

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 656.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MARCH 2, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CHANGES IN THE HOUSE.

How the Federal Elections and Other Causes Affected the Provincial Legislature.

There have been many changes in the New Brunswick legislature since the last sitting of that body; in fact perhaps it is not too much to say that never before in the history of the Province when no local general elections have been held, have there been such a number of changes. This has been brought about in several ways, but the chief factor was the Dominion elections, when so many of the local members retired from the Provincial arena to try their political fortunes in the higher sphere. Taking it all in all it may be quite truthfully said that assembly has not gained materially by the changes, but this could hardly be expected.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson will no longer be seen in his accustomed seat in the house. No gentleman will be more missed than he, ever forward in debate, a power to his



HON. WM. PUGSLEY.

friends, well liked by all irrespective of politics, his retirement will be much felt. Mr. White who for so many years represented Kings county, one of the most valuable members in the legislature, and probably the ablest debater in the government has dropped out of local political life and Mr. Carvell the brilliant member for Carleton, has followed Mr. White's retirement. Mr. Carvell, though but a short time in the house, gave promise of a bright future, a good speaker, an indefatigable worker as chairman of committees, his absence will be a loss to his party.

No member was more popular than the late Mr. Wells of Westmorland; a fluent speaker and always foremost in humor, the province has sustained no little loss by his removal.

Mr. Gibson of York and Mr. LeBlanc of Kent, are two more well known figures that must be added to the list. These gentlemen did not shine so much in the speaking line, but as hard working representatives they were ever to the front.

The gentlemen who took their seats for the first time in the house on Thursday, though new to political life are generally well known throughout the province as prominent men in their several counties. What success they will have in provincial politics, time only can tell. Mr. Allen who succeeds Mr. Gibson in York is known as a clever and argumentative speaker and his friends mark out for him a bright future. Mr. Appleby takes Mr. Carvell's place, Mr. Ryan that of Mr. Emmerson, Mr. Copp that of Mr. Wells, and Mr. Poirier that of Mr. LeBlanc. Mr. Copp has the reputation of being a good talker while the other gentlemen are yet to be tried.

Another change that has been brought about during the past year is that in the speakership, Mr. Robinson who was elected to that honorable position on Thursday will no doubt fill the duties of his office satisfactorily. He has had some experience in the line by holding the office of chairman of the accounts committee. He is clever and has a generous amount of tact.

Mr. Tweedie for the first time assumes the position of Premier on the floors of the legislature and Dr. Pugsley the Attorney generalship. They are both old members of the house, but now have much more responsible positions to maintain.

They both possess much parliamentary knowledge and are fluent and ready debaters. Neither of them need any introduction to the public. They have been in public life so long and their ability so well recognized that no few words in an article such as this would do them justice.

Mr. Ferris takes his seat for the first time as a minister with portfolio and Mr. McKeown as a minister ex officio.

Mr. LaBillois has also changed his portfolio since the last session. The fighting on behalf of the government will fall most on the Premier, Dr. Pugsley and Mr. McKeown all good speakers and good fighters.

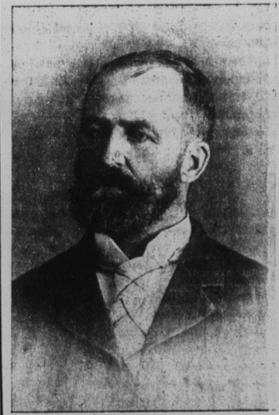
There have been no changes in the opposition, if the ranks have not been decreased they have not been increased. Mr. Hazen has not behind him the speaking talent that an opposition should have, and so it is not expected that the debates will be of any great length. A familiar figure that will be missed during the present session is that of Mr. McDade, the official reporter. Mr. McDade held the position for a great many years and his retirement is a matter of regret. No person could have filled his office more acceptably than he did. He was always most obliging and courteous to all and to the newspaper fraternity he was ever ready to give any information.

### JOHN CHINAMEN'S DOUBLES.

He gambled on Sunday and is fined—The Magistrate finds Plaintiff.

'How'd you like to be a Chinaman,' is a saying which is very applicable in the summer season, but it is one that is totally out of place in the winter time. An expression that would be better just about now would be 'How'd you like to be the Chinaman.'

This little prelude to this little story tells more than appears on the surface. On Sunday last some thirteen Chinamen were arrested in a North End 'opium joint' conducted by one Chong Lee. According to the evidence of Detective Ring, who saw the whole thing from a ladder in the rear of the premises, they were all seated around a table on Sunday night last playing cards, Ring from his vantage point could not sail in like Mrs. Carrie Nation with her little hatchet and destroy the outfit, he with Captain Hastings and some officers had to saunter around to the front door and thus remove them.



D. J. PURDY, M. P. P.

effect an entrance upon the surprised 'Boxers.'

They were brought to court, gambling was proved against them and they escaped with a fine of five dollars each.

The court in passing sentence upon the sons of the Flowery Kingdom took occasion to make a few remarks, in fact the court indulged in a sort of a general judgment.

The magistrate said the fine could be a hundred dollars, the same as a disorderly house penalty, and warned the Chinamen against a further infraction of the law. He remarked as a final shot, that he hoped the North End police would bring a dozen or

so christians to justice for misdoings on the Sabbath, and he would show them what the law was. He had received a letter from a North End clergyman, which told of beer shops being open in that vicinity.

It seems strange that there should be



HON. L. J. TWEEDIE.

From a photograph of years ago.

two ways of dispensing justice in this city, one for the Christian and one for the pagan; yet such is the apparent fact. Magistrate Ritchie in his remarks, intimated as much. If gamblers or others who pose as Christians are brought before him he claims he will impose the limit of statutory fine.

John Chinaman is noted for ways that are deep and dark, but in St. John he has never been accused of being innocent of the intricacies of that game designated as 'fan-tan.' Among the Christian population of card adepts 'poker' is the favorite pastime; with John, 'fan-tan' fills in the gap. John is taken to court, with his supreme simplicity, escapes with a five dollar fine; the Christian if brought before the magistrate has a \$100 limit hanging over his head.

### The Snow Soon Removed.

The street department the first of the week had another busy time of it and the chamberlain will be called upon to pay a very considerable sum for removing the snow from the streets. It is an ill wind that does not blow somebody good and this was seen on Monday morning early when hundreds of the unemployed ready to get a job and willing to work hovered around the head quarters of the department and strove to be engaged as early as possible. The storm was a very severe one, almost as severe as any of the season and had not the warm sun on several days assisted in lessening the banks of snow the cost would have been much greater to the city. Superintendent Martin was out bright and early and it is to be said to his credit that the evidences of the great volume of snow were soon removed from the business portion of the city.

### PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Oddities of Chinese Life. Pictures of firing the salute at the opening of the Legislature.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry and other timely topics.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—Minister Wu tells of the Great Famine in China. How Spain secures help in her spy system.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Conclusion of the bright serial 'A Knight Errant of Rhodania.'
- PAGE 12.—The advantage of being a country boy—Other reading for the Sabbath.
- PAGE 13.—Vast enterprises throughout the world for engineer's skill.
- PAGE 14.—Chat of the Boulevard and many matters of interest to women.
- PAGE 15.—History of Windsor Castle and many selections of choice miscellany.
- PAGE 16.—An interesting short story entitled 'Betsy the Borrower.' Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Obituary Respected Gen. Spinal. Performed at, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

## DOES NOT LIKE BOXING.

Magistrate Ritchie Differs From Mayor Daniel on This Particular Question.

Everybody in St. John knows that it is more than a year since a 'boxing exhibition' took place in this city.

The revival came last Monday night when 'A Big Go,' was held at McLaughlan's hall. Previous to this the hall had been occupied by social and festive gatherings, but as Lent was ushered in they gave way to the sportily inclined young men and, instead of scenes of 'beauty and chivalry' the room resounded with the smash of the boxing glove and the solar-plexus energy of the boxer.

The sequel came about on Wednesday morning in the police court, when his honor, Magistrate Ritchie, made some pertinent and sarcastic remarks about boxers and boxing in St. John.

In one of the cases brought before him the magistrate asked the prisoner 'if he was connected with the prize fight held a few nights ago in McLaughlan's hall.' The prisoner replied that he was not.

The magistrate retorted that it had been reported 'that he was one of the fighters,' and if this had been true he would have imposed upon him the full penalty of the law.

The magistrate is evidently not one of the 'sporty' kind. In his court room oration he took His Worship the Mayor, to task. He referred in pointed terms to his astonishment at the Mayor allowing such 'brutal affairs' to take place in this city. His attention was called to 'the knockout blows,' to a fighter being able 'to stand the length of the round,' and again 'another man was hardly able to get up before the ten seconds were counted,' to continue further 'one fighter was not capable of standing off his opponent the men were battering one another, etc.'

The strictures were indeed severe, coming as they did from the magistrate on the bench.

He said the expressions he used were from the daily papers, and he wondered if the mayor read the same accounts as he had. He further remarked that if the mayor was aware of the facts he would not grant another license to hold one of these beastly affairs.

In concluding Magistrate Ritchie said it was not purely a boxing affair, it was nothing but a fight and as such, a lasting disgrace to our city.

These are strong words, and, going broadcast as they do, will convey the im-

pression that St. John with its many recent events on the criminal calendar, is far from a desirable abiding place.

PROGRESS has seen some of those who were present at last Monday night's entertainment. Such spectators were of the opinion that nothing happened that would reflect any person's morals. The entertainment was an athletic event and was carried out in an orderly manner.

Police Magistrate Ritchie thinks differently, and he has endeavored to impress upon the public that the mayor was wrong in allowing such an affair to go on. The mayor has not been seen in relation to the matter, but one would judge that if His

Worship saw fit to grant a license for such an event, that he was perfectly justified in so doing. As chief magistrate of this city he has a perfect right, it would seem, to use his discretion in such affairs.

The spirit of contradiction is at present abroad in the land, and judging from present day events such a feeling abides in the breasts of some of St. John's officials. The recent moral wave has not passed without leaving behind it a troubled sea of many opinions. As a result the public awaits patiently the outcome of the crusade.

### The Chair Presented.

That long delayed delegation to St. Martins to present the chair to Centennial Ross got away early on Friday morning. If the storm of last Sunday had not prevented it no doubt the chair would have

been presented on Monday or Tuesday.

But it is better late than never. Some of the wags in a jesting mood grew somewhat facetious over the possibility of Mr. Ross firing of waiting for the chair. However, Warden McGoldrick could be relied upon to do his part of it in his usual genial way and the assistance that he would receive from those who accompanied him and from the St. Martins people would no doubt attend to make the affair a very pleasant one.

### Bank of Nova Scotia Improvements.

The proposed enlargement of the premises of the Bank of Nova Scotia will give the staff and the customers of the bank in this city much needed additional accommodation. The places as seen by a PROGRESS representative show that the new offices when complete will be handsome, roomy and well lighted. It is proposed to make a change in the entrance to the managers office, to shift the heating furnace to excavate in the rear and erect a one story addition lighted from the roof, which will be pleasant quarters for a portion of the large staff now required to carry on the business of the court. General Manager McLeod was in the city a few days ago and it is understood that tenders have been asked for the work and that it will be proceeded with as early as possible.

### A Satisfactory Result.

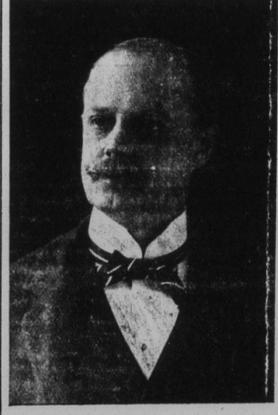
Chief Kerr of the fire department tells PROGRESS that the receipts from the concert in aid of the poor in the Mechanics Institute last Friday night a week ago, will probably amount to \$400, or within a few dollars of that sum. A number of people sold a good many tickets, the attendance at the concert was very large and the entertainment all that could be desired. Chief Kerr made a pleasant speech explaining the motives of the men and everything went off in a highly satisfactory manner.

### Death of Mr. A. W. Reed.

The death of Mr. A. W. Reed, the chief in the P. O. money order department, while expected for some days surprised many of those who were well acquainted with him. There was a hope that he might survive, but the disease had obtained such a hold on him that his strength could not withstand its determined attack. He leaves a widow and four young daughters, all of whom as well as his aged parents have the sincere sympathy of his numerous friends.



J. D. HAZEN, M. P. P.



HON. H. A. MCKEOWN.

by Rev J L Read, Wallace I Saunders.  
 by Rev Joseph Sellar, D Walker  
 by Rev C H Day, William and  
 by Rev A M McNinch, G  
 by Rev F Dupan, Henry  
 by Rev R G Sinclair,  
 by Rev Dr Sedgewick,  
 by Rev A V Morash, Thomas  
 by Rev D H McQuarrie,  
 by Rev J L Read, Wallace I Saunders.  
 by Rev Joseph Sellar, D Walker  
 by Rev C H Day, William and  
 by Rev A M McNinch, G  
 by Rev F Dupan, Henry  
 by Rev R G Sinclair,  
 by Rev Dr Sedgewick,  
 by Rev A V Morash, Thomas  
 by Rev D H McQuarrie,

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
**Sleepers.**  
**MONTREAL**  
**PACIFIC COAST,**  
**THURSDAY.**

Canadian Northwest  
 Canadian Railway

**ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN**

**DEPARTURE AT ST. JOHN**

Oddities of Life in China.

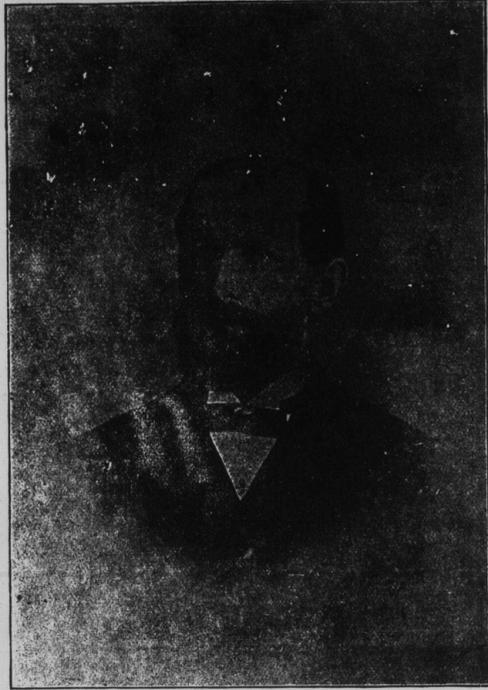
China is a strange country full of people with many strange ideas. The Chinamen's chief dependence seems to be a wall. Something more than 2,000 years ago the Chinese built the Great Wall on their northern border for the purpose of shutting out their enemies. Since then they have run to walls. Every town or city is surrounded by a wall. The houses of the officials within the towns or cities are walled. The first thing a Chinaman does when he thinks of building a house is to build a wall around the site. The temples are all within walls. Everything that is anything has a wall around it. To get inside these walls one has to pass through a narrow gateway. Inside each gateway is a bit of detached wall. To get into the enclosure it is necessary to turn an acute angle to the right or to the left. This inside bit of detached wall is a little higher than the opening in the main wall and a little wider. It looks nothing more than a substantial screen to prevent outsiders from looking inside the compound. 'What's that thing for?' demanded a stranger of a Chinaman. 'That,' said the Chinaman, 'is to keep the bad spirits out.'

warned against sleeping with the stove in his room the very night that he was asphyxiated. Deaths from asphyxiation due to these stoves are very common in China, particularly at the beginning of the cold weather, when fires are first used. The people know this, but do not seem to heed the repeated warnings they receive in the form of deaths among friends and neighbors. There have been many narrow escapes from asphyxiation among officers and men of the allied forces now in China who did not understand the deadly character of the Chinese stoves. The death of Count Von Yorck has been a warning to them and the stoves are now generally tabooed. In many of the temples in China there are bells—great numbers of them. 'What is that for?' demanded the stranger in the Bell Temple, pointing to the biggest bell there. 'That,' said the Chinaman, 'is to wake up the good spirits. When the Chinaman wants the spirits to help him and he comes here maybe the spirits are asleep. If the spirits are sleeping they cannot hear. If they do not hear, how can they know what is wanted? If you hit the bell the spirits wake up and listen.' 'Bang, bang,' went the stranger on the bell, striking it with his heavy walking stick. 'See,' said he, but the Chinaman had fled. It was a dry season in China. The Viceroy Earl Li Hung Chang was calling on the American Minister, Mr. Conger, and he spoke of the weather. 'Yes,' said Mr. Conger, 'it seems to be dry everywhere. It is dry in my country, too. I read in one of our papers the other day that in many places in the West the people were praying for rain.' 'What,' said the earl, 'do you people pray to their God for rain.' 'Oh yes,' said the Minister, 'they often pray for rain.' 'And does their God send it when they pray for it,' asked the earl. 'Yes, sometimes their prayers are answered and sometimes they are not.'

certainly looks as if that promise was being fulfilled for the heathen, doesn't it? They still worship their ancestors. I have been here forty seven years and not a year has passed that they haven't talked of partitioning China. And I believe as they still do worship their ancestors, we ought to be a little slow in propounding any partition at this time. During the siege at Peking, where the native Christians who were not fortunate enough to get into the compound opposite

that the old man must have been possessed of a devil and they buried his body lest the evil spirit should enter them. In China all fence gates that swing, swing in. In America most gates swing out. In China all doors that swing open outward. In America doors open inward. The reason given for swinging gates and doors there in China is that they are more convenient when they are swung that way, and it is the custom. In America the gates

tramp who was prowling around in search of shelter for the night and found a convenient barn. It was dark, and he felt his way up the ladder into the loft. While walking around there he stepped into an open shaft and down he went to the floor below. That was not the worst of it. There was a vat of sorghum-molasses directly beneath the shaft, and the tramp went in up to his neck. He crawled out and tried to scrape off the mess with hay and straw, but when he emerged next morning he was such a sight that the dogs were afraid of him. In the end he was forced to surrender himself to the police, so that he might get a change of clothing. Bank clerks are so often called upon for information that they fall into the habit of giving it in a hurried, mechanical way. A Philadelphia exchange cites an instance which was followed by unexpected and amusing results. The usual formula when a stranger is called upon to sign his name is 'Sign here, pen and ink, left hand. One morning a stranger entered a New York savings-bank and asked for a certificate of deposit for a considerable sum of money, and was directed as above. It took him a long time to sign his name. A month later the same man appeared and presented the certificate. He signed his name, but when the clerk looked at it he saw that it was vastly different from the first signature. 'This is not the signature of the man to whom I issued this certificate,' he said severely. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'when I was here a month ago you told me to write my name with my left hand and I can't write very well that way.' A light dawned upon the clerk, and he asked the man to write his name again with his left hand. This he did, producing a facsimile of his first signature, and the money was paid.

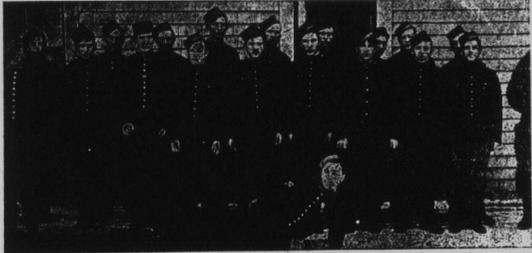


GEO. ROBERTSON, M. P. for St. John City. Now in England.

the British legation along with the missionaries were being killed as fast as they were hunted out by the Boxers, the news came to the Boxer headquarters one day that there was a family of Christians of the name of Su living in the Chinese city who had so far escaped disturbance. The head of this Su family, old man Su, was 80 years of age. He and all of his family had for days been expecting the Boxers to come and kill them, but they did not try to escape. On the day that the Boxers started after them some of their neighbors sent word to them that the fanatics were coming. 'We are ready,' declared the old man and his wife and children nodded assent. The neighbors say old Su took the matter joyfully. He put on his best clothing and when he heard that the mob was near he said it was his wedding day, and he would be out to meet death, his bride. He strode out of the house and up the street in the direction of the approaching mob and when he was in sight of the leaders he beat his breast and cried out: 'Here am I, here am I; kill me if you will.' The mob surrounded him, and beat his brains out and kicked and stamped on him. Then they finished his family in the same way. After the work was done the leaders

and doors are swung in opposite directions for the same reason. An inventive turn of mind sometimes leads its possessor into peculiar difficulties. A Boston divine once had a unique way

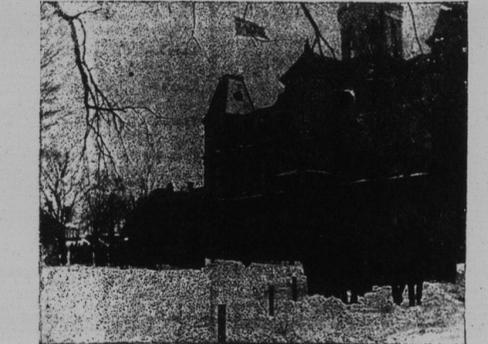
of much cause for rejoicing. In the old days of travel in America, before the palace-car and vestibuled trains came along to inspire the traveller with the dignity and majesty of social reserve, there was a closeness of association which made fellow passengers companionable. In 'Stage-Coach and Tavern Days' Alice Morse Earle relates an incident tending to show this familiarity of discourse and freedom of speech. One would feel a decided intimacy with a fellow sufferer who had risen several mornings in succession with you at day-



NEWCASTLE FIELD BATTERY Selected to Fire the Salute at the Opening of the Legislature.

hole for draft. Above it is a small, round hole through which the fire can be lighted. In the top square there is a hole in the centre out of which in the ordinary stove would rise a chimney, but these stoves have no chimney. The fuel burned in them is a mixture of clay and coal dust. The coal of northern China is a very hard anthracite and does not ignite easily. The Chinese pound it to dust and mix it in about equal parts with clay. The whole is wet down with water and then is made into little balls about the size of English walnuts. The coal in these balls takes fire readily and it requires only a few minutes to have a good fire going. But there is no means of carrying off the gas released by the coal in the process of combustion, so it is the custom to start the fire out of doors, letting the worst of the gas escape out there. Then the stove is carried into the house and into the room which is to be heated. Of course, all the gas in the coal has not been released, but sufficient of it to make the fire less dangerous. If you are in the room when the fire is brought in you will not notice the odor that is given off. But if you come into a room where one of these fires is burning from the fresh outdoor air the stench is very perceptible. If the stove has not been permitted to burn in the open air a sufficiently long time there remains enough gas to make it a deadly contrivance, as it turned out to be in the case of Col. Count Von Yorck. The count was warned about the use of these stoves, but he laughed at the warnings. The Germans say that he was

able to have a servant, the first thing that servant does is to bring in two cups of tea. He puts one in front of the master and one in front of the visitor. Then the master indicates that you shall drink from the cup before you. If you want to incur his everlasting enmity go ahead and drink. He merely asks you to drink it for politeness sake. He does not want you to do it, and expects you to refuse for politeness sake. Letting the tea stand in front of you, you proceed with your interview, and you are at liberty to continue it, and you may feel that you are welcome until your host picks up his cup and takes a sip. That is the polite way he has of telling you that the interview is ended. The polite thing for you to do then is to take one sip of your tea, and depart. The right to drink the first sip of tea, however, goes with rank. If the visitor outranks the host no matter how much the host may wish to be rid of him—he must sit until the visitor chooses to take a sip of his tea. 'Now let us see' said Sir Robert Hart, head of the Chinese Imperial Customs or the 'I. C.' as is known here; 'let us see about this partition of China question. The Chinese worship their ancestors. No matter how he may stand otherwise on religious subjects he worships his ancestors. If I remember my bible rightly, it says 'Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' And if I read my history right the Chinese empire has lasted longest of any on earth. It



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

marvelled at the courage of old Su coming out and facing death as he had done, and they picked up his body and carried it to their temple in the Chinese city outside the Tartar wall. They told the story of his wonderful courage to the priests and then they cut his heart out and examined it to see where the courage had come from. When they found nothing they decided



FIRING THE SALUTE.

devised a one-piece rubber-lined cotton undergarment, which was intended to be soft and warm and at the same time waterproof. He expected to make a fortune by the sale of the same to miners, seafaring men and others whose occupations are pursued in damp or wet places. Unfortunately, however, when he donned the new garment and it became warm, the rubber melted and stuck to his body, and the fabric was only removed with the aid of a pair of scissors and a scraping knife. Something similar, although from a different cause, happened to an Indiana

break and ridden all day, cheek by jowl. Even fellow travellers on short trips entered into conversation, and the characteristic ingenueness was shown. Ralph Waldo Emerson took great delight in this experience of his in stage coach travel. A sharp featured, keen eyed, elderly Yankee woman rode in a Vermont coach opposite a woman deeply veiled and garbed in mourning attire, and the older woman thus entered into conversation: 'Have you lost friends?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'I have.' 'Was they near friends?' 'Yes, they was.' 'How near was they?' 'A husband and a brother.' 'Where did they die?' 'Down in Mobile.' 'What did they die of?' 'Yellow fever.' 'How long was they sick?' 'Not very long.' 'Was they seafaring men?' 'Yes, they was.' 'Did you save their chests?' 'Yes, I did.' 'Was they hopefull pious?' 'I hope so.' 'Well, if you have got their chests' (with emphasis) 'and they was hopefull pious, you've got much to be thankful for.' Hon. Mr. Costigan has given motion on the Canadian parliament concerning the oath taken by the king on his coronation and asking the British parliament to have it changed.

Music The... The concert in the last Friday evening... both financially and point. The program... testing one and the... peared thereon acqu... very pleasing way. A concert at the... of next weeks attrac... Miss Constance B... ed a lecture in L... echoed the prophecy... by Liszt, that in m... coming country. The famous w... Niemann the great... fore Jean de Res... was 70 years old on... his fame more to hi... than to the quality... A new use has be... cal ear. Men of s... malaria, yellow fever... and other diseases a... one to another b... all mosquitoes how... How are they to be... others especially in... for according to L... malaria mosquito is... than that of the or... that is necessary th... tuning fork in your... hear a mosquito, str... whether she sings in... minor below. Verdi left about... for aged and invali... left directions that... 1,000 francs should... the poor in the vil... There were other l... 96,000 francs. The... of one clause in his... two old boxes in th... should be burned... posed that they cont... Verdi provided li... Fieve, who had writ... him, and also for... honor the memory... took place at the So... Puccini, Mascagni... and other composers. The most remark... musical life of Ge... growing demand f... in the concert hall... column a few we... only two composers... ner—who are ahead... of performances. I... his lifetime, was so... snubbed, and whose... can wait,' is now... The Allgemaine M... after a recent pe... phonic poem 'Ta... ductor, Weingartn... times by a tornado... liner Tageblatt say... of January four pi... soni, Stavenhagen... cial Liszt recitals... there was the orat... symphonic poema... certs. 'One would... much with Beethoven... TALK OF T... Today closes t... Valentine Stock... many will regret... ronahe the engagem... cess, though for the... the performances... excellent and deserv... ment. The compa... Fredericton (and wi... land cities for a lev... agement is to be c... secured Mr Frank... company's business... business experie... manner will go far... to the company. T... of the company ma... there stay here who... departure will wish... prosperous tour. News of the s... Webster one of la... the Valentine Stock... week. Mr Webster... melancholia as an... made an attempt to... fortunately, was un... Blanche Bates h... success and popul... Frigs. There is an u... when L'Aiglon is... the part of Duke

**Music and The Drama**

JOHN AND UNDERBORN.

The concert in the Mechanics Institute last Friday evening was a great success both financially and from a musical standpoint. The programme was a most interesting one and those whose names appeared thereon acquitted themselves in a very pleasing way.

A concert at the industrial home is one of next weeks attractions.

Miss Constance Bache recently delivered a lecture in London in which she echoed the prophecy, expressed years ago by Liszt, that in music Russia was "the coming country."

The famous wagnerian tenor Albert Niemann the greatest of all Tristans before Jean de Reszke took up that role, was 70 years old on January 15. He owed his fame more to his dramatic intelligence than to the quality of his voice.

A new use has been found for the musical ear. Men of science now hold that malaria, yellow fever and perhaps leprosy and other diseases are communicated from one to another by mosquitoes. Not all mosquitoes however, are dangerous. How are they to be distinguished from the others especially in the dark? Very easily, for according to Dr. L. O. Howard the malaria mosquito is about four notes lower than that of the ordinary mosquito. All that is necessary therefore is to carry a tuning fork in your pocket and when you hear a mosquito, strike the fork and see whether she sings in C major or in F sharp minor below.

Verdi left about \$400,000 for his home for aged and invalid musicians. He had left directions that on the day of his funeral 1,000 francs should be distributed among the poor in the village of Santa Agata. There were other legacies amounting to 95,000 francs. There was much discussion of one clause in his will which ordered that two old boxes in the garret of his house should be burned unopened. It is supposed that they contain unused manuscripts. Verdi provided liberally for his friend Fiave, who had written eleven librettos for him, and also for Piave's daughter. To honor the memory of Verdi a ceremony took place at the Scala in Milan at which Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo Giordano, and other composers were present.

The most remarkable phenomenon in the musical life of Germany at present is the growing demand for Liszt's compositions in the concert hall. As was stated in this column a few weeks ago there are now only two composers—Beethoven and Wagner—who are ahead of Liszt in the number of performances. Poor Liszt, who, during his lifetime, was so persistently ignored or snubbed, and whose patient motto was, "I can wait," is now coming into his rights. The Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung notes that after a recent performance of the symphonic poem "Tasso" in Berlin, the conductor, Weingartner, was recalled four times by a tornado of applause. The Berliner Tageblatt says that in the one month of January four pianists—Reisenauer, Busoni, Stavenhagen, and Rielser—gave special Liszt recitals, and in addition to these there was the oratorio "Christus" and the symphonic poems at the orchestral concerts. "One would hardly venture on so much with Beethoven or Wagner."

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

Today closes the engagement of the Valentine Stock Company a fact which many will regret. From the point of patronage the engagement has not been a success, though for the past four or five weeks the performances as a rule have been excellent and deserving of greater encouragement. The company goes from here to Fredericton and will play the New England cities for a few months. The management is to be congratulated on having secured Mr Frank Bixby to look after the company's business affairs. Mr Bixby's business experience, tact, and geniality of manner will go far toward bringing success to the company. The individual members of the company made many friends during their stay here who while regretting their departure will wish them good luck and a prosperous tour.

News of the serious illness of Jack Webster one of last season's favorites in the Valentine Stock reached the city this week. Mr Webster while suffering from melancholia as an after effect of grip, made an attempt to end his life, which fortunately, was unsuccessful.

Blanche Bates has met with gratifying success and popularity in "Under Two Flags."

There is an unconfirmed report that when L'Aiglon is performed in London, the part of Duke de Reichstadt will be

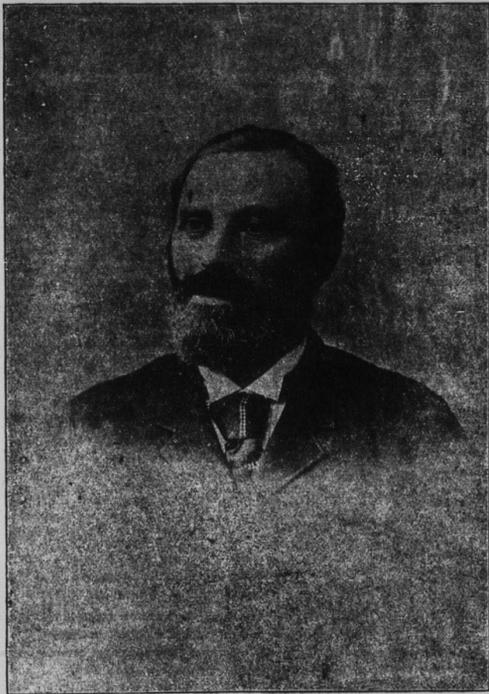
played by Seymour Hicks, who is thought to have both the requisite experience and juvenility.

Julia Marlowe is drawing immense audiences to the N. Y. Criterion where she is playing 'When Knighthood was in Flower.'

"The Climbers" is likely to be one of the successes of the season and is said to

She will then produce her Marie Antoinette play to which no name has yet been given. Mr. Forbes Robertson will open the comedy theatre two days later. He's credited with the design of building a new London theatre for the use of himself and his company.

Jacques Richepin, son of Jean Richepin is the author of a new play, "La Cava-



WM. SHAW, M. P. for St. John City.

be one of the best and most interesting of Clyde Fitch's efforts.

Ada Rehan and her company have taken Sweet Nell of Old Drury on the New England circuit.

The new Clyde Fitch play, "Lover's Lane," has made a well merited success in New York.

Maxine Elliott and Nat Goodwin are making good in New York in "When we were twenty one."

"Vienna Life" entertains large audiences at the Broadway theatre nightly and is going in popularity.

"The Girl From Up There" with Edna May in the lead has closed its run at the Herald Square New York.

This week ends the run of 'Lady Huntworth's Experiment' at Daly, New York. 'San Toy' will follow for a short season.

Augustus Thomas' lively farcical comedy 'On the Quiet,' has made a hit in New York and is likely to remain there for some time.

Montreal will have a new theatre shortly to be devoted to stock performances. Paul Caseneuve who played here two or three years ago will be leading man.

Amelia Bingham is demonstrating in New York that she has a business head as well as a beautiful face. She has become an actress-manager, the first in New York since Laura Keane, and every indication shows that she will make a go of it.

Mrs. Langtry has appointed the 18th of April as the date upon which she will open her new Imperial theatre in London.

**"Appendicitis is the Grip Localized"**

"Appendicitis is but localization of the Grip affecting the intestines, and often the appendix itself; the symptoms of Grip and Appendicitis are coincident."

This statement was made by Dr. Lucas Championniere, in a paper read yesterday before the Clinic of the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

There is a reasonable Lenten warning in his assertion that while the Grip often attacks the throat or ear, yet in the case of a patient who has been an excessive eater of fresh meat, the disease almost invariably localizes in the intestines, near the appendix, or in the organ itself, producing acute appendicitis.

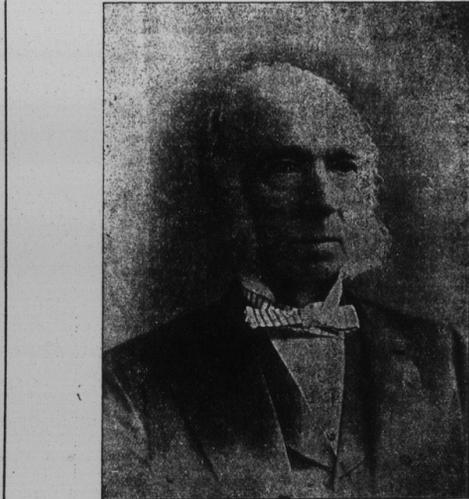
The savant omits to say that the greatest danger lies in the unskillfully treated and imperfectly cured cases.

Prevent the Grip and escape Appendicitis by using Dr. Humphrey's "SEVENTY-SEVEN," the only known preventive and cure for the Grip, while its tonicity sustains the system during and after the attack.

"77" breaks up Colds that hang on. Dr. Humphrey's Book mailed free. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

here," which has just been produced in the Bernhart Theatre in Paris. It is in verse, and in five acts, and is said to be reminiscent of "Cyrano de Bergerac" "La Princesse Lointaine," and "L'Aiglon." The heroine is a Spanish girl, of hoydenish propensities, who dresses as a man and effects male pursuits. She is struck in the face by a man whom she has insulted—and who is ignorant of her sex—and straightway falls in love with him. He reciprocates at first, but repents, and returns to his faithful wife, whereupon the damsel, maddened by the slight, conspires to have him killed, but, at the last moment impersonates him, and so is murdered in his place. The piece is described as being full of poetry, fantasy, and passion.

The Athenaeum says: 'The bersey has extended over two continents—and cannot now, it is to be feared, be uprooted—that



AUDITOR GENERAL BEEK.

the poetry and romance of Shakespeare's comedy depend for their influence, for their toleration even, upon the support of farce. The exact contrary is, in fact, the case. Were we to depend wholly upon the proceedings of Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Launce, Bottom the weaver, Launcelot Gobbo, and their congeners, the position of Shakespeare would be below that of Moliere, instead of being, as now it is, supreme. It is the sentiment, the beauty, the poetry the romance, that make of these comedies a dreamland

to which we betake ourselves when the cares of the world are 'too much with us.' At the present moment even the record by Viola of her own history, unfolded as that of her imaginary sister, her poetical, if vicarious, wooing of Olivia, and her attempts to evade the difficulties in which her assumption of masculine garb has evolved her, are touching enough for sympathetic tears, while the mercenarily assumed joviality of Sir Toby, though it makes us laugh, leaves the eyes dry and angry. Most sincerely do we wish that some management would once trust to Shakespeare, and give us the poetry which his own richest possession, leaving the comic business to be as subsidiary to the romance of 'Twelfth Night' as it is to the tragedy of 'Macbeth.'

"The Lash of a Whip" which Charles Frohman is presenting in New York is by Maurice Hennequin and George Duval. E. M. Holland and Fritz Williams head the cast and the story of the play is as follows:

Arman Poirel, a volatile Frenchman, is an inventor, who prides himself upon a wonderful heater that gives out gas, flame, smoke and ashes—anything but heat. Whenever a Poirel patent heater gets into a house the inmates all have to get out or die. Poirel's life is made so exciting by the protests of his victims that he seeks recreation away from the family fireside, although he had a charming wife, the daughter of an old lady whose life he once saved. The mother-in-law's smile falls on him and he strays from rectitude, trusting in his cleverness as an inventor to hide everything. He invents a fictitious personage whom he calls Duval. When Poirel is accused of anything he shifts the blame to Duval. By way of lulling suspicion still further he writes letters to his wife accusing himself of misbehavior upon certain occasions, when every one knows he was at home. When he is shown the letters he can explain, "It is that rascal Duval, who looks so like me, for you know I was at home that night." Unfortunately for Poirel his wife has a friend. Mme. Marcinielle, who happens to be a niece of the famous playwright, Scribe, and who knows all his hundred plays by heart. Every possible device known even to a frivolous Parisian for deceiving a trusting wife is found in Scribe. So when Dr. Marcinielle tries any games on his wife, she brings him to book by telling him that his particular trick may be found in such or such a play of Scribe. Mme. Marcinielle sees through Poirel at once and lays a trap. When Poirel finds things getting warm he determines upon a master stroke. His wife hints that there is no such person as Duval. Poirel decides to prove that there is, and, dressing himself in strange clothes, calls at his own house as Duval and meets the whole family. As Duval, Poirel hears lots of things about himself that he never suspected. He discovers that his wife has admirers of her own; he is compelled to promise marriage to a young woman who falls in love with him, and to fight a duel. Of course the

until her husband had one put into their house, so that he might talk with her from his office whenever he wished.

'I do just love to talk-through the telephone!' Mrs. Morse declared, after three days' experience. 'The time doesn't seem half as long from morning till night as it used to when I never heard from you.'

'I'm glad of that, my dear,' said her husband, pleasantly. 'I've thought once or twice, from the number of times I had had to ring before getting any answer that you didn't enjoy it!'

'Oh, no, George,' said little Mrs. Morse earnestly, but you know sometimes when you ring me up I'm busy about my house-work with my old apron on, and of course knowing how particular you are, I always like to unpin my skirt and put on a clean white apron before I begin to talk to you don't you see?'

Mama (reprovingly)—Gertie, did you tumble into bed without saying your prayers?

Gertie—Yes, mama. You see, I expected I'd be pretty tired tonight, so I said an encore after my prayers this morning.

'These druggists make me tired with their superfluous directions.' 'What's the matter now?' 'Why, this prescription I had filled for the ague has a label on it:—'shake before taking.'

**SLEEP FOR BABY**

Sleep for Skin Tortured Babies and Rest for Tired Mothers, in a Warm Bath with

**Cuticura SOAP**

And a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, purest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. This is the purest, sweetest, most speedy, permanent, and economical treatment for torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp humours with loss of hair, of infants and children, and is sure to succeed when all other remedies fail. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration, in washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sensitive anti-septic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap, and best toilet and baby soap in the world. COMPLETE TREATMENT FOR EVERY HUMOUR. CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, and CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood.

Sold by all druggists. British Depot: 27, St. Charleshouse Sq., London. FOTTER D. & C. CO., Prop., Boston.

**News and Opinions** OF **National Importance.**

**The Sun**

A LION E CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year  
Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

**The Sunday Sun**

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. copy. By mail, \$2 a year  
Address THE SUN, New York

brilliant invention proves his ruin. But, as in every French farce, after the erring husband has been sufficiently punished, there is forgiveness all around.

Very Particular.  
Mrs. Moore had never used a telephone

**E. W. Brown**

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

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday...

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O. or Express order...

Discontinuations.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped...

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply...

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 2

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 85.

THAT ROTHESAY LIST.

The suit that Mr. Geo. W. Fowler is said to have brought against Revisor GILLILAND of Kings county for delay in filing a copy of the non resident electors list for Rothesay has occasioned some comment this week.

The efforts of the opposition press in trying to prove the revisor guilty are some what amusing though they must be annoying to him and his friends.

When the matter was discussed in the council of Kings and the revisors asked for a statement Mr. GILLILAND stated that at the proper time and in the proper place he would be prepared to state all that he knew about the matter.

Anyone who knows Revisor GILLILAND is convinced that he had nothing to do with the preparation of a bogus list of electors. The list that he spent days over with his colleagues Messrs. GILBERT and THOMPSON and swore to as correct he is no doubt prepared to stand by.

No one defends the "bogus" list. The scheme to add the names of any party men to offset the votes of the real electors was a mean and miserable one, unworthy of any person, and properly disclaimed by local leaders.

"ANTI-VICE" CRUSADES.

It is a striking coincidence that the four leading American cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis, should be agitated at the same time by strong movements for the suppression of vice.

The reproach for the existing state of things must be shared by the two great political parties; for two of the cities are Democratic and two are Republican, and there seems to be little to choose between them. The conditions are similar in these cases.

Political conditions are topsyturvy when private citizens have to organize leagues, unions and vigilance committees, not merely to do the work which the constituted authorities should do, but to drive those authorities themselves from power, as the chief obstacles to the purification of the community.

Are the vicious conditions which exist in great cities symptoms of a disease which threatens municipal life in the United States? There is some reason to think

so, especially as conditions somewhat similar are reported in certain of the smaller cities, East and West. If the tendency of municipal politics is in this direction, it becomes the plain duty of civic patriotism to do all that it can to check it.

SOFTENING ANIMOSITIES.

The mollifying influence of death, which is so often felt in private family relations, has been manifested on a large scale, internationally, since the death of Queen Victoria.

The English people have been often irritated by the German Kaiser. His commercial and naval schemes have seemed to them to be aimed against England. His message of sympathy to President KRUGER, after the JAMESON raid, still ranks in their memory, and more than once they have taken offense at some impulsive thing which he has said or done.

The same influence was felt elsewhere. There was no discordant note in the world wide expression of sympathy, The French and Russian journals which are apt to be critical, if not hostile toward England joined in the tributes to the queen.

Under the reciprocal kindness thus induced, English journals began to suggest that perhaps too much had been made of annoying amendments to the Hay-Pancoffete treaty, and that it might be well to concede to the United States the disputed points.

The Telegraph's New Editor, and this time he comes from Toronto instead of Montreal. Mr. James Hannay made way for Messrs. Milligan and McIntyre who have put a great deal of energy into the morning liberal organ.

At this writing (Friday), friends of Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the rector of St. James, will regret to hear that her condition was not improved and that her physicians have but slight, if any, hope of her recovery.

During the eclipse of the sun in May, 1900, an English observer, Mr. Evershed, as reported at a recent meeting of the Royal Astronomical society, noticed a point on the edge of the moon where the sun was shining through a very deep valley and where the lunar mountains seemed to be about 35,000 feet in altitude.

At this writing (Friday), friends of Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the rector of St. James, will regret to hear that her condition was not improved and that her physicians have but slight, if any, hope of her recovery.

At this writing (Friday), friends of Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the rector of St. James, will regret to hear that her condition was not improved and that her physicians have but slight, if any, hope of her recovery.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Winter Arcady. Great banks of frosted trees; White clusters in the snow I see, The green spruce road inclosures— By sparkling boughs of silver thaw, For ancient hundred and one; Diamonds and pearls without a flaw, Tiaras of the sun.

The Gypsy Woman. The gypsy woman Lives on the moor, She sleeps in a tent With a curtained door.

The Great Bass of Lake St. Clair. A fisherman on Lake St. Clair, 'Bout six miles off from shore, Fished hard for one, two, three, four hours; By an' by he fished some more.

Oh ye nob'st stage, with ye antlered head, And ye panther heavy by his side, Beware of ye swain, with his shot of lead, Let him lay thee cold in death.

Ye Trout that leap in ye babbling brook, And feel secure from harm, Beware of ye Heron-bird's Hook Of ye Lad from ye vulgar farm; Thou'st pass his wriggling Earth-worm by If thou shon'nt know.

Ye Trap and Snare are spread too oft Thy fond heart to deceive, And an eye to ye Rustic, too, And thou shalt have the Luck, maybe, To be shot by ye Sportsman crew.

My tears flow amain, and I sigh and sigh, For my pity I cannot drowse, When I think ye are very like 'o' die By a Rustic's Gunne shot down.

Now this is why I invoke ye laws To stop ye Cruelties, To fill ye Bannish with fear and awe And save ye Game for me, And then shall pity and kindness reign, And some these evils do, For ye shall never more be slain Except by ye Sportsman crew.

No costly granite marks the graves, No fresh-cut flowers grace, And no new-made moccasins in the clay To tell a well loved place; Only a few old, tottering stones Grow weary with the years, With faded letters worn and dim, But more with rain than tears.

Across a grave with sunken breast A timid wild rose creeps; Who knows but 'neath its perfumed leaves A plying heart is peep? Upon the father's grave A crumbling rock and sings; Who knows but from a plying heart 'That tender note he brings?

Here lies a grave so short and small, 'Twould touch a mother's heart; Within some breast at some sweet time 'Tis held a larger part, And here around a faded name Are green and clinging vines; Who knows but what a plying touch The tender ivy twines?

And here's a long and narrow grave, With nought to mark the place Except a blue fore-meal; That fits its dainty face; But who can say it blooms less fair Than where you tottering stone is seen Above the mother's head?

The wind blows sadly through the pines; Alone, it seems to sigh, Forgotten, whisper low the leaves 'Tis sad to die, But ah! we do not need to lie Beneath a stone to be forgotten and alone; Perhaps They live in memory.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

News of the Passing Week

The New Brunswick legislature opened Thursday with the usual ceremonies.

Strathcona's Horse sailed from Liverpool last Saturday and are now due at Halifax.

The Manitoba Supreme court has decided that the provincial prohibition act is ultra vires.

Grand Master McArthur, of the Orange order, paid an official visit to Moncton on Monday last.

The rumor is current the past week that a large Pulp Mill is to be built at Vancouver this Spring.

Solomon Reid was killed at Sand Point, Carleton, Wednesday by a bale of pulp falling on his head.

Jack Webster, the actor, well known in St. John attempted suicide the other day in Upper Canada. He has recovered.

The St. John and Charlotte county courts opened Tuesday, the former had several criminal cases on the docket.

Halifax, N. S., has decided to offer two hundred thousand dollars as a bonus for a ship building yard and engine and machine shops.

Among the sad deaths reported is that of A. W. Ried, who for thirty years occupied a position in the postal department at St. John.

King Edward and Emperor William and Princess Beatrice have been visiting the Dowager Empress Frederick at Cronberg the past week.

The Nicaraguan Canal negotiations have been transferred from London to Washington, Ambassador Choate not having the power to deal with the matter.

The reported death of 'Gat' Howard in South Africa a few days ago caused much regret as he was one of the best representatives of the Canadian soldier.

Two of the leaders in the Chinese Boxer movement were put to death this week. It is thought that the trouble in China is reaching an amicable settlement.

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will spend a month in Canada on their return from Australia. They will probably visit Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax and St. John.

The report that the Dominion Coal and Iron Co. had sold out to the Morgan Syndicate has caused much excitement in Canada. Mr. Whitney denies the truthfulness of the rumor.

In South Africa Kitchener has made much headway in hemming in the Boers and the reported surrender of Botha on Thursday forms the belief that the war is reaching an end.

The Canadian Parliament has proceeded quietly this week. The first test vote resulted in a majority of nine for the government—but as the vote was taken in but half a house it is not of much significance.

J. Pierpont Morgan, in New York, Tuesday afternoon authorized the associated Press to state that the capital issue of the new United States Steel Corporation would be \$800,000,000 bonds, \$400,000,000 of preferred stocks and \$400,000,000 common stock.

It is understood Archbishop Martinelli, the papal delegate in the United States, after he shall have been created a cardinal at the consistory at the end of March, will remain for some time papal delegate in the United States, and later will be replaced by Mgr. Falconio, the papal delegate in Canada.

King Edward has issued the proclamation—that the persons who were appointed by Her late Majesty to be of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law shall be of His Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law, with all such precedence, power, and authority as were originally granted to them.

Tuesday's session of the chamber of deputies in Paris, ended with an uproarious scene such as had not been witnessed for many months. Heretofore the chamber has discussed the law of associations bill with much moderation and with an avoidance of inflammatory language, but a word

Socially, this has been weeks of the season. The prevail everywhere, and formal afternoon teas have been the order of the day. It is this penitential fortnight of Lent we have a very gay spring, early too, and during this we will very likely have to record.

The Monday evening social enjoyment to the meetings are looked for pleasant participation as custom. On Monday evening all in attendance and the pleasantly. Tea, coffee were dispensed by a number of little tea room fitted up for the occasion.

The entertainment at the next Tuesday evening will be a very interesting and enjoyable one. Lady Tilley and Mrs. Wills were deeply interested in the institution have charge of have been indelible to this entertainment a success is for such a large number of purchasing a place of which has been long for efforts will be rewarded large and representative.

Slights will leave King's place after which tea. Those who will assist Mrs. Frances Travers, Miss Furlong, Miss J. D. Pidgeon and the Misses.

Miss Blair, daughter of has been in the city for a cricket this week, where she.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Jones celebrated the anniversary. The celebration of Mrs. F. A. Jones large number of guests, of a couple, were present in a most delightful golden souveners were presented and the happy joy good health and it friends that they may a happy married life.

The daily papers of marriage at India of Miss Herbert Shaw.

Miss Bridgeman for her grandmother, Mrs. Beadell that time made many friends much happiness in her life.

Mrs. Alex. Macaulay children's party at her residence Friday afternoon a number of little folks were enjoyed the games and presents that were provided.

This week will close Valentine Stock company arrived here it was very early spring but they went after another and so lock elsewhere.

All the ladies of the Va-

This choice of a most delightful for Breakfast Being excellent and assimilable a valuable food for all ages and children



Socially, this has been one of the very dull weeks of the season. The Lenten spirit seems to prevail everywhere, and even the small and in formal afternoon teas have been strictly tabooed.

Skating has been about the only amusement of the week and this very pleasant and health-giving recreation has been most heartily indulged in.

The Monday evening skating club has afforded much enjoyment to its many members and such meetings are looked forward to with almost as much anticipation as a dance or ball would occasion.

The entertainment at the Boy's Industrial Home on next Tuesday evening promises to be of a most interesting and enjoyable nature.

Lady Tilley and Mrs. E. A. Smith who have always been deeply interested in the workings of this institution have charge of the affair.

Miss Maud Estabrook of this city is in Wolville the guest of her aunt, Mrs. L. E. Wortman.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Savage of Fredericton were in the city early in the week.

Mrs. Wm. Carnall (nee Miss Conacher) received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her pretty home on Elliott Row.

Miss Bartle has returned from a three weeks trip to Boston and New York, whither she had gone in quest of the latest styles in spring and summer millinery.

Miss Mildred Boyd of North End is home from a pleasant visit of three weeks with relatives in New York.

Miss McNeil of Moncton is here paying a visit to her cousin, Miss Eva McNicol.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. McBride, of Montreal, are in the city visiting Mrs. McBride's father, Mr. J. H. Harding.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Doody have returned from a pleasant trip to New York.

Rev. Harvey Morton left this week for Halifax enroute to his new field of labor in Trinidad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fisher also left this week for a six weeks trip to the West Indies.

Mr. E. J. Scovil formerly of this city but now located in Peterborough was married in that town on February 14th to Miss Ada F. Dunn of Windermere.

On Wednesday evening the triumph of Paardeburg was commemorated by a dinner given at Lang's restaurant at which most of the returned South African heroes were present.

Blacks and Miss O'Brien in particular have made a very enjoyable stay in St. John and should they return to this city they will be sure of a warm and hearty reception.

The Oratorio Society will next week commence practicing Mendelssohn's Elijah, which will be given a production some time during the month of May.

Miss Alex Corbett who has been visiting here has returned to her home in Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Seely returned on Thursday from a trip to the West.

Miss Mabel Fungley of Amherst who has been visiting friends here has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Barker Ferguson of Sydney, C. B., are visiting Mrs. Ferguson's parents in the west end.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edwards of Main Street entertained about fifty of their friends at their home on Friday evening last.

On Friday evening of last week a surprise party gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Moore on Charlotte street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. F. Pearce.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

Mr. E. Dalton, Mr. F. Chisholm, Mr. Chris White, Mr. Herb Philipin, Mr. F. Foster.

after the evening had been spent in dancing, music and other amusements. Twelve o'clock arrived all too soon, when a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

Mr. W. Snowball returned Monday night from his trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Malone returned Monday evening from their wedding trip.

Mr. J. W. Lawlor of the McLaughlin Carriage Co., is at the Adams House.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Andrew's Church are entertaining the congregation at an "At Home" in the Masonic Hall this evening.

Senator Gillmor, Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Gillmor, Montreal, are spending a short time in town.

Mr. Charles Johnston has returned from Calais and is confined to his home with a carbuncle.

A party of twelve enjoyed a sea sleigh drive to Upper Falls and an oyster supper at the home of Mrs. McKay on Wednesday evening.

Mr. James O'Brien, M. P. P., and Mrs. O'Brien, leave this week for Fredericton.

Mrs. Merriman, Eastport, is staying with her mother Mrs. Miles, who has been quite ill.

Mr. E. H. Gilmor returned Monday from a visit in the West.

Miss Jean Kelman gave a charming birthday party to a number of her young friends recently.

Miss Hattie Lavers is recovering from an attack of La Grippe.

Mr. Sutton Clark arrived home this week from a business trip to the United States.

Mrs. K. F. Gilmor entertained a few young Misses Saturday evening for the pleasure of Miss Ethel and Edith Gilmor who are her guests.

Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Cockburn is in St. John this week on professional business.

Mr. G. W. Gannon, M. P., was home on business last week. He also accompanied the St. Stephen curiers to Fredericton and Hampton.

Robert Stuart has given up work in St. George and will return to Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Hooper leave Montreal for New York, whence they sail by the Oceanic on Feb 27th on a two months' trip to England and the continent.

Miss Nellie Hibbard has passed a successful examination before the school board in Boston and is now in charge of a school in the "Hub".

Mr. Frank S. Cummings of Deer Island, was in town on Monday.

Among the legal lights in town on Tuesday were James G. Stevens, Jr., George J. Clarke, W. C. H. Gimmer and J. W. Richardson of St. Stephen.

W. C. H. Gimmer came down from St. Stephen on Tuesday to visit his mother who has been in poor health.

Miss Hunt drove to St. George on Tuesday, to take charge of the school in Pennfield.

The ladies of the Methodist church have arranged for a supper in Memorial hall on Easter Monday night.

Feb 28.—Mr. James and Miss Susie Stables entertained a large number of their friends at what at their parents home last Tuesday night.

Mr. G. Copeland has returned from Campbellton where he had been visiting his daughter Mrs. D. O. Cooke.

Dr. and Mrs. Sprout and young son were visiting Mr. Sprout's home at Sussex, and returned home Tuesday night.

Dr. and Mrs. Nicholson have returned home from New York and Boston.

Master Willie Stables entertained a number of his friends at a party last Thursday evening.

Miss F. Murray of Boston is visiting her sister, Mrs. Joseph Jardine.

J. M. Aitken entertained a number of his friends at his home last evening.

F. J. Quinn of Quebec was registered at the Waverley last Thursday.

Rev. Mr. Purcell, of Chatham was in town Friday. Mr. John Walsh returned home on Saturday after an extensive cruise in the woods.

Miss Sadie Hairman has returned home after visiting friends in Sackville.

Mr. C. Layr left on Tuesday morning's express for Sydney, C. B.

Mrs. Quinn is visiting friends at Moncton.

Feb. 23.—Rev. B. Colpitts and wife left on Thursday last for Bloomfield, Kings Co., where their daughter, Mrs. William G. Cochran, was very ill.

Miss Lenia Colpitts has been with her sister for some weeks. Mrs. Cochran died on Friday the 22nd, in her thirty-sixth year.

The funeral took place on Monday at 10.30 a. m. Henry Jordan of Houlton, spent Monday night in town, visiting his sister, Mrs. J. C. Millmore.

Miss Catherine Rankin has returned from a visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard P. Wetmore, St. John, are in Woodstock.

Miss Alex. Corbett, has returned from St. John, where she was visiting.

The Misses Belle and Cassie Gilin, of Hartland, attended the race at the roller rink Saturday night, and returned home Sunday.

On Tuesday morning last Mr. Marbert E. Hascall and Miss Alice L. Thibodeau was united in wedlock at St. Gertrude's church by Rev. W. F. Chapman. Miss Lizzie Day was bridesmaid and Mr. J. Lewis Millmore best man.

The young couple received many warm congratulations. They left by the afternoon train for Portland, Me., where they will make their home.

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Customiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise...

Leave Your Spring Painting, etc. 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.

SILK THAT TANGLES. Knots and tangles, snarls and breaks, wastes itself and your time, makes you wish the sewing was "far enough." Such are the troubles of those who use common sewing silk.

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



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

of a drudge he had and the aspiration thing towards light, destined to become der of his people. Herbert, spring in-

happiest souls on of that room was a, and never did examination for en- ur Yale with more

of a drudge he had and the aspiration thing towards light, destined to become der of his people. Herbert, spring in-

happiest souls on of that room was a, and never did examination for en- ur Yale with more

of a drudge he had and the aspiration thing towards light, destined to become der of his people. Herbert, spring in-

HALIFAX NOTES



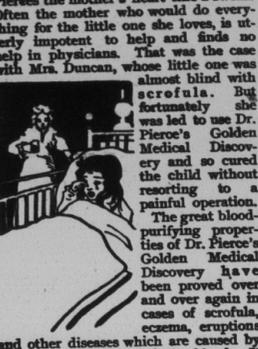
HALIFAX NOTES

FOR ADVERTISING... PROGRESS... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY...

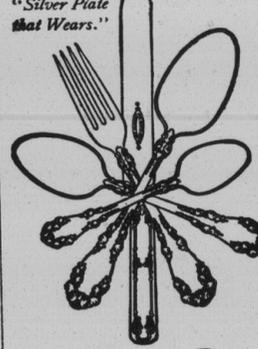
Hotel at Bedford... Tuesday night... PROTECTION OF THE CHILD'S EYES... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY...

PROTECTION OF THE CHILD'S EYES... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY... FEBRUARY...

A Child's Cry



Pierces the mother's heart like a sword... Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery...



1847 Rogers Bros. Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc.

FAT REDUCTION... Mrs. M. Dumar studied the reduction of human fat...

Use Perfection Tooth Powder... BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean."

Free! Here and there you'll find a dealer who does not sell the English Home... Maypole Soap

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of this Province...

NOTICE

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislature at its next session for the passing of an act to incorporate a company by the name of THE COTTAGE CITY PARK, Limited...

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Museum...

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIKITTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Various small notices and advertisements on the right side of the page.

**WINDSOR.**

Feb 30—Mr Hanson Chandler spent Sunday with friends in Halifax.

Mrs Charles Dumbler left on Saturday last for Halifax, and will visit in Amherst before returning home.

Mrs Dorothy Smith has returned home from Canning where she has been visiting Mr and Mrs Chas Kenaly.

Miss Marie Curry returned on Wednesday evening from Yarmouth, where she had been spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs Ross.

Mr G H Smith, Millard, visited Millard on the 18th Feb. Some 20 years had rolled around since his last visit to this pretty village of East Hants, and many were the changes witnessed.

Mrs James L Simpson, Miss Mary Simpson and Mr Jack Simpson drove through from Grand Fre on Saturday last. Mr Simpson returned home the same evening, his mother and sister remaining until Wednesday the guests of Mr and Mrs Josiah H Smith.

A Church Social was held at the house of Mr James Wickwire, Millard, on the evening of the 20th Feb. A large number of people gathered with a good sprinkling from Stablesville and Guys River. Vocal and instrumental music, games, and social intercourse filled up a most pleasant and enjoyable evening. Tea was served, and a collection amounting to \$12.35 was taken up. All present voted the social a grand success.

Mr and Mrs M B Rockwell are now residing with their daughter Mrs J F Allison. Oakland, Newport, Mr Rockwell having sold his property at Summersville, Hants Co.

There was a good attendance at the entertainment given by the pupils of Edgely Church school for girls on Tuesday evening of last week, when Richard Brisley Sheridans 'The Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed,' was reproduced in a most creditable manner. It was exceedingly well-staged, the scenery, which showed finely, being the work of Colonel Bruce, of Halifax, who painted it specially for the occasion. A prominent feature was the clear enunciation of the performers, due to the careful tuition of Miss White. The programmes were very tastefully and artistically gotten up by one of the young lady pupils.

**AMHERST.**

Feb 27—Miss Eliza Ritchie of Halifax, is in town intending to spend several weeks with her cousin Mrs Wm De Bieis, at the Hotel Terrace.

Mrs Clarence McLeod entertained a number of little folks on Wednesday evening in honor of her children. A pleasant and happy time was spent with games and tempting dainties.

Miss Violet Bullock, daughter of Rev W H Bullock, Halifax, has been visiting her friend, Miss Mary Dickie, Grove Cottage.

Miss Gertrude Cunningham of Guysboro, spent a week in town with Mrs Archibald MacKinnon, Havlock street.

Miss Cook, teacher at Mount Allison spent Sunday with Mrs Mackinnon.

Miss Hester Hickey returned from British Columbia after an absence of three years.

About sixty guests witnessed the marriage of Miss Bertha B McDonald at her mother's residence Church street on Feb 14, to Mr Alder Fugatey Elderkin. Rev A W Nicholson performed the ceremony. The bride looked very dainty in white silk. The presents were costly and numerous. Mr and Mrs Elderkin left by the evening train on a short trip to St. John.

Miss Bennett has recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Annie McGrath of Bedford, is the guest of Miss Mamie Dunn, Spring Street.

Mr and Mrs N B Edwards are on a trip to Montreal, Ottawa, Boston and New York.

Miss Thomas of Charlottetown is visiting her home here. She will remain several weeks.

The Hallway Men's social given in the Y M C A rooms on Tuesday evening was a very pleasant affair. A programme consisting of songs, instrumental music and readings was carried out. Refreshments were also served and a most delightful evening spent.

Mrs J J McDonald and Miss Snowden left on the C P R to-day to visit the millinery openings in Montreal and Toronto where they will be absent for a week or ten days.

Mrs E C Cole, who has been seriously ill is very much better.

Mrs W H Faulkner lies critically ill at her residence Alma street. Her daughter Miss Josephine was telegraphed for from New York and returned home. Mr Faulkner also has been sent for.

Miss Millie Elliot returned to her home in Moncton and was accompanied by Mrs E W Chandler and little daughter, Gladys of Campbellton, who will spend a few weeks in this city.

Miss Tynes, daughter of R E Tynes, general traffic manager of the I O R is a guest at the Brunns wick.

Mrs Marie John Lyman and Miss Jean Robinson will give a piano and vocal recital in Y M C A hall Tuesday evening March 6.

Mrs Alfred Weber of Shidley Cape, is spending a few days in the city, the guest of Mrs W Brown, Archibald street.

Mrs M A McKay leaves this afternoon for Bearbrook, Ont. to visit her sister who is very ill.

Mrs J A McLean will leave today for Province.

once, Rhode Island, to spend six weeks visiting Mrs McLean's parents.

Mr Wm L Fitzpatrick, who for years has been clerk with Mr LeBel Willis, both in St John and Sydney, C B has taken a position at the American hotel.

Mr and Mrs George A Frost of Campbellton were in town today, the guests of Mr and Mrs Ronald Currie, and left for Feticodiac on a short visit.

Miss Webster of Shediac is the guest of Mrs J S Benedict, Campbellton.

**THINGS OF VALUE.**

"I see that Wisconsin finally has a law taxing bachelors."

"Gee! no! they don't call it Mars up there, so how can they tell that we mean them when we ring up?"

"The Horse—nobles of the brute creation—when suffering from a cold, abrasion, or sore, derives as much benefit as its master, in its predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. T. M. S. Economic Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

"What are your new neighbors?"

"I am doubtful, because I can't just make out what that is hanging in the yard. If it's a red sweater the husband is an athlete; if it is red flannel he works."

"The Dimple"—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large on the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living injure him. And since he evades a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Farmalee's Vegetable Pills which are ever ready for the trial.

There once was a native of Mars, Who wrote a great deal on the cars, The whole train, one night, Was telescoped quite, And the passengers said they saw stars.

A MAGIC PILL.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate, subdued, and to all appearance vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is so delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach cause from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Farmalee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes; and his second has just been trying to adjust matters peaceably."

"Showing the white feather, eh? What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact."

"Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced."

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once.

"Was it the long heating of my heart, my darling that told you I was here?" murmured he.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I recognized you by the size of your feet."

The never-failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc., even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

"A man of artistic temperament can't work in an un congenial environment."

"Oh, I don't know; a man of highly artistic temperament can imagine himself working in a congenial environment."

**Simple Country Living.**

A man may enjoy bounding health and know very little about the cause of his happiness; and alas! a man may suffer all the woes of dyspepsia, and have no certain knowledge as to the cause of his misery.

"I'm a confirmed dyspeptic; that's the reason I look so old," said Mr. Collander, gazing almost enviously at the red bronza face of his former chum at college, who had dropped down from the country into Mr. Collander's city office.

"What you need is simple country food, man," said his old friend, clapping him heartily on the shoulder. "Come and visit my wife and me on the farm for a while, and we'll set you up. It's rich city living that's too much for you. Now take breakfast, for instance. All I have is two good cups of coffee, a couple of fresh doughnuts, a bit of steak with a baked potato, some fresh biscuit or muffins, and other griddle cakes or a piece of pie to top off with. What do you have?"

The city man looked at his red checked friend, who stood waiting for the confirmation of his idea.

A cup of hot water and two slices of dry toast," he responded soberly. "But if you think a simple diet like yours would help me, I will make one more attempt to be a healthy man."

She Got the Place.

The New York Herald tells how a diplomatic young lady, who understood the weakness of politicians, secured, some years ago, a place in the state service.

When the timid girl's turn came, she handed the impatient-looking officer a letter. She said nothing; she hardly looked into his face.

"I'm sorry, Miss C., that I can do nothing for you. It was foolish for you to come here expecting to get work. I'd be glad to help you if I could, but you see, it's this way: I have no influence to get you a position. I am very—"

"We were speaking of that at home, but I thought it would do no harm to see you," she interrupted. "And we were saying what a pity it was that you had lost your influence."

The state official winced. He looked as if something hurt him.

"Bro an," he said, turning to his deputy with unnecessary abruptness, "this young lady is to have a position in the enrolling department. See that there is a place for her, if you have to muzzle every legislator in the building!"

**Practical Results from Earthquake Study.**

Prof. John Mills says that upon knowledge derived from the scientific study of earthquakes new rules and formulas for engineers and builders have been established, and these principles have been widely applied in Japan and other countries, thereby minimizing the loss of life and property. Such studies have also been of practical use in the working of railways, especially in Japan, by localizing faults in the rocks and suggesting alterations in the balancing of locomotives. Another advantage gained relates to ocean cables, as it has become possible to indicate parts of the sea bottom that should be avoided in laying such cables.

After the Concert.

She (from Boston)—What do you think of Omar Khayyam?

He (from St. Louis)—Let's see; what did he do—fiddle!

With the aid of powerful restoratives they soon succeeded in getting her out of danger.

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

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

Beware of imitations.

**APIOL & STEEL PILLS**

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.

Superior Bitter Apple, Pil Cochis, Pentyroyal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from FAYAN & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Warite Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

**NOTICE.**

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, when blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned.

Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901.

2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

**CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) and 25 cents each insertion. Five cent extra for every additional line.

**HUSTLING**—YOUNG MAN can make \$40.00 per week. Goodly stock and vegetables, house and furniture, experience necessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Leinster Streets, Halifax, P. E.

**The Mutual Life Insurance Company**

**OF NEW YORK.**

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 68
Assets,	304,844,537 52
Policy Reserves,	261,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,062,665,211 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.  
JOHN ADAMS DIXON, 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.

**CAFE ROYAL**

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in—  
CHOCOLATE, WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

**THE DUFFERIN**

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

R. LEBOY WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

**Victoria Hotel,**

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

at an application will  
of an act to incorpo  
of THE COLIAGE  
the purpose of acquir  
Real Estate, and im  
power to lease, mort  
with such other powe  
h. 1901.

**Given Free**  
to each person in  
interested in subscrib  
to the Eugene  
Field Monum  
Souvenir  
subscriptions as  
as \$1.00 will be  
donor to this  
to artistically  
FELD FLOWERS  
(cloth bound, 8 x 11)  
as a certificate  
of subscription to  
book contains a  
lection of Field's  
best and most rep  
sentative works and  
contribution of the  
book could not  
for less than \$1.00,  
divided equally be  
late Eugene Field  
including a monu  
the beloved poet of

**MONUMENT FUND,**  
180 Monroe St.,  
Chicago,  
and postage, enclose

**ner's**  
1900  
**UDES**  
S "Tommy and  
**ROOSEVELT'S**  
" (serial).  
**ARDING DAVIS'S**  
al articles.  
**AN'S The Russia**  
**ALTER A. WY-**  
"The Workers".  
**RIES by**  
on Page,  
yke,  
Thompson,  
on,  
t,  
White.  
**ARTICLES**  
position.  
**LAND'S** article a  
Exploration.  
**RD FIFTY**  
**NO,** by Sena-  
**ART FEATURES**  
**ELL ILLUSTR**  
Celebrated American  
tists.  
**LAFARGE,** illus-  
of.  
strative schemes (in  
black and white) by  
**PLINGTON CLARK,**  
**TO, HENRY Mc-**  
**FIGHT I. RLMEN-**  
hers.  
**strated Prospectus**  
**any address.**  
**DRINER'S SONS,**  
New York.

**THE C. O. D. MAN.**

This System is Worked Successfully in Philadelphia.

They call me the C. O. D. tramp because it's always cash on delivery, with me—that is, I deliver my tale of misfortune and expect the cash to follow. Never crowd myself in among gentlemen unless strongly urged, and never affiliate with other tramps when I can find a straw stack for myself. Consider myself a good deal of an aristocrat, and when collarred by the police I fall back upon my blue blood and dignity instead of making a squeal.

I was hanging about Philadelphia the other week and making more or less of a success of my C. O. D. system when I meet up with a catsh young man one evening. I could tell that he belonged to the swaggar set while he was yet half a block away. He had the look of a young man with a rich papa, a loving mother and a month for champagne. I stop him and begins my little story, which includes 13 misfortunes and a chunk of ingratitude as big as a house, when he cuts in with:

'Stow it cully. Where was you born,?'  
'In the lap of luxury,' says I.  
'How was you brought up?'  
'On an allowance of \$500 a month.'  
'Where's your palace car?'  
'Switched off and left behind.'  
'And you valet?'  
'Dropped dead of heart disease the other day, and I'm afraid I can't fill his place.'

'Look here, cully,' he goes on, breathing extra dry champagne all over the block and taking up a million dollar attitude. 'I think I knows a dilapidated gentleman when I sees one.'  
'D. G. (dilapidated gentleman) hits me to a dot,' says I.  
'And you've got biiceps?'  
'Feel and see. Reaching out for nickels for the last 15 years has given me the muscles of a Sandow. Best thing in the world for shoulder exercise.'

'And, being a dilapidated gentleman, you ought to know how to put up your dukes.'  
'I put 'em up and tapped him one, two, three on the chin.  
'Good!' says he. 'I belongs to an S. S. S. (swaggar, swell set) club down here, and a galoot with a lip smashed my nose with the gloves half an hour ago. I want revenge. If you'll knock his eyebrows off, I'll cough up a V. I can run you in all right, and I want you to dope him.'  
'It's five to dope the chap with the lip,' says I, 'but how much to bluff the whole clubroom into their boots?'  
'Can you do it?'  
'I think I can.'

'Lord, if you only could—if you only could! There's a dozen husky scrappers there tonight, and if you bluff 'em it's 15 plunks in your inside pocket.'  
'He dodged me into the club and into a dressing room, and when I was ready for the ring he, introduced me as his cousin Sam of Pittsburg. I had on a pair of eyeglasses, and my hair was brushed back over my marble ears, and I looked professorish. They picked out the champion scrapper of the club to wallop me, and when he got into the ring he says:  
'You've got your glasses on.'  
'Of course,' says I.  
'But that ain't regular.'  
'I'm nighsighted, and always box with my winkers on. You go right ahead and never mind 'em.'  
'I'll be hanged if I do,' says he as he crawls under the ropes.

Then they got another chap, but he had only pulled one glove on when he looks over at me and sees me sitting cross-legged and a smile on my face, and he says:  
'Not any for Joe! I knows a tidal wave when I sees it, and I don't hanker after six months in the hospital!'  
'The catsh young man who had picked me up offers \$20, \$30, \$50 for anybody to stand before me for three rounds, but the crowd shake their heads and wait for something easy. It was the eyeglasses, you know—a regular ice cold bluff—and they swallowed it down and had goose-flesh all over 'em.

'Being as this crowd don't seem to want anything in particular of my Cousin Sam,' says young Catsh after awhile, 'and being my cousin Sam has three or four important engagements on hand, I will withdraw him till some of you think you can box a bit.'  
'And as I was resumung my apparel he slips me the 15 plunks and puts me on the back and says:  
'D. G. (dilapidated gentleman), if I wasn't my papa's favorite son and my mamma's joy I'd hitch up with you, and we'd travel together and have barrels of fun. As it is, I'm stuck here. But take your sugar and go forth, with my blessing hitched behind you.'

**M. QUAD**  
Animal Invaders of Europe.  
Mr. L. Stejneger showed before the Biological Society in Washington at its December meeting Low there have been three great migrations of Siberian animals into Europe. The first two occurred in connection with the Age of Ice, but the third is still in progress, and both birds and mammals are now passing from Siberia into Scandinavia, the most travelled route of the invaders lying along the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

Photographing a Deer.  
Mr. George Shiras, in the Independent, describes the method of taking deer photographs. On the bow of his canoe he mounts two cameras, and above them a lamp with a strong reflector. Equipped with photographic plates and flash lights, he starts out on a warm, dark night.  
Soon the quick ears of the men in the boat detect the sound of a deer feeding among the lily beds that fringe the shore. Knee-deep in the water, he is moving contentedly about, munching his supper of thick green leaves.  
The lantern spins about on its pivot, and the bore of light chases up and down the bank whence the noise comes. A moment more, and two bright balls shine back from under the fringe of trees; one hundred and fifty yards away the deer has raised his head.  
Straight for the mark of the shining eyes the canoe is sent with firm, silent strokes. The distance is only one hundred yards, now it is only fifty, and the motion of the canoe is checked till it is gliding forward, almost imperceptibly. Twenty five yards now, and the question is, will he stand a moment longer?  
The flash light apparatus has been raised well about any obstructions in the front of the boat, the powder lies in the pan ready to ignite at the pull of a trigger. Closer comes the boat, and still the red eyeballs watch it. What a strange phenomenon that pretty light is. Nothing like it has ever been seen on the lake during the days of his deerhood.  
Fifteen yards now, and the tension is becoming great. Suddenly there is a click, and a white wave of light breaks out from the bow of the boat, deer, hills, trees everything stands for the moment in the white glare of noonday. A dull report, and then a veil of inky darkness descends. Just a tenth of a second has elapsed, but it has been long enough to trace the picture of the deer on the plates of the camera, and long enough to blind for the moment the eyes of both deer and men.

A Shrewd Entertainer.  
Among the unpublished traditions in army circles of many years ago, there is one that is worth handing down to coming generations.  
A certain major had been appointed to the command of an army post on a small island not a great way from San Francisco. Soon after his arrival there a French fleet dropped anchor in the harbor. The commander invited him aboard the flag-ship, and entertained him royally.  
The idea struck the worthy major the next day that he was in honor bound to return the compliment and invite the officers of the fleet to come ashore and share his hospitality, but he was staggered by the consideration of the expense involved.  
To give a banquet befitting his dignity as a United States officer entertaining distinguished representatives of a foreign nation would mean bankruptcy, and the government had not authorized him to draw on its treasury for such a purpose, and the cost of the affair would have to come out of his own pocket. A bright thought struck him.  
He invited the naval visitors to be his guests the third day thereafter at an 'American picnic.' Then he sent invitations to the best people of the neighborhood to join him in a 'basket picnic' at a certain grove near at hand on the same day, 'to meet our French naval friends now on our shores.'  
The people came with great baskets and hampers of provisions. A royal feast was spread in the grove, and the picnic is remembered even yet as one of the most notable social successes of its time. But the French visitors never learned of the ruse by which the major established a reputation as a prince of entertainers.

To Keep Eye-Glasses Clear.  
Wearers of eye-glasses are frequently annoyed in cold weather by the deposit of moisture that forms on the glass upon entering a warm room. According to a German technical journal, a simple preventive of this annoyance is rubbing of the glasses with soft potash soap every morning. After the soap is applied the glasses can be polished bright the invisible film that remains sufficing to prevent the deposit of moisture.

Light as a Curio.  
At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris on December 3rd, Monsieur P. Garnault reported that in certain diseases light exercise is a specific curative action. The most successful treatment under con-

**"Experience is the Best Teacher."**

'The experience of millions has demonstrated that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the perfect remedy for all troubles of the blood, stomach, nerves, bowels, liver and kidneys, and that it imparts strength, vigor and vitality. Every testimonial is the voice of experience to you.'

**Dyspepsia**—'Hood's Sarsaparilla is a grand medicine. It has cured me of dyspepsia. My blood was so poor that in the hottest weather I felt cold. This great medicine enriched my blood and made me feel warm.' Mrs. James Malaya, 222 Pirnick St., Belleville, Ont.



centrated light occurred in cases of muscular and articular rheumatism, various kinds of ulcers and chronic catarrh of the nose and ear.

**A LITTLE SHOP.**

The Good Work Accomplished by Four Young Men.

A little East Side stationary and newspaper shop in New York city is the pulpit from which four young men have been preaching an excellent sermon.

The proprietor of the shop is a veteran of the Civil War. The four young men were regular customers, and so had become his friends. One of them was an electrician, one worked in a hotel, another was a draftsman and the fourth a law clerk.

One day last summer the electrician found the little shop closed when he called for his morning paper. It was still closed when the draftsman and his brother, the law clerk, called, a little later. Inquiry of the family who lived overhead brought out the fact that the old man had not been feeling well the day before, and had complained of pain in his chest.

That night the four young men made further inquiries. They found that the old soldier was down with typhoid pneumonia, and had been taken to St. Luke's Hospital. They knew he was poor and wholly dependent on his little business.

If the shop remained closed, not only would he have no income while he was away, but his regular customers would go elsewhere, and their trade might never be regained.

So the young men determined to carry on the business themselves. They were all poor and had plenty to do, but they arranged their own work as conveniently as they could, and divided the day into periods. Then each gave a part of his time, and so the shop was kept open all the day.

The task was not accomplished without self-sacrifice. It meant longer hours and harder work for all of the four, and for two of them the giving up of a vacation for which much had been planned and from which much was anticipated. Nevertheless, each of them did his part without complaining.

It is one of the beautiful things in life that a deed of this kind seldom passes unnoticed. The young men said nothing about it, but the story of what they were doing noised about. Everybody in the neighborhood became interested, and everybody wanted to help. People who had never traded at the little shop before brought their custom there now to encourage the young men, and some of them were always in too much of a hurry for a down-town car to bother with change for a nickel; so the receipts, instead of falling off, increased.

The old soldier had a long siege of it. When he was finally discharged, instead of finding his little shop closed and his business gone, he found it open and with a bigger trade than he had ever had.

How would it have been if the four young men had merely contented themselves with wishing that they were rich enough, or had time enough to help the old man?

Wireless Telegraphy on the Black Sea.  
The Russian government will establish wireless telegraphic apparatus in all the lighthouses on the shores of the Black Sea. War ships in that sea are also to have similar installations, and 200 sets of the apparatus were recently sent for the use of Russian ports and the Russian navy on the Pacific Ocean.

The Flowers of the Sea.  
The sea has flowers as the land has, but the most brilliant of the sea-flowers bloom not upon plants but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty which in richness and vividness of color and variety and grace of form rivals the splendor of a garden of flowers. The resemblance to vegetable blossoms is so complete that some persons find it difficult to believe that the brilliant dis-

play contains no element of plant life, but is wholly animal in its organization. Among the sea animals which bloom as if they were plants are included, besides corals, the sea-anemone and the sea-cucumber. Dr. C. M. Blackford, Jr., remarks that among the coral gardens the birds and butterflies of the upper world are replaced by fishes of curious forms and flashing colors, which dart about among the animal flowers.

Central African Fashions.  
Bangles, necklaces and belts made of fine copper are commonly worn as ornaments by the native tribes of Central Africa. Miss Caddick, in her delightful account of her journey in Central Africa, describes the ingenious way in which the natives manufacture the wire from the rough copper. They draw it into the finest possible strands, which they twist on hair.

The men cut a hole through a tree, into which they put a piece of iron with a small perforation in it. The strip of copper is tapered to a point and put (through the hole in the iron. The natives catch hold of the end with a kind of pincers; then a good number of them hang on to it and pull it through. This process is repeated through smaller holes in the iron, till the wire is fine enough.

All the ornaments are beautifully made, and the wire is extremely fine and flexible. Some of the men wear five copper wire belts, manyetas, as they are called, which fit the body very tightly. The manyetas are very difficult to buy and I was at first puzzled to account for this. After a time I came to understand that the belts, being so small, were extremely difficult to get off. The poor men required time, and were obliged to use a good deal of oil before they could wriggle out of them.

These manyetas are very heavy, and the weight and size greatly astonished me, as natives usually seem to dislike wearing anything light or heavy. But fashion in Africa as in England makes martyrs. The women wear thick brass wire coiled round and round their arms from wrist to elbow, and in the same way around their necks in a deep collar, which must be heavy and uncomfortable.

Not Above His Ambitions.  
Young Broadhead, scion of a wealthy family, cherished journalistic ambitions, and like a sensible youth, had resolved to begin at the beginning.

He had applied for and obtained a position as a reporter on a daily paper at a moderate salary, where he was treated precisely like any other reporter, shirking no assignment that came in his way, and putting on no airs on account of his wealth or social standing.

He had not thought it worth while, however, to acquaint the family servants with the nature of his daily occupation, and when a fellow reporter came to the house one day with a message from the city editor, the flunky in attendance at the front door took him around the house and brought him up to the young men's room by a back stairway.

'Why didn't you show Mr. Craig up by way of the front hall?' demanded young Broadhead.  
'He's only a reporter,' whispered the butler.

Imagine the dignified flunky's horror when his master responded, in an audible voice:  
'I'm only a reporter myself, you donkey!'

A Good Vacation.  
Many of the enjoyments of life may be considered as merely negative—enjoyments by contrast.

Professor Harrimore, sorely against his will, and in compliance with the mandate of his physician, went away from home for a six weeks' vacation.

'Did you have a good time?' asked one of his friends, after his return.  
'Splendid,' replied the professor, although I didn't know it until I came back. Then I learned that my nearest neighbor had occupied his entire time during the last six weeks in learning to play the trombone.'

Ants That Grow Mushrooms.  
Prof. W. M. Wheeler in the American Naturalist describes a species of ants which raise "mushrooms" for food. They first cut leaves into small pieces and carry them into their underground chambers. Then they reduce the leaves to a pulp, which they deposit in a heap. In this heap the mycelium of a species of fungus finds lodging and the subterranean conditions favoring such a result, minute swellings are produced on the vegetable mass. These are the "mushrooms," which constitute almost the sole food of the colony of ants that cultivates them.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty five years. None give better results.

Makes Child's Play of Wash Day  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
is a pure hard soap which has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing. SURPRISE really makes Child's Play of wash day. Try it yourself.  
ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.  
St. Stephen, N.B.

**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.

**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.

**Accuracy, Purity and Promptness**  
ARE THE RULES OF MY  
**DISPENSING DEPARTMENT**  
Every care is exercised in procuring the purest Drugs and Chemicals, which are accurately prepared by competent Pharmacists.  
Telephone and I will send for your Prescription and return it, Dispensed promptly. Mail orders filled and forwarded by next mail.

**W. C. Rudwan Allan,**  
Chemist and Druggist,  
87 CHARLOTTE STREET.  
Telephone 239.  
And 172 King street, West, (Telephone 54A). St. John, N. B.

**Bucouche Bar Oysters.**  
Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.  
At 11 and 23 King Square.  
**J. D. TURNER,**  
**Pulp Wood Wanted**  
WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Basting or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.  
**R. F. MOONEY,**

Pages  
Sp  
Two young navy who were interesting stories in the actual outbreak of war in the...  
'I have a secret service... Spanish... that our men... the way of... government... I have... spy system... country by... working on...  
'Don't believe another civil war... wisely.  
'Whether fact,' replied... know... story to... here during... romance... you.  
'A friend... years ago... beauty... H... introduction... woman in E... tion demand... but his stay... low of a pro... didn't even... love; but he... loved her a... understood... hopeless... with her an... came to his... card to him...  
'That girl... man for two... chant of gr... fiscal of the... New York... world... would have... ask the girl... after that n... to this cour... was to late... month later... her arrival... suspect by... Nobody's... went out fr... to her frie... parents w... did.  
'In a (m... started blo... along splen... strained bo... The young... country... husband, w... love he ha... sacrificed... honor and...  
'It came... greatly ex... that her c... papers her... her husband... denying the... print. O... them pub... refused to... ing that it... American...  
'Gradu... his mod... headquar... men, who... and night... his wife, t... met these... although... they neve... purely, so...  
'But... frequent... became... make, his... trove... writing... had to be... ed. The... he never... although

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1901.

## Spanish Mode of Getting Spies.

Two young lieutenants in the American navy who were in the Secret Service during the war with Spain, had told some interesting stories of the work assigned to them in the days of preparation before the actual outbreak of hostilities. Then the civilian in the group spoke up.

'I have no doubt,' he said, 'that our secret service in Spain, in fact, in all the Spanish countries, was very excellent, and that our men did some very brave things in the way of getting information that the government wanted; but in all that I have read I have never seen anything about the spy system that was established in this country by Spain at the time our men were working on the other side.'

'Don't believe there was any,' remarked another civilian, while the officers nodded wisely.

'Whether you believe it or not, it is a fact,' replied the civilian. 'I happen to know something about it myself. I have a story to tell of the Spanish spy system here during the war, and as there is a little romance mixed up with it it may interest you.'

'A friend of mine met around some years ago a young Spanish woman of great beauty. He is a New York boy and his introduction into the home of the young woman in Barcelona was all that convention demanded. He fell in love with her, but his stay in Spain was too short to allow of a properly conducted courtship. He didn't even get around to a declaration of love; but before he went away he knew he loved her and her eyes told him that she understood and that his case was not quite hopeless. He left his New York address with her and she promised that when she came to this country she would send her card to him and he might call.

'That girl's face haunted that young man for two years. Her father was a merchant of great wealth and was also an official of the Spanish Government. The New Yorker's own modest position in the world deterred him from doing what he would have liked to do, sail for Spain and ask the girl to marry him. Two years after that meeting the young woman came to this country with a Spanish family. She was to return with the same people three months later. She apprised my friend of her arrival and the result was what you all suspect by this time. He married her. Nobody's consent was asked. They just went out and got married and a brief note to her friends and a long letter to her parents was all the notifying that she did.

'In a small flat in Sixth avenue they started housekeeping and everything went along splendidly until relations began to be strained between this country and Spain. The young woman was loyal to her own country, but not a bit more so than her husband, who was to his. Yet so great was the love he had for her that for a few days he sacrificed everything that he held dear, honor and country to her whims.

'It came about like this: The war talk greatly excited his wife. She maintained that her country was being wronged in the papers here and day after day she made her husband write letters to the newspapers denying the truth of statements she saw in print. Of course, she could never get them published, and finally her husband refused to write them any more, maintaining that it was not a dignified thing for an American to do.

'Gradually the young man noticed that his modest little home was becoming the headquarters for a number of swartly men, who came in at all times of the day and night and held long conferences with his wife, to which he was not invited. He met these men under various names, and although he smoked and talked with them, they never admitted anything more than a purely social object in their presence.

'But as the conferences became more frequent my friend noticed that his wife became more insistent in her efforts to make him see the Spanish side of the controversy. He had done some newspaper writing in his time and day and night he had to write articles that his wife suggested. These articles were taken by her and he never knew just what became of them, although he suspected that they were taken

by her Spanish friends and used as they thought best.

'It gradually dawned upon my friend that he was being used by men who were practically the enemies of his country, and he felt a deep humiliation; but already his home life was changing and in his great love for the woman he had married he was miserable over the thought that any defiance of her and her wishes at the time might bring to a sudden end the short period of happiness he had enjoyed with her.

'It wasn't until the Spanish cruiser *Viscaya* came to this port, shortly after the destruction of the *Maingo*, that direct overtures were made to my friend by his wife. She spoke to him at great length on the injustice that her country was suffering over the Cuban matter, and finally wound up by saying that her country was going to need friends in this country before long, and asking him if he would be one of them. It was as plain as day to the husband that his wife was the tool of the swartly friends who came so often to see her, but she was a willing tool, for her love of her country was great, greater than her love for her husband, and the idea that that country was menaced by another country was agony to her.

'This once quiet home became a rendezvous for all the secret agents of Spain in New York. Officers from the *Viscays* attended conferences there and the plotting and scheming went on until one fine evening my friend, who had been drowning his sorrows in liquor, came home and ordered everyone of the visitors out.

'There was quite a scene then. The wife protested and the visitors looked threatening, but out they all went just the same, and that was the beginning of the end. The next day my friend was filled with remorse over what he had done and his penitent attitude resulted in a renewal of consideration of him as a possible spy in the service of Spain against his own country.

'Two days later he got a letter asking him to call at a certain office in a little street not far from Wall street ferry. The signature was a strange one, but it was evidently Spanish, and after thinking the matter over for a time he decided to go and see what the writer wanted. He found his man in a small office on the second floor of a tumble down building and introduced himself. There were a number of Spanish looking men around, but his interview with the man who was evidently the leader of the outfit was behind the closed door of a little room off the main office. The first question put to him was: 'You love your wife?'

'I do,' was the reply.

'Then listen to me attentively,' and the man proceeded to unfold his plans.

'Spain needed agents in this country. War would be declared very soon—it was declared the next day—and much must be done. Would he enter the Spanish secret service? The things he would be asked to do would not endanger his life or his good name. He was simply to engage on some newspaper as a reporter, and with this backing to seek certain facts that the Spanish were desirous of obtaining.

All of this was put with exquisite tact, but when my friend indignantly spurned the offer a change came over the other.

'You do this thing or you lose your wife. This is no time for parley. Will you accept?'

There was a faint rustle behind my friend. Turning he saw his wife standing in the rear of the room. Her face was pale, but resolute. She stayed there just long enough to say: 'He has the right to say what he does,' and then left the place.

'I am ashamed to say that my friend after half an hour more with this smooth Spaniard became a spy against his own country in the service of Spain. There is no use going over the suffering that he endured and the agony that weakened his ordinarily strong nature and brought him to such a disgraceful employment. Suffice it to say that he became a spy, and that he was let into secrets that amazed him.

'The amount of information that the boss Spaniard had in his possession amazed him. He had charts of the harbor

of New York, maps of the Sandy Hook fortifications and of the forts in the Narrows, and submarine maps, purporting to show the exact locality of all the mines that had ever been planted inside of the Horse Shoe. He had correspondence from Washington giving a tremendous amount of information as to the government's plans and the signature to these letters showed that men of every nationality word doing secret service work for Spain.

'Now, I don't pretend to say how accurate this information was, because of course, I do not know, but certainly a spy system had been organized here by Spain and the work was going on steadily. The agents were numbered in the hundreds and they were spread all over the country. There was at least one man in every navy yard in the United States, and the boss Spaniard told my friend that some of them were in the employ of the Government as mechanics. He didn't show anything to prove this, or you can take it or leave it as you please.

'The disgraceful position in which he found himself so preyed on the mind of my friend that he rode up and down on an elevated train for nearly five hours after his interview with the Spaniards. The more he thought over the matter the more convinced he became that he could not do what he had promised to. It was a long struggle, but honor won out, and the next morning when he went down to the office of Spain's agents it was with virtuous indignation written all over his face.

'In a few choice words he told the boss Spaniard what he thought of him and his gang, and before leaving he announced that he was going straight to the Federal building to leave information there with the United States marshal. He did so, but an hour later when six deputy marshals reached the place there was not a Spaniard in sight, and all of their efforts had been removed. There is a piece of news that never leaked out, yet I know what I have stated to be an absolute fact.

'Well, my friend didn't go home until very late that night. When he did go he took a Boston friend, who had just arrived here and was going to stay over night with him. They got home to find an empty flat. The wife had gone to meet her threat. She had taken with her only what belonged to her, and she left no word behind. He has never seen or heard from her since, although indirectly he knows that at the present time she is with her people in Barcelona.

'For months he was a broken man, but gradually he is beginning to realize that such a woman was not worth the life's happiness of a good man, and ultimately I think he will be a better man for the experience. In the meantime life comes hard to him, and I think he suffers a great deal.'

It wasn't until after the civilian had left the party and the naval men were laughing over the story that another man in the crowd who had puffed his cigar lazily all through the narrative and had made no comments at all, remarked:

'You fellows, couldn't you see that that man was telling you the tragedy of his own life.'

Where He Was Weak.

Mr Jowders looked gloomily at the letter to which he had just painfully affixed his signature and then cast a dubious glance at his wife.

'Do you want to just run this over before I send it to son James?' he inquired; and when Mrs. Jowders shook her head, he hastily folded the sheet, which bore the marks of hours of toil, and thrust it into an envelope, which he sealed with trembling expedition and then leaned back in his chair with an air of relief.

'I was afraid you'd want to read it, and then most likely 't would be all to do over again mother, like the last one,' he said. 'But I'm glad James wrote he didn't mind a word misspelled here and there. There's some things I can do, but I never could seem to get a good purchase on the system of spelling sideways.'

'As I view it,' continued Mr Jowders, 'there's some words you can spell by the looks, and some you can spell by the sound; them I can most gen'ly manage. But when you come to spelling by judgment and main strength my chances are about as slim as they make 'em.'

'How that woman glared at you?'

'Yes; I've either bowed to her when I don't know her; or else I know her and haven't bowed to her.'

## Minister Wu Tells of China's Great Famine.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York.

'Yes, it is true, only too sadly true. I fear, that portions of my unhappy country are in the throes of a terrible famine,' said His Excellency, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister at Washington.

He was seated in the handsome parlors of the Legation and made this reply to a representative of the Christian Herald, who had called upon him to inquire into the authenticity of an account of the famine of China, which had recently appeared in a New York paper. He read the clipping carefully, and added:

'I trust that this report is exaggerated. I sincerely hope that in some of its details at least, it is, but I received advices from the governor of Shensi yesterday which led me to fear that the conditions are appalling heartrending in the extreme.

'What has caused the famine? Primarily, of course that which always causes famine in any part of the world—drought and consequent failure of crops. But there are other things in this case which have aggravated the trouble, and augmented the usual horrors of famine. I refer to the Boxer, uprising, and the state of affairs which has existed in certain provinces of the country since that occurred.'

'Will you please tell me, Your Excellency, in what provinces the famine is prevailing and how large a territory they cover?'

'The Provinces of Shensi and Shansi. They are in the northern part of the empire, and together occupy an area of more than 100,000 square miles. The population of Shensi is estimated at 10,000,000, and that of Shansi at 14,000,000. Shensi, which was, as you know, the ancient capital province of China for three or four thousand years, is where the Emperor, and the Empress Dowager, and the Court, fled when they left Peking, and are there still, pending the final action of the combined Powers.'

'That the famine condition of Shensi is aggravated by this fact cannot be doubted. At the least calculation, the Emperor's household and following must be five thousand persons, and while I have no way of knowing positively, yet I think it is a conservative estimate to place the number of soldiers who would be with them at twenty thousand. This makes twenty-five thousand more to feed daily than the usual residents of the province, and when you consider that for more than three years there has been a drought in that part of China, and that in consequence the crops have been completely cut off, you can understand in a measure what the famine must mean. And yet, unless you realize certain other things you will not be able to understand it fully.'

'First,' the minister continued, 'you must remember how inaccessible these provinces are. They are a thousand miles inland; there is practically no trade relations to speak of between them and the rest of the country or the outside world. The people are almost altogether farmers; they raise barely enough to supply their immediate wants year by year; but in time of famine this supply is cut off, and there is no way to supplement it. No railway communication; scarcely any steamboat traffic, even on the river courses, and a coolie system that is utterly inadequate to meet the demands. When the crops fail, starvation always stares them in the face. Famine is not new in that part of China—unfortunately not; it is of frequent occurrence there though perhaps never as bad before as it is now. This comes from its isolated position, and from the ignorance of the people more than anything else. When the crops fail in the southern part of China, rice, the main article of food, can be shipped in and the deficiency supplied; but in the interior of northern China it is very different, and the suffering is almost beyond belief.'

'There is no reason for the famines which occur so frequently in this part of China—no reason which might not be prevented, and which, were it in this country, would be prevented. The great Hwang-ho or 'Yellow River,' which flows between the two provinces, is a fabulously long river. I would not venture to tell you how long it is in all its course, lest you might think I was using my Oriental imagination. While

with proper irrigation, it might make that territory through which it flows the garden spot of the world for productivity, yet its mighty volume of water rushes down from the mountains of Siberia and almost every year causes desolating destruction to both life and property. So much is this true, that in the native tongue it is called 'The River of Sorrow.' Sometimes, when my country has awakened to its own grand possibilities, this river will become one of the highways of commerce, but now it merely adds to her troubles.

'In Shensi, the famine is fully as appalling as in Shensi, and yet, at but a little distance under the surface of the ground, there is as fine a mineral deposit as can be found in any country of the globe. When Baron von Richthofen made his examination of the minerals there, he gave it as his opinion that there was a deposit of coal beneath the surface sufficient to supply the markets of the world for a thousand years. It is one of the dogmas of the religion of China that it brings evil to any person who tunnels into the earth, and on account of that superstition this supply of coal, even at this time, is practically untouched. Doubtless, this seems absurd to you; but so deep seated is this belief, that while for hundreds of years it has been known that the coal was there, it has never been mined.

'It is this same ignorance which has caused the feeling against foreigners. You can form but little conception of the conservatism of my people. For ages—long, long before this republic was dreamed of—my people, in the ancient empire of China, were living along the same life of action which governs them today. The son was taught to reverence his father during his life-time and to continue his occupation after his death. He brought his wife home to his father's home, generation after generation; there he lived, there he died; his highest ambition was that he might be buried in the tomb of his ancestors. That is as true now as it was a thousand years ago, and one thing that my countrymen have never been able to understand is why any man should care to leave his native place, much more his country, unless some imperative want makes it necessary.

'I think that you can see how this state of affairs has wrought to bring about the trouble which has overtaken China in recent years. Oh! if we could but become modernized! If our rulers would but open our doors to progress! We have resources that would soon make famine and want a thing of the past, and our commerce would govern all Eastern markets. 'And yet think of it,' added Minister Wu, with a gesture of pain, 'they are dying by hundreds this very morning for want of the barest necessities of life. I had a communication yesterday from the Governor of Shensi, telling me that the horrors of the famine could scarcely be overestimated, and begging me to appeal to the Chinese in America to send them help. The famine is in the northern provinces, and the winter is on, and to the pang of hunger are now added the sufferings of cold. Upon the poor natives of Shensi, the army of soldiers, the Court, and its attendants are quartered for an indefinite time.

'As things are now, the court cannot return to Peking, and it must remain at the old capital. There is no food in the country around there, the long failure of the crops has swept it clean and dry of all products. Everything must be brought in on mule and coolie-back, and thousands must starve—even were the government in a condition to give public help—before supplies can reach them.

'I have read of the wonderful generosity of the Christian Herald to India during the famine in that country, and while I sincerely trust that the one in China may never be so great as that one, yet I feel very sure that should its kind patrons care to do a little for those who are now suffering so terribly in the Middle Kingdom, it would be appreciated far more than I can express. There is a sad misunderstanding amongst my countrymen at this time toward all foreigners, but they are seeing that the Americans intend to be fair and honorable. This was evidenced when General Chaffee was presented with a memorial the other day by certain Chinese officials. And were the people of the United States to send a gift, even a slight one, to the famine-stricken provinces, it would surely go a long way toward helping the Chinese to realize that the foreigners are not their enemies. I should be more than happy to transmit to the governor of Shensi any communication, or send any assistance that might be raised for the famine sufferers.'

ABY G. RAKER,  
Washington, D. C.

Play of Wash Day  
**PRIZE SOAP**  
which has remarkable easy and quick wash... really makes Child's day. Try it yourself.  
K SOAP MFG. CO.  
Stephens, N.B.

TS.  
& NEWTON'S  
COLORS,  
ER COLORS,  
ANVA S  
, etc., etc.

ists, Colormen to Her Majesty  
al Family.  
AT ALL ART STORES.  
SON, - MONTREAL,  
e Agents for Canada.

**VERT'S**  
per cent.  
**ARBOLIC SOAP**  
prevents insect  
mosquito bites.  
st Carbolic Toilet Soap.  
T & Co., Manchester, Eng.

cy,  
and  
tress

HE RULES OF MY

NG DEPARTMENT

exercised in procuring the  
and Chemicals, which are  
pared by competent Phar-

nd I will send by your Pre-  
return it, Dispersed prompt-  
ers filled and forwarded by

**Rudwan Allan,**  
st and Druggist,  
ARLOTTE STREET.  
239.  
ing street, West, (Telephone  
ohn, N. B.

**Bar Oysters.**

nd this day, 10 Barrels  
nctouche Bar Oysters,  
t of the Spring catch,  
and 23 King Square.

**TURNER.**

**Wood Wanted**

Undersaw logs, such as Redwing  
eries being such for sale can corre-  
St. John Shipbldg Company, Ltd.,  
ctivity, per thousand superficial  
of delivery

**A. E. MOONEY,**

# A Knight-Errant of Rhodesia.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS—PART II.

"Changes, changes," he muttered with a quick sign. "I wonder what others there are."

But he did not finish, for there came to his ear the sound of horses' hoofs on the road in front of him, and he raised his head and looked to see who was coming.

A young girl and a man, the latter bending towards his companion, who was smiling and looking happy, her care-free laugh ringing out on the evening air.

She was very beautiful; no detail escaped the eyes of the man who watched her—watched her with Heaven knows what complex feelings in his heart.

The two swept by—they were going at a fast trot—and, as they passed, the girl glanced at the grey-clad figure on the raised pathway at the roadside.

When they had gone by, she turned in her saddle and looked back, immediately glancing away again.

Then a turn in the road hid the girl and her companion, and the man in grey stood there alone: a solitary figure in the midst of a soft English landscape, rounded English hills, topped with golden haze, rising behind him, and lying like an amphitheatre around the English village nesting below, where the white road took a dip towards the valley.

He had his teeth set hard, and all the country round was a mist before his eyes. Then he brushed his hand over them, and lifted his head, with a half laugh that would have made a woman's heart ache to hear.

"Eight thousand miles!" he said, under his breath, and then he strode on, not looking to right or left. "A long way to come! Is it to be an Enoch Arden affair, I wonder?"

He walked on to the village and entered the inn, where he engaged rooms and ordered refreshment to be brought.

The landlord took him, from his air and a certain manner he had, for a "well" of some kind, and hastened to call up the resources of his house to do honor to the guest.

The latter asked a few questions about the neighborhood and its inhabitants, and the landlord informed him that the great people of the place were the Rooknest Bertrams.

"And Mr. Leonard—that is, Mr. Bertram," said mine host, "he's the nicest young gentleman you ever did see, sir. A good landlord too; and his mother do just worship him."

"An only son, I take it?" the guest said lighting up a fragrant cigar.

"Yes, sir. But there's his cousin—least ways, she ain't exactly related, only they took her up, because as how she was married in some sort of fashion to Mr. Carow ago. He didn't live here, but used to visit his aunt, Mrs. Bertram. I remember him as a little chap, sir; as handsome a boy as ever you see, a wild 'un, too, they said—couldn't never do anything with him."

"Well, but what do you mean by this 'cousin'—a young lady, I suppose—being married in some sort of fashion to Carow?" said the stranger, bringing back the wandering landlord to his bearings.

The latter laughed.

"'Lor, sir, didn't you never read that there case in the papers some six year ago? No! Well, I'll tell you, which he proceeded to do with much circumspection and many irrelevant details, to which the guest listened attentively, smoking quietly the while."

"And now we're all agog for a wedding, sir," the landlord pursued. "Miss Vimera, she's all but engaged to Mr. Leonard, an handsome couple they'll make, too. She rode by some half-hour ago, sir, as pretty a picture as you'd wish to see in a day's walk."

"I think I saw them," remarked the stranger. "A very beautiful girl. The young man, too, was good-looking."

"That's them, sir. She do ride beautiful. The engagement ain't announced yet, but we all knows it'll be a match. In fact, I happen to know—from a party up at the house—that it's settled, only Miss Vimera prefers a bit o' hanging back, like young gals does, you know, sir. But the black woman, what was her nurse, she told me they'd be wed pretty soon. Mrs. Bertram's so set on them two getting married. And Mr. Leonard's over head an' ears, as the saying is—"

"And Miss—Miss Leslie?" said the guest with a smile.

"It's a grand match for her, sir, an' she's fond of Mr. Leonard; they've bin like brother and sister. But it do seem odd don't it, sir, that there young thing is a widder, after all? I can't help larfin'."

The guest smiled, too.

"Yes," he said, a little dryly, "it has its humorous side, certainly. Thanks, landlord, I think I'll stroll around a bit, while you're getting dinner."

And the landlord, taking this as a dismissal, hurried away, while the guest went out and strolled through the village, attracting much attention from the folk who gossiped at doors, looked about the green, or disported themselves at cricket thereon.

"A sort of Rip van Winkle," he said to himself, with a kind of grim humor. "I wonder is she really in love with this young fellow? I like his looks. Would it be right? What's to be done—the best for her? After all, that's got to be thought of, and it's that which has brought me eight thousand miles. If she had been

free—bab! I'm a fool. I'll go back and think it out."

## CHAPTER VII.

"I'm going to ride this afternoon, auntie," said Vimera, at luncheon the next day but one after the arrival of the strange guest in the village.

His advent had been reported to the whole village, of course, and Vimera had heard from Ria all that was to be known about him, and a great deal more besides, for gossip never allows ignorance of facts to interrupt the flow of imagination.

Vimera had not seen him, and she laughed at the gossip which had grown up around his personality.

A man can't come into the neighborhood to paint, or to fish, or to vegetate, but what he is credited with being a mysterious claimant to some thing or other," she said. "Poor man! probably he's an artist, as he wears a soft felt hat!"

"You are going to ride without Leonard, dear?" Mrs. Bertram said, for Leonard had once more gone away for a few days.

"Dear auntie, how often have I ridden alone, when Len was away!" Vimera answered. "I'm all right."

"So you are, child. Very well," replied Mrs. Bertram indulgently, "take the dog with you."

So the girl rode off, looking the loveliest picture imaginable, riding her bay mare as if she were a part of the animal, her two great dogs frisking about her, wild with delight.

They knew they were in for a long afternoon, and enjoyed nothing more than a "rampage" with their young mistress.

Riding late in the afternoon through some woods, many miles from Rooknest, Vimera called her dogs up to follow close heel.

"Because you know," she said, addressing the big staghound, who rubbed up to her, and quite comprehended all she said, "the woods are strictly preserved, and the keepers hide cunning traps in the grass that may catch your unwary toes and hurt you."

Whereat Chieftain pricked his ears, gave a short bark, and looked knowing, at the same time turning his head to see that his companion, a beautiful collie, was there to hear the instructions.

"Where's Laird?" Vimera said, quickly noticing this.

"And turning in her saddle, she was about to give a long whistle, when a cry of pain from some distance off smote on her ear."

"Chieftain! she cried out, and was off her horse in a second.

Bidding the mare stand quiet where she was Vimera ran lightly up a footpath which led into the depth of the woods, calling aloud to Laird, who answered with distressful cries of pain.

"Oh, it's cruel—cruel!" Vimera said with a half sob as she sped on. "My poor Laird! he's so heedless! Keep close Chieftain; you mustn't go in the grass. Stay here! I'm going across; but you can't avoid those cruel traps as I can."

Chieftain stood still, wagging his tail and looking anxious, watching his mistress intently as she went on among the green ferns, treading, herself, carefully.

"Laird!" he called out, and she had paid a heavy penalty for his indiscretion in rushing among the long grass of a strictly preserved wood.

His unwary foot had been caught in a steel trap, which, however, through some fault in the spring had not completely closed its sharp teeth together, otherwise his foot would probably have been in a very bad plight indeed.

As it was, he howled with pain, making matters worse by struggling to free himself, and his struggles increased as he saw his mistress.

She was down on her knees beside him in a moment, and ordered the poor brute to be still; an order which he obeyed, though quivering with pain, and whimpering in the most piteous manner.

Vimera tried to force the trap open, but in vain.

Her hand were strong, but so was the spring, and the very defect which had caused the trap not to shut thoroughly increased the difficulty of releasing her pet.

"Laird! Laird!" the poor girl said in despair. "I must go for help. Poor old boy! Keep quiet still, I'll find somebody."

It was heart-breaking to leave him, and no true dog lover will think it strange or foolish that Vimera's eyes were full of tears as she retraced her steps to where Chieftain stood on guard.

But he was not alone now.

A tall, slight man was with him, whom Vimera at once, with a strange kind of shock, recognized as the stranger she and Leonard had passed on the station road a day or two before.

But her most prominent feeling was certainly delight at seeing a man at all, and her eager face and the "mistress" distress she was in, showed him that something had occurred in which help was required.

He lifted his hat and stepped forward as she approached, putting strong control on himself, lest by look or word he should reveal to her the deep emotion this chance meeting roused in him.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "You seem in some trouble. Can I help you?"

"Oh! if you would," the girl said, clasping her hands and fixing her eyes to his face.

"My poor dog has got caught in a trap, and I can't wrench it open. You are stronger perhaps you could do it?"

"I dare say I can manage," answered the stranger, glancing at her pretty hands with a half-smile. "Where is the dog?"

Vimera led the way thank her companion earnestly.

"This wood is preserved," she said in explanation. "Stop carefully off the pathway. The owner allows his keepers to set these traps for vermin. Don't you think it very cruel? For many helpless creatures besides get caught. But perhaps you don't know these traps?" she added a little doubtfully, with a glance at the man.

"Oh, yes; I know them, he answered. "You think I am not English bred?"

"I beg your pardon," Vimera said quickly, with heightened color. "Only you seem more like a man who is used to freer woods than ours—where such horrors as traps are unknown."

"Oh, yes; I know them, he answered. "You think I am not English bred?"

"I beg your pardon," Vimera said quickly, with heightened color. "Only you seem more like a man who is used to freer woods than ours—where such horrors as traps are unknown."

He half laughed.

His very step as he swung along at her side, spoke the same language as his whole personality.

"I've been in wilds enough," he said. "Ah there's your dog. Poor fellow! he's in a bad fix."

He knelt down, and with one strong wrench, released the animal.

But he looked rather grave as Laird, with a pitiful cry, held up his wounded paw, which hung limp and bleeding.

"I'm afraid there's a fracture there," the stranger said.

He spoke to the dog caressing him the while, in the way that showed Vimera he was not only a lover of animals, but comprehended them.

Laird knew this also, for he responded gratefully, and looked up in the man's face with speaking eyes still holding up his paw.

He made no protest when his new friend gently and with the skill of one used to "first aid," examined the extent of the injury.

Vimera stood by watching with bated breath.

There was a curious sort of feeling at her heart as she looked at the strong, supple hands that were deftly manipulating the dog's foot and foreleg, a kind of reaching-out to span the endless plains of memory.

"I'm going to put the leg in splints, he said, after a few moments, "and bind it up. There's a slight fracture, but I've straightened it all right. It must be kept so. Do you mind getting me two straight sticks? I haven't leaving the dog lest he move."

"I'll soon get them," Vimera answered and indeed, sticks were not difficult to come by in a wood.

So she speedily returned, bringing what her companion wanted, and watched him bind up her pet's injured limb.

Laird recognized with grateful looks of his preserver's hand all that had been done for him, and as he rose to his feet glanced covertly at the face of the girl beside him.

To him there was a certain grim if pathetic humor in the situation.

It was not the upmost feeling in his mind, certainly but was there nevertheless.

"I don't know how to thank you," Vimera said earnestly and with tears in her moist eyes. "My poor Laird would have died I believe but for you."

There was just a second's pause before her companion answered turning a little aside to brush some dust from his sleeve.

"Please don't thank me; it's nothing. I happen to come from a part of the world where one has to be a jack-of-all-trades."

"You have been in the colonies?" Vimera said, almost involuntarily.

The words came out before she recollected that they might sound curious.

But colonials are apt to consider questions from quite a different point of view, and this colonial answered, without the least change of countenance—

"I am just from Rhodesia, where I've been for years. I was in the Rhodesian Horse."

"In Rhodesia?"

The girl caught her breath, the colour leapt to her cheek.

It was not because she had not heard of Rhodesia, but because she realized now, with a shock, how very much the mere name of Rhodesia had power to move her.

It brought into the foreground all that was ever in the more secret recesses of her mind.

The man's dark grey eyes looked into hers with a curious, searching gaze.

"You know someone there?" he said. "The blood rushed to her forehead; she half turned away."

"Not now," she faltered.

Then, pulling herself together, she added, almost abruptly—

"What shall I do with Laird? He can't walk, can he?"

"I saw a horse down there, the colonial said, with a wave of the hand towards the pathway, "that is yours?"

"Yes. Without a word he stooped and took the collie up in his arms."

Laird was not light, but what was that to the superb strength of manhood in its prime?"

Vimera remonstrated.

"He's quite light," remarked her new friend easily. "Your mare will carry him to the village down yonder. I've just come through, and there's an inn where we can take him until something better can be managed. You come from Rooknest, don't you?"

no objection, but apparently taking much interest in the procedure.

"You seem able to do everything," the girl said, smiling, as they walked towards the high road.

But her companion shook his head and then looked away over the hills and fields.

"I don't know—God knows!" he said, half under his breath, and immediately began to talk of what should be done with Laird when they reached the village.

## CHAPTER VII.

On the walk through the lanes to the village, the girl and the man were both somewhat silent at first.

Vimera's mind was still running on her companion's words, her heart was throbbing heavily.

Now she knew why his appearance had struck that chord silent in the recesses of her memory.

He had something of the look and bearing of the man to whom she had been married when a child; he had the same free step, the same easy and simple movements, so unlike those of the home-bred Englishman; the same unmistakable stamp of breeding which marks the gentleman under whatever circumstances he may appear.

She caught her breath at the idea which suggested itself to her.

Was it possible that he had come across Wilmot Carew?

They both belonged to the same body of Irregular Horse—might have fought side by side in the Matabele war.

She glanced at her companion.

He looked grave, even to sombreness, his eyes bent on the ground, for to him the position was a strange blending of most exquisite sweetness and bitterest pain.

To be walking beside this girl, this creature of grace and beauty, to know that what he lost was to be another's gain that not for him were the joy and the sunshine to which he yet had the right, but which right it was his plain duty to put out of his power to claim.

She must have forgotten all about that episode of her childhood he told himself; it was not likely that she could have retained more than gratitude for a service done to her father.

She must even, in a way, be glad that death had claimed the husband of an hour so that in later life no complications could arise.

It was "all for the best," doubtless.

She loved this bright young "cousin" of hers, and would be very happy as his wife.

But that flash, that eager look, at the mere name of "Rhodesia!"

"Well, of course, the manner of her preserver's death had been very sad.

The child had cried bitterly at leaving the dying man—naturally; but still, what did that argue for her feelings now?

"Here we are at the inn. I suppose you know this village well, though?" he said at last, rousing himself from his thoughts.

"Oh, yes!" answered Vimera. "But you yourself have been quick in making acquaintance with the neighborhood."

"I am an inveterate wanderer, by day and night. Habit—that's all!" rejoined her companion, with a smile that did not reach his eyes; they had a strained and troubled look. "Here comes the landlord. You must have some tea, Miss Leslie. I'll look after the cattle—I mean—with another fleeting smile—the horse and dog."

"But you must join me," said Vimera. "If you are not above tea."

"If by no means. You are very good to ask me. I'll not keep you long," he replied, and, leaving her to the hostess, he turned away, and led horse and dog round to the stables.

He was not long gone, and when he came back to the old-fashioned inn parlor, he found Vimera awaiting him, and the tea equipment ready.

It gave him a curiously home-like feeling—a feeling dashed, too, with bitterest pain—but yet sweet to the man who had wandered homeless for so many years.

His rough life and long absence from the "world" had not succeeded in taking off the polish of the high bred gentleman.

The girl recognized that in the very way he waited on her, and yet with it all, was that charm of unconventionalality which belongs to people who pass their lives in a society freer and less "groovy" than our own.

"I saw you," he said, bending to play with Chieftain's ears, as the dog lay at his feet, "the very day I came into this neighborhood. You were riding."

"I noticed you," the girl answered quite frankly. "Of course, one knows all the newcomers in a small place, like ours."

"And I suppose I look very different from the generalities of folk," said the colonial, smiling. "They all seem to stare at me a good deal. Your companion was young Bertram. Ah! forgive me. You must make allowances for Rhodesian manners."

"It isn't necessary," returned Vimera, laughing. "Yes—my Cousin Leonard; at least—well, I call him my cousin."

"I was told," the man said rather slowly, and not looking at her, "that you were engaged to him. Is that so?"

For just a second she caught her breath; a look, a little haughty, flashed into her eyes.



The question startled her more than it offended, though she could not have told why it should do so.

"She answered, a trifle coldly—

"No one who told you could have spoken from knowledge."

"Oh, no; I was informed it was very officially announced. Will you be very good if I ask whether it is, nevertheless, true?"

He lifted his eyes as he spoke, and met her; and under that look the girl felt all surprise, offence, haughtiness melt away.

It was so clear, so direct, so absolutely devoid of any intention to be impertinent, or curious, or intrusive.

"I am not actually engaged," she answered. "That was all."

"That was all?"

She did not colour; her eyes did not droop; but there was a little drawing of the breath.

She had the air of one admitting some fact which one would rather did not exist; at least, that was the impression the man received.

Possibly he wanted to receive it. He got up, and went over to the window, bowed in roses, through which one viewed an old-world garden.

There was a mist before his eyes, something in his heart which choked his utterance, and made him cling on desperately to that word "duty"—the watchword of a soldier's life.

"Do you," he said, after a minute, speaking in a level voice, "do you—care for him—very much? Ah! forgive me again!"

"Quickly, as he felt rather than heard the sound of her movement. 'I don't ask from curiosity—from anything that could anger you—only, tell me!'"

He had turned to Vimera, who had risen to her feet, startled no beyond measure, bewildered by a hundred vague suggestions—inclined to resent the freedom of a total stranger in thus daring to lay rude hands on the veil of her heart, yet somehow unable to be really angry.

"It is a strange question!" she said falteringly, her eyes meeting his with a curious searching. "Why do you ask it?"

It came into her soul like the slash of a knife.

How should she answer his questions, if she spoke the absolute truth?

"I know it's strange. I know I outrage all laws of propriety in asking it; but he paused, and drew in his breath—I want to know if you'll be happy? and if it would break your heart if you had to part from this man whom you are expected to marry?"

With a kind of terror in her face, the girl made a step forward, her eyes searching his with wide, wild gaze.

"Why, I repeat, do you ask?" came in a strained whisper from her lips. "You—you—"

The man folded his arms.

"I am Wilmot Carew!" he said. She started back dizzy—bewildered. In the first minute of that shock, she could not think or realize his words.

"Wilmot Carew! Wilmot Carew!" she half-whispered in a dazed way, and she crept to a chair like a blind woman, and sat down.

And to Wilmot Carew's lips there came an ineffably bitter smile—to his eyes a shadow that dimmed all their brightness.

"What could he do but mistake the girl's aspect?"

"She loved this 'cousin.'"

It would break her heart to part her from him.

Well, she should not suffer through the man who had grown to love a memory.

"You mustn't think," he said quietly, "that I expect you to take my word for the fact that I am the man you have believed dead. I have brought proofs with me, and my aunt, Mrs. Bertram, would recognize me without fail. Nor have I come to spoil your life, or to make any sort of claim on you. I wouldn't have made myself known but for the fact that, when I heard you were engaged, it seemed right that there should be no possibility of after trouble for you. I see it was a mistake for me to stay away so long. And now I've come at the wrong moment."

"No, no, no!" the girl said vehemently, stung to the quick by this pathetic self-assertion. "Oh, you don't know how glad I am that you live!"

She stopped. In truth, the gladness of this knowledge frightened her.

Every womanly instinct warned her to hide its expression; every instinct of gratitude prompted her to pour out her joy.

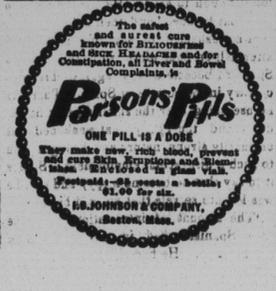
But the memory of that marriage service between them shut her lips. She started a little, and his lips parted as if he would say something; but he crushed down the impulse.

She was glad he lived, but he had escaped a cruel death, of course.

She was sweet and good, but she knew all the time that ceremony could be annulled; at least he thought so.

"That is very good of you," he said

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.



The Has the boy country bred boy? Are the for the loss of of culture and posed to be pe boy raised on solutions? D exclusive oppo to the lot of subject which group of distin views prepared Herald, are gi

DAV The first ad that he has g realites, and things and how no part of my what I learned want to do any that the habit and doing their education. T narrow, but he leads him to se face with natur of the "nature ing" which in take the place

Minor advan health and fru ful leisure, an over the horse man should be as educated. contract with country boy to himself.

BY CHARLES Among the country boy a plicity of life a simple life wears plain clo sleeps in a pla with plain pousant living s knows nothing makes every of filling them ar Homeric. He anything down earns the little has, and of spending mon comes close rest and reflec hand with natu He is content tie he convert and condition emphasizes the who is able to the elements w of the great w

A second a freedom of country boy! are his playgr course; the t serve. The st co-workers, a neighborhood nursery is the barn, and th the house and park. He is confined." He made by rows the sun rising he sees it set His world is a free to come a

Face to RT.-REV. BOY The dweller more constan nature than th be. "In the man's worl Caesar and I God's hand is The townsma chiefly with human shrewd he constantly that he come own comfort himself. In he handles by natural food materials of houses are him only so his business m

GENUINE... RAY & MAN'S Water... ALL SUBSTITUTES!

# The Advantages of Being a Country Boy.

Copyright, 1901, The Christian Herald, New York.

Has the boy who is country born and country bred any advantages over the city boy? Are there any real compensations for the loss of those of our opportunities of culture and development which are supposed to be peculiar to city life? Has the boy raised on the farm no substantial consolations? Does he enjoy no special and exclusive opportunities which do not fall to the lot of the city boy? This is the subject which has held the attention of the group of distinguished contributors whose views prepared especially for the Christian Herald, are given below:

He Faces Real Life.  
DAVID STARR JORDON.

The first advantage of a country boy is that he has grown up face to face with realities, and knows that there are such things and how to master them. I value no part of my own education more than what I learned on a farm. Not that I want to do any of those things now, but that the habit of meeting things squarely and doing them was a vital part of my education. The horizon of the farm is narrow, but that is good for a boy. It leads him to see clearly. To get face to face with nature and action, is the purpose of the "nature study" and "manual training" which in the city schools imperfectly take the place of farm life and farm work.

Minor advantages of the farm are its health and freedom, the absence of wasteful leisure, and the certainty of mastery over the horse; a thing without which no man should be turned loose in the world as educated. But first of all I place the contact with realities and the need of the country boy to meet and master them for himself.

A Life Homeric.

BY CHARLES F. THWING, D. D., LL. D.

Among the chief advantages of being a country boy are the advantages of simplicity of life and freedom of conduct. In a simple life the boy eats plain food, wears plain clothes, sits on plain chairs, sleeps in a plain bed-room, and associates with plain people. He is free from luxurious living and elaborate conditions. He knows nothing of the splendor which man makes. The necessities are brought to his home every day and the natural means of filling them are present. His life is quite Homeric. He waits on himself. If he wants anything done, he does it himself. He earns the little spending money which he has, and often transmits that little spending money into money saved. He comes close to nature in his moods of rest and reflection and he works hand in hand with nature in his every endeavor. He is content with little, or rather his little he converts into much. Such a life and condition help to make a man who emphasizes the realities of character and who is able to put proper values on all the elements which go to the constituting of the great world of humanity.

A second advantage is the advantage of freedom of conduct. How free is the country boy! The fields and the forest are his playgrounds, the ponds his racetrack; the trout brooks his private preserve. The steers and the colts are his co-workers, and all the children of the neighborhood are his playmates. His nursery is the mow and the bays of the barn, and the wood-shed, which unites the house and the barn, is his trotting park. He is not 'cribbed, cabined or confined.' His horizon is not a skyline made by rows of brick blocks. He sees the sun rising above the great valleys and he sees it set behind the everlasting hills. His world is a big world and in it he is free to come and to go.

Face to Face With Nature.

REV. REV. BOYD VINCENT, P. E. BISHOP.

The dweller in the country is brought more constantly face to face with God in nature than the dweller in town can ever be. "In the cities," said Sydney Smith, "all is man's work apparently—we see only Caesar and his power. In the country God's hand is seen oftener, and closer too." The townsman's business leads him to deal chiefly with secondary causes. His own human shrewdness and skill are the things he constantly depends on for success; so that he comes finally to feel as if all his own comfort and happiness depended on himself. In the market and in his office, he handles by the wholesale all the great natural food products, clothing, and the materials of wood and stone out of which houses are built. They all mean to him only so many thousands of dollars. In his business mind and processes God is left

out of the account altogether. Of course, if he were to stop and think back a little, he would see that he could not put even a bite of bread into his own mouth unless God had first caused the seed to spring and the wheat and corn to grow. He couldn't put a coat on his back or that of his children if God had not first created the sheep with the wool on its back. He couldn't put shoes on his feet except for the hide of the cattle nor build his house unless God had first provided the forest and the stone quarries. So with all the philosophies and sciences with which the city dweller is so much occupied.

The dweller in the country, if he is a thoughtful and earnest man at all, is a devoutly religious man. He lives face to face with God in God's direct work in nature. He sees God as the primary cause of all those things which sustain human and animal life and which make the world beautiful. All these facts appeal directly to his own primary instincts of truth; they go to his heart as well as his head; and he does not have to go through a long, roundabout process of reasoning to get to the right conclusion.

The farmer's Sunday, if he is a religious man at all, is a better Sunday than the city man's. It is more completely the Lord's day. In the city even on Sunday, the business houses, if they are not open, are still forever before your eyes, suggesting man's business and not the Father's business. Streets are crowded with people; street cars and railroad trains are running; saloons and theatres and dance halls and billiard halls are wide open, base ball or foot ball games, horse races and prize fights go on; men must have their Sunday business letters. No wonder the city man has to fight hard to keep his religion, and, above all, the Lord's day, as he ought to. But the farmer even the meet worldly, seldom thinks of working on Sunday, after the necessary chores are done. Other things will let him alone if he will let them alone. He can go to church if he wants to. And when he gets there, he hears a simple sermon, which he can understand, takes part in a simple worship which he can follow, meets only familiar friends and neighbors instead of a lot of utter strangers, get some good in this way out of the service; and if he has to talk a bit outside, after church, it is still about weather and crops, and stock, with which God has still something to do.

Thank God, then, if you are a Christian at all, that you are also a farmer, and have about you all the time these constant appeals to your religious sensibility. This makes it all the easier for you to be a Christian and to stay one.

Strong Willed and Resolute.

BY THE LATE JAMES S. MOUNT.

There are prerequisites essential to useful and successful life. Prominent among these is early training to habits of industry, frugality, economy and temperance. Coupled with these, and of no less importance, are the environments that develop individuality, independence of thought and action, self-reliance, courage, originality, will-power and a strong body. It has been well said "The man without self-confidence and an iron will, is the plaything of chance, the puppet of his environments, the slave of circumstances. With these he is king, ever master of the situation." The country preeminently offers the best opportunities for this needed training. Remote from the associations of evil and from surroundings that are conducive to dissipation and prodigality, the country boy is less liable to be enticed to sin.

While General Grant, a poor country lad was breaking wild colts, and when, below his tents, he was sent to the woods with wagon and team and chain to load heavy timbers, a task requiring all the tact and genius of a man, he was forced to rely upon himself. Necessity was the mother of the resourcefulness developed in young Grant that enabled him to accomplish this marvelous feat. It was by such conditions in country life, and not at West Point, that forces were put in motion that made General Grant the hero of Donelson and Vicksburg, culminating in the crowning honor of Appomattox.

While Abraham Lincoln, the ill-clad, unpromising boy of poverty, in the obscurity of the log-cabin, where he climbed to his bed of leaves in the loft by means of wooden pins in the logs, who would have been feared by the boy affluence, he was there learning the great lesson of sympathy for the plain people, and the self-reliance that fitted him in subsequent years to become the trusted leader who piloted

the nation through the dark night of April, and to break the shackles that bound a race in thralldom.

While returning recently with a company of gentlemen from the grave of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, and discussing the advantages of country life to the boy, a prominent business man of Indianapolis said he pitied the boy who did not enjoy the advantages of country life. I would that the country boy could know and appreciate his advantages. Personal experience intensifies my interest in the country boy. Having experienced myself the privations and hard work of the country boy never having a penny to spend that I did not earn, and but few hours that I could appropriate for that purpose, what I deemed a hardship then, in the light of experience I now view as a blessing, for in this school of economy and patient drudgery I was obtaining the needed education to success. These environments did not abate my enthusiasms, but only tended to increase energy. I was learning self-reliance and will power, for I knew unaided I must fight the battle of life. Under such tutorage, obstacles became stepping stones to higher levels.

In conclusion, a word to country boys. Don't grow weary of your lot; a change to the gaiety of the city will be worse for you. Patient toil is the road to true success. Be industrious, be economical, be hopeful; aim high; don't chew or smoke, or drink intoxicants; stand for nobility of character, and you will win honor and success. A student of nature working in harmony with the God of nature.

The farmer's life is the sweetest, the farthest removed from the turmoils of strife, and the nearest to God of any vocation. I rejoice in the anticipation of the restful quiet of my country home when I shall be permitted to lay aside public duties, cares and responsibilities, and return to the home which represents long years of toil and hopeful struggle.

Sound Mind in Sound Body.

BY HON. JOHN WANAMAKER.

It is an undeniable fact that the boy in the country possesses advantages not open to the youth growing up in our great cities. The lad whose introduction to the busy world about him occurs amid rural surroundings, finds his horizon not limited by the countless structures of God's goodness to man as exemplified in his works through bounteous nature. The country boy has abundant evidence that among the honored men of the nation, many have had the advantages of a youth spent amid the green fields and pleasant surroundings of a country life.

The many benefits of a health-giving atmosphere and wholesome food are advantages the country boy possesses in excess of the boy in the city. Combined with these, regular hours of sleep and rest serve to perpetuate the "sound mind in a sound body," so necessary for those who would attain the highest measure of usefulness in this busy world.

Free from the temptations which beset the city youth on every side, luring him on to dissipation and ruin, the country boy finds his joy and recreation in rational amusements, which leave no aftermath of vain regret. Thus he prepares the foundation of a vigorous constitution and good health on which to build his life.

Natural Life Means Health.

BY JESSIE A. FOWLER.

The country boy has a much better chance to make his way in the world if he is brought up surrounded by the country fields, the woody grounds and the riverside. He has a chance, and a better chance, than the city boy to develop his living powers, and his circulation is increased, his sleep is sounder, his opportunities to live a natural life are greater, and he is not surrounded by the same temptations that multiply about the city lad.

He is brought up largely upon eggs, milk, grains, fruit and vegetables, and consequently has a much better physique and a more enduring constitution and more robust health to start the battle of life than the city lad. The latter is surrounded by evening excitement, late hours, social entertainments, evening studies and irregular and unsound sleep. The atmosphere is often too hot or too cold for health, and generally less pure than that enjoyed by the country lad. The diet of the city boy is largely made up of highly seasoned and rich food, of meats that are stimulating, of sweets that are clogging to the system, and often stimulants in the form of tea, coffee, and unfortunately beer and wines are added to the list, while in a social way the city lad is allowed to smoke, and sees the example set him by hundreds of other lads who contract the same habit. Thus, taking him all in all, the country lad has a better start in life than the city lad, although on first examination of the subject one would think that the city lad had more opportunities to

develop his intellect. Even if this is the case, he has not such a fine preparation from a physical standpoint as his brother in the country. By using the brain too early in life we simply unfit it for its grand performance of mental duties in after life. There must, therefore, be a proper preparation for the years of intense mental labor that are to follow, hence the physical constitution calls for and demands healthy surroundings to start with.

Working Together.

During the siege of the foreign legations in Peking by the Boxers, it was found necessary to strengthen the outer defenses at one point. There was a pause of a few moments, for there seemed little chance that the men who undertook the work would escape death.

Then four men offered to go, and after an hour of terrible suspense, returned. Those who remained behind prayed for them.

It was remembered afterward that one of these men who risked their lives for their comrades was a Methodist, one a Presbyterian, one a Roman Catholic, and the fourth a member of the Church of England. No one thought of it at the time. They were simply Christians, risking life for their brother men.

In the hour of extreme need a man thinks little of the distinctions of dogma. Death is on one side and life on the other, and with him is no doctrine or sect—only his neighbor and God.

In later days there is no growing tendency among Christians to ignore sectarian difference, and to stand shoulder to shoulder in the effort to save a fallen brother.

In Chicago a conference was held recently between ministers of many sects to decide upon the best methods of reform; and in other cities earnest, devout men of different denominations are working heartily together to check the spread of drunkenness and other vices.

Even the apostles, when left to themselves, differed and disputed concerning trivial details of their work; but their Master gave them but two commandments for their guidance. The first was to love God, and the second love their neighbor as themselves.

## Blacks That Hold Till The Goods Are Worn Out.

### THREE SPECIAL Diamond Dye Blacks,

Black is the most useful of all colors, and is more worn to-day than ever before. Any color that is now faded and rusty can be dyed over a rich and deep black.

The three blacks—Diamond Fast Black for All Wool, Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods, and Diamond Dye Fast Black for Silk and Feathers, are all guaranteed not to fade or wash out. Diamond Dye Blacks maintain their full, rich shades till the goods are worn out. These wonderful Black dyes are simple and easy to use, and no experience is needed to do good work with them; a child who can read the directions can dye successfully with Diamond Dyes.

When you decide to do your dyeing work at home, be sure and buy the Diamond Dyes. Beware of the cheap and adulterated dyes sold by some dealers for the sake of extra profit; their use means ruin to your materials and garments.

A Born Teacher.

One of the most charming figures in the history of Indiana is Mrs. Julia L. Dumont, the woman of the most varied accomplishment in the Indians of her day. She possessed an instinct for teaching, and after she was sixty years old a schoolroom was built for her beside her husband's house at Vevay. Dr. Edward Eggleston draws from memory this charming portrait of Mrs. Dumont:

I can see the wonderful old lady now, as she was then, with her cape pinned awry, rocking her splint-bottom chair nervously while she talked, full of all manner of knowledge; glib like something very like eloquence in speech, abounding in affection for her pupils and enthusiasm in teaching she moved so strangely.

Being infatuated with her, we became fanatic in our pursuit of knowledge, so that the school hours were not enough, and we had a 'lyceum' in the evening for reading 'compositions' and a club for the study of history.

If a recitation became very interesting,

To prove to you, that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or EDWARDS, BARNES & Co., Toronto.



## Proud Women

Whodon't want it known that they do their own washing, are delighted with PEARLINE—can't catch them at it—they're not at the tub long enough. Soak, boil and rinse—not much labor about that. Do a few things each day, and thus do away with wash-day. No rubbing with PEARLINE. The hardest wear on Clothes is in the Rubbing. 630

the entire school would sometimes be drawn into the discussion of the subject; all other lessons went to the wall; books of reference were brought from her library; hours were consumed, and many a time the school session was prolonged until darkness forced us reluctantly to adjourn.

Mrs. Dumont was the ideal of a teacher because she succeeded in forming character. She gave her pupils unstinted praise, not hypocritically, but because she lovingly saw the best in every one. A dull but industrious pupil was praised for diligence, a bright pupil for ability, a good one for general excellence.

The dullards got more than their share, for, knowing how easily such an one is disheartened, Mrs. Dumont was quick to praise the first show of success in a slow scholar. She treated no two alike. She was full of all sorts of knack and tact, a person of infinite resource for calling out the human spirit.

Fools Use Washes and Souffles.

Wise people use Catarrhose, why? Snuffs reach only a limited area, washes are limited in their application also. Catarrhose reaches every air cell, the entire mucous surface of the throat, lungs and nasal passages. It requires little wisdom to see that this is the only way that Catarrh, Bronchitis and Asthma can be reached. Catarrhose is simply wonderful. A new size, 25c., and any druggist will enable you to try it. N. O. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn.

R-retribution.

'They have twins at that house across the street.'

'I am glad of it!'

'Why, what difference does it make to you?'

'The man who lives there is the same man who used to wake me at 5 o'clock every Sunday morning last summer with his internal law mower.'

It Might Serve a Purpose.

Sweet Girl—It's just too mean for anything! There isn't going to be any opera. Old School Friend—Are you so fond of music?

Sweet Girl—No-o, but I think if there had been 40 or 50 nights of opera ahead Geo—I mean Mr. Niesello—would have proposed as a matter of economy.—

NO SUBSTITUTES FOR THE D. & L. Menthol Plaster, although some unscrupulous dealers may say there is. Recommended by doctors, by hospitals, by the clergy, by everybody, for stiffness, pleurisy, &c. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'That fellow is a bird,' said the admiring stranger as he looked after the fresh young man.

'Not now,' replied the native, 'but there was a time when your description might have been justified.'

'When was that?'

'The night we tarred and feathered him about a year ago.'

IN THE CENTER OF AFRICA the fame of Pain-Killer has spread. The natives use it to cure cuts, wounds and sprains, as well as bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes, there's only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c and 50c.

Mrs. Lamb—No, I wouldn't listen to a word against my new butter; he's as true and good as steel.

Mrs. Fox (who knows his record)—My dear, if you feel that way your valuables are as good as stolen.

PALATABLE AS CREAM.—"The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, for those suffering from severe coughs and hemorrhages, is used with the greatest benefit. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd."

LOCAL OPINION IS STRONG in favor of Pyzo-Balnam. It cures coughs and colds with absolute certainty. Pleasant to take and sure to cure. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Great Stock Raiser—When I go abroad there's one thing I'm going to see if it costs a million.

Reporter—What that? Great Stock Raiser—One of them Paper bulls I have heard so much about.

The Bride (from Chicago)—This is my fourth bridal tour. The bridegroom—Well, I hope it will be the last. The Bride (indignantly)—Oh, you herald thing!

# Work for the Engineer.

Civil engineering three generations ago was summed up in surveying, road making, masonry building and designing heavy machinery. Now it is divided into fields, each of which requires a life time of study and concentration. There are mechanical, electrical, mining, naval, railroad, geodetical, hydraulic, structural, municipal and sanitary engineering. The scope of the first four is too elaborate and technical for present consideration. Geodetical engineering includes the most accurate and extensive surveys. Structural engineering may here be considered as chiefly the building of steel, masonry and timber bridges, buildings, and foundations, and the other great branches deal with the specific works their names imply, the different ones overlapping each other on all sides.

The geodetical engineer measures on the Atlantic Coast a base line a few thousand feet long with an accuracy of one-five-millionth part of its length. From it he triangulates more than 2,000 miles to the Pacific Coast and measures the total distance with an error of less than 100 feet. His lines are corrected for the earth's curvature and for the refraction of the atmosphere. His levels are carried over mountains, chasms and deserts so perfectly that the differences between the tides of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are accurately measured. By his plots and charts, curved, crooked and sloping tunnels are driven under land and sea so accurately that they can be started simultaneously from many intermediate points and meet almost as perfectly as the tubes of a telescope. In this field of engineering a perfection sufficient for present requirements has been attained, and few radical changes may be anticipated.

The railroad engineer has already brought his train speeds up to a possible rate of 100 miles an hour for short distances. Beyond this the limit of safe endurance of this material is not far distant. The dangers to life and property are so much multiplied and the expense so disproportionate for further increases that the maximum speed will be hardly become notably higher.

There will be far less proportionate construction of new railroads in the United States and far more in Africa, Asia, South America and in some parts of Europe. Asia will be traversed by the thousands of miles of the great Siberian railroad, now being built. The Soudan is already reached by a military railroad that may be the entering wedge for the development of the Sahara, and the Intercontinental railroad across the Andes has already been surveyed. Wherever commerce or travel justifies it, the tallest mountains and the widest waters will be crossed by railroads.

In hydraulic engineering the development of water powers, construction of irrigation works, canal, river and harbor improvements, and the water supplies of cities include the principal classes of work. Until within a half score of years the development of water powers has been limited by the wants of adjacent manufactures and the difficulty of handling, so that many of the best power sites were unavailable. Now power can be transformed to electricity and can be so advantageously applied and transferred that numerous large water powers are being utilized. The most notable instance of this is at Niagara Falls. Millions of dollars have been spent to convert less than the fiftieth part of the potential energy of the Falls into commercial horse power.

In California shafts and tunnels have been driven into a granite mountainside, and in them a charge of 24,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine was fired to shatter the rock for the building of a great dam. In the centre like a gigantic sheet of paper, is a diaphragm of riveted steel plates bedded in a narrow concrete jacket and set in a groove cut in the sides and bottom of the rocky valley. On both sides are heaped enormous slopes of loose stone. The steel gives tightness, the stone solidity, and the dam thus formed will impound the waters of the valley and furnish a great power.

Hydraulic constructions like these not increase greatly in size, but they will be built in more and more remote wildernesses as the transportation of the power by electricity becomes cheaper and its accumulation and preservation in storage batteries is perfected. Eventually no great stream will be allowed to waste its energies. Its forces will be transmitted by turbines to power, heat, light and

motion for factories, cities and railroads hundred of miles away.

Costly dams and conduits to store rain and flood water for the irrigation of arid plains and transform them into fertile gardens have reclaimed millions of dollars worth of land in the United States. Nearly \$9,000,000 is now being spent on such constructions to regulate the Nile and irrigate Egypt. Careful surveys indicate that a channel could be cut to admit the sea to the Desert of Sahara, transforming it to an inland ocean and creating there a new climate as well as new geography.

Within fifty years canal building has been wholly revolutionized by the use of high explosives, steam shovels and dredges, mechanical systems of handling excavated materials, and, notably, by machinery for chiseling the vertical rock sides as smooth as a plastered wall. New types of powerful machinery will be perfected, and the work will be done so much more cheaply that greater and greater enterprises will be undertaken and ships will sail across continents instead of around them.

Work has already been begun on a ship canal across Central America, which will change two continents to islands. Able engineers and capitalists propose to reorganize the ill-fated Panama Canal Company and complete its great enterprise. Instead of tedious and wasteful lockages, large boats will be lifted in some cases 50 or 100 feet in steel tanks by hydraulic pressure.

In structural engineering the application of timber in this country has reached a maximum, and is fast going out of use for important structures other than those constantly saturated with water, steel being substituted for it. The general features of bridge design and the methods of construction will not be greatly changed henceforth. The dimensions of the bridges will be increased, even multiplied; materials will be improved and strained much higher than is now allowed.

Steel truss bridge spans may reach, but will hardly exceed 3,000 feet. Suspension bridges can be built longer. Fifty years ago iron had a strength of barely 50,000 pounds per square inch. The latest steel specifications call for 200,000 pounds, and this will be exceeded by metals of still greater strength.

While limits may be set to the length of single spans, they cannot for bridges as a whole. The long-proposed bridge across the English Channel only needs political and financial authorization to be possible. The second largest and much the grandest bridge in the world is well under way to connect the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn. It will have a river span of 1,600 feet a width of 118 feet, twice as great as an ordinary street; will carry six lines of railroad track and have a total weight of more than a hundred million pounds.

Steel buildings are the modifications of bridge work; and their sudden appearance, giants at birth, is the most remarkable example of a whole class of great structures coming to perfection without a slow development. The height of the thirty-story Park Row Building in New York city, which is 424 feet, will hardly again be equalled, unless for mere notoriety, because it is unnecessary and undesirable, but the greatest existing roof span will doubtless be much exceeded and can even be multiplied almost tenfold if any reason should justify such a vast expanse. Structural freaks like the 1,000-foot high Eiffel Tower and the Ferris Wheel, 250 feet in diameter, will be limited only by the range of ingenuity and the strength of materials.

In two or three years Manhattan Island's present daily supply of 200,000,000 gallons of water will be increased by the storage of thirty two billion gallons of water in a reservoir fifteen miles long and 157 feet deep. This will be formed by the building of the world's greatest dam, which will cost \$6,000,000. Its vast mass of masonry will rise about 300 feet above its foundations, which have been sunk 130 feet below the bottom of the river which they cross.

In municipal engineering feat such as this there will be vast advances in the years to come. Unpolluted drinking water will be supplied to the public, and if it is not available without, it will be filtered on a great scale. Vile sewage will be filtered chemically precipitated, or made a valuable irrigant. Garbage and solid refuse will not be left to rot in the streets, nor burned at an expense, but will be reduced in large plants, whose product will yield a profit.

Heat and cold, light and power, will be disseminated from central stations as water and gas now are. Real rapid transit will be secured by complete tunnel and viaduct systems in great cities, and the trains will be drawn by silent, smokeless, speedy motors. Already the displacement of draught animals in cities by automobiles has begun. Improved methods and economies in generating, transforming and storing power will more and more supplant human labor, as well as multiply automatic vehicles for business and pleasure on land and water.

There is as yet, however, no sign of discoveries revolutionary enough to realize that alluring mirage, aerial navigation. No single invention will accomplish it, and the slow development which leads to great engineering possibilities does not yet predicate that.

The field of the sanitary engineer has been almost entirely comprehended in that of the municipal engineer. His part will be to aerate, oxidize or filter water supplies; to protect them, sometimes in vast covered reservoirs. He will drain swamps and reclaim poisonous marshes. He will so proportion great sewers that the comparatively clean floods from storms will be safely carried away by them and harmlessly discharged into rivers, while the smaller flow of sewage is taken to the disposal grounds.

Where the city is too low and flat for sewer grades, he will establish wells and pump their contents to its final destination. His will be the task to wash out foul rivers, as in Milwaukee, where the contents of a large tunnel are continually forced by a great pump from the lake to flush out an otherwise stagnant river. In his hands will lie in large measure the health and comfort of millions of people in all cities.

In general the results of engineering will continue to increase in geometrical progression. Improved methods will permit larger and larger scale constructions, most of them will change in quality, rather than in kind, and new discoveries and inventions will bring about developments rather than sudden transformations. Within the limits of scientific and mathematical laws and the strengths of materials almost any great constructions that can be accurately designed may now be built, if unlimited time, money and opportunity be granted. The criterion of what will be done will generally be, 'Is it humanely or politically necessary, or is it financially justified.'

**Why He Is Mourned.**

To fill with conspicuous ability the office of governor of a great state, to leave it, after two terms of service, with untarnished reputation and the confidence and respect of political opponents as well as of political associates, is a noble record; yet a man might accomplish it and still fall far short of winning the place which the late Governor Wolcott occupied in the hearts of the people of Massachusetts.

On the day when the papers announced the news of his death, a man sat in a little Boston, restaurant reading while he waited for his order to be filled. When the meal was brought in and the paper laid aside, the waitress, noticing the dead lines, spoke with sincere feeling of the dead governor. 'He was such a good man—so kind!' she said.

'Did you know him?' asked the man with some curiosity.

'No; I never even saw him but once, but I always remembered that time. It was one day when I was coming up Tremont Street, and on the corner by King's Chapel was an awfully ragged, dirty little boy. He had a piece of brown paper with something written on it—an address, I suppose, and he was trying to find the place.'

'Then I saw this tall, fine-looking man coming up School street. I thought he was the handsomest man I had ever seen, and he was elegantly dressed and carried himself with such an air I couldn't help looking at him.'

'When he got to the corner the little boy ran alongside of him, and attracted his attention by pulling at his coat sleeve. He stopped at looked at the boy and smiled, and said, 'Well, sir, what can I do for you?'

'The boy held up the paper and he read it and said, 'You must go a little farther down, on the other side of the street.' But he saw that the boy didn't seem to understand, so he said, 'Here, I'll show you where it is;' and he took the dirty little chap by the hand and led him off down Tremont street and found the place for him. Then he came back and went on up to the State House, I suppose. I thought it must be the governor, and I stopped and watched him. I had never seen him before but I had seen his picture lots of times. And when he came back just as he turned the corner, a man met him and touched his hat and said, 'Good morning, governor! So I knew I was right.'

The kindly, helpful spirit displayed in

the simple deed which impressed the waitress was characteristic of Governor Wolcott and it was that which made him so universally beloved by the people of the state.

**THE BEAR AND THE BANKER.**

The Letter's Courage Soak When Brain Was Sighted.

Mr. Joaquin Miller argues convincingly in his recent book 'True Bear Stories,' that his heroes and heroines are never cruel, and one of his stories may be quoted as showing the homely, careless kindness—tempered with justifiable resentment—of a grizzly.

With the intention of having some sport with bears, a New York banker chartered a small steamer in San Francisco Bay, and with a party of friends, as well as a great grandson of Daniel Boone for a guide, sailed up the coast to the redwood wilderness of Humboldt. Here he camped on the bank of a small stream in a madrona thicket, and began to hunt for his bear.

He found his bear, an old female with young cubs. As Boone was naturally in advance when the beast was stumbled on, he had to do the fighting, and this gave the banker a chance to scramble up a small madrona tree.

Of course he dropped his gun. Men always drop their guns, by some singularly bad combination of accidents, when they start up a tree with two rows of big teeth in the rear, and it would have been hardly fair to expect this young bear-hunter to prove an exception.

Poor Boone was severely handled by the savage old grizzly in defence of her young. There was a crashing of brush and a crush of bones, and then all was still.

Suddenly the bear seemed to remember that there was a second party who had been in earnest search for a bear, and looking back down the trail and up in the boughs of a small tree, she saw a pair of boots.

Leaving poor Boone senseless on the ground, she went for those boots. She stood up under the tree and began to claw for the capitalist—who said afterwards that as she stood there she seemed to him to be about fifty feet high.

Then she laid hold of the tree, but with all her strength she could neither bend nor break it. But she kept thrusting up her long nose and longer claws, laying hold of the man's boots, which she pulled off, one after the other, with her teeth. Then with her claws she took hold of one garment after another till he had hardly a shred left, and his legs were streaming with blood.

Fearing that he should faint from loss of blood, he lashed himself to the small trunk of the tree by his belt, and then began to scream with all his might to his friends.

When the bear got weary of clawing up at the dangling legs, she went back and began to turn Boone over to see if he showed any sign of life. Then she went back and clawed a while at the screaming man in the madrona-tree. It was great fun for the bear!

To cut a thrilling story short, the party in camp on the other side of the creek finally came within hail, when the old bear gathered up her babies and made her escape up a gulch.

Boone was so badly bitten and crushed that his life was long despaired of, but he finally got well. The bear showed no disposition to eat him while turning him over with her foot and thrusting her nose into his face to see if he still breathed, from which we may conclude that she considered death a sufficient punishment for his interference with her loved little ones.

**Clever Playthings.**

Our modern toys are as ingenious as they are varied and pretty, but the young people of Europe and America have no monopoly in this regard. For centuries the children of the far East have delighted themselves with the very queer and interesting contrivances known as expanding water toys.

They come in small wooden boxes similar to the little paint-boxes that are so well known, and they look like dirty shavings, broken matches and dilapidated toothpicks. But throw one of them into water, and the ingenious little toy at once shows itself to be something more than a bit of stick.

The wood has been kiln-dried, and as soon as it touches the water it begins to absorb the same and to expand almost indefinitely.

As it increases in size it separates, and suddenly opens and becomes a very pretty toy. One stick changes into a flower pot containing a rosebush in full bloom, another becomes a fat mandarin carrying an umbrella, a third a sea serpent ferocious in its tiny dimensions. A whale, a tiger, and a lady of fashion taking her daily promenade are all represented.

The figures are colored, and present an astonishing variety in design and treatment. How they are made and compressed is

one of those trade secrets which are kept inviolate by the guild which makes a livelihood by their manufacture.

On rare occasions it is possible to get larger and many artistic figures, historical characters, and portraits of good monarchs, poets and teachers, dwarfed trees, and tiny houses whose doors and windows are full of inmates.

The ordinary kind cost a mere song, but the finer qualities are often very expensive. Expensive or cheap, they have for long years given pleasure to the children of Kyoto and Canton.

**A Bear's Gallant Escape.**

Bacon says, 'Hog-Hunting is not only more scientific, but is more dangerous sport than tiger-hunting.' The bear is a terrible enemy, and also an alarmingly agile one. Isabel Savory, the author of 'A sportsman in India,' mentions one evening, when, after a day's pig-sticking, stories of the hunting-feld were told, and the 'mighty bear' became their principal theme. Here is one tale of a splendid escape:

A bear, which had been hard pressed, galloped into a nullah, a very sharp, deep cut more like a narrow chasm than a ravine. Down this, along the bottom of it, he raced, followed by a sahib on a swift horse.

The banks on either side, overhanging the pig, were six feet or more in height. Suddenly the creature turned a sharp corner, which hid him from view. Then, by a tremendous effort, he scaled the bank and gained the top.

He turned short round, leaped the entire width of the nullah, and landed safely on the other side, clearing both horse and rider as he jumped, save for the sahib's pith helmet, which he knocked off. He had escaped 'so as by fire.'

**Too Smart An Uncle.**

To measure all things by the little yardstick of our own experience is a most unsympathetic and sometimes unkind method. Forward tells of a small boy who pronounced judgment on the peculiarity of his elders.

'I caught him all myself, mother, I did!' he cried. 'A big fellow, so long!'

The eager little hands measured an uncertain length, that might have belonged to anything from a minnow to a good-sized trout, and then the boy trotted away to recount his exploit to a neighbor. He came back very quietly.

'What did Uncle Gray say?' the mother asked.

'Oh, he said he'd caught lot's bigger'n that. I guess everything was bigger when he was a boy, but I wish he didn't always 'member it. When I show him my long lessons, he says he used to have longer ones, and when I do lots of work, he tells me how he did more when he was like me. I wish,' said Davy, reflectively, 'he'd left a few big things for me to have all to myself, 'cause, you see, I didn't live when he was a boy!'

**Embarrassing.**

The ability of the small boy to rouse discomfort in his elder sister's breast has been the theme of more than one story. Ten-year-old Ned had peculiar talents in that direction, and in the month or two before his sister's engagement he made many embarrassing complications between her and the estimable young man who at last succeeded in winning her.

Ned was much interested in the engagement, and very fond of his prospective brother-in-law. One day he was taken by the young man, who was a lawyer, to a court room where a case was on trial. Ned was allowed to remain only a short time, but he had an excellent memory, and sundry phrases remained in his mind and tickled his fancy.

The next day he stood in the window, and saw his future connection pass the corner. Sticking his curly head out, he called in clear, ringing tones, for the benefit of all the neighbors, 'George William Snow, come in to court.'

**Too Far Away.**

Chicago is noted, among other peculiarities, for the gigantic policemen that guard the crossings in its down-town district.

Several of these men exceed six feet four inches in height, and one a colossal Irishman usually stationed at the intersection of State and Washington streets, stands six feet seven inches in his stockings and he is well proportioned.

'Why do you let your streets get so awfully dirty?' complained a visitor in the city one windy day rubbing his eyes.

'I think,' replied the friend who was showing him around, 'the reason is that our policemen are so high up above the dirt they never see it.'

**Puffer—For goodness' sake!** What's happened to my meerschaum pipe?

Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel paint on it.

**Chat**

As far as the s have revealed the cided dressy effect jackets and wide striped silks. Any ero is in order, at rule.

Collar and re points are one ye this sort of jacket outside of the arm the elbow with sm ing out below into to a cuff at the w

Embroidered w are a necessary a tailor gown. One is of pale bluet bl flounce trimmed white linen. Th over which is a st with white on the either side of t ends at the belt, with small white

Another new w green dimity trim sation. The ski plaits, around the plaits are bands rows trim the hem sleeves are simi

The berth coll feature of many A yoke with this are the two prevail other model for with short stit around with a stit over a tucked blo lawn. The skirt in front, and the inehes of the hem begins at either a ing toward the b

Three circular form the trimm and the tucked bo in a series of ove A pretty model fo insertions of lace and close underl of lace and fine w

One very attr silk or nuns' ve bands are of stit graduated rows feature of the gown is in battl buttons on the pe and under slee batiate. One of like the jackets w French revolution is carried out in velvet coat in the broided with white satin waist line de sole skirt and black cloth

Summer All the new sil good form to go unusually attrac of fashion which of hard times, ha ways in the fashi aments, and a m of dress.

An added rich appeared all th ball gowns of the acy of coloring in the evening toil costume for dow street, not to me and the church,

This will be s mings, for the fi lighter in tone, a general wear may

The formula is or black, instead unobtrusive whit these newer fabric ered, but the eff coming.

The soft har silk are now the modistes have al out their best cr lessly be trimmed the simplest for They are gener color is generally white.

If mere black trimming while tines a spot of f Mostly the color shades, which ce or else the cas French silk desi ornamental effect These not un

**Chat of the Boudoir.**

As far as the styles in tailor costumes have revealed themselves they show a decided dressy effect with fancy short bolero jackets and wide belts of plain or fancy striped silks. Any modification of the bolero is in order, and fancy buttons are the rule.

Collar and revers with the drooping points are one variety. A pretty sleeve for this sort of jacket is laid in plaits down the outside of the arm, caught down just above the elbow with small buttons and spreading out below into a puff which gathers into a cuff at the wrist.

Embroidered white linen or lawn waists are a necessary accompaniment of the new tailor gown. One of the new linen gowns is of pale bluet blue made with a circular flounce trimmed with bands piped with white linen. The bodice is of Irish lace, over which is a short bolero of linen piped with white on the edges. It forms a tab at either side of the front and back, which ends at the belt, and in front it is finished with small white buttons.

Another new model is carried out in green dimity trimmed with black lace insertion. The skirt is plaited in small box plaits, around the hips, and between the plaits are bands of lace insertion. Three rows trim the hem and the bodice and sleeves are similarly treated.

The bertha collar edged with lace is a feature of many of the new this gown. A yoke with this appendage, and a bolero are the two prevailing styles of bodice. Another model for linen shows the bolero, with short stole ends of lace edged all around with a stitched band of linen, worn over a tucked blouse of this white tucked lawn. The skirt is laid in plaits meeting in front, and stitched down to within a few inches of the hem, and the circular flounce begins at either side of these plaits widening toward the back.

Three circular flounces edged with lace form the trimming of another linen gown, and the tucked bodice shows a deep collar in a series of overlapping lace edged frills. A pretty model for dimity is trimmed with insertions of lace and shows a square yoke and close under sleeves of alternating bands of lace and fine white batiste.

One very attractive design for taffeta silk or nans' veiling, in which case the bands are of stitched silk, is trimmed with graduated rows of velvet ribbon. The feature of the trimming of one foulard gown is in battlement shaped tabs and buttons on the points. The under bodice and under sleeves being of fine white batiste. One of the new boleros, not unlike the jackets worn in the time of the French revolution, is the next model and is carried out in velvet, and then there is a velvet coat in the Louis XV. style, embroidered with white cord, worn with a white satin waistcoat and a mauve mouseline de soie skirt. The other models are for black cloth and crepe.

**Summer Silks Lighter.**

All the new silks, over which it is quite good form to go into raptures, are really unusually attractive. The extravagance of fashion which always succeeds a period of hard times, has shown itself in various ways in the fashion for laces and gold ornaments, and a more generally lavish style of dress.

An added richness in the silken fabrics appeared all through the winter in the ball gowns of the season, but while delicacy of coloring is rather to be expected in the evening toilet, this spring, even the costume for down town wear, and the street, not to mention general house wear and the church, will show greater richness.

This will be simply a matter of trimmings, for the fabrics themselves are all lighter in tone, and even the silk gown of general wear may have a white ground.

The formula is white figured with blue or black, instead of black or blue with the unobtrusive white pattern. To be sure, in these newer fabrics the ground is well covered, but the effect is lighter and more becoming.

The soft harmonious colorings of the silks are now their greatest charm for the modistes have already set to work to turn out their best creations. They will doubtless be trimmed beautifully but in only the simplest form they will be effective. They are generally in three tones for a color is generally set off with black and white.

If mere black a color is assumed for trimming while the popular navy blue combines a spot of red or scarlet of green. Mostly the coloring is soft as in the pastel shades, which occur with black and white or else the cashmere colors which the French silk designers have adopted, with ornamental effects.

These not unfrequently have the white

ground, but as they are well covered the pattern have good wearing quality.

Speaking of patterns it is noticeable that the stripes are going out. The new silks are nearly all figures. A medallion either singly or in groups of three is popular among the domestic silks, and the printed foulards frequently show lines of white on the colored ground, and on white outlines of black with black polka dots.

Complex patterns achieving more or less elaborate all over designs are generally noticed, and in the finer silks a pattern distinct from the color is obtained in the weaving of the silk.

In the new Louisiennes there are open work scrolls which in a good light, or with colored lining, show a figure quite apart from the color pattern as in brocade.

Effects of this sort are best seen in the satin liberties, the finest of which could be hardly excelled in beauty of texture.

Of the silks themselves the foulard is still popular for summer. It has the soft satiny effect, which is now considered desirable, and it is the least expensive form in which it occurs.

The softest silk is probably the Louisienne which is generally known by its warp print figure, and then for rich glossiness there is the panne satin, but for beauty of texture the premium lies with the satin liberties which are woven as wide as broadcloth.

**FISH DISHES FOR LENT.**

Some Appetizing Dishes that may be Enjoyed in the Penitential Season.

Lent not only offers a longed for rest to society's votaries, but also gives an opportunity for a welcome change in the eternal meat diet of the average American table. For it is a fact that fish is eaten more generally by every one in the Lenten season, not only by those abstaining from meat on account of church regulations, but also by others without religious leaning.

The markets are plentifully supplied with sea food during the penitential season. The wares are so temptingly displayed that the marketer is led to add this much neglected food to the dinner menu. It is a fact that fish is not popular with Americans as a diet. While it always has its place in a course dinner it is usually disguised in thick sauces and is only incident to the repast. England's love for roast beef is more than balanced by America's fondness for steak, which, by nine out of ten persons, would always be chosen in preference to even the daintiest of fish dishes.

New England has always been more partial to fish dinners than any other part of the country. Rhode Island originated the clam bake and the Down East States are all famous for their fish dinners and chowders. Boston also emphasizes fish on its hotel bills of fare more than New York and Philadelphia's terra in cooking is of the best.

In New York fresh, well-cooked fish is difficult to get in even the best of hotels and the chop houses making a specialty of the service of sea food are sought by fish lovers in preference to the larger and more fashionable restaurants. In Lent, however, there is a plentitude of this food in the hotels and its preparation is attended to with special care.

Housekeepers have an abundance to choose from in this year's Lenten markets. The supply is large and the quality of unusual excellence. Shad, of course, is the delicacy of the moment and delicious live codfish are to be had in plenty and are vastly improved by the recent cold weather. Then there are mammoth sheepshead and smelts of extraordinary size. Bass is plenty and perch and flounders are abundant, while there is a good supply of the rarer varieties of the food.

There are a number of admirable bisques made from fish which are specially suitable for the Lenten table, the lobster bisque being perhaps the most popular. There is no finer soup than a well made lobster bisque and while it requires care and precision in the making, it repays the palate with its excellence of taste. There are many very elaborate and to the amateur cook, somewhat confusing methods for preparing this dish, but a simpler recipe is as follows:

Plunge a large lobster or two of medium size, into a pot of salted boiling water and cook until the shell is quite red. Then take it from the water and cool. Remove the flesh from the shell, rejecting the soft flus which lie close to the body under the legs, the stomach, which is enclosed in a hard membrane back of the eyes, and the intestine. Save the coral and green fat.

Cut the flesh of the lobster into small pieces. Put on the fire a saucepan containing two heaping table spoons each of butter and flour and stir them together until they bubble. Then gradually add three quarts of boiling water, stirring it until the soup is very smooth. Then add the lobster prepared as directed. Season the soup highly with salt and red pepper.

Boil for two or three minutes and serve hot.

Lobster a la Newburg is a good substitute for the usual fish course and is made from the meat of two lobsters cut in small pieces. Put two ounces of butter in a pan over the fire and as soon as it melts put in six finely chopped butter mushrooms which must cook three minutes without browning. Then add the lobster meat and a half pint of sherry wine. Let this cook for three or four minutes. Then mix one and a half cups of cream with the yolks of four eggs and mix well with the lobster, allowing it to remain over the fire a few minutes without boiling. The mushrooms may be omitted if desired.

**MOURNING IN LONDON.**

New Fashions Started in England by the Death of the Queen.

Fashions in London are confined chiefly to the varied grades and degrees of mourning which the Queen's death has made necessary and very few, if any, other ideas in dress can be expected from that quarter of the globe for some time.

There is more variety in mourning than ever before, perhaps since shades of purple are substituted in many ways where all black has heretofore found first place. Some of the imported mourning costumes show a combination of black and white with a little touch of purple, which is a charming relief from the regulation mourning gown.

Mourning hats, too, are very light in effect, some of the prettiest being made of white tulle.

Mourning dress is so general in England that even the little children wear a black band on one arm and with the rare exceptions of white and violet the sombre hue of sorrow is universal.

Black serge, black friezes, cloth and crepe de chine are the favored black materials, the last being especially suitable for evening gowns. It is made up in princeps style with frills of plaited mouseline de soie around the hem. The low-cut bodice is draped around the neck with the mouseline in bertha form, and shirred mouseline forms the unlined sleeves.

Mourning evening coats are made of black pannel lined with white satin and white shirred chiffon on the inside of the high collar. Serge and cloth gowns are trimmed with stitched bands of cloth or glass silk.

Crepe is very much used for the deep mourning which is required just at present, and five or six two-inch bands of crepe trim the skirts at the hem. For the bodices there are crepe revers, vests, boleros, and pokes, besides the wide Empire belts. One feature of the modern crepe de best English make is the fact that it is waterproof, while the texture is soft and supple, much more agreeable to the touch than the cheaper varieties.

The royal command for court mourning is that the black dresses shall be trimmed with crepe, and it is predicted that this will affect its future popularity to a great extent; bringing it more generally into favor for ordinary mourning.

**RUNS A HOTEL SINGLE-HANDED.**

Unusual Tribute of a Maine Widow to Her Husband's Memory.

Women sometimes adopt strange methods of showing respect and affection for departed husbands. A widow living on the Maine coast was certainly the first to run single-handed a big boarding house as a tribute to her husband's memory.

The guests are people who go to the place to attend a Methodist campmeeting. The woman's husband was a clergyman, and he had conducted the boarding house for the benefit of visitors to the campmeetings for more than twenty-one years.

Two years ago he died, leaving his widow the house and enough to live on comfortably. She did not do what her friends expected and go to live with her children, who are prosperous; nor did she decide to live alone in the house and enjoy ease in her old age. She just kept on running the boarding house as her husband had done, and as she had time on her hands she decided to run the hotel on her own plan.

That proved to be economical enough, although desire for economy was not her inspiration. She did not undertake to act as chambermaid, manager, clerk and bell boy all in one because it was necessary for her to follow such a sparing plan, but because she wanted to have her hands full of work.

So she cleans every day from June to September, thirty-nine rooms, makes up forty-nine beds and looks after the comfort of their occupants, though she is 79 years old. She has not a solitary assistant in the labor of running the house. Her work begins at 6 o'clock in the morning and continues until ten at night. She cooks the three daily meals in addition to cleaning every room and washes all the dishes.

Nothing in the administration of the house is handed over to assistants. For the three months preceding the middle of September this work continues without interruption from morning until night every day. After the guests have left there is a winter's rest for the old lady not interrupted until the annual cleaning comes.

Every room in the house is then put into order, the carpets are taken up and the walls and ceilings whitened; and all of this is done by the aged owner who would not submit to having a helper for anything in the world.

**Queen Victoria and Her Little Artist.**

When her children were in their short frock and knickerbocker days, the queen made them write a little daily diary of their doings, which she passed upon nightly in the royal nursery. Often the youngsters were hard up for 'copy,' and used to appeal for help to members of the household. They repaid their helpers by giving them sketches made by themselves, which differed in no way from the dogs and horses and houses of the ordinary child. One of the household, now dead, preserved some forty or fifty of these alleged drawings, and, not long since, an enterprising magazine made his widow a handsome offer for them. The queen heard of this and sent for Lady H—

'Please do not dispose of them,' her majesty said: 'I cannot bear to think of things that have so many tender and sacred associations passing into hands other than ours.'

It need hardly be added that the queen's wishes were honored, and Lady H—, furthermore, gave the album which contained the nursery relics to the mother of the little artists.—Herbert M. Lome in March 'Success.'

**Better Than a Fence.**

In 'A Sportswoman in India' Miss Savory writes entertainingly of the monkeys in the foot-hills of the Himalayas. For cool impudence and audacity, she says these hill-monkeys stand unrivaled; they slip into the bungalows at Dalhousie, and carry off anything from the breakfast or tea table, if the room is empty. They spring from tree to tree, from house to house—a mother, it may be, with two young ones clinging to her, a loaf of bread in one hand and a bunch of bananas in her mouth, which she had just 'sneaked' from a dining room.

Of course monkeys are very troublesome in plantations. Few men can shoot a monkey; they are too human-like and pathetic when wounded. We met an Englishman who was trying to 'protect his sugar-cane patch with a great trench and a palisade covered with nails. All to no purpose.

He walked down to it one morning, and found a row of monkeys seated on the palisade. The moment he came within reach they threw his own sugar-cane into his face, after which they got down and strolled away, leisurely munching.

Such things were not to be borne. Our friend chased a flock into a tree, felled the tree, and caught four or five young monkeys. The parents waited near, in great consternation, anxiously watching while their infants were painted from head to foot with treacle and tartar emetic. On being allowed to go, they rushed off into the fond and welcoming arms, and were instantly carried up into the woods, and there assiduously licked clean from top to toe by their affectionate parents.

The natural effects followed, and the pitiable condition of the old monkeys can scarcely be imagined. That patch of sugar-cane was never rifled again.

**He Loved Animals.**

Charles Kingsley's love for everything that had life was remarkable. He spoke of all living creatures as his friends, and saw in them the handiwork of God. On his lawn lives a family of natterjacks (running toads) that dwelt from year to year in the same hole in a green bank which a scythe was never allowed to approach.

He had two little friends in a pair of sand-wasps that made their home in a crack of the window frame in his dressing-room. One of these he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry. Every spring he would look eagerly for this pair of wasps or their children, watching for them to come out from or return to the same crack.

The little flycatcher that built its nest every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slowworm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were warned not to

TO THE DRAP.—A rich lady, cured of her Debases and Nerves in the Head, by Dr. Nichols' Artificial Hair Dressing, has sent \$1,000 to his Testator, so that dest people unable to procure the Hair Dressing may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 792, East Avenue, New York.

**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.

**kill under the mistaken idea that slow-worms were poisonous.**

The same love for God's creatures was encouraged in his children. He taught them to admire and to handle gently every living thing. Toads, frogs, beetles, and worms were to them not repulsive things, to be killed as soon as seen, but wonders from the hand of God.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved a blessing to many a "man before the public" in cases of hoarseness, bad throat, tonsillitis and catarrh. Some of the most recent evidence of its efficacy comes from a well-known actor, whose home is in New York City. He says: "I have never found anything to equal this remedy for quick relief." 50 cents.—137

'Yes, sir, my wife is a truly good woman. I don't know of but one thing that's disturbed her mind since she joined the church last month.'

'Some question in theology?'

'Not exactly. It was more serious than that. She was riled because an inmate on the next street who owes her an invoice failed to ask her to a Dutch lunch.'

The Pastor's Pity.—A prominent pastor of a Durham, Ont., church writes: "I suffered intensely from inflammatory Rheumatism. Just one bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure healed me. I pity those who suffer so much and do not know how near they are to a cure. I feel like proclaiming it from the house-top."

—138

'She's thinking of getting a divorce,' said the first Chicago woman.

'The idea!' exclaimed the other; 'wasn't her marriage a success?'

'No. The newspapers gave very little space to it. She argues that her divorce will attract more attention.'

**Couldn't Estimate Its Value!**

—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart never fails. It relieves in 30 minutes, it cures. It is a beacon-light to lead you back to health. W. H. Musselman, of G. A. R., Weissport, Pa., says: "Two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart entirely cured me of palpitation and smothering spells. Its value cannot be estimated."—139

'You miserable vagabond!' said the indignant woman with the shawl over her head.

'You ought to be ashamed to go around asking for charity with a nose like that!'

'That's where I was vaccinated, ma'am,' replied Tufford Knutt, stiffly.

**South American Nervine**

makes the whole system radiant in perfect health, it accelerates circulation, enriches the blood, penetrates to the very centres of nerve force, builds tissue, makes and keeps people well. This wonderful remedy has had a charmed experience and has done its greatest work in cases that the medical fraternity had pronounced hopeless.—140

Uncle Silas—I read here of a man havin locomotor ataxia. What's that?

Aunt Mandy—Mebbe it's an improved automobile.

**40 Gems, 10 Cents.**

—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure all troubles arising from torpor of the liver. Easy and quick, banish Sick Headache, purify the blood and eradicate all impurities from the system. The demand is big. The Pills are little, easy to take, pleasant results, no pain, 40 in a vial, 10 cents.—141

'Don't you often wish you were a man, Miss Bellefield?' asked young Mr. Fitzgosselin.

'Why, no, of course not, Mr. Fitzgosselin,' replied the girl. 'Do you?'

**"Love Laughs at Locksmiths"**

as South American Kidney Cure laughs at disease. It's the seemingly impossible doors to disease that it unlocks that makes its cures almost incredible. But for every cure there is a proof if you care to investigate. It is a liquid kidney specific and it never fails. Makes and keeps men "fit" and well.—142

Disgusted Guest—You wrote that you had ample accommodations for me—this room is a mere closet.

Landlord—Well, now, you see, sir, I thought you was a smaller man.

**Piles—Itching, Blind and Bleeding—Cured in three to six nights.**

Dr. Agnew's Ointment is peerless in curing. One application gives instant relief. It cures all itching and irritating skin diseases, Chafing, Eczema, etc. 35 cents.—143

**Mrs. Goodfriend—Are you hungry?**

Frozen Stiff—Hungry! Heavens, mum I'm so hungry dat I could eat health-food!

**Discouraged Stomachs.**

—Could you wonder at the delicate organs of digestion, refusing to be helped and comforted when day after day they are literally "drowned out" by strong tonics, bitters and hurtful nostrums. Common sense came into Medical Science when it evolved the tarry tablet dose and discovered a God-send to humanity in Dr. Von Sosa's pleasant apple tablets form. 35 cents.—144

### A Sketch of Windsor Castle.

The history of Windsor Castle is the history of England since the Norman Conquest.

Edward the Confessor granted the site of the castle and the town to the Abbot of Westminster, but William the Conqueror was so struck with the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the importance of the situation as a military post that he "traded" with the Abbot for some land in Essex, and erected a fortress which Henry the First enlarged.

Court was first held in the new palace in 1110, after which it was often the scene of regal festivities.

Stephen during his reign considered it only next in importance as a stronghold to the Tower of London.

Henry II, held a Parliament within its walls in 1170, when, in addition to the English Barons, King William of Scotland was present.

Nothing but the fear of treachery prevented Windsor from being associated with Magna Charta, instead of the neighboring plain of Runnymede, where the meeting of the Barons and King John took place.

Contending factions alternately had possession of the Castle during the reign of Henry III., and many alterations were made during that period. Indeed, the only parts which remain exactly as in the time of Henry III. are the towers on the western wall, and even these have been refaced.

While alterations were going on in 1852 some houses being pulled down in Thames street, a subterranean passage, from the Garter tower to the bottom of the ditch, with the masonry in good condition, was discovered. The magnitude of this is appreciated by looking down the precipitous 'Castle Slopes' from the height of the north terrace. This noble promenade was added by Queen Elizabeth.

Another 'rally port' was discovered later on the south side, but is probably later than Henry III.

Windsor was the principal residence of the first and second Edwards, and here Edward III. was born.

Edward III., who instituted the noble Order of the Garter, rebuilt the Castle almost entirely, employing William de Wykeham (Bishop of Winchester) as superintendent of the works at a weekly salary of seven shillings, with three more for his clerk. He also rebuilt the chapel of St. George.

In 1664, August 8, Queen Mary and her Consort, Philip II of Spain, made their grand public entry into Windsor.

To Charles I this Castle was first a palace and then a prison.

Charles II, the 'Merry Monarch,' took up his residence after the Restoration, and made alterations rather than improvements. His interior changes are not criticized, however.

Noble avenues of elm and beech trees, and park improvements generally marked the regimes of William III and Queen Anne.

George I., who apparently resided here, introduced the Continental custom of dining in public every Thursday.

George III made it his chief residence. Mainly out of his own private purse he restored the north front, renovated the Chapel Royal and built the Royal Vault.

In 1823, when George IV. took up his residence here, began the enormous expenditure that made the Castle what it is today.

His brother, the 'Sailor King,' William IV., though very popular, received little credit for the carrying on of this work.

But the entire plan, made by Sir Jeffrey Wyattville in 1842, was only completed in the reign of Victoria, who now rests here, where, with the Prince Consort, she loved to live a beautiful home life so different from the hollow pomp and circumstance which distinguished that of most of her predecessors.

Windsor Castle and Windsor town are on the best of terms, the latter being the dearest, sleepest, old place possible.

Up Thames street, from the railroad station at Windsor, skirting the castle wall, and then up Castle Hill, passing the dead Queen's statue, one turns to the left and enters the Lower Ward by the King Henry VIII. gateway.

One sees the residences of the military knights in a row at the right, with St. George's Chapel over opposite at the left.

St. George's Chapel is one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in England and was the scene of the last sad public ceremony over Victoria.

The site is known to have been sacred to church buildings since the time of Henry I., and it is thought, from fragments in Norman style excavated in 1858, that the same holds good back to the time of Edward the Confessor. Patrons of this ancient edifice still stand in the south wall of the Dean's cloisters. There are passageways so dim and narrow that one shrinks from entering.

The chapel, built by Edward III., was the first to be dedicated to St. George. Though it stood but a century, the present building was built in the same place and bears the same name.

An admirable stone ceiling supported by the ribs and groins of ancient Gothic pillars; the splendid west window with its six tiers of great 'Englanders' and heraldic bearings; the finest choir organ, which is at the east end; the Prince Consort memorial window. 'To the honor of God and to the memory of the most regretted Prince,' the silver-gilt altar cross, presented by Victoria in commemoration of her jubilee, and, indeed, innumerable royal mementoes, are to be seen here.

Victoria restored and beautified beyond description this east end of St. George's Chapel as a memorial to the Prince Consort.

It was built by Henry VII. as a royal mausoleum for himself, but Wolsey, before falling from his high estate, persuaded this monarch to give it to him for his own body; hence it was known as Wolsey's tomb house.

Charles I. had the same idea, and embellished it accordingly, but parliament seized and sold the handsome fittings.

Three great marbles occupy this wonderful of beautiful detail—the sarcophagi of the Duke of Albany and the Duke of Clarence, and the cenotaph of the Prince Consort.

Down the Castle Hill to the southwest of the Round Tower, are the royal mews. Covering four acres, and boasting buildings costing 70,000 pounds, these buildings which were finished in Victoria's day, occupy three quadrangles, and provided ample accommodation for her 100 horses and 40 carriages.

The Queen's gallery was at the east end of the riding school.

Some taunting sheep may disturb themselves long enough to regard one who walks down that noble avenue, the Long Walk, with the carriage road in the centre formed by command of Queen Anne, in 1710.

To Snow Hill it is straight as an arrow, and here there is an equestrian statue of George III., to which a guest of the Queen once referred as 'the copper horse.'

This magnificent approach to the castle with Frogmore where her late Majesty and the Prince Consort are buried, laying off to the south of it is about three miles in length.

Any lover of trees would be in his element here, with the stately rows of arboreal monarchs set out by Charles II., in 1680.

The double avenue is 70 yards across and there are 1,652 trees placed 80 feet apart in every direction with a 160-foot avenue between the inner rows.

#### Overdoing The Maternal.

Some of the disadvantages of a plurality of motherhood have been put in evidence in Chicago, where the Thursday Club, an aristocratic gathering of twenty-five ladies of a good deal of time and money, philanthropically adopted young Victor Thompson, aged eleven, with the intention of making him a particularly useful member of society.

But whether Victor was lacking in the essential elements of grace, or the combined mothers pursued a mistaken policy of child-rearing, the mournful fact was that Victor soon became 'the terror of the neighborhood, fought his playmates, defied his elders, and was ignominiously expelled from the school' whether he had been sent to receive his preliminary training 'for admission to the bar.'

This experience seemed to satisfy Victor for he calmly announced to the ladies that he was now about to return to his real mother,—of whom the adopted mothers had never heard,—and he concluded his farewell with these expressive words:

You ladies are all right, but there's too many of you. I ain't no twenty-five kids, and I ain't goin' to be good no twenty-five different ways all at once!

In all probability young Victor was not aware that in homely speech he was not merely setting forth a mathematical fact,

but was presenting an object lesson in the extreme perils of plural mother. There have been cases where one woman, with more or less success, has brought up twenty-five children, but it is not yet recorded in any book of statistics of high feminine endeavor that twenty-five women have succeeded in cooperating materially to the specific advantage of one child.

Victor was not grammatical, and he was not wholly respectful in his statement of the case, yet he certainly presented an argument as to the difficulty of 'being good' twenty-five different ways at once which has not been overcome by the debaters of the other side.

It seems a pity to discourage feminine philanthropy when cited along such worthy lines, but Victor's logic is unanswerable, and the Thursday Club must give up its pet idea or appoint a committee of one on maternal training. How unfortunate it is that a boy who can be in twenty-five different kinds of mischief simultaneously is unable to be angelic in as many different ways as twenty-five anxious adoptive mothers may felicitously suggest!

#### SULTAN TRUSTS FOR BLOOD.

Fear of Poison Has Made of him a Fiend incarnate.

Abdul Hamid, sultan of Turkey, filled with a dread of death by poison and seeing in every person around him a probable assassin has perpetrated the most atrocious crimes to rid himself of fancied enemies. Even his own children do not escape the consequences of his mania. Ghastly tales of his cruelties have recently leaked out through the indiscretion of exiled Turkish diplomats.

Sometimes at table terror seizes the sultan that the food and water have been poisoned. Jumping from his divan, he will seize all the water carafes and dash them to pieces on the marble floor. Calling for an empty one, he will go cautiously to the fountain in the court of his palace and after allowing the water to run for an interminable time, finally wash the carafe, fill it and resume his place at the table.

His food is now prepared by a French cook brought from Paris and closely watched by spies. The cook has a set of royal seals given him by the sultan, with which each plate of food is sealed up in an iron and steel coffer, which is brought to the sultan to be personally opened.

The sultan alone knows the combination of the lock and after careful examination, breaks the seals and takes out his food. Despite these precautions 15 trusted spies watch the French chef, and a bodyguard conveys the food coffer to and from the dining room.

Each of these detachments of spies is surveyed by another so as to insure fidelity and it is estimated that the sultan spends at least the third of his income on his personal spy system.

### A GIRL'S PERIL.

#### A BRIEF STORY OF INTEREST TO ALL YOUNG WOMEN.

Fallor, Headaches, Dizziness and a Feeling of Constant Languor Overcome—Hope for Similar Sufferers.

There are thousands of young girls throughout Canada who owe their good health, if not life itself, to the timely use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Among these is Miss Maud Patterson, whose home is in the vicinity of Stratroy, Ont. To a reporter who interviewed her, Miss Patterson said: "Several years ago I began to suffer from headaches, was easily tired out, and could see that my health was not what it had been. At first I did not think there was anything serious the matter, and thought the trouble would pass away. In this, however, I was mistaken, for as time went on I became weaker. The headaches attacked me more frequently, my appetite failed; if I stooped I would grow so dizzy that I would almost fall over. I became very pale, and always felt tired and worn out. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to rejoice that I followed the advice, and as I continued their use, it seemed as though day by day they were imparting new life to me. My appetite improved, the headaches disappeared, the pallor left my face, the dizziness that bothered me so much also, disappeared, and I felt altogether like a different person. I feel that I owe my renewed health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I know that there are many girls who suffer as I did I would urge them to lose no time in giving this medicine a fair trial."

The case of Miss Patterson certainly carries with it a lesson to others who may be pale, languid, easily tired, or subject to headaches, or the other distressing symptoms that mark the onward progress of anemia. In cases of this kind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give more certain and speedy results than any other medicine. They promptly and directly, making new, rich red blood, and strengthen the nerves, and correct all the irregularities incident to this critical period.

Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### The Ability of Dr. Chase.

#### Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians. Take kidney and liver derangements, for example. Dr. Chase by means of his Kidney-Liver Pills, has brought about some of the most surprising cures ever effected. This is due to the direct and specific action of this great home treatment on the liver and kidneys. Here is the experience of a highly respected resident of Conesecon, Ont.:

Mr. James DeLihunt, Conesecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: "For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys. The pains were sometimes almost beyond endurance and extended from my head and between the shoulders to concentrate across my kidneys. My back was never entirely free from pain. When I got up in the morning I could not straighten myself at all, but would go bent nearly double most all day. My water

was scanty and at other times profuse, and it gave me great pain to urinate.

"I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial. I felt a change after the first dose. I used in all about five boxes, and they have entirely cured me. I have no pains now and can do as good a day's work as I ever could. It is a pleasure for me to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they have done so much for me."

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., Conesecon, certifies that he has known Mr. DeLihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of "the world's greatest kidney medicine." One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

#### MIOW CALL OF CHARLIE WAGNER.

A White Invasion in Grand Street While the Owl Was ON Duty.

Mice ran rampant the other afternoon in the store of Charlie Wagner, the Grand street dry goods man, and it was unnecessary to send for the police to drive away the crowd that gathered in and outside the store. The mice were of the white variety and belonged to an Italian organ grinder. They are so tame that in ordinary times they climb up the organ grinder's coat and perch on his shoulders.

The organ grinder took up his stand in front of Wagner's store and the wheezy old organ began to grind out the 'Blue Danube.' Perhaps because of the extreme cold the Italian neglected to change the tune when he had played it once.

When Wagner, who was inside the store, first heard the strains of the 'Blue Danube,' he smiled and said to his brother John, 'Dot was a beautiful tune. Id maigs me feel good ter hear id.' About an hour later when it was still going he showed signs of nervousness. Another hour went by and then Wagner said to his brother, 'Chonnie, I lofe moosic, bud py chumminy, I god an esarache py mine ear.'

'Count Sparenberg of Hoboken, Wagner's intimate friend, came into the store at this juncture.

'Charlie,' he said, 'a joke is a joke and this one has gone far enough.'

'Vat choke was is?' asked Wagner.

'Why,' said Sparenberg, 'your friend Simon Steingut, the mayor of Second avenue, paid that organ grinder a dollar to stand in front of your store all the afternoon and play that tune. I thought you would have dropped by this time.'

'He didt, did id?' shouted Wagner.

'Vell I will see about id.'

Wagner grabbed a yardstick and rushed out of the store brandishing it in the air. He pushed his way through the crowd and yelled to the organ grinder, 'Ged out, ged out! Ged away from mine store puddy guivck alretty, or I bresg your headt.'

In the excitement that followed the cage with the mice was overturned and fell to the sidewalk. The mice scampered to the store. The women in the place began to shriek and jump up on the stools and counters. The saleswomen were so badly frightened as the customers and the scramble for places of safety resembled a football rush.

Wagner was arguing with the Italian on the sidewalk when he heard the uproar within and rushing inside quickly took in the situation. It was then his turn to get wildly excited. He pushed his way through the crowd of frightened woman and shouted: 'Hay, Chonnie, ged me mine sboutzen gun! Gill esfery ons of does mice or dere vill be a regular murder here! Hay you, Chaoob Messmer, go down undt findt dat cat! Ach mein Gott! sush a cat! Vere is id now van he is vanted, yes?'

'Chonnie,' came from the back room with a double-barrelled shotgun with a ram rod attached and handed it to Wagner. At sight of the gun there was an increased volume of feminine shrieks and a rush for the door. The saleswomen went with the others and the only ones left were Wagner, 'Chonnie' Messmer and the Italian, who, by this time, had managed to make his way into the store.

Then there was a mad chase after the mice. Wagner tried to discharge the gun, but it would not go off, because it was not provided with the old-fashioned percussion caps. The Italian finally managed to make himself understood sufficiently to induce Wagner and the others to retire to the rear of the store while he whistled and got the mice together without much difficulty, and placed them back in the cage.

The crowd outside was so large that it was with difficulty that the street cars could pass, when several policemen ran into the store the crowd followed.

Everything was explained satisfactorily and the police quickly scattered the crowd. The Italian was happy at recovering his pets but Wagner was angry clean through.

'I will findt dot Steingut undt figs him for dot choke,' he said as soon as the store again assumed a normal appearance, and the saleswomen with sheepish faces took their places behind the counter.

#### Flirtatious With a Buffalo.

In 'Bullet and Shot' in Indian forest, plain and hill, Mr. C. E. M. Russel relates a thrilling adventure which befell Colonel C., a member of Lord Roberts' staff, while he was buffalo-hunting in India.

The colonel had wounded a buffalo. Re-loading as he ran forward, he was disconcerted when the animal charged at him from behind a clump of bamboo.

Colonel C. interposed a tree between himself and the bull, who cut a piece out of the bark with his horn as he rushed by, and then turned and went at the man again with the same result.

C. then thought that he would try to reach a larger distant tree. He started but tripped over a bamboo hidden in the grass, and fell prone, upon which the bull overtook and did his best to horn him. The beast ripped the colonel's garments and at last, getting his horn under him, tossed him several feet and came and stood over him.

Colonel C. now did a most unwise thing. He sat up and hit the buffalo in the eyes with his fists, and kick him on the nose. Fortunately the bull left the man and went off.

The hunter's knuckles were terribly skinned, and his gold ring was battered out of all shape. This bull, luckily for the colonel, did not behave at all as one would have expected. The battering of a man's feet and fists would only enrage the ordinary buffalo, and insure a terrible, if not fatal, punishment to the man.

#### Nervilene Cures Pain.

This is the testimony of sufferers in every part of the Dominion. Mr. Benjamin Dillon of Leeds, Ont., states: "I am not in the habit of puffing up proprietary medicines, but I feel it my duty to add to the testimony as to the marvellous value of Nervilene as a remedy for pain. Nothing I think equals it as a universal remedy and householders ought to feel it as much a necessity as bread itself." Sold by dealers in medicine everywhere.

#### Over Nothing.

'This wireless telegraph reminds me of a groundless quarrel.'

'What possible connection is there between the two?'

'It's practically having words over nothing.'

#### As to Bents.

'There's the worst deadbeat in this town,' remarked the observant citizen.

'Oh, I don't know,' replied the policeman. 'That deadbeat ain't a marker to mine. Ny beat takes in the cemetery.'

### HEADACHE RELIEVED INSTANTLY.

Got a constant headache? Ten chances to one the secret of your suffering is that "white man's burden," catarrh. Here's a sentence from one man's evidence for Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "One application gave me instant relief, cleared the nasal passages and stopped the pain in my head." It's a quick, safe and sure treatment, and it never fails to cure.

(Continued)  
gently. 'I know  
have me. I've a  
afraid'—with a fa  
She put out her  
his own with a  
that it seemed to  
Of the tendere  
only of the rever  
He thought of  
her feeling, but  
that was in her h  
Indeed, did she  
'Tell me,' she  
head, with a flet  
'about yourself.'  
'Well, I thought  
answered, in as  
could command,  
her case, but I  
knew, I lost con  
and the first thin  
couple of minutes  
up to me. I was  
I gave myself up  
speak. However  
such intention, b  
arnal, denied my  
ability, and actu  
'When I was w  
sent one of the  
where some of o  
may be sure it w  
rads came down  
to town. My na  
we became at fr  
of course, I rewar  
ness.'  
Carew paused  
breath.  
It was perhaps  
on this part of h  
'Yes! Go on.  
came Vimera's se  
'I rejoined my  
tinned. 'O! coul  
ed about what I  
came to think ov  
that the best thin  
it were, remain d  
we got out there  
with you. What  
for your protecti  
could for a momen  
any sort of right  
child, I was a st  
thought me dead  
ering of your life  
ever, I began to  
after all. You  
some such compli  
arise, and I belie  
be binding, thou  
petition. I was  
leaving you in ign  
as I came over to  
I don't deny—' w  
of the soft voice  
free, I'd have tri  
that ceremony un  
sible! When I've  
shall go back to  
He was not con  
paths in those p  
opened that four  
mers had kept ba  
Everything was  
ness save the fact  
with her, would  
and then go back  
sands of miles aw  
er see him again!  
The girl bent  
hands and cried h  
Those tears mo  
Were they for  
so I came over to  
It was impossi  
not try to soothe  
knee beside her,  
hers.  
'I seem only to  
you,' he said hal  
you shall not be  
love. You do lov  
It was half an  
question.  
The truthful  
girl.  
She knew how  
Leonard Bertram  
her, and she owed  
ply with that m  
But she was sil  
She could not  
truth.  
Her very silen  
thrill of hope as  
He passed his h  
Did honor seal  
I Leonard Ber  
he, too, not right  
I Vimera loved  
not Carew would  
of her happiness;  
What if she had  
of the man who  
even as he had ch  
What if she did  
annulled?  
'I am in your  
last, his voice a  
of hope, of angu  
—I dare not read  
don't let us ruin  
straight speech.  
balance—it is mo  
When I ask you  
ed you are silent.  
'Remember, I  
be happy with this  
not give me the  
strength. You k  
these years, Vim  
that I was doing  
you; but I have r  
I kept pace in  
grew from child  
woman. I speak  
hours, Vimera, b  
girl, and outst  
speak. God grant  
greeting honor  
to me!  
He did not ur  
to get himself t  
in the minutes  
hours before, a  
though her eyes  
color was in her  
'I will answer

(Continued from page 14.)

She put out her hand, and he took it in his own with a touch so reverent, so tender that it seemed to break her heart.

Of the tenderness he was not conscious, only of the reverence.

He thought to comprehend something of her feeling, but was far from fathoming all that was in her heart.

Indeed, did she quite know it herself? "Tell me," she half-whispered, lifting her head, with a floating glance into his face, "about yourself."

"Well, I thought I was done for," Carew answered, in as matter of fact a way as he could command, bent on setting Vimera at her ease, "but I was tougher to kill than I knew, I lost consciousness when you had and the first thing I knew was hearing a couple of natives whispering and creeping up to me. I was too helpless to move, so I gave myself up to being finished by a spear. However, these two 'boys' had no such intention, but carried me off to their kraal, tended me to the best of their ability, and actually pulled me through.

"When I was well enough to move, they sent one of their people off to Salisbury, where some of our fellows were, and you may be sure it wasn't long before my comrades came down to me, and got me back to town. My native preservers were quite wise beyond at parting from me, though, of course, I rewarded them for their kindness.

Carew paused a second, and drew in his breath.

"It was perhaps a little difficult to enter on this part of his story.

"Yes, Go on. What happened then?" came Vimera's soft voice.

"I rejoined my regiment," Carew continued. "Of course I kept my own counsel about what had happened. When I came to think over it, it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to, as it were, remain dead. I knew, by papers we got out there, that all had gone well with you. What had been done was done for your protection, and no man of honor could for a moment think that it gave him any sort of right or claim. You were a child, I was a stranger to you; if you thought me dead there could be no hampering of your life. As time went on, however, I began to think I wasn't right, after all. You would be growing up, some such complication might arise as has arisen, and I believed that ceremony would be binding, though it might be annulled on petition. I was doing you a wrong by leaving you in ignorance of my being alive as I came over to be at your command. I don't deny—I wish a momentary tremble of the soft voice—"that, if I had found you free, I'd have tried to make you not wish that ceremony undone. But that's impossible! When I've settled this matter, I shall go back to Rhodesia."

He was not conscious of any particular pathos in those few last words, yet they opened that fountain of bitter tears Vimera had kept back during the story. Everything vanished from her consciousness save the fact that Wilmot lived, talked with her, would be at her command, and then go back to his lonely life, thousands of miles away, where she would never see him again!

The girl bent her face down on her hands and cried bitterly.

Those tears moved him strangely.

Were they for him? Because she was sorry for him?

It was impossible to see her distress and not try to soothe it, and he dropped to his knee beside her, putting one hand over hers.

"I seem only to have brought trouble on you," he said half sadly. "Believe me, you shall not be parted from the man you love. You do love him, Vimera?"

It was half an assertion, half an anxious question.

The truthful answer to it appaled the girl.

She knew how clear that it was not Leonard Bertram she loved; yet he loved her, and she owed it to his mother to comply with that mother's dearest wishes. But she was silent.

She could not tell Wilmot Carew the truth.

Her very silence sent a strange, wild thrill of hope all through his being.

He passed his hand over her eyes. Did honor seal his lips?

If Leonard Bertram had his rights had he, too, not rights that were paramount?

If Vimera loved this young man, Wilmot Carew would never stand in the way of her happiness; but what if she did not?

What if she had cherished the memory of the man who had sworn to protect her, even as he had cherished her memory?

What if she did not wish this marriage annulled?

"I am in your hands, Vimera," he said at last, his voice a little hoarse with the strain of hope, of anguish. "I cannot see your heart—I dare not read it. But for God's sake don't let us ruin three lives for want of straight speech. Your happiness is in the balance—it is more to me than my own. When I ask you if you love your betrothed you are silent. Is it duty that sways you?"

"Remember, I make no claim if you can be happy with this other, or if you could not give me the love I want with all my strength. You have been in my heart all these years, Vimera. I thought, indeed, that I was doing right in being dead to you; but I have remembered you—always. I kept pace in my mind with you as you grew from child to girl—from girl to woman. I speak straight from my very heart, Vimera, because you are a young girl, and cannot show me yours unless I speak. God grant I may not be transgressing honor! Will you speak straight to me?"

He did not urge her, but gave her time to get herself together—waiting patiently in the minutes that seemed to him like hours before she lifted her head, and—though her eyes drooped and the burning color was in her cheeks, spoke bravely.

"I will answer you straight," she said

very low; "it is your right. I don't think I have understood my own feelings—still more, I have never forgotten you, nor the sacrifice you made, for it must have been a sacrifice. All the circumstances of what I believed to be your death have been grave on my memory; but the bond between us was loosed, as I thought. Mrs. Bertram has been more that a mother to me; her dearest wish is to see me in reality her daughter. Leonard loves me and I am fond of him. I tried to persuade myself that I loved him, but always the cry in my heart was for you. If he had lived—if only he had lived! I have felt still more acutely in these last few weeks that I could never love Leonard as he would wish; yet, surely I was bound to think of Mrs. Bertram's wishes? And Leonard—poor Leonard!—it will be terrible for him to learn the truth."

Her voice broke, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Then," said Carew, speaking very softly, "you do not wish our marriage undone, even if it were possible? You could be happy with me?"

She whispered "Yes," and put out her hand half timidly.

He took it in both his own, clasping it closely pressing his lips to it with a sort of reverence.

"You faithful soul!" he said under his breath. "What shall I do to come even near deserving this treasure of your heart?"

"But you remembered me," the girl said half shyly.

The frank, open gaze which never fell beneath Leonard's could not meet the eyes of Wilmot Carew.

"Ah, you were to me like water in the desert to a parched and weary pilgrim; you had all that heart could wish to make your life sunshine, and yet you found room for the memory of a rough soldier!"

"You are not rough!"

"I will never be anything but gentle to you, my child," Wilmot said, with such deep tenderness that it brought the tears to her eyes.

She glanced furtively upwards.

"You are a knight without fear and without reproach," she said, with a half smile; then added, after a pause, pressing her hand to her head: "I seem to be all in a dream! I can't realize anything! Is it really all true—you are here—all my life is changed!"

"It is the truth, Vimera," Carew rose to his feet as he spoke, and she, too, rose, her hand still in his. "I must take you back to Rhodesia now," he said, "and make myself known to Aunt Bertram. I will spare you all explanation, dear, that can give you pain. At present I have no foothold in England, and nothing worthy of you in Rhodesia. Besides which—with a smile— I don't propose to carry you off to the wilds, except by way of travel, if you like; and then, you know very little of me. I may be—probably am—quite different from what you have imagined me."

She shook her head.

"Oh, no," she said earnestly. "I am sure you are not."

For a second his self-repression almost gave way. He half moved, as if to draw her into his arms to cover the beautiful face with kisses.

But the iron hand of control came down; as yet, she could love only in ideal fashion, would be unrightly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Bertram's pleasure and delight in finding that her nephew was not dead were greatly dashed by the fear that her hopes and plans must be frustrated, and Leonard's happiness ruined—at any rate, for a time.

But she was a sensible and a just woman, as well as a generous and kind one, and she quickly saw that her son's hopes must give way before the paramount right possessed by Wilmot Carew, and also because Vimera loved the man who would never have claimed her had she not loved him.

"I would not influence her in any way," she said to Wilmot. "If she could not have loved my boy, I should not have allowed a mere sense of duty to sway her, deeply as I desire his happiness. And now you have returned, and will carry off my girl! My poor Leonard!"

"And I feel guilty," Carew answered half regretfully. "I thought to do the best for her, and—I have failed!"

"It was a mistake, no doubt, but not your fault," said Mrs. Bertram. "And I can't help being glad to have my wild Will Carew back again. Not wild Will any more, though. Now tell me all you have been doing; but first I must have Vimera down, or she will think I am vexed. And when I look at you, Will, I own I can hardly be as disappointed as I ought to be though I fear Len will feel it dreadfully."

It was certainly a blow to the young man when he received Vimera's letter. The girl would not let anyone relieve her of this painful task.

She said it was right she should tell Leonard; from her it would come best, and he ought to know at once.

She did not wait for him to come home, therefore, but wrote, and waited in some anxiety for his answer.

He answered in person. Wilmot Carew was then in town, making arrangements for the more regular celebration of his marriage.

The first ceremony was of too irregular a character to be satisfactory in England.

Leonard met his cousin gravely with a silent hand clasp.

She looked anxiously into his face; it bore traces of bitter sorrow. She had never seen that bright, young face so clouded, and it filled her with a feeling akin to remorse.

She bowed wide down cast eyes, as though she were a guilty creature.

But Leonard was a frank, generous-hearted fellow, and, whatever his disappointment, he was not going to be a cad.

"I thought I'd rather see you, Vimera," he said. "It didn't seem quite brave to

shelter myself behind a letter. It was good of you to write at once. I don't blame you dear. Why should I? That would be very unjust. I was half afraid you'd never, in any case, have made me happy. When a girl asks a fellow for time to know her own mind—with a rather sad smile—it doesn't look as if she was in love with him."

"How good—how generous you are, dear Leonard," the girl said, her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, nonsense! If you can't love me you can't and that's all about it," returned the young man. "Of course if you had loved me, I suppose we could have got that ceremony set aside; but you've loved Wilmot in memory all the time. Ah! what a heart to hold!" putting his hand over his eyes. "Well—well, I shan't cry out, dear and spoil your happiness. Carew has the best right to you."

He remained a little longer, telling her what he was going to do; he would go ahead with a man he knew, and travel.

"I couldn't stay here," he said, "and you wouldn't care for it, nor would Carew. If the matter waits—the marriage to take place here, I suppose that will be best?"

"Oh, no, no, Leonard! I think it will be in London, very quiet, you know," the girl said. "After all, we are married already!"

"You think it will be a pain to me," said Leonard half tenderly. "That's just like you, Vimera. But you must do as you will. I'll go and see the matter now, and say good-bye."

He clasped her hands closely in his own bent and kissed her on the forehead, then turned, and without another word left the room.

She did not see him again, for he returned to town almost immediately to make preparations for his journey abroad.

It was quite a quiet marriage that took place in London between Wilmot Carew and Vimera.

Mrs. Bertram came to the town house which she seldom inhabited, and gave her "nieces" away, and Carew took his young wife to Italy for a while before going back to Rhodesia, where he had affairs to wind up ere he could settle in England.

"I gave up the regiment some time back," he said to Vimera, one day, about a week after the marriage. "That wretched Kafir knocked the endurance out of me that I used to have, I'm concerned in mines and lands out there, but I hate business and shall realize, though keeping an interest in some things. There's a grand future for Rhodesia, and I don't want to be quite out of it now I've got somebody to live for," he added, with his bright, tender smile. "I used to wonder sometimes, riding over the veldt, what you were doing at the other side of the world—longing to have you with me! Ah! dearest, life was lonely after I sent you away! It was odd, the feeling I had about you—you were a child to me then, and I thought of you only as a child. And yet, somehow, you always shadowed forth the woman. Do you understand me?"

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

"I forget I have lost them in gaining you, my own darling," Carew said, half-smiling, and Vimera nestled down to him very content—cloudlessly happy.

She lifted her eyes to his and the look answered him.

He put his arm about her and kissed her tenderly.

"You always understand everything, sweet-heart," he said softly. "If you could know what it is to me, who have knocked about the world alone for fifteen years, to have you to love, to take care of, to be all in all to—you understand that, too, a little, though, thank God, not by experience."

"Because," Vimera answered, with shining eyes, "you saved me from knowing the terrors of such loneliness. You gave me a happy home while you yourself went homeless. All my life were too little to give you for the years you have lost."

Seal Brand Coffee (1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.) IS PICKED PURITY Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

A DANGEROUS MAN. But the Chicago Policeman Didn't Seem to Think So.

"I suppose you have read of me in papers," he said to the Chicago patrolman whom he had bumped up against at midnight.

"Can't say I have," replied the officer as he looked him over.

"You haven't? Have you heard of Bald Eagle Bill of the Black Hills, the man who clubbed six Indians to death in 1884?"

"No sir."

"You don't mean to tell me," continued the man as he pranced around, "that you haven't heard of the man who choked a mountain lion to death barehanded?"

"Never heard of him, sir."

"And you didn't read in the papers of the man who walked through Rattlesnake cove barfoot and kicked the heads off 50 reptiles on the way?"

"Didn't see a line about it in the papers," steadily answered the officer.

"Look here," said the stranger as he came nearer, "you must have children."

"Yes, sir."

"And every time they open their First Readers they see a picture of me as I appeared when saving the lives of ten school children in Montana from a pack of voracious wolves. With my bowie knife, sir, and with no other weapon but that, sir, I cut and slashed and stabbed, sir, and when I got through a score of the ferocious monsters lay dead at my feet, sir! Haven't your children spoken of the picture?"

"No, sir. What are you trying to get at anyway?"

"What am I trying to get at?" repeated the man as he began to prance again.

"Why, sir, I am trying to make you understand that I am a dangerous man to be at large in this town! I ought to be watched. Some one ought to be at hand to restrain me in case I turn loose."

"I guess not," dryly replied the officer as he tapped the lamppost with his club.

"You don't think I'm dangerous, then?"

"Not at all. You are simply a wind bag on wheels and you won't damage anybody except with your mouth. Better move on and keep quiet."

"You are talking that talk to me, are you?" demanded the Bald Eagle from the west in menacing tones.

"Yes, sir, and if you keep hanging around here I'll run you in for a common vag!"

"Run me in for a common vag! Run Bald Eagle Bill into the coop along with a gang who don't know one end of a gun from the other! Great snakes, but I must be dreaming! You are talking to me, are you?"

"Git!" said the officer in reply as he swung his club with one hand and pointed into the darkness with the other.

The Bald Eagle got. He went like a man who had just discovered that he had left his pocketbook under his pillow at home, and in a minute he was out of sight. Then, as the officer stood peering into the gloom and smiling a bit, a voice, which was half sob, half groan came to his ears from afar off, saying:

"And he was talking that to me—to the man who has lived for weeks on raw centipeds and made playmates of the Gila monsters! Ah—um! I'll wipe this town off the face of the earth before daylight, and that ignoramus of a policeman will be to blame for the slaughter!"

The Asthmatic.

Although the enigma of asthma—what it is and why it is—is still unsolved, we have learned by practical experience what will in many cases mitigate the severity and frequency of the attacks, and on the other hand what will aggravate the condition of the unfortunate victim of the malady.

The conditions of improvement, or the reverse, are not the same in every case, but vary according to the form of the disease. Thus in some cases the attacks can almost always be traced to some error of indiscretion in diet; in others, wetting of the feet or a draft blowing on the back

of the neck appears to be the exciting cause; in others still, certain odors seem to suggest to the patient's unconscious self that an asthmatic paroxysm is due.

In every case there is probably some underlying weakness of the nervous system which we may not be able to reach by drugs, but which will be overcome in great part by a hygienic mode of living.

In the first place the asthmatic subject must be extremely careful, although not nervously so, in regard to his diet. The meals should be taken at regular intervals, the heaviest, if possible, in the middle of the day, and all articles which are generally recognized as indigestible, such as fried meats, hot bread, etc., should be eschewed; furthermore, if the patient finds by experience that anything disagrees with him, that also must be avoided.

The next most important thing is to keep from catching cold. The asthmatic should take a daily cold or cool bath, either tub or sponge, as may suit his age and general health. The cold plunge is not advisable—indeed, it may be dangerous—for one well past middle life, but with care the cool sponge bath may be taken even by the aged. If one suffers from cold feet, rubbing them with oil after the bath will be found beneficial.

The shoes and stockings should always be changed after one has been out in rain or snow without overshoes, even if the feet are not actually wet.

Asthma often depends upon some slight affection of the nose, a narrowing of the passages or a little outgrowth of the mucous membrane, and may be permanently relieved on the removal of this condition. For this reason the sufferer should always have a medical examination. Sometimes a change of residence from the city to the country, or vice versa, will put an end to the recurring attacks; but in other cases, unfortunately, the condition may be made worse by such a move.

Limping, Limping From corns? No necessity for that. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes all corns,

Betty, the Borrower.

Betty Biglow would easily have taken the prize, had one been offered at the Misses Gordons' Finishing School...

towels, bedclothes, underwear, books and writing materials, with such delightful readiness that the conspirators all had punctuations. She even expressed her pleasure in being able to assist her friends...

you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up...

for it but to make the best of in the best. A low biscuit, a piece of cake and some chocolate were left from luncheon, and the men had some cheese and cold tea...

Shelburn, Feb 8, Wm Wilson to Florence Wesley-Annapolis, Feb 18, Herman Fossil to Mary Camp...

During the working and especially during the mortality known people people whose family circles, Death seems to persons of mid and old. The many beloved of David...

VOL. X EV Deaths During the working and especially during the mortality known people people whose family circles, Death seems to persons of mid and old...

DIED.

- St John, Feb 27, A W Reid, 46. Ottawa, Feb 15, Robert Moffat. Milton, Feb 17, Wm Bushe, 57. Hillboro, Feb 14, R E Stever, 50.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC LOW RATE.... Settlers' Excursions To Colorado, Utah, Montana, Kootenay and Pacific Coast POINTS.

THE GREAT NILE DAM.

Importance of the Work That has Just Been Finished at Assuan. From the ages of the dynasties of shepherds and Pharaohs a 'low Nile' or a 'high Nile' has meant death or plenty in Egypt...

BORN.

- Digby, Feb 7, to the wife of John Peck, a son. Truro, Feb 22, to the wife of T. Churchill a son.

MARRIED.

- Fairview, Feb 18, J Christian to Mary Furell. Boston, Feb 18, Frank Davis to Daisy Benham.