rather you didn't for Mr's eccentric that she is not al- upon."

...is she eccentric? she her husband is quite a husband, and that her ever caused her a moment's

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...man's mad! I shan't trouble character. You can come in-

...An Exception. tired to see the manner in newspapers are run," said the looking compartment as he snoring and let his paper drop.

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...I used to be like you. trying to run a newspaper tell you, my friend, I'm not; not a word."

CLERGY LIKE IT.

...Catharrhal Powder Cures. It Relieves in 10 Min-

...few names of clergymen of who are firm believers in Catharrhal Powder to "live up- ing" in all its claims: Bishop- Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopal- Dr. Whitrow" and Rev. Dr. Methodist) and Dr. Newman, no, Canada. Copies of their for the asking, 50 cents. 4

...did Effie do when you

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

turn; so, strolling over to the fire place, I seat myself in the same chair I occupied when I was here an hour ago.

Suddenly, my eyes fall upon the writing table, from one of the drawers of which Gordon's keys are hanging.

Perhaps there may be a Bradshaw there. Shall I look? Rising to my feet I cross to the writing table.

The first drawer contains nothing but note paper and envelopes; the second is full of bundles of papers, which look like old deeds and bills; the third has some account-books in it; while in the fourth is a folded sheet of parchment.

It is superscribed thus— "Copy of the Oath administered by our Chief, Stanislaus Rudice, to our brother, Gordon Alverstone, (Numero Vingt) on the 11th of June—"

Ab, what is that? A heavy hand is suddenly laid upon my shoulder, and uttering a loud exclamation of nervous terror, I turn round, to confront my husband.

Terribly stern and accusing are the eyes he fixes upon my face, though for a full minute he does not speak; then— "Kindly give me the paper you have in your hand," he says briefly.

"That is all, but the scathing contempt in his tone makes me shiver from head to foot. With miserable, tear-blinded eyes I watch him return the document to its drawer, cross to the fire-place, drop into a chair, and pick up a newspaper.

Is he not going to say anything more to me? No; I know that he is not, and feeling more wretched than I have ever felt in my life before, I begin to creep towards the door.

But I cannot leave him like this. The last remnant of my pride deserts me, and with a choking sob I retrace my steps, fling myself upon my knees by his side, and hide my face against the arm of his chair.

"What is the matter?" he asks. "Are you ill? Pray, my dear Nilla, endeavor to compose yourself, or you certainly will be," and he tries to raise me from my lowly position, but I resist his efforts, and he leaves me alone. "I sob. 'Don't touch me. You—you hate me, and I wish I was dead.'"

"What utter nonsense you are talking!" "It isn't nonsense. You cannot deny that you are angry—"

"Have I not a right to be angry with you?" Gordon interrupts. "Was it honorable of you to pry amongst my private papers?"

"I didn't mean to pry; I wanted a Bradshaw, and—and—but it is no use my explaining; you wouldn't believe me if I did."

There is a short silence; then— "If I have indeed misjudged you, Nilla, I am sorry," Gordon says gently. "There now, I am not angry any longer; it was a mistake, so dry your eyes and don't cry any more, or you will be ill, and then you won't be able to go to Yerberly."

"It is just what I said," I return chokingly. "You have learnt to hate me. You—you needn't try to deny it; if you didn't hate me, you wouldn't want to get rid of me."

"I want to get rid of you!" he exclaims. "What idea have you got into your head now? Don't you want to go to Yerberly?" "You want me to go."

"I have not said so."

"Not in so many words perhaps, but I can tell from your manner that you will be only too delighted to get rid of me."

Again for a short interval there is silence then with a resolute effort Gordon raises me to my feet, holding me in front of him that he may look me full in the face.

"Tell me what all this means, Nilla?" he says sternly, and, taking my courage in both hands, at the saying is, I answer him by, in my turn, asking a question.

"Do you remember the evening of our wedding day?" I faltered nervously.

"Am I likely to have forgotten it?" "You told me then that I might perhaps be willing some day to give my 'all' for the love I then scorned."

"Yes?" as I pause with a piteous glance up at him.

"Oh, you know what I want?" I am beginning again tremulously, when the words die away upon my lips, for there comes a knock at the door, and in obedience to Gordon's somewhat impatient "Come in," there enters his steward.

Heavily I slip away, and nothing more of my husband do I see until late in the afternoon, when, happening to go into the library, I discover that he is seated in front of the fire fast asleep.

He looks pale, but remarkably handsome, and as I stand watching him, a sudden impulse seizes me to kiss him.

didn't you go quietly away instead of waking me?" "I didn't mean to do so; it was an accident," I falter.

"What sort of an accident?" curiously, and slipping an arm round my waist, he draws me down beside him.

"Please let me go," I entreat. "I will tell you all about it some other time, if you will only let me go now."

"Couldn't think of doing such a thing; besides, I want to tell you of the beautiful dream I was enjoying when you so cruelly awoke me. Don't you begin to feel interested?"

"Not in the least," desperately. "What a rude child you are!" in a severe tone. "However, I won't bear malice, but will tell you my dream. I had fallen asleep, and for some time my slumber was perfectly dreamless, when, suddenly, there was wafted to me a breath of exquisite fragrance. What could it be, and what was that soft, rustling sound which fell upon my ears?"

"I dared not move, and presently my patience was rewarded. There crept towards me, out of the surrounding gloom, a fairy like form in flowing draperies of purest white, bearing in her hands a huge bunch of lilies.

"Breathlessly I watched my dream-maiden. With noiseless tread she glided to my side; for a moment or two she stood looking down upon me with a sweet and tender smile; then—"

"But I can bear no more. With a piteous little cry I bring Gordon to a pause, hiding my shame flushed face against his coat.

"Why, what is the matter?" he asks. "Don't you like my dream?" "No, I don't."

"You surely are not jealous?" "Jealous!" I echo. "Of whom, pray?" "Why, of the dream fairy who kissed me, of course," Gordon answered promptly. "By Jove, I believe you are! How jolly!"

"There is nothing in the least jolly about it," I retort, with the courage born of desperation. "You know quite well that it wasn't a dream."

Gordon does not reply, but his arms tighten round me.

And thus during several minutes we remain, heart to heart, in a silence which is more fraught with understanding than the most impassioned language could be.

But presently Gordon softly utters my name.

"Yes?" I question. "What were you going to tell me this morning when Ward interrupted us? What was it you wanted of me?"

"You know," hiding my face in my hands; "I dare not ask for it—I have been so wicked—but I am truly sorry, I truly am, and I will never be disobedient any more as long as I live, if you will only forgive me; I cannot live my life if you will not."

"And is my forgiveness all you want?" "I dare not ask for anything more."

Sobbingly, I look up at him, and then, all at once, I lose the last remnant of my self control, and fling my arms almost frantically about his neck.

"Give me your love once again, Gordon," I plead desperately. "I cannot live without it; I must have it, or I shall die!"

And now I learn what a noble generous man my husband is.

"My darling, it is always been yours," he says, with infinite tenderness.

"Was it mine, even when I was so—so wicked?" "Let the dead past bury its dead," he says. "After today we will never refer to it again, but will start afresh. And now, my darling, it is my turn to confess; I have something to tell you."

What the "something" is my instinct warns me; so, before he can proceed with his confession, I have staid it upon his lips, by sobbing out the story of my shameful suspicions, and of my unseen presence at his interview with Mrs. Delmaine in the Oak Plantation.

"You wicked, eavesdropping child!" he comments severely. "You ought to be downright ashamed of yourself."

"I am ashamed of myself—indeed I am," rubbing my cheek penitently against his. "And I suppose you want to tell you what my secret is, eh?"

"Not unless you wish to do so, Gordon." "What, will you really be content if I wish you to remain in the dark about it still?"

"Yes, I think so; I will try to be." "My sweetest; but all the same I am going to tell you the truth. Two years ago, darling, I was travelling through Poland, and late one afternoon, as I was riding along a country road on the confines of a wild forest, my horse took fright and threw me, breaking my leg. As you may imagine, my position was anything but agreeable, for the forest was infested with wolves; but just as I was yielding to despair, I heard the sound of approaching wheels, and—who do you think saved me Nilla?"

which he was chief, I had forfeited my life. In vain I protested that their secret was safe with me; he would not listen to my protestations, and that night, he and half a dozen of his confederates assembled to decide what my fate should be. It was death!"

Gordon pauses, a far away expression stealing over his face, as though his thoughts are busy with the past.

I watch him in silence for a minute or two and then— "How did you escape from their vengeance?" I ask softly.

"Vincente Delmaine again saved me— saved my life, that is, for not even she could persuade them to let me go scot-free. I must become one of them, they said, or die. It was a hateful alternative, and perhaps I ought to have refused it. The hero of a three volume would doubtless have done so; but I am not a hero, and life was sweet, so I yielded to their condition, binding myself to them by the most solemn of oaths, a copy of which you found in my writing-table drawer this morning, but which I have since destroyed."

"Were the very dreadful men, Gordon?" "They were very dreadful men, my darling. They had a fiendish cruelty and were utterly lawless, and my oath compelled me to do much of which I did not approve; but I can call Heaven to witness that I am free from the slightest taint of murder—my hands are guiltless of blood. You believe me, Nilla?"

"I believe you," drawing his dark, handsome face down to mine and dropping a soft kiss upon my lips; then, a sudden horrible thought occurring to me, I go on quickly: "Gordon, surely you will not be bound to them for always?"

"Thank God, no!" he answers. "I am now free from them for ever. I always hated the bond, but after I met you, my dearest, it became unendurable. Night and day I was constantly asking myself if I could dare to make you my wife, knowing what I was? Count Rudice and his daughter were then in England, and to the latter I frankly stated my doubts and fears and she generously undertook to plead my cause with her father and his partisans. She was ordered down here to spy out the land, and telling Mr. Buckle, my lawyer, who had the letting of the Dewar House, that she was a friend of mine, I offered her the use of it. For a whole month I was kept in a state of suspense, then I was informed that a meeting would be convened to decide my case, though the date of that meeting was uncertain. Then, Nilla, came our wedding day, and that wretched telegram which has caused us both so much unhappiness. You read it, so you know what it said, and you begin to understand its meaning, do you not, my darling?"

"I do," in a low voice. "But how did they know where to address it? Did they know that particular day was our wedding-day?"

"They did, and it was sent to me on that particular day to test my obedience. I guessed as much; so, at all costs, I determined to obey it."

"And made you going as hard for you as I possibly could. Can you ever really forgive me, Gordon?"

"Well, yes, I think I can," he answers with a smile. "Love can forgive much, you know."

"Suppose you had not obeyed the telegram, what would have happened then?" "I should have been heavily fined and made to renew my oath to them. But as it was, things turned out favorably for me. The society was very hard up for funds, and it was agreed that I would most solemnly swear to maintain an inviolate secrecy concerning their existence and everything connected with them and would pay them the sum of five thousand pounds, which would release me from my former oath. I, of course, most cheerfully agreed and I had just been paying Mrs. Delmaine the money that day when you saw us in the Oak Plantation."

Is she a widow?" I question. "Yes, her husband was an Englishman who—to quote her father—'died for the Cause.' And now, my wife, put your arms round my neck, and tell me that you love me."

Shyly I glance up into the dark face bent above mine, and slipping my arms about my husband's neck, I whisper the words he craves to hear, at the same time giving him a long long kiss, a kiss of "everlasting love."

Doctors say so. Victims of snuffs, ointments, and tablets tell the same story. Catarrh is a germ disease. The germs excite disease in the lungs, throat, nasal passages and bronchial tubes. Germs are hard to get at, but destroy them and you cure the disease. How can it be done? By carrying powerful medication with the air you breathe direct to the diseased parts. You must be sure, also, that the medication will kill the disease germs. Catarrhoxone is guaranteed to do this, that's why it has created such a sensation in the medical world. You simply breathe Catarrhoxone; it destroys the germs—it heals—in a word it cures. Now you know everything about Catarrhoxone, except what you can learn by using it. Catarrhoxone never disappoints and is guaranteed to cure catarrh. Price \$1.00; Small size 25 cents, at druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Indian poured forth the old story of his wrongs.

When he had talked two hours I lost my temper.

"You go on," I sneered, "as if you were a brook, instead of a Creek merely!"

I knew the fellow to be well read in English poetry, especially Tennyson, and therefore unable to escape being out by my witty allusion.

The explanation: Miss Demuir—May doesn't care for horseback riding. Huntley—Not then with you on earth doesn't she give it up?

Miss Demuir—Oh she rides too gracefully to think of such a thing!

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

IN COMPANY WITH LIONS.

Exciting Adventure of a Traveller in Africa.

Some people must hold life cheaply, or an adventure like that recounted by the author of 'Sports in East Central Africa' would hardly be risked. The author, ill with fever, was in a little settlement of blacks. Hearing that lions were in the neighborhood, he insisted upon having the carcass of a bear placed as bait not far from his hut, and although his legs were too weak to carry him a dozen yards, he had himself propped against the door-jamb, took his double-barrelled rifle across his knees, and prepared to watch. It was nearly one o'clock when the lions gave notice of their arrival.

I heard the heavy, grunting sighs of three or four of them as they moved about in the scrub two hundred yards away. Then followed a series of rushes, as they leaped from the bank of the creek and lapped the water noisily. Next came a terrified voice from a neighboring hut, 'White man, we are going!' and the boys rushed pell mell from their shelter, some passing in front of me and others behind, making for a grove of trees.

Scarcely had the first of them got well outside the huts when it seemed as if a lion were right among them. It dashed past my hut with deep, savage grunts, bounding through the scrub in close pursuit. A yell rang out from the darkness, and I was convinced that one of the blacks was being devoured; but I was too weak to stand, and could not go to his assistance.

After some further noise and confusion I heard a lion treading over the dead leaves near by. Then came a prolonged and muffled sound, half-roar, half-moan. The beast walked to the back of my hut, and thrusting his nose among the thatched grass, sniffed loudly. I could see the light stalks stirring with his breath, and hear the rustling when he endeavored to insert a paw between the interstices of the wattles.

Each instant I expected the structure to collapse. Luckily this did not happen. The lions had destroyed one hut, and partly ruined two more, but to speak of smashing the one next mine, which contained all my stores.

I could hear them making a terrific noise, snuffing, grunting and snarling, breaking sticks and clanking metal. Every now and then one would leap down the bank into the water, and then come tearing back breathing heavily and growling low. Yet not a whicker did one of them show in the firelight in front of me.

The excitement did me good. The next morning I was up and about. Not one of the boys had been injured, although one had had a marvelous escape. The lions were close upon him as he reached a tree. He sprang at a branch, and in his terror seized the leg of another black who had clambered up before him. Terrified lest he should fall into the lion's maw, the other fellow kicked his leg clear, so that the unfortunate black fell to the ground, uttering the yell I had heard. The boy explained that the nearest lion only growled as he scrambled to his feet and climbed another tree as fast as his feet would shin.

Pigeon or Leopard.

The adventures of travellers in 'darkest Africa' are often of a highly dangerous kind. Even the sportsman in search of quail and pigeon is not wise if he wanders far from camp or his companions as more dangerous game is likely to be near at hand. Mr. Lloyd, author of 'In Dwarf Land,' narrates a disagreeable experience which came near to proving even worse than that.

He had gone off alone, carrying only his shotgun with No. 6 shot for pigeons, and had got into a very wild sort of jungle. It was well toward evening, and after wandering about for some time and seeing nothing, he began to retrace his steps. This, he soon found, was no easy matter, and after pushing first in one direction and then in another, he began to give up hope

of getting back to camp that night.

It was about a quarter of an hour before sunset. I was forcing my way along a narrow track which I believed would eventually take me to the main road, when suddenly a huge leopard sprang from a tree just in front of me.

I leveled my gun, but feared to pull the trigger, thinking that the putting of a hundred or so of No. 6 shot into the beast would only enrage him. So with my gun at my shoulder and my eye fixed upon the leopard, which had alighted on the ground only about ten yards in front of me, I gradually drew back.

The creature just crouched upon the ground like a huge cat, lashing its tail backward and forward, snarling horribly, showing all its fangs. And thus I left it.

It now began to get dark, and being much alarmed at the prospects of staying out all night in so wild and dangerous a quarter, I began to blow with all my might the whistle which I always carried in my belt.

After blowing for some time I heard a call, and making off in the direction of it, suddenly found myself entering a village.

The natives, when they saw me, fled in all directions, and I could not get near enough to make my request for help known to them. I wandered about in the village for a little while, and then blew my whistle again; this time with better success, for out of the thicket emerged my cook, who missing me in camp and fearing that I was lost, had set off to find me, and hearing the whistle was led to me by that.

Very thankful I was at last to get into my little canvas tent. It had never seemed so much like home. And I had learned a lesson, which has stood me in good stead during all my travels in Africa, namely, never to wander off alone in a country that I do not know.

A Big Quarter's Worth is always found in a bottle of Polson's Nervilleine, the best household liniment known. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, sick-stomach, in fact is good for everything a liniment ought to be good for. Mother's find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, sprains and bruises. Never be without Polson's Nervilleine. It will cure the pains and aches of the entire family and relieve a vast amount of suffering every year.

"I think I'll have some of those crullers," said Jones at the lunch counter. "Don't you want some?" "No," replied Smith. "They don't agree with me."

"That so?" "Yes; I couldn't even eat the hole in one without getting dyspepsia."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY! Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar. FOR HEADACHE, FOR BRUISES, FOR COLIC, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Check-Draft.

'Old man' Catlin, so called to distinguish him from his son 'Lisbe and his several nephews, had been a domestic potentate of the absolute type.

One of Amanda's opinions was that the use of a coal-stove is primarily to keep the house warm in winter, rather than to give a superior economist an opportunity to show how little coal he can burn and still keep the fire actually alight.

The old man would come in ruddy from those outdoor chores with which he mitigated the tedious leisure of his old age, and remark, 'My, you've got it hot here!'

Amanda's response depended upon her mood. If she happened to be engrossed in some prospective triumph of needlework, she paid no attention to the challenge until the room became too cool.

If she felt cross or tired, she made no such delay, but seized an early opportunity to carry the war into father's territory by heating the room a little hotter than it was before.

The older Mr. Catlin, besides possessing some strategic skill, had a sense of humor which lent a secret zest for him, even to those occasions when Amanda outgeneraled him.

'What do you want, father? Is anything the matter?' she asked. 'I came down to get a drink,' retorted father, with great presence of mind and an excessive dignity.

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ed together made as good a tonic as you could take. He said he always had his family take them in the spring.

'Lisbe threw back his head with a loud laugh. 'Yes,' he said, 'father fetched home a bundle of each of those herbs and put 'em on the pantry shelf; and Amanda, she's got so kind of used up, she stuck 'em in the stove.'

'You have her go right off,' said the doctor. So dejected was Amanda that when she received an urgent invitation from her sister—inspired by the crafty 'Lisbe—to make her a long visit, she never even protested that she had nothing to wear.

She let 'Lisbe take her to the station, without reminding him of any one of the innumerable things that would need his attention during her absence.

True, as the train was about to start, she did open her lips to admonish him that he must see that father didn't let the plants freeze. But looking into his kind, anxious face, she realized the futility of asking 'Lisbe to cope with his father.

So she only put her head down on his shoulder and cried a little, at the same time pushing him from her and urging him not to let the cars run over him when he jumped off.

Father reveled in his brief authority. He poked down the ashes with a judicious hand and shut the check draft to the sole end that he might pull it out again all unassailed. He took such complete delight in keeping the sitting room at the lowest temperature compatible with having any fire at all that he never noticed that 'Lisbe kept the kitchen stove almost red hot, night and day.

Then the weather turned fiercely cold of a sudden, without any regard to theories of an arch economist. 'Lisbe had been up late one night doctoring a sick horse, and on the next night he slept more soundly than usual. When he awakened, in the morning the fires had been out for hours, and all Amanda's precious plants were frozen stiff.

Even Mr. Catlin had felt the bitter chill of the night, and looked more subdued than usual when he entered the kitchen, where 'Lisbe was frying buckwheat cakes.

'I guess we let the fires get a little too low last night,' said 'Lisbe, when father had duly performed his absolutions at the kitchen sink.

'Why so?' asked father, truculently. 'Well they went out. Must have been early in the night, and Amanda's plants are all gone.'

'Can't be. I put papers behind 'em, same as usual,' said father, with dogged excitement. He stepped hastily across the kitchen and threw open the sitting room door.

'They're froze stiff every one of 'em,' said 'Lisbe, ruefully. 'I guess Amanda'll take the roof off when she sees 'em. That Japan Lily was just getting ready to blow. There has never been a Japan Lily in this township till Amanda gave fifty cents for that bulb.'

'Lisbe looked with commiseration at the drooping, blackened stem of that regal lily of Japan.

'Amanda thought about as much of those plants as if they'd been children,' 'Lisbe continued, at breakfast. 'A lot more than she thinks of me—at times.'

But the old man sat stiffly silent. He was not going to let anybody know how little prepared he felt to meet the coming of his daughter in law's bright face. To expect Amanda to refrain from saying, 'Now see what you have done!' was to demand a superhuman magnanimity, and for once in his overbearing life old Mr. Catlin knew that he had no adequate reply ready.

'I guess you'll have to build the fire in the coal stove, pa,' said 'Lisbe, noisily clattering the dishes. 'I must get that wood hauled now while it's froze. We'll have to have the light cold spell.'

'I'll tend to it,' said father, briefly. During the forenoon 'Lisbe, unloading his wood, noticed his father burrying in and out, emptying ashes and sifting coal. 'Pa ought to keep his hat on,' he said to himself, 'seeing how cold the wind is.'

But Jacob Catlin did not look at all as if he would receive advice graciously, and 'Lisbe refrained from giving any.

When the fire was successfully kindled, the pans of mince were thoroughly smoked, and the oilcloth and carpet, where father had spilt ashes and then tried to clean them up, looked as if they had been smeared with some gray wash.

This result of his labors galled the old man who had a just appreciation, kept as secret as the grave, of Amanda's comfortable cleanliness. His jaw stiffened ominously as he surveyed his handiwork.

He went to the barn and harnessed his horse to the light wagon. The cold was not so keen when he set forth, but there was a chill in the air which penetrated his tired old bones. Stopping at the next neighbor's, he held a parley with her. She agreed to go to the Catlin home and clean up and fix things as they ought to be. For this service father paid her in advance. He also offered to drive her over, but she replied that with the wind blowing the way it did she'd rather walk.

Father therefore went on toward town and stopped at a florist's. He pattered about in the suffocating, steamy atmosphere from one greenhouse to another, because, although he knew many of the plants he wanted by sight, he did not know their names. He would have only the best specimens, and he bought some new ones which took his fancy.

'You can't take these home any such day as this,' said the proprietor, who had followed him around in amazement and some irritation at his deliberation and his criticisms.

'Why not? Why not?' asked Jacob Catlin, testily. He was finally convinced with difficulty that it was too cold.

'We can send them out in our covered rig tomorrow if it warms up some,' said the florist, and Mr. Catlin was obliged to content himself with going away empty-handed as he had come.

Before he had reached home he realized that he felt very ill; and as he was pain-

fully putting up the horse, he said to himself, much as he might have retorted upon Amanda, 'I reckon what coal I've saved will cost me midding clear before I get through.' Then he added, with a return of his wonted spirit, 'But it's worth some thing to find out what a tomfool an old critter can be that's bound to have his own way!'

He was covering over the kitchen hearth when his son came in to supper. 'Lisbe, as he went back and forth, observed the old man silently for some time. Then he said, 'You ain't going to have a sick spell, are you, pa?'

'I don't know but I am,' said the old man, forlornly. There was a kind of unconscious appeal in his face, already flushed and swollen with fever.

'Lisbe acted promptly. Within an hour he had put his father to bed, and he and the doctor were making poultices.

Some time the next day Jacob Catlin's dulled senses apprised him that Amanda's face was bending over him, and that there was nothing in its expression to be dreaded, only a great and comforting compassion.

Upon this he resigned himself to a stupor broken by intervals of delirium, when he had it in mind always to tell Amanda something if he could summon strength enough. At last, one day when her quick, kind hands were busy about him, he managed to clutch one of them and hold it feebly. Amanda bent down close. In a sudden flash of intelligence she understood, and could answer that tormenting thought of his.

'Those words you got me are splendid, father,' she said. 'I never had any so pretty before. They're growing to beat all!'

Father listened greedily; finally he mustered all his strength. 'I sha'n't meddle with that stove again,' he whispered, hoarsely.

She laughed a little, lest he should imagine he saw tears in her eyes. 'Oh please! Yes, you will; you can see now just how it acts.'

But the old man shook his head firmly, and having thus expressly announced the dictatorship of the check draft and set all right between himself and Amanda, he fell asleep, holding her hand in his tremulous grasp.

THE JAPANESE NAVY.

A formidable fleet built since the battle of the Yalu, seven years ago.

One of the most notable surprises of recent years has been the rise of Japan from a condition considered to be hardly civilized to the position of one of the great Powers of the world.

In part this is due to the admirable organization of her army and the exploits of her navy in the war with China. The Japanese fleet was handled then with an audacity and skill that startled professional observers all over the world.

The want of a sufficiently numerous fleet prevented Japan from retaining the fruits of victory, but her government at once set to work to create a navy adequate for the purpose of Japanese policy.

The result is seen in the splendid squadron which Japan will soon have assembled in the Far East. At the battle of the Yalu, Sept. 17, 1894, which disposed of the Chinese squadron, the Japanese had eleven vessels aggregating 35,264 tons against twelve Chinese ships of 34,975 tons and four torpedo boats.

The Chinese squadron comprised two armorclads, the Chen-Yuen and Ting-Yuen of 6,430 tons each, superior to any individual vessel of the Japanese squadron, the largest ships in which were three of 4,300 tons; the Matsushima, the flagship, the Itsuku shima and the Hashi date.

Their inferiority in armor protection was compensated for by their formidable armament, but they were not able to venture into close quarters with the two Chinese ironclads, and the Matsushima was so badly damaged that the Japanese admiral had to transfer his flag during the action to the Hashidate. The net result of the fighting was that four of the Chinese ships were sunk and several captured, and three Japanese vessels were more or less seriously injured.

In the less than seven years that have elapsed since then the Japanese navy has made enormous strides. Its first line is now composed of six battleships, including four of the most powerful of their class afloat. They are the Shiki shima, Hatusue, Asahi and Misaka of 14,900 tons and 14,500 horse power, with speed of 18-15 knots. The only thing that they are furnished with the now condemned Belleville boilers.

The other two battleships are the Yasuhiko and Fuji Yama of 12,400 tons, 14,100 horse power and 19 knots speed. The six belong to the English Majestic class, but are more modern and have many improvements. They form a compact squadron in themselves superior to that of any other Power in the Far Eastern seas.

The armored cruisers number six and belong to one class in size, being of 9,850 tons, 19,000 horse power and 22.07 knots speed. Four of them, like the four great battleships, were built in England, the other two coming from Germany and France. The two latter have Belleville boilers. They all manoeuvre with great facility, and are little inferior in fighting value to battleships.

The protected cruisers number thirteen, ranging from 2,700 to 4,800 tons, with horse power of from 6,100 to 15,000, and from 16.5 to 23 knots speed. Four are of the newest designs, and with their speed and armament form a valuable complement to the preceding armored cruiser squadron. Two, the Takasago and Yo-shimo, are of English build and the latter by the rapidity of her fire did great execution among the Chinese ships at the Yalu. The other two the Kasagi and Chitose, are of American construction.

Of the other protected cruisers the only ones of European build are the Idzumi, formerly the Chilean Esmeralda, constructed in England, and the Sai-yen, built in Germany and captured from the Chinese at the same time as the Chen Yuen, coast defence ship, renamed the Chin yen.

The Japanese have also a numerous destroyer and torpedo flotilla of the most modern build, the destroyers being twelve in number. Their gunboats and unprotected cruisers are now, of course, behind the age and fit only for coast guard and customs service among the islands.

The great feature of the Japanese fighting fleet is the equipment of the heavier rapid fire guns in each ship. This is the result of the lesson of the Yalu, where the victory was largely due to the shower of projectiles thrown into the Chinese ships.

In the event of Japan's finding herself at war with one of the European powers it is questionable whether any of the squadrons now in the Far East could make head against the fleet the Japanese have created since 1894.

Rough Ravens.

The raven of southern Europe is a bold fellow, not unlike his cousin, the crow. Some notices of the bird, given by an English traveller in Corsica, offer amusing proof of this.

A youth whom I employed to carry my camera could never look on ravens with any equanimity, for he had suffered much from their thievish impudence when sent to the bush to gather firewood.

On one occasion he lost his dinner, a loaf of bread wrapped in a napkin, although he was working close to the spot where he had laid it, and had turned his back for only a minute.

But the most unpardonable insult he had ever received happened on a day when he was out gathering wood. As he was stooping down to bind a bundle of fagots, a raven suddenly swooped from behind, lifted the cap from his head, and flew away with it to a lofty crag, from which he uttered croaks of triumph.

The cap was subsequently seen lined with straw and serving for a nest.

BORN.

- Truro, Mar. 23, to the wife of O. Wallace, a son. Digby, Mar. 21, to the wife of Mr. Webber, a son. Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Miss McKay, a son. Truro, Mar. 20, to the wife of Charles Phillips, a son. Hastings, Mar. 21, to the wife of Mr. Oulton, a son. Alton, Mar. 20, to the wife of A. Demmon, a son. Truro, April 6, to the wife of A. F. McCulloch, a son. Amherst, Mar. 20, to the wife of Albert Dwyer, a son. Colchester, to the wife of Samuel Taylor, a daughter. Colchester, Mar. 15, to the wife of Walter Gray, a son. Folly River, Mar. 27, to the wife of Harvey Gray, a son. Gasperaux, Mar. 21, to the wife of Colin Hatt, a son. Folly River, Mar. 27, to the wife of Annie Stevens, a son. Port Dufferin, Mar. 9, to the wife of John Whitman a daughter. Restigouche Co., Mar. 24, to the wife of H. C. Gillis a daughter. Hantsport, April 1, to the wife of Harry Smith, twins. Moncton, April 7, to the wife of J. H. Matthews, a daughter. Truro, April 2, to the wife of Thomas Tibbitts, a daughter. Hantsport, April 1, to the wife of Fred Pentz, a daughter. Scotch Village, to the wife of J. C. Northup, a daughter. Amherst, April 1, to the wife of Ora F. Lamy, a daughter. Tide Head, Mar. 31, to the wife Wm. Duncan, a daughter. Milton, Mar. 26, to the wife of Joseph Freeman, a daughter. Sydney, Mar. 22, to the wife of J. A. Young, a daughter. Moncton, Mar. 31, to the wife of J. B. Gross, a daughter. Cumberland, Mar. 14, to the wife of Thomas Bowden, a son. Woodstock, Mar. 23, to the wife of Rev. H. D. Marr a daughter. Campbellton, Mar. 30, to the wife of Frank LeBlanc a daughter. Cumberland, Mar. 25, to the wife of Henry Smith, a daughter. Kenilbe, Mar. 26, to the wife of Ralph McDonald a daughter. Rockville, Mar. 28, to the wife of John E. Vickery, a daughter. Roxbury, Mass., Mar. 28, to the wife of Dr. C. B. Darling, a son. Great Village, Mar. 11, to the wife of Donald McLaughlin, a son. Summersville, March 21, to the wife of Alfred Wilkins, a daughter. Summersville, Mar. 16, to the wife of Elmore McLeBlain, a daughter. Summersville, Mar. 23, to the wife of Arthur McDonald, a daughter. Campbellton, Mar. 29, to the wife of A. McO. McDonald, a daughter. Mount Denison, March 29, to the wife of Norman McDonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Truro, April 1, John Gero, to Anna Cook. Berwick, Mar. 24, L. B. Gove to Kate Munro.

- Caledonia, Mar. 19, Wm Taul to Besse Cashman. Campbellton, Finlay McBae to Catherine Mann. Teitord, Mar. 27, James Park to Jennie Chalmers. Berwick, Mar. 20, Mr. L. S. Gove to Kate Munro. Colchester, Mar. 15, Enoch Marsh to Eliza McKim. Halifax, Mar. 20, Ernest Black to Blanche Horne. Cupland, April 8, Harry Horvat to Winnie Sturdy. Boston, Mar. 19, Wm Johnson to Mary E. Macgregar. Atliboro, Mar. 27, Heneiah Grant to Terence Silley. Malton, Mass., Mar. 27, Hazelock to Edith Bix. Gloucester, Mass., Mar. 10, Charles Malone to Adith Prior. Kentville, Mar. 27, James Dennison to Maggie Wood. Yarmouth, Mar. 20, Watson Rogers to Florence Smith. Ottawa, Mar. 28, Dr. Alfred Wiley to Miss Ethel Angus. Yarmouth, Mar. 20, Elbridge Nickerson to Bertha Sholes. Charlottetown, John A. Macdonald to Mary Macdonald. Carleton, N. S., April 1st, James R. Earl to Jennie Ruggles. Park Corner, Mar. 27, Everett Macleod, to Johana Stewart. Carleton, N. S., April 1, James Earl to Jennie Ruggles. Lower Island Cove Mar. 27, Abel Garland to Sarah Johnson. Summersville, April 3, Samuel Symmons to Abbie Constable. Newcastle, Mar. 26, Jerry White to Josephine Johnstone. Long River, Mar. 27, Robert E. Johnston to Janet Bernard.

DIED.

- Pictou, Mar. 21, Lottie S. Irving, 21. Michigan, U. S. Daniel McQuarrie. Salisbury, Mar. 28, Peter Smith, 47. Truro, Mar. 28, Firman Macleure, 40. Waterville, Mar. 27, Mrs. E. C. Banks. Moncton, April 6, Mrs. J. C. Bent, 82. Hillsboro, Mar. 11, John J. O'Neill, 70. Somerset, April 1, George Magee, 58. Truro, April 3, Joseph D. Murphy, 58. Chatham, Mar. 29, James Lambert, 79. Tusket, Mar. 27, Eleanor J. Hatfield, 87. Westport, Mar. 24, Charles J. Collins, 47. Buffalo, N. Y. Mar. 31, Mrs. W. B. Dawson. Moncton, April 7, Mrs. Annie Gibson, 67. Boston, Mass., Mar. 21, Walter Mathis, 44. Milton, Mar. 25, Miss Mand Fletcher, 19. West Annap, Mar. 25, D. A. McLaughlin, 87. Moncton, April 7, William A. Buckler, 87. Windsor, April 1, Hannah, wife of W. H. Blanchard. Upper LaHave, Mar. 24, Mrs. Edward Mulock, 97. Bridgewater, Mar. 28, Archibald J. McDonald, 49. Charlottetown, Mar. 29, Miss J. Louise Wetherby, 28. Dartmouth, April 3, Bessie, wife of Thomas Stockall, 21. Truro, April 3, Jane, widow of the late Samuel Craig, 81. East Chezzetcook, Mar. 23, Eliza, wife of Daniel Smith, 76. Margate, Mar. 23, Ellen, widow of the late David Sheehan, 73. Somerville, Mass., Mar. 20, Clara, wife of Freeland Goodwin, 55. Charlottetown, Mar. 29, Sarah, wife of Thomas Strickland, 82. High Bank, Mar. 21, Marion, widow of the late Hector Gillis, 76. Two Mile River, Mar. 20, Charles, son of Mr and Mrs Arthur Bay, 6. Clementsport, Mar. 20, Mary J. widow of the late Alonzo Merritt, 68. Three Mile Plains, Mar. 28, Mary J. widow of the late William Nix, 75.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Pan-American EXPOSITION

BUFFALO, N. Y. May 1st to November 1st.

One Fare for the Round Trip.

Going May 1st to June 30th. Return 15 days from date of sale. All Ticket Agents in the Maritime Provinces can sell via Canadian Pacific Short Line. For rates and any Station, Time Tables, Sleeping Car Rates, etc. write to A. J. BEATH, D. F. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. Or apply to W. H. C. MACKAY, City Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

- Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....7.00 Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15 Express for Sussex.....18.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00 Accommodation from Halifax and Sydney.....24.13

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

- Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....16.15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....24.48 *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

L. D. FORTINGER, Gen. Manager. St. John, N. B., March 6, 1901. (175) 214 327 OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL. XI

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How the city chairmanship for the ensuing interest to a few has been returned expected that Mr. Alderman McG... he is entitled to ship and feel the active was not Other aldermen of the same, was warm times as thing as some g now that the city its representative may burst.

The financial Black, Bliss & portant; subject even at this date been gleaned. stories afloat many thousands dreds, but who comes back to not as they should certainly some find out how n pondent in the Mr. Black used other people's Black are arxi correspondent more than anyb interesting to mformation. F that the corre more about else. This cor represents nature that like he gets the nam surmise of fifty father to the Mr. Black is a or to any exten know. There to shield misc shouldn't be, bu shown patience is probably a lon only with regard affairs but also failures.

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There is one daily papers. T personals that this continent or to make yours! Pokio, put it and it will trav come back to th publish it again are several gen the city who b perhaps twice a come, it is bou So and so is at