

PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 415.

ST. JOHN N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHE ASKS FOR DAMAGES

THE BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT AGAINST ENOCH COLWELL.

The Plaintiff is a Young Lady of the West Side—How the Acquaintance of the Two Was Begun and the Friendship Grew—What the Plaintiff Claims.

It is now some months past, since the Shatford case was before the courts and citizens of St. John were treated to so much news, of a "breezy" nature, as that sensational case afforded. However the public will not have to wait many moons ere a case equally interesting and sensational will be ventilated in the courts, unless all present signs fail.

Until recently the west side has enjoyed immunity from prominence in legal circles civil or otherwise but the newest case on the tapis is contributed from that part of the city.

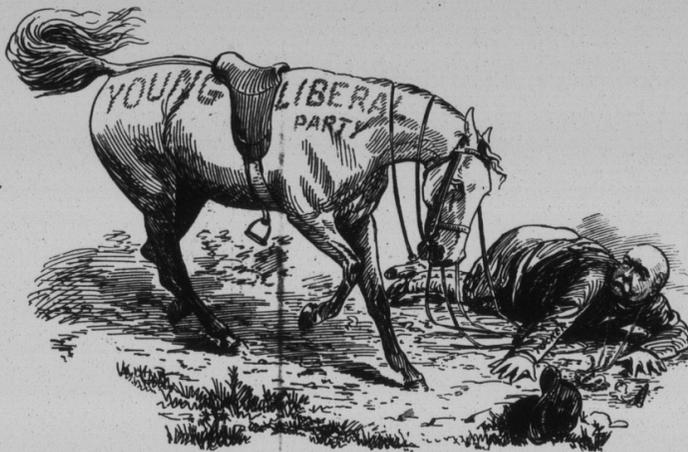
The instance referred to is in the nature of a breach of promise suit, the principals in which are both residents of Carleton. The fair plaintiff in the case, is the pretty 20 year old daughter of a moulder in Allan's foundry, while the defendant is a gay cavalier who although approaching middle age has escaped hymen's bonds. He is said to be in good circumstances and has

They also say Enoch acted as no gentleman would, meeting her as he did, at his mother's house, a pure innocent girl of tender years, wholly ignorant of evil or wrong doing, while he, double her years, these same relations say, used all his ability and art in winning her for his own. There are some means enough to hint that Mr. Colwell was a man of no mean knowledge of how to win a lady to his way of thinking and they go so far as to say that this was not his first experience at love making by a long majority.

When the flirtation had assumed a desperate hue, the lady's mother got indignant and her mother became annoyed and their daughter felt so badly that she stayed most of her time at her married sister's in order to escape the scolding of her father and mother who objected to the attentions of Mr. Colwell.

The brother-in-law was kind to her but he too had his objections. The objections when summed up were the difference in the gentlemen's reputation as a "heart-breaker."

However not long ago Mr. Colwell's visits dropped off some, and finally they stopped. The young lady sought the gentleman for an interview and an explanation,



HE IS TOO HEAVY A LOAD TO CARRY

END OF THE MANLY ART.

THE FAKE EXHIBITION OF THE ATLANTIC CLUB.

An Evening that Showed the Degeneration of Boxing Matches in St. John—The Great "Go" Between Dan Scott and Arch Green—What Chief Clark Did.

The manly art has degenerated in St. John very rapidly of late, and it is altogether likely that the exhibition of Wednesday evening last will prove the downfall of all boxing matches (so called) in this city.

The "Atlantic Athletic Club" is an upstairs room with an entrance on Sydney street near Union street. It is run by a number of young men of this city, who are dead "game sports."

During the past winter many exhibitions of fictitious encounters were given at the Atlantic, and it was here that Wednesday night's "go" was held.

Dan Scott of Fredericton was advertised to face Arch Green of this city. Scott is an Infantry school man, 21 years of age, and Green is a year younger. Both come under the welter weight class, so say the knowing ones.

On Wednesday night the "Atlantic" was crowded with about 250 sports, "dead game" sports, as a glance at the crowd would convince. Lawyers were there; merchants, insurance agents, clerks, Mr. Colwell when served with the papers placed his defence with John Kerr, barrister, and it is determined to fight to the bitter end what he says is a trumped up case against him.

The plaintiff's friends claim that she has suffered through keeping company with Colwell and that her good name is injured.

They also claim that the trial is through enough will be heaped against the defendant to show him how determined they can be in her defence.

What the outcome of the proceedings will be, is a matter that time alone can tell, but enough social gossip with a tinge of breeziness to it is almost an assured fact.

Col. Tucker still to the front.

If Col. Tucker has been the recipient of congratulations by his friends this week, on his nomination, he has been getting them very quietly, for he has not been visible to the ordinary citizen. Report has it that he has been confined to the house through indisposition, but there are some uncharitable enough to think that he is being kept out of the way so that the objections cannot influence him. In the meantime there has been an effort to arrange a modus vivendi between the old and young liberals. There has been a conference at which it is understood the young liberals had two propositions, one that the convention be declared unconstitutional, which would necessarily revoke the nomination, and the other that, failing this, the nomination of Col. Tucker should be withdrawn. At last accounts the old liberals had shown no indication of giving the affirmative answer to either proposition.

Easy to Improve Upon.

New boxes have been placed in the Opera House, and they are in all respects an improvement on the extraordinary ones which were formerly there. That the change is an improvement goes without saying. It could not well be otherwise, for it would have been hard to make any change in the boxes which would render them more absurd and inconvenient than they were.

Begun For the Season.

The watering carts have made their appearance during the week, and the board of works, has had a large quantity of dirt removed from the block pavement between Indiantown and Reed's Point. The election has not anything to do with it this year, but the regular work has begun for the season.

the sport he likes so much. It was not stopped in the 9th because, he wanted to see the tenth. Its a pity it had not been a 15 round "go", or to a finish, just to please the chief.

Scott was arrested by Chief Clark, and Green by Captain Jenkins. The sports got out of the doors and windows in remarkable time.

The two fighters were charged before magistrate Ritchie on Thursday with being principals in a prize fight, held in the city. They were remanded until Monday next.

Referee Campbell called the "go" a draw although Scott was superior in every way to Green. The workers have not got the \$10, as yet.

ALL READY FOR TUESDAY.

The Civic Candidates Are Not Many, but the Contests Will be Keen.

Half of the candidates for the office of mayor retired from the field before nomination day, and Messrs. Baskin and Hall will not be in the contest, though Mr. Hall says he hopes to be to the front next year. This leaves the tug of war between Mayor Robertson and Ald. McLanahan, both of whom appear to be very much in earnest, and both of whom seem to think they have excellent prospects of success. Mayor Robertson has campaign headquarters at 70 Germain street, and held his first meeting, a well attended, one on Thursday night.

None of the aldermanic candidates in wards which will have a contest are taking anything for granted, and while the contestants are fewer in number than for several years, the fight, where it is found, is none the less a keen one. One of the closest competitors appears to be in Dukes ward, where Ald. Blizard, after having served in the council for nine years, now finds his seat in peril by the advent of Gerard G. Ruel, who has been making a strong and extended canvass, and who has had a number of friends working for him as well. Ald. Blizard, however, has not been idle, but has had a very busy week and done a good deal of talking.

Among the three candidates for aldermen at large, Ald. Purdy's friends think his re-election sure. The fight in that event would be between Ald. McCarty and the new candidate, Douglas McArthur who has a strong support in all quarters of the city.

King's has all the elements of uncertainty which attend a three cornered fight. As between ex alderman D. J. McLaughlin, J. B. Hamm, and Geo. R. Ellis, nobody can predict who will be ahead.

The North End will have two lively contests. Ald. McGoldrick finds that there will be no walk-over as regards Stanley, as his new opponent, I. W. Holder, is having a strong support both in and out of the North End. In Victoria ward, neither ex alderman Seaton nor T. Barclay Robinson are new at campaign work, and they find enough to employ their energies this year. The chances are in favor of Mr. Seaton.

Brooks ward will have another keen contest between Ald. Baxter and ex alderman Stackhouse. The latter, as previously stated, is likely to take an exceedingly strong vote on east side and divide the west side on even terms.

Even should all the present aldermen be defeated, enough of the present council have been returned by acclamation to make that body much in temperment at it has been. Eight seats have been filled without contest, and a past valuable aldermanic experience, in the person of Dr. Daniel, the alderman elect for Queens.

Came too Late.

Correspondence from Springhill, N. S. and St. George did not reach Progress until Friday morning, too late for publication in this issue.

HAD THE WATER ON TAP

THE MYSTERY OF THE SUPPLY TO THE CALKIN HOUSE.

A Silver Falls Problem That Puzzles the Waterworks Officials—A Supply Pipe which Has Been at Work a Quarter of a Century Undiscovered.

Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, rector of the parish of Simonds, has resided within the city limits since his appointment a year or two ago, he being a single man. Of late with a view to a change in his domestic state and condition, he has been seeking an eligible residence within his parish, and has found just the place acquired, at what is known as the Calkin place at Silver Falls, three miles from the court house.

Silver Falls is a romantic spot and has had quite a history as a manufacturing site where money has been sunk in enterprises which have not paid the investors. Away back before the time of the present generation, when flour used to be manufactured in St. John, J. & R. Reed had a grist mill there, and were succeeded by Estabrooks & King. There was plenty of water in the stream, Little River, in those times, but at a later date, when the river was diverted for the purposes of the city water supply, the stream became so diminished as to seriously impair its value for manufacturing purposes, despite the splendid falls which only needed water to make them all that could be desired.

The water commissioners did more than divert the river, for in 1871 they ran a main pipe from Lake Latimer to the city, and its course was over the property in question, then owned by one of the Bostfords. The question of damages became of course a live one, and was annexed to the property for several years, during which time Jeremiah Calkin became the owner. The damages, in course of time, were settled for the injury to the river, the right of way of the water-pipe over the land and the damage to the soil. The settlement was for \$9,000, which was \$1,000 less than originally claimed.

Mr. Calkin held the property for a number of years, during which several enterprises were started at Silver Falls. A stock company tried a paper mill and failed. Mr. Calkin tried a cotton mill, which did not pay, then a slaughter house, and finally a pigery, the pigs being fed in part from slaughter house refuse. The last idea that somebody induced Mr. Calkin to embark in was the attempt to make Silver Falls a power station, from which the city of St. John was to be supplied with power for all its electrical plant. The great hindrance to the carrying out of this project was that while there was a splendid chance for power at the falls, the one thing wanting was enough water.

Yet there was water and to spare around the house, for it had a splendid supply from some source, brought to the house by a pipe. The men working on the water works had often heard of this water supply, and that the house was fitted with a hot and cold water system and all modern improvements. As they knew of no pipe leading from the city main in this vicinity, they concluded the source of supply must be the dam at Silver Falls, though there was always a sort of a mystery about it to them.

Mr. Creighton had a lease of the farm from Mr. Calkin, and among the privileges he prized was a never failing and never freezing pool of water, supposed to come from an unusually fine spring. It was with Mr. Creighton that Mr. Hoyt talked when he recently leased the premises. Mr. Calkin, it may be added, has been living in Nova Scotia for the last four or five years, he having met with financial disaster in one of the early electric light ventures in this city.

Mr. Hoyt was delighted to find a house

in the country with all the conveniences of a residence in the city, as far as related to water supply, and he believed it to come from the city waterworks system. Under this impression he called at the public works office one day lately to find out how much the cost of the supply was to be by the year.

He was informed that there was no supply pipe at Silver Falls from the city main. He was considerably surprised at this and asserted his belief that there was such a supply, whether the department knew of it or not. Then it was the turn of the officials to be surprised, for Mr. Hoyt's story seemed solid in its facts, yet there was no record in the department of anything of the kind.

Engineer Murdoch drove to Silver Falls to investigate the mystery, and found enough evidence to satisfy him that a connection had been made with the main, and that for years, probably a quarter of a century, the house had been availing itself of the city water supply without the officials having any knowledge of the fact. The main crosses the property on an elevation about a hundred yards from the house, and the course of the supply pipe was easy to be traced by water coming to the surface at points where it was leaking. The never failing spring is also believed to have the same source. The department have had men at work digging this week, to "get at the bottom" of the mysterious affair.

The question now is, when and by whom was the supply pipe connected with the main? The main was laid in 1871, and the supply pipe must have been connected before the water was let into it. It could then be done by simply boring a hole in the main and screwing the supply pipe into place, and any plumber could do it. It would be quite another matter, however, after the main was full of water and the pressure on. Then the cooperation of the department would be necessary. The presumption is therefore that the Calkin house has had this water supply for twenty-five years.

Mr. Creighton is said to have an explanation of the matter which, while it frees Mr. Calkin from blame, makes still another mystery as regards the water department. According to him, Mr. Calkin did not get paid for the right of way of the main, but as a measure of satisfaction the waterworks officials allowed him this supply pipe, and it was presumably put there by the department. Against this is the fact that there is no record of such a transaction in the books of the water office, where there certainly should have been such an arrangement. The late engineer, Gilbert Murdoch, was a most methodical and accurate man, and such a matter could hardly have been overlooked by him, had he known of it. Then, again, the department has now the same man in it, employ that it had when this main was laid, and not one of them has had any knowledge of this supply pipe, and certainly none of them put it there. Its discovery was a revelation to all of them.

It would seem that either that the waterworks officials of twenty-five years ago had some private arrangement which they did not put on record, and of which their employees knew nothing, or that Mr. Calkin has had a soft spot on the water system by tapping the main line and enjoying all the privileges of a never failing supply for his house and premises.

The water department will in future furnish the supply to the house on a business basis, a regular application having now been made. A new pipe will probably be necessary, as judging by the leakage, the old one appears to be rusted clear through with age.

MOVING DAY IS NEAR

"Progress" Will Have a List of the Principal Removals this First of May.

For several seasons it has been the custom of Progress to publish a list of the people of note who move on the first of May, giving the new address for the information of friends at home and abroad. The list will be published this year in the issue of Saturday the 2nd of May, and it is desired to have it as complete as possible.

This can only be accomplished by the aid of the parties themselves, and the request is therefore made that they send to this office, as soon as possible, a memorandum of the name, late address and future address of the person making a change of residence. A very simple memorandum will be sufficient, as the name will appear in the lists as follows: Brown, John, Germain, to Princess. This would mean that Mr. Brown, who has been living in Germain street will reside in Princess street after the first of May.

It is desirable that street and number be given for both the old and new address.

As the information given is for the benefit of the movers and their friends, Progress hopes that its request will meet with early responses from a large number of its city readers.

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best value—lowest goods in wall paper at McArthur's book store, 90 King street.



EX-ALDERMAN ENOCH B. COLWELL.

filled a public office as an alderman and is no other than ex-alderman Enoch B. Colwell.

The story of their first meeting, their tumble in love, their clandestine meetings, the falling out, and the broken vows reads somewhat like the lovesick story of the novel with the "yellow cover."

Enoch Colwell a well-to-do fish curer and wholesaler, resided with his aged mother on King street west side. Mrs. Colwell was not in the best of health, and some four years ago "Little Gerrie," as she was then called, used to visit Mrs. Colwell and spend the afternoon and perhaps the whole day, reading to, and otherwise entertaining her. Of course these visits could not occur very often, without Enoch being present at one time or the other, and as a consequence this happened.

They met; Enoch, always with his eye for the beautiful, saw Gerrie, who was not only fair to look at, but to put it in the words of one well known Carleton man, she was "pretty as a picture." Enoch afterward put more time in and about the house, he found many errands to do, he chatted with Gerrie and said nice things to her, she like other young girls liked flattery and pretty little "nothings" said to her, and she fell in love, so did Enoch.

From many meetings, in the Colwell homestead the two lovers got to braving it, in out door walks. These walks proved disastrous for Enoch and Gerrie, as the parents of Gerrie got alarmed and forbid their child from further visits to Colwell's house or from attentions from one so many years her senior.

This was the first block or stone in the course of true love, but it was not big enough to keep Enoch and Gerrie apart, they met and quite often too, sometimes on this side of the harbor and sometimes on that.

The lady was not wayward, but she was determined, so she met Enoch even though her parents wished her not to.

She is said to have run all sorts of risks to meet the man she loved, and it was not an extraordinary sight to see Enoch and his pretty companion strolling arm in arm or driving, where the birds sing their sweetest and the breezes blow gently. Many times she called on friends on the east side, and somehow Enoch knew where she was and waited for her.

That would give the two a great chance for a walk and a sail across the harbor on the ferry, and then, for fear papa would be around, the two would separate and go home by separate roads.

This state of courtship was kept up for over two years, and through it all the lady was faithful and true to Enoch. At least this is what her friends and relatives say.

but 'tis said both were denied, and then things looked different.

A lawyer was seen, Mr. H. A. McKeown, and a suit for damage instituted against the gay deceiver, was the outcome of the visit to Mr. H. A. McKeown's office.

Mr. Colwell when served with the papers placed his defence with John Kerr, barrister, and it is determined to fight to the bitter end what he says is a trumped up case against him.

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THEIR RECORD IS GOOD.

HALIFAX FEELS A PRIDE IN THE WANDERERS CLUB.

Some Things They Have Accomplished and What is Proposed for the Future—Money That Has Been Well Spent—Facts of Interest in Regard to the Club.

HALIFAX, Apr. 16.—One of the institutions of which Halifax people undoubtedly are rather proud is the Wanderers Athletic Club. The club is not an organization which is here today and may begone tomorrow, but it is as permanent a factor in this city as any other enterprise that could be named. The club possesses grounds second to none on the continent for beauty and completeness of arrangement. True the Wanderers do not own these grounds, for the club leases them from the city, at a nominal rental of \$100 per annum. But practically the club does own the grounds for no other charge is made for their use than that \$100, a sum less than they would be called upon to pay in taxes were the title vested in the club. It is therefore, cheaper for the Wanderers to hold the property as they do than to own it outright and be called upon for taxes, etc. To show how secure the Wanderers are in the possession of these grounds it may be stated that some weeks ago, five years prior to the termination of their present lease from the city, the club asked for a renewal of the lease, and without any ado a new lease was granted by the city council for another fifteen, making a total of twenty years, tenure now abroad of the club.

The Wanderers, in addition to obtaining a lease from the city must in a sense have the formal consent of the war department to use the grounds, and once a year a detachment of British troops are marched through the grounds as a proof of military control and right to the grounds should exigencies of service demand it. This in consequence of the conditions upon which the city obtained a large portion of its area from the imperial war department. Before the club could proceed with the erection of their proposed pavilion and club house, which will be built this spring, and completed by July 1st it was necessary to obtain the consent of the war department. There has been some friction between the officers of the garrison and the Wanderers, and the obtaining of this consent had to be gone about delicately for fear of objections by the officers. Accordingly General Montgomery Moore was interested in the matter by the committee and before many knew what was going on he had written to the war office at London and secured the required permission. A \$3,000 club-house and pavilion will, therefore, be built at once. The club has this amount of money on hand in its reserve fund. It is a comfortable feeling to realize, when you are about building a house that the whole of the money necessary is in your pocket waiting to be taken out for the purpose and that you need not trouble your head about mortgages etc. Including this \$3,000 which the wanderers are about to lay out on their club-house, the organization has spent at least \$10,000 on capital account in improvement of the grounds, for all that the city gave them was a waste field. With that \$10,000 the grounds have been made what they are and the pavilion will be built. This large amount of money was not raised without an effort but after all, the gathering in of the cash was pleasant work. Two mammoth bazaars and two or three entertainments at the academy of music, together with 10 per cent on the yearly subscriptions, tell the story of how the \$10,000 was raised. The bye-laws of the club make it obligatory to put away, in a reserve fund, 10 per cent of the membership subscriptions. The roll now stands at 300, which at \$5 per head makes annual subscriptions of \$1,500, and gives \$150 for the reserve. It takes \$2,000 a year to run the Wanderers A. A. club, and as the years pass this sum will increase. The difference between the amount realized from subscriptions and the total required, is made up from gate receipts during the season, which lasts from the Queen's birthday to the end of November. The executive committee met on Monday night and elected sub-committees to superintend the various branches of sport, and arrangements are rapidly being made to inaugurate a vigorous and successful year. These sub-committees are: Ground—J. N. Duffus, chairman; Dr.

Kirkpatrick, W. H. Wetherby, F. P. Bligh.

Pavilion—Same as above with Ald. Lane and Dr. Cogswell.

Cricket—Howard Smith, chairman; W. A. Henry, F. A. Kaiser, W. H. Neal, jr., R. P. Green's ood.

Football—G. S. Troop, chairman; J. F. Grierson, W. G. Robertson and two to be selected by the players.

Tennis—W. C. Harvey, chairman; C. B. Burns, Percy Almon.

Sports—A. M. Bauld, chairman; Ald. Lane.

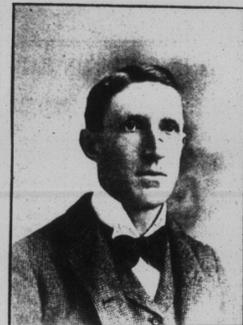
Bicycling—Dr. A. W. Cogswell, chairman; and two selected.

Boating—Dr. A. W. Cogswell chairman; F. Grierson.

Entertainment—J. N. Duffus, chairman; Dr. Kirkpatrick, W. H. Wetherby.

Bowls and quoits—A. D. Johnson, chairman; R. T. McIlreith, A. A. Johnson.

Other athletic organizations in Halifax and elsewhere have come and gone, but the Wanderers remain. What is the reason for this prosperous permanence? It is because the right men have been in official control of the club. Practical business men, young and older, possessed of intelligence, tact, and good common sense, and who love athletics not only for the immediate pleasure to be derived from such pastimes



FREDERICK P. B. IGH.

but because they feel that the future well-being of our people depends upon sound minds in sound bodies. Since the organization of the Wanderers men have been at the head of the club who were prepared to deny themselves if need be for the good of the organization. The result is that the Wanderers is today the premier athletic organization of the maritime provinces.

J. Norwood Duffus, the president of the club, whose picture PROGRESS this week presents is a sample of the excellent official heads the club has had though none of them ever equalled Mr. Duffus in all around usefulness. He has been honored with a third term as president and though he would rather have stepped down, and unshouldered some of the responsibilities, at the call of the club he was ready to stay in harness. Thoroughly posted in sport, and a gentleman in the true sense of the word, of excellent business ability, conscientious and prompt in everything he undertakes, it is no wonder the club members keep him in the presidents chair as long as they possibly can.

Another name that is synonymous with good management in the Wanderers, is that of Frederick P. Bligh, who for many years has been the secretary. Competent and careful, frank and fearless, persistent, patient and painstaking, the club could not improve on Mr. Bligh as secretary and they know the fact. Mr. Bligh's fame as a lawyer is more than local, and his distinguished services as "announcer" at sporting meetings has made his name known to every athletic club member in the sea provinces, if not beyond. Just glance at the features of the genial Frederick as they appear in this issue of PROGRESS.

WARD FIVE OBJECTS.

The choice of Halifax Liberal Candidates not Endorsed by It.

HALIFAX, April 16.—There was a large gathering of the committee men of Ward 5, Monday night. It should be borne in mind that elections in this city and county are very likely to be settled by Ward 5, with its large class of independent voters. Among those in attendance at the liberal meeting on Monday night was M. E. Keefe. Dr. McKay, the chairman of the ward presided.

Any one with half an eye could have seen that a storm was brewing when one of the young men rose and said that he noted the presence of Mr. Keefe, and he thought it would be best in the interest of all concerned if, under the circumstances, Mr. Keefe would retire for a few minutes at least and leave the committee to themselves.

The junior candidate rose and stated his objection to leaving the meeting, and he urged that as a citizen, as a liberal, and as a candidate, he should not be thus called upon to absent himself. Notwithstanding this reasonable view of the situation the temper of the meeting was decidedly in favor of a family talk without the presence of the candidate, and a friend of the party and of Mr. Keefe, appreciating this fact, quietly took him by the arm and led him out, the meeting was then free to talk.

Then a resolution was moved expressing the opinion that the convention which had nominated Russell and Keefe had been irregular and illegal, and its nomination should be cancelled. The resolution went on to state that a new convention to nominate liberal candidates should be called without delay. This was debated far into the night, and strange to say, carried the vote in its favor being 40 compared with 11 against it. Affixed to the resolution was a rider asking the secretary of the meeting to acquaint the chairman of the liberal executive for the city and county with the views of ward 5. Before this resolution had been finally passed Mr. Keefe had returned to the meeting, so that after all, he received much of the warm discussion.

This incident confirms the statement made to PROGRESS two weeks ago that apathy had seized the liberals of ward 5 on account of the nomination of Russell and Keefe, and that it was no use for party managers to think that they could win on the "ilent vote" or by catching wavering conservatives, when their candidates could not bring the regular party vote into line.

ANOTHER SIDE OF A STORY.

What is said on the Shatford's Behalf in the Customs Seizure Case.

HALIFAX, April 15.—As usual there is another side to the Shatford-Eckersley case, referred to in PROGRESS of last week.

Stated as briefly as possible the facts are these: John Eckersley, of the customs Department here, seized some 65 cases of oil in warehouse for alleged storage. Messrs Shatford Bros. at once demanded an investigation which was held and developed the fact that the cases of oil were not short. In the words of T. J. Watters the commissioner of Customs, report,— "The cases were seized for shortage in warehouse 61. We find no shortage therein." Accompanying this were instructions to release the goods forthwith. On the strength of this report of Mr. Watters and the statement of the then controller of customs, N. Clarke Wallace, that the government had nothing and would have nothing to do with the matter of damages and loss. Messrs. Shatford took action against the seizing officers (as required by law) for malicious and wrongful seizure.

The case has not pushed against him for

some time pending his good behavior and when lapses of time rendered it necessary to take further action in the matter it transpired the government were defending Eckersley, standing between him and damages. This came as a surprise to the plaintiffs who immediately protested. It would have been no satisfaction to win in the case then, as Eckersley would not have been called upon to pay a cent. Messrs. Shatford instructed their attorneys to ask the government to retire from the case and leave the defendant to his own resources, or, failing this to get them to agree there would be an appeal from the decision of the first trial. It was only after this they (Messrs. Shatford) agreed to the case being withdrawn. The plaintiffs did not care to engage in a suit with the government whose policy is to carry such cases from court to court, and who will assail their judgement for not insisting on such a contest.

Messrs. Shatford considers they have been exceedingly patient with Eckersley from time to time. They were urged to continue the suit against him by prominent business men and customer officials who offered evidence of maliciousness and incapability. They have been asked to circulate a petition praying for his removal but objected on the ground it would be equal to depriving him of his livelihood.

Very Tough Apples.

They tell a story about Bill Nye's visit to Eli Perkin's country house up in Madison county, New York. Eli has one of those farms left by his grandfather on which are rocks, trout brooks, butternut trees, and apple trees where the ungrafted fruit is about the size of thorn apples. Nye said that Perkin's apples were so tough that, like a worm, they would turn when you stepped on them.

"After we had been Eli's guest about a week," said Nye, "some wicked boys one night stole all his early apples. This almost broke Eli's heart. The next day he went to see the father of the wicked boys. 'They should be punished,' said Eli. 'It was wicked to steal my choice fruit.' 'Too late now,' said the farmer, tears coming into his eyes. 'No, they should be soundly whipped now. It's never too late to whip those boys.' 'But it is too late now, Mr. Perkins—too late,' pleaded the farmer, tearfully. 'My poor boys were thoughtless; they ate the apples and they are dead.'"

Queer Case of Burglary.

A year or so since a man found a pocket-book containing \$150 in cash on the sidewalk in Portland, Me. A card in the wallet showed that the money belonged to the bookkeeper of a business house in that town. The man returned the money to its owner, and as a reward a bill of \$3 which he owed the house was accepted. Last week the man broke into the bookkeeper's house and stole everything he could lay his hands on. He was caught and held for trial. It is not shown that he had any motive in committing the burglary other than the ordinary burglar would have, but persons thereabout are making obvious comments.

Columbia and Hartford

BICYCLES.

W.H. THORNE & Co., Ltd.

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English Cutlery.

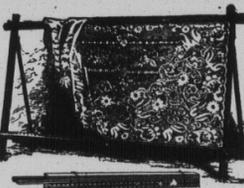


Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears.

A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices.

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CURTAIN STRETCHERS



House Cleaning Season.

Two patterns in stock. The pins are Brass, Nickel Plated, hence no Rust Spots on Curtains. Adjustable to any size. One style made to fold.

Prices: \$2.75 to \$4.00.

EMERSON & FISHER.

P. S. Wringers and Washers in many styles.

Proof of the Pudding Is in the Eating.

We have had practical experience in Bicycles for five years and have had opportunities of testing all the best makes of Wheels in our Bicycle Academy and Repair Shop and are now prepared to give you the benefit of our experience. The three lines of wheels which we recommend are the

Stearns, Eclipse, Waverley.

See our samples or write us or information

Quick Repair Shop.

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.

Bicycle Academy, Singer Rink. Fifty second-hand Bicycles in good order for sale cheap.

Herbert Spencer

says:—That which our common school courses leave almost entirely out, is that which most nearly concerns the business of life. Go to a "real business" school. Catalogue sent free. A K?

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Box P. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANTED at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church. Bureau, 209 East 42nd St. New York near Grand Central Depot. Cooks, Chambermaids, Waitresses and General House Workers coming soon may at once secure the best of places with high wages. Apply in person or address, ALEX. LANGRISH Supt.

FOR SALE. Fine 20ft. team pleasure Yacht for sale less than one third of cost. No use for same, therefore sacrificing. For particulars inquire, box 222, Campbellton, N. B.

WANTED. Trustworthy men and women to advocate a popular cause at home. \$10.00 to \$20.00 monthly, to suitable persons. Address, Drawer 29, Brantford Ont.

WANTED. Young or middle aged men of character. Hundreds foremost in Canada, started with us. About \$14.00 a week to begin with. The Bradley Garretton Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED. EARNEST MEN AND WOMEN. See circular. "The sword of Islam or suffering Armenia," a thrilling book. Graphic account of the Eastern Question, the Turk, Armenian and Mohammedanism with its horrible massacres. Numerous startling illustrations taken on the spot. 448 pages, only \$1.50. Send 60cts. for canvassing book. Agents make \$15.00 to \$20.00 weekly. Bradley Garretton Co., Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED. MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARRETT BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED. RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothsay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister-at-Law, Pugsley Building. 54-54-1/2

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OFFICE OF JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, Oct. 1, 1895.

Dear Mr. Kerr:— I have been in Boston a little over two weeks and have been working here about two weeks, so you see I was not long in getting a situation. I look back to the pleasant time spent last winter and find that the training I got has done me a world of good.

(Signed) S. E. STEVENS. Recently Mr. Stevens writes to his father: I have just been promoted, and expect advancement again shortly, as the head book-keeper has reported me capable of doing any of his office work.

This is what we fit our students for. Catalogue free. S. WEBB & SON St. John Business College. Odd Fellows' Hall.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

With the close of the Lenten season there has developed as anticipated a number of musical entertainments in this city.

Not the least of these, in order of merit and importance was the giving of the cantata "The Daughter of Jairus" in German street baptist church last Tuesday evening by the St. John Oratorio society. As a musical event it would be looked forward to in ordinary circumstances but the anticipated pleasure of the occasion was enhanced in the fact that Mrs. Harrison would sing the soprano solos and would be heard in duet with Mr. Starr. As a sort of introduction to the cantata itself the infammatum from the Stabat Mater was given, then a violin solo by Prof. White, followed by "The Marvellous Work" from "The Creation." Mrs. Harrison sang the soprano leads in both these pieces and she maintained her usual standard of excellence. To my mind she sang better and generally in more correct tone than on previous appearances but yet I think she is not at her best in oratorio work. She is not dramatic enough while in the softer passages there is little room for adverse comment. It is understood of course that Mrs. Harrison is considered and dealt with as a professional. Messrs. Coster and Starr gave much pleasure, but the pleasure was somewhat mingled with a sympathetic pain, when the former gentleman encountered a slight mishap in one of his solos. He did quite right though to take the work up at the next stage when he was assured of it. His fine baritone voice is handicapped severely by an unfortunate degree of nervousness which attended him at this concert. Mr. Starr was at times, a little husky and was a little off to. He has a very musical voice and it is always a pleasure to hear him. The duet "Love Divine" by Mr. Dawson and Mr. Starr gave unbounded delight. The work of the chorus was never better I thought than on this occasion and they showed the splendid drill of the conductor Mr. Ford. They were indeed excellent. The concert pleased everyone and there were many musical people in the audience. In respect to the patronage it was unfortunate there happened to be another concert on the same evening in Centenary church whereat some special musical talent from Sackville appeared. It is

a pity when musical affairs like these conflict. The effect is to injure both and should be guarded against when possible. I rather incline to the belief that the society was compelled to take that date in view of Mrs. Harrison's departure from New Brunswick.

The concert at the Centenary I have heard was one of unusual musical merit, and that the work of the Webb sisters (three little girls) was wonderful and that Miss Joan Bruce the violinist, is an artist. I hope it will be possible to have these performers appear here again at an early date, so that the people, generally may have the opportunity to hear them.

The City Cornet Band is arranging a minstrel performance for the 4th and 5th of May. Some of the best local talent has been secured.

On Thursday evening Miss Tarbox and Mr. A. B. Hitchcock sang in the Opera house at the annual concert of Prof. Titus. I am sorry it is not possible to deal with it this week, but from having heard the lady sing before, and because of the assurances given to the public of Mr. Hitchcock's talent I have no doubt the occasion was one of perfect delight.

Tones and Un-tones.

The new opera "The Cricket on the Hearth" by Goldmark, has scored a pronounced success in Vienna. It will be produced in England this season. The opera is founded on Dickens work of the same name.

Sir Augustus Harris has engaged an exceptionally strong combination for this season of English opera. Madame Amy Sherwin, a favorite of last year, will return, and among the others are Madame Duma, Madame Amadi, Madame Fanny Moody, Miss Susan Strong, Miss Meisslinger and Miss Pauline Joran; Messrs. Hedmond, Brons, Bispham, Manners, Green and Bevan, Signor Mancinelli and Mr. J. M. Glover will be the conductors.

James C. Duff, a once well known impresario or opera manager, has just returned to New York from England where he has secured for production in this country a romantic opera entitled "Shamus O'Brien." It is now running at the Comique in London. The music is by Dr. Villiers Stanford and the book by George H. Jessup.

The twenty-second rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra was

given in Music hall yesterday afternoon, April 17, at 7:30 and this evening, April 18, at 8. Programme:

- Overture, "King Stephen" Beethoven
- Three Movements from Symphony, Dr. G. Hubert Parry
- "Romeo and Juliet" Berlioz
- Ballet, "Jung Dietrich" Henschel
- (With Pianoforte Accompaniment)
- March "Haidgung's March" Schubert
- Soloist, Mr. Georg Henschel. Wagner

Mr. Sidney Woodward whose voice is well known here gave a very successful concert last week in Association Hall, Boston. Mrs. Lottie MacKay, soprano and Mr. Alfred de Savv, violinist, assisted him.

The ladies of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston on Easter Sunday last presented "a beautiful floral tribute of loving remembrance" to Carl Zerrahn.

"The Elijah" was sung at the First Baptist church on Commonwealth avenue, Boston, last Sunday evening. Mrs. Jennie Patrick Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmunds and other prominent musicians took part.

The concert of the Handel and Haydn society of Boston on Easter Sunday when The "Creation" was given, was the 66th performance of that work, and the 702nd concert of the society. There was much disappointment of course when it was announced that Madame Albani was to appear, but the fact that Mrs. Henschel would take her place, almost satisfied the audience. A notice of this lady's work the occasion is as follows.

"Mrs. Henschel sang beautifully, the charming quality of her voice, the clear enunciation, and the ease with which she sang the more difficult passages made it a pleasure to listen to her. In some parts of her music it seemed as if it required a voice of greater power and dramatic force, but this was a shortcoming soon lost sight of.

"The Wizard of the Nile" with Frank Daniels in the leading role is on at the Boston museum this week. He takes the part of Kibosh, the magician.

Some folks make the remark that Lillian Russell is learning to act.

The recent rumor that Marie Sone (Mrs. MacDonald) a once favorite singer, was about to return to the stage is now contradicted.

At the Castle Square theatre, Boston this week Maritana is the bill. Miss Clara Lane is Maritana and Thos. Peres is Don Cesar. Miss Hattie Bell Ladd is Lazarillo. Miss Mason does not appear to be "in it." Catherine Lewis who was among the

best of comic opera singers in the United States has just joined the forces of Keith. This manager is getting them all by degrees.

"So Mrs. Keene is engaged?" said one young man. "Yes," replied the despondent lover, "and to another." "I thought she regarded you very kindly." "She did, and I lavished every attention on her. I took her to the opera every night, and immediately after that she married my rival." "She thought he had more money than you." "She was sure of it. He couldn't help but have it after I took her to the opera every night."—The Stage and Field.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

An association of Brooklyn ladies met last week and among other things, discussed the high theatre hat. They passed a resolution requesting managers to ask all ladies with high hats to remove them in the theatre. The small hat with high trimmings is quite as great a nuisance.

Stuart Robson has purchased from Opie Rad the dramatic rights of the novel "The Jacklins."

Georgia Cayvan is now in New York arranging for her starring tour which will begin at Palmers theatre New York, next October. She is evidently taking time by the forelock.

Daniel Frohman has abandoned the management of Richard Mansfield. Differences of opinion at the outset is the alleged cause.

A New York paper of recent date says "N. C. Goodwin has just terminated a convivial vacation in town while his company continued its tour with performances omitted."

Miss Ullie Akerstrom is about to enter in the region of Vaudeville. Her debut will be made at Keith's in the near future. Miss Akerstrom will be remembered as having played a season in this city last year appearing in "The Sultan's Daughter" etc.

A new comedy by W. R. Waikes and entitled "A Woman of Business" will be produced at the St. James Theatre, London, on the 23rd inst. Leading London favorites will be in the cast.

Among the cast of the new Japanese play at Daly's, London, produced last week are Miss Letty Lind, Miss Juliette Neville, Miss Marie Tempest, Messrs. Louis Bradford, Harry Monkhouse and Hayden Coffin—a remarkably attractive sextette.

Fanny Davenport of "Cleopatra" and "La Tosca" fame recently remarked "I like the natural of art but I like not the natural of nature." Agnes Booth will appear in "The Sport-

ing Duchess" at the Hollis theatre Boston shortly. It is a long time since she played in that city, and a warm welcome is anticipated for her.

"Charley's Aunt" has paid a successful visit to Boston and has gone to pastures new if there can be found any place where it has not been before. It is truly a mirth provoking play when it is well acted. Salvini's leading lady, Gussie DeForest, will go to Europe as soon as her season terminates.

Joe Jefferson, John Drew, Mand Jams, and May Irwin, contributed to a recent entertainment at the Fifth Avenue theatre New York, for the benefit of the Confederate veterans mortuary fund.

A new departure in theatrical souvenirs was made in the case of Hoyt's play, "A Black Sheep." This time the gentlemen in the audience on the occasion of the 100th performance of the play on the 14th inst. were presented with silver pocket knives.

Marion Manola Mason, who it is said will probably come here this summer, has a daughter who is appearing at the Bowdoin theatre, Boston, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who are remembered here, will for the present continue their vaudeville work, although they said to have procured two new comedies.

E. J. Henley the actor was a school mate of Chevalier, the singer of Coster songs. This fact will not make Henley a better actor nor the other man a better singer.

Madame Dase, has made return dates in Boston and will appear there on the afternoons of the 23rd and 24th inst.

Beebohm Tree has been visiting the Quartier Latin in Paris to study the haunts of Svengali. He is playing this role till he is tired of it but "Trilby" is doing large business. During his vacation of a week, he paid full salaries.

"The Mother of Tares" a new comedy by Col. Graves was produced at the comedy theatre London a few days ago. Some English favorites were in the cast.

A new drama by Stuart Ogilvie entitled "The Sin of S. Haldia" was produced at the Shaftsbury theatre London, last week. Miss Kate Rorke played a leading role in the production.

An elaborate revival of "Richard II." is being arranged for this year's performance at Stratford-on-Avon. This play is said to be an almost unknown quantity in England.

A pound of feathers contains 16 ounces, or 7,000 grains; a pound of gold contains 12 ounces, or 5,760 grains.

HAVANA WRAPPERS SCARC.
Already a Cheap Mexican Tobacco Is Used as a Substitute for Them.

The retail tobaccoists have substantial reason for believing that a state of war exists in Cuba says a N. Y. Paper. Thanks to a large stock on hand, smokers of the pure article are not likely to be deprived of clear Havana "fillers" for some time to come, although the price may rise very shortly. The chief immediate effect of the war, will manifest itself from now on in the scarcity of Havana leaf wrappers, the supply of which bids fair to be exhausted within the next six months. A species of Mexican tobacco, inferior to Havana in both quality and price, is already being extensively used as a substitute, and this and Sumatra will hereafter be the principal brands upon which manufacturers will have to rely. One tobaccoist said that the Mexican article is so akin to the Havana leaf that the public is easily deceived by it. As proof of this he declared that it has been used extensively in this country for a year past, with few people the wiser for imposition.

Although the stock of Havana "fillers" is destined to fill demands for nearly three years to come, wholesalers are already demanding stiff prices for such goods from all but their regular customers. This, of course, means that the retailer is in many instances compelled to sell cigars, heretofore of the medium grades, at an increased price in order to reimburse himself for the additional outlay. Thus the consumer suffers.

FRENCH ENGLISH and AMERICAN MILLINERY.



Grand display of all the latest novelties in Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Toques and Bonnets.

Inspection cordially invited.

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SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

A. J. DAVIS.

Allegretto, la melodia ben marcato.

poco cresc. e accel.

a tempo.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a sixteen page paper, published every Saturday, at 25 cents per copy.

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

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, at five cents each.

Discontinuations.—Except in those localities where it is easy to reach, Progress will be stopped at the time paid for. Discontinuations can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 18.

IT IS A SLANDER.

The Montreal correspondent of the New York Sun may be an American or not. It is to be hoped, for the credit of Canada, that he is a more prejudiced liar from the United States, rather than that he is a degenerate Canadian who delights to misrepresent his country and its people at the line of so many dollars a column.

Seriously speaking, Canadian loyalty will not be worth a continental if they find there is no money in it. The other day a body of opera bouffe singers in one of the maritime provinces offered their services to the English Government to go to the Sudan against a people who had never done them any harm.

It is not necessary to comment on this. It is ever was a spontaneous offer of service, free from interested motive, it was that of the Hussars to go to the front, and it must have required an unusually scold mind to have attributed the motive of financial gain to the loyal cavalry.

THE LEVEL CROSSING.

As a precedent, such as that which took place at Coldbrook, last Saturday, are happily rare occurrences in this part of the world, and naturally excite a deep feeling of horror when they do occur.

In this recommendation, which does not appear to be very definitely worded, the jury probably means to refer only to the territory within its cognizance, the city and county of St. John.

The decision to have another exhibition in St. John, in September, has been made, and thus the matter has been set at rest much earlier than it was last year.

guarded grade crossing, and time and again the press has raised the cry that it should not be tolerated. Grade crossings cannot always be avoided, however, save at a cost which would seriously retard railway enterprise, and they must continue to exist as an evil which can only be modified by degrees.

Such modification is practically and seems to be demanded at all crossings in and around cities and towns, or wherever there is a large amount of highway travel. There would seem to be a need of better protection not only at Coldbrook but at other crossings both east and west of St. John station.

The prais of hasty judgment without a knowledge of facts should be kept in mind by those good people who are anxious to reform the world. The ministerial resolutions condemning scenes of intoxication and irreverence in the House of Commons, while another minister in Woodstock, Ont., condemned a bill given by the Governor General as a scene of vice and immorality which had cost the country \$25,000.

No little talk has been caused in and out of New York clerical circles by the recent alleged plagiarism of Rev. D. PARKER MORGAN, of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, one of the leading episcopal ministers of the metropolis.

In this age, when there is much talk of painless surgery, it is interesting to learn that a painless bullet has been invented for use in warfare. According to an eminent French surgeon, the steel-coated rifle bullets for the new magazine cause very little pain, and men wounded during recent riots did not know they were hurt until they found themselves bleeding.

Prohibition appears to be getting more unpopular than ever in Maine. In the municipal elections in Bangor and Augusta the prohibitionists polled only 106 votes out of a total of between four and five thousand.

HAPPENINGS HERE AND THERE. A Cop Who Knows What's What. Officer Gosselin reports that the body of a cat which is lying on Ludlow street, Carleton, should be removed.—Telegraph.

Martin in Good Luck. Bill an letter from our new found friend Charles H. Collins, containing a remittance of another dollar for copies of our book of poems has lately reached us.

Why Bub Hagens Mourns. "Bub" Hagens is mourning over the loss of eight little pigs. A few days ago, a dog entered the residence of the pig family, and had presence Bled Mrs. Pig with so much fear that she lost her nest and trampled her family to death.—Shelburne Bugle.

They Put Out the Damage. The basement of the Carleton Methodist church took fire on Friday morning. The damage was slight, and was put out with little difficulty.—Telegraph.

In Scott Act Moncton. Saturday evening a young man under the influence of liquor was ejected from LeBlanc's hotel, Duke street, for creating trouble. He smashed two windows with a plank after he was put out.—Transcript.

Russell and Keefe will Run. Despite the action of the Liberal party of ward 6, Halifax, in rejecting the ticket of Russell and Keefe, these gentlemen will be the candidates. Late advices state that at a meeting of the executive, on Wednesday, the committee decided that no charge was demanded, and no new convention will be called, as the resolution asked.

THE EXPLOITS OF MICHAEL. ("I do make some claim to be a worker... My forte is working, not speaking.")—Speech at Dartmouth. I'm full of fight, I'm awful bright, My intellect is keen; Thee with my might, from morn till night I kill the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

With knowing smile, I will beguile The workmen plain and green; And all the while in Zulu style I'll maul the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

Of work I brag, I've earned my pay, I use the lash, and I will whip; For want of rag, I never flag To brain the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

I'm now a swell as you know well, An alderman I've been; I talk 'em, all, by methods fell I brain the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

I am ex-mayor, I filled the chair, My name's secure, secure; I yet declare that never here I spared the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

I never shirk the courtless work, I come with Abberdeen, Too like a Turk I plunge the dirk into the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

I choke, I crash, I stroke, I smash, I jump upon with glee; I'll stab you in the back I gash The language of Her Majesty; These are in brief, some deeds of mine— (The Kenny deed we ween) 'Tis said in grief, these are the chief— He hates the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

Jim's Champion. When Jim was dead, "He saved him right," the nabors seel, An' bust his lip for the life he'd led. An' him to say that at rest With not a rose on his breast; Ah! many cruel words they sed When Jim was dead.

"Yes! killed himself!" "To meaner live!" They didn't live on water for life Of comfort as they hovered near; "I'll gash 'em Jim a lying there!" "That ain't so 'er talk," they sed, "He's better dead!"

Beautiful Hand. As I remember the first fair touch Of these beautiful hands that I love so much, I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled; Kissing the glove that I found on the bed— When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!" And I sed and alone in a dream I stand, Kissing the glove of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago, And I had your hand as I told you so— For sed and caressed in and gave it a kiss, And said, "I could die for a hand like this!" Little I dream'd of the fullness of bliss Had to ripen when eyes were wet, And prayers were vain in their wild demands. For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful Hand! Oh, beautiful hand! Could you reach out to the alien lands Where you are lingering, and give me to night Only a touch—were it ever so slight— My heart were soothed, and my weary brain Would feel the rest of my life stand. For there is no notch, and the world cannot Like the caress of your beautiful hand. —James Wilcomb Riley.

Little Boy Blue. The little boy is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little boy is full of play, And his mustered words in his hands. Time was when the little boy cop was new And the soldier's rest was fair there. And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you think any more!" 'Tis now, to dole of his red-die-bed, He dream'd of the pretty toys, As he was dreaming of a new song Awakened our Little Boy Blue. The years are many, the years are long, But the little boy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face. And they wonder, at waiting these long years through, In the dust, of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there. —Eugene Field.

The Tit. When a pair of lovers quarrel, And in pride and anger part, Or with hasty speech unkindly Wringing each the other's heart; As with high and haughty footstep She'll offend the maid's heart; She will turn her head a moment, Glancing only—so she'll say— At the glow of drying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

When a pair of lovers weary Of such comedy of strife, Meet again and see forgiveness, Vowing harmony for life; As, with soft and tender glances, For one little kiss they pray, She will turn her head a moment, Coily releasing shy delay. At the glow of drying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way! —St. Paul's.

Waiting. I hear his footstep on the stair, My heart responds with quickened beat, As to my ear the sound waves bear The eager accent of his feet. O heart! my heart, cease thou pining; The hope that's scarce in his hand? He comes to see and win today. To-morrow he may come to wed—Lucius Harwood Foot, in Boston Transcript.

The Deacon's Little Trick. The deacon referred to in Progress a fortnight ago as having left his church on account of not being able to run the show himself, has made another move to injure his former Christian workers. The baptismal font was in need of repairs and a plumber engaged to do the work.

The deacon heard of this and informed the plumber not to do the job, as he would never get paid for it. The plumber acted on the advice given by the deacon and left the job undone for some days. When the committee in charge heard of the act they made things all right, and the work was completed. They now think it wise to keep their eyes open and see what Dan'll do next.

The Dominion of Canada contains 3,456,383 square miles; the United States contains 3,501,000 square miles.

THESE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Exploits of Michael. ("I do make some claim to be a worker... My forte is working, not speaking.")—Speech at Dartmouth. I'm full of fight, I'm awful bright, My intellect is keen; Thee with my might, from morn till night I kill the language of the Queen, The English of the Queen.

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Jim's Champion. When Jim was dead, "He saved him right," the nabors seel, An' bust his lip for the life he'd led. An' him to say that at rest With not a rose on his breast; Ah! many cruel words they sed When Jim was dead.

"Yes! killed himself!" "To meaner live!" They didn't live on water for life Of comfort as they hovered near; "I'll gash 'em Jim a lying there!" "That ain't so 'er talk," they sed, "He's better dead!"

Beautiful Hand. As I remember the first fair touch Of these beautiful hands that I love so much, I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled; Kissing the glove that I found on the bed— When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow As you said to me laughingly, "Keep it now!" And I sed and alone in a dream I stand, Kissing the glove of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago, And I had your hand as I told you so— For sed and caressed in and gave it a kiss, And said, "I could die for a hand like this!" Little I dream'd of the fullness of bliss Had to ripen when eyes were wet, And prayers were vain in their wild demands. For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful Hand! Oh, beautiful hand! Could you reach out to the alien lands Where you are lingering, and give me to night Only a touch—were it ever so slight— My heart were soothed, and my weary brain Would feel the rest of my life stand. For there is no notch, and the world cannot Like the caress of your beautiful hand. —James Wilcomb Riley.

Little Boy Blue. The little boy is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little boy is full of play, And his mustered words in his hands. Time was when the little boy cop was new And the soldier's rest was fair there. And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said, "And don't you think any more!" 'Tis now, to dole of his red-die-bed, He dream'd of the pretty toys, As he was dreaming of a new song Awakened our Little Boy Blue. The years are many, the years are long, But the little boy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, Each in the same old place, Awaiting the touch of a little hand, The smile of a little face. And they wonder, at waiting these long years through, In the dust, of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there. —Eugene Field.

The Tit. When a pair of lovers quarrel, And in pride and anger part, Or with hasty speech unkindly Wringing each the other's heart; As with high and haughty footstep She'll offend the maid's heart; She will turn her head a moment, Glancing only—so she'll say— At the glow of drying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way!

When a pair of lovers weary Of such comedy of strife, Meet again and see forgiveness, Vowing harmony for life; As, with soft and tender glances, For one little kiss they pray, She will turn her head a moment, Coily releasing shy delay. At the glow of drying day! Maiden's way! Maiden's way! —St. Paul's.

Waiting. I hear his footstep on the stair, My heart responds with quickened beat, As to my ear the sound waves bear The eager accent of his feet. O heart! my heart, cease thou pining; The hope that's scarce in his hand? He comes to see and win today. To-morrow he may come to wed—Lucius Harwood Foot, in Boston Transcript.

The Deacon's Little Trick. The deacon referred to in Progress a fortnight ago as having left his church on account of not being able to run the show himself, has made another move to injure his former Christian workers. The baptismal font was in need of repairs and a plumber engaged to do the work.

The deacon heard of this and informed the plumber not to do the job, as he would never get paid for it. The plumber acted on the advice given by the deacon and left the job undone for some days. When the committee in charge heard of the act they made things all right, and the work was completed. They now think it wise to keep their eyes open and see what Dan'll do next.

The Dominion of Canada contains 3,456,383 square miles; the United States contains 3,501,000 square miles.

HELP THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

They Are Anxious to Own Bicycles and the Chance is given by "Progress."

Since Progress was issued last week, the publisher has offered the best junior bicycles to the boy and girl who obtains the most signed orders for it before May 31st and has offered in addition to present any boy or girl with the same kind of a bicycle who obtains one hundred of these signed orders.

Progress has had a good many successful competitions since it was first published but none started out with such a rush as this.

The first announcement was made in the columns of The Daily Record on Saturday, and on Monday eager boys and girls were seeking information and order blanks at Progress office. They got the information, but the order blanks were not delivered to them until Tuesday and by that time many of them had as many as thirty odd promises from people willing to assist them to get a wheel. One boy brought in thirty six another twenty six a few hours after they obtained the blanks and others began with such a creditable number that there is not much if any doubt that they will get the required number.

But the best part of it all is that no boy or girl who get five or ten signed orders will work for nothing. Each and every one of them who gets five or more orders, but not enough to secure a bicycle will get a gift of some kind according to the number of orders sent in.

Then again if any boy or girl get 30, 40 or 50 or more orders, but not 100 and wishes to allow those orders to go on the purchase of the bicycle, they can do so and by paying cash for the balance obtain the bicycle. For example suppose the bicycle cost \$50 (which will be about the cost of it) every order will mean sixty cents toward the purchase of the wheel; fifty orders will mean that you will have to add \$30 to get the wheel.

The bicycle will be supplied Progress under arrangement with the Ira Corwall Co. Ltd., who carry the largest quality of bicycles in the Maritime provinces. They are called the Crescent No. 3 and No. 6 and are thus described in the catalogue of the Western Wheel Works of Chicago one of the largest manufacturing concerns in the country.

There are a vast number of ladies who no ride our Crescent No. 4, and who, as girls, learned to ride on our Crescent No. 6. It is made on the same general line, construction, and of the same quality of material. It is simply smaller in size, so as to fit a "little woman." The finish is the same as on the more expensive wheels. The specifications are, 24 inch wheels; Morgan & Wright Quick Repair or Diamond Single Tube 1 1/2 inch tires; saddle Garford 03; depth of frame 16 1/2 inch; tread 5 1/2 inch; wheel base 37 1/2 inch; head 6 1/2 inch; cranks 5 1/2 inch; reach 24 1/2 inch; gear 55 inch; Crescent Combination Rubber Pedals; weight 30 1/2 lb.

No. 3 is our Boy's machine, and the average youth can see all of its good points without our giving a lengthy description of it. They can distinguish the up-to-date bicycle the moment they see it. It is only necessary to say that it is constructed in the same manner as the No. 2, and is made of the same material. It is perfectly constructed in every detail, high grade lightest weight, and in fact everything that the "little man" could want. It will coast just as far as his father's, and climb hills just as easily. He can carry it up stairs himself, and it is a wheel which he can feel assured is the highest grade bicycle built of its size.

Specification 24 inch wheels; Morgan & Wright Quick Repair or Diamond Single Tube 1 1/2 inch tires; saddle Garford 03; depth of frame 16 inch; tread 5 1/2 inch; wheel base 35 inch; head 6 1/2 inch; cranks 5 1/2 inch; reach 23 to 32 inch; gear 55 inch; Crescent Combination Rubber Pedals; weight 29 1/2 lb.; 30 inch frame semi-regular—low frame only when ordered.

DOGS THAT CHASE MEN.

Bloodhounds as Aids to the Police in Tracking Fugitives from Justice.

In England the rural constabulary, in some cases, are asking for bloodhounds to aid in the detection of poachers and criminals. To show that good results would follow, the Superintendent of Police of a country district has sent to the Field the following attested narrative, published in the issue of March 28:

"Some time this year a constable was out in the early morning, when about 6:30 a.m., he came across a couple of notorious poachers who were walking along a foot-path through some fields. They, seeing the constable, called out in alarm as a signal to their companions, who were no doubt coming behind. Owing to the darkness, the latter escaped; but the constable took some rabbits and sets from the men he had met, for being in the possession of which under such circumstances they were later on duly punished. At daybreak the constable, accompanied by a young bloodhound bitch, returned to the place, and was able to distinguish the footsteps of a number of men who had come out of a turnip field. They had separated, some going in one direction, others in another. The hound was put upon the tracks, and with her nose to the ground she hunted them across two fields, going straight up to working man as everyone knows. He got up some 400 yards in the world as Keefe is getting up now. Where then is the difference between two working men who are anxious and ambitious to get along and climb the ladder? Why can not Keefe as well as Kenny do so? Has he not just as equal right? Of course Keefe does not happen to belong to the boodie brigade nor has he any Sir Charles to shove him into a title for a remuneration which was Sir Edward's fortune, not his fault. Not his birth stood to him nor does his lineage of belonging to the working men deprive him of the so-called titles. You call the homestead a mansion. How you get laughed at. I saw it after the sale.

I think I know a good house from a bad one. I poor Sir Edward Kenny kept his house equal to his title as "Keefe" keeps his homestead within and without, the poor departed man would have had no thousands to leave the family out of the only very moderate share of means. Again as to being a sociable centre, any place is just as good if convenient, and that is all to be said about it. If Keefe chose to be a society man with

his family, all he has to do is to entertain, and he can do so as well as any of those of his predecessors who compose Halifax society. They all each and everyone of the natives climbed the ladder as well as "Keefe."

And if the lineage or genealogy of what is called society in Halifax were traced up, I bear witness that Keefe and his good lady would be on the top rung of the ladder.

The educated men of Halifax and their families are seldom seen at society gatherings and if they do go, it is less and far fewer. As an army man, once said, "I know it that the nice people aren't known to us? Why do not visit us? I don't know why, I should so much like to know those men of learning and their families, but we were never introduced to them at the few places we saw them." OBSERVER.

CHRONOMETER RATING.

Delicacy of Hearing That Can Detect a Difference of a Tenth of a Second.

Every large vessel sailing the ocean has at least two chronometers, and all the liners carry at least three, and many of them carry four, says a N. Y. paper. A chronometer is never set, no matter how much away from the true Greenwich time it may be, except when it is cleaned, and that is only once in about three years. It is rated instead. When the captain comes into port he straightway takes his chronometer to the shop. A record is made of the time it registers, and it is compared with the true time at Greenwich, England. It may be kept in the shop for two or three days, or even in some cases a month. A careful record is kept to determine whether the chronometer is gaining or losing time.

The average of all the observations gives a very accurate estimate of what may be expected of the chronometer at sea. Such is the skill of the chronometer man that he can tell its variations down to the tenth of a second. A large clock in the shop ticks twice every second. Taking the chronometer to the big clock, the operator listens intently to the ticking of the big clock and to the ticking of the chronometer, and mentally notes the difference. His ear is more accurate than any instrument that can be made. A chronometer which neither gains nor loses is something that has never been built. Atmospheric and other variable conditions affect it, so that the least is impossible. It is this accuracy of the ear that is the stock in trade of the chronometer rater that cannot be patented, copyrighted, nor imitated. It comes through long practice only. When the job is done and the captain calls for his chronometer he receives an exact record of what has been observed. A record is as well kept in the shop.

No two of the chronometers on board a ship may point to the same time of day. They may vary several hours in fact. But the Captain knows just how far away from the true time each one is, from the ratings, and thus makes his calculations. It is his chronometer is five minutes fast and points to half-past 2, he knows that the actual time is 25 minutes past 2. But the actual time is not what he cares for. It is the elapsed time since he sailed. That is what the chronometer is used to tell. An old clock will tell the actual time near enough for all practical purposes.

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WELCOME SOAP Don't Use Soap unless you need it, then only the test. For the bath and toilet FAIRY Soap is a positive luxury, that when once tried you will always insist on having. A clear, white, vegetable oil Soap. The color indicates its purity.



WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

- - It Floats - -

Social and Personal.

Social circles have been rather quiet during the week the only event of importance being the assembly dance on Thursday evening to which society turned out in goodly numbers.

On Friday last week Miss Dever gave a very large tea for the entertainment of her guest Miss Farrell of Halifax; about two hundred invitations were issued nearly all of which were accepted. The afternoon was delightfully fine and the gathering a very pleasant one. Mrs. Dever and Miss Dever were assisted in receiving by Miss Farrell, who wore a beautiful English made gown of pale blue crepon with yellow tulle trimmings. Mrs. Dever wore a very handsome costume of black satin with Louis Quize coat elaborately trimmed with white satin and jet while Miss Dever was wearing an elegant white and flowered satin with black stripes and black satin skirt.

The table from which the delicacies were served was tastefully and artistically decorated with yellow daisies and a very pretty yellow silk centre piece.

Mrs. Coster and Mrs. George McLeod poured tea, the former wearing a very becoming yellow striped silk waist and black satin skirt, and the latter a charming dress of French gray moire antique with lace trimmings.

The young ladies who assisted in looking after the guests were: Miss Bayard who wore a pretty and becoming cream trimmed bodice and black skirt; Miss MacMillan, pale blue figured silk and black skirt; Miss Warner, pale blue silk and black; Miss Caverhill-Jones, pale blue satin, draped with tulle; Miss Adams, Dresden black and black; Miss Troop, blue with yellow tulle and ribbons; Miss Furlong, green silk bodice and black skirt; Miss Burpee, black and white silk trimmed with tulle.

Among those invited were the Countess deBury, Lady Tilley, Mrs. J. McMillan, Misses McMillan, Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel, Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Misses Bayard, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Tuck, Misses Tuck, Mrs. Troop, Miss Troop, Mrs. George McLeod, Mrs. Joseph Allison, Mrs. Chip Smith, Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Misses Dunn, Mrs. C. E. Fairweather, Mrs. Kaye, Miss Beaudry, Miss Miller, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. Paula, Misses Park, Mrs. Straton, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. C. N. Skinner, Mrs. Jerry Harrison, Mrs. Wm. Harrison, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. W. H. Adams, Mrs. Straton, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Mrs. J. Jack, Miss Hart, Mrs. J. Boy Campbell, Misses Caverhill-Jones, Miss Leah Harrison, Mrs. Vassie, Misses Vassie, Miss Thorne, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. Robert Thomas, Misses Robertson, Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Vroom, Miss Vroom, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Mrs. Chas. McDonald, Mrs. Will Starr, Mrs. T. E. Jones.

In the evening a little dance was given for the young ladies who waited, the number being increased by Miss Kathleen Furlong and Miss Edna Jones. Several interesting games of chance were played and delicious refreshments served. Among the gentlemen present were, Mr. George Hart, Mr. J. Warner, Mr. Chas. Troop, Mr. Douglas Troop, Mr. Hansard, Mr. J. Ross of Jack, Mr. J. Harrison, Mr. West Winslow, Mr. Jack Wetmore, Mr. Kirkwood, and Mr. J. J. C. Coster.

The Banjo Club gave a recital at Miss Furlong's home last Tuesday evening. A very pleasant evening was spent.

The ladies who took part in the series of assemblies last winter gave a charming dance at the Institute rooms on Thursday evening, which was chaperoned by Mrs. J. McMillan, M. S. Holden and Mrs. C. N. Skinner.

The supper served at midnight included oysters, cold turkey ham, cake sandwiches, sweets and other tempting dishes.

A cozy little sitting out nook was made at one end of the dining room and was very prettily arranged. The following was the order of dances for which Harrison supplied excellent music, waltz; waltz; waltz; waltz; polka; waltz; two step; waltz; waltz; galop; waltz; three step; waltz; two step; waltz; waltz; waltz. Very many pretty dresses were worn among which the following were noted.

Mrs. J. McMillan, handsome black silk, lace and jet.

Mrs. Holden, black and white brocade velvet.

Mrs. C. N. Skinner, black silk.

Mrs. Leigh Harrison, black satin, bodice of flowered silk trimmed with lace and green satin ribbon.

Mrs. Straton, lovely blue silk gown, trimmed with blue chiffon and violets.

Mrs. Simonds, black crepon and violets.

Mrs. Troopman, Nile green silk, silver gauze trimmings and violets.

Mrs. E. T. Sturder, white silk crepon, pink velvet ribbons.

Mrs. Coster, pink silk, chiffon and pearl trimmings.

Mrs. James Jack, black silk, heliotrope, chiffon and violets.

Mrs. Lawson, black and silver gauze, black velvet.

Miss Markham, pink silk, silver passementerie, white roses and carnations.

Miss Furlong, mauve silk, silver gauze overdress.

Miss Kathleen Furlong, blue mousseline de soie over blue silk, beautiful bouquet of pink roses.

Miss Robertson, grey and black flowered silk cream lace and jet.

Miss Outram, white chiffon over white silk, pink roses.

Miss McAvity, white silk, satin ribbon, white roses.

Mrs. MacRae, pink silk crepe over white silk, pearls, white lace and pink carnations.

Miss McMillan, blue and white striped crepon, blue satin ribbons, forget-me-nots.

Miss Vroom, black and white crepon and silk, pink roses.

Miss Allison, heliotrope crepon, chiffon.

Miss Bishop, white mousseline de soie over white silk, violets.

Miss Skinner, flowered muslin, yellow silk, and roses.

Miss Lena Dunn, blue muslin, black satin ribbons.

Miss Betts, black silk, with blue trimmings.

Miss Travers, blue silk, with white lace trimmings.

Miss Louise Skinner, black velvet and yellow silk.

Miss Edith Skinner, heliotrope, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Nellie Wetmore, blue and white silk.

Miss Jones, heliotrope velvet and black silk.

Miss Florrie McMillan, blue moire silk, white lace.

Miss Gilbert, heliotrope silk, chiffon and white roses.

Miss A. Len, white silk, lace and silver passementerie.

Miss Mary Warner, pale green silk.

Miss Beattie Adams, white and heliotrope.

Miss Christie, pale blue silk crepon, lace and flowers.

Miss Tuck, white silk, black ribbons and lace.

Miss Troop, white silk, yellow chiffon and roses.

Miss Dever, black satin, yellow silk and yellow chiffon.

Miss Farrell, (Hallifax), pink satin, pearl trimmings.

Miss Vassie, black satin, blue and pink forget me-nots.

Miss J. Vassie, blue silk, white lace and roses.

Miss Burpee, pale blue silk, white lace and flowers.

Miss Holden, pink silk, black chiffon.

Miss Blair, pink silk, white chiffon and roses.

Miss Markland, yellow silk, white lace and roses.

PLEASANT TO TAKE Every Mother should have it for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has woes. Dropped on sugar suffering children love it. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proved by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has so great an extent of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a power and are loud in its praise ever after.

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All who use it are amazed at its wonderful knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age.

Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. At all Druggists. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.



A Few Carpet Beaters

LEFT, AT 10c.

A fresh supply of Self Wringing Mops at 40c.

Garden Tools, Ice Cream Freezers, Window Screens, and Refrigerators at lowest prices this season.

Stoves taken down by competent workmen and stored for the season at a moderate charge.

Wholesale and Retail.

J. E. WHITTAKER & CO.,

(Successors to Sheraton & Whittaker.)

Flattering Testimonials

Pour in from LADIES and LEADING DRESSMAKERS all over Canada about the Simplicity and Durability of

"WAKEFIELD"

Specially Prepared Leather Binding.

To insure yourself against frauds, see that every yard is marked in gold letters, "WAKEFIELD Specially Prepared Leather." This is a guarantee that you have the right binding.

At All Dry Goods Stores.



ON THE **Wine List**

O'Keefe's Ale and O'Keefe's Lager

Are always found as the leaders. Ask for them.

Agent: **Geo. P. McLaughlin,**

O'Keefe Brewery Co.,

St. John, N. B., 11 and 13 Water Street.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2

—IMPROVED—

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER

\$10?

CONTAINS New Ideas and Improved Construction developed in the manufacture and use of the No. 1. It is a marvellous combination of simplicity and capability, being rapid, durable, portable and serviceable. Writes in right; uses no ribbon, but prints directly from the type, which, combined with the perfect alignment, gives results unexcelled by any; handsomely enamelled and nickel-plated; every machine is guaranteed.

Our Third Year and No Competition Catalogue and letter written with it

Ira Cornwall, - General Agent

For the Maritime Provinces.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Miss Caverhill-Jones, white silk, chiffon and roses.

Miss May Farrell of Halifax is the guest of Miss Dever.

Dr. Stewart Skinner arrived Thursday on the Lake Superior and will shortly begin the practice of his profession in the city.

Mrs. Beverly Stevens of St. Stephen who was visiting city relatives, has returned home.

The St. John friends of Mrs. Annie Melick will regret to hear that she is dangerously ill in Cambridge, Mass., where she has made her home for several years.

Master W. J. Waterbury has returned to St. Stephen after a visit to friends here.

Miss Flora Edson of Aponago is in the city visiting Miss Marion Leitchour, Stanley at sea.

Mrs. L. H. Davies of Charlottetown was here, lately for a short time, on her way to Ottawa.

The marriage of Mr. George A. Peters of this city and Miss Carrie Anderson of Sackville took place this week at the home of the bride, Rev. W. C. Vincent (vicar), Mr. and Mrs. Peters are enjoying a short wedding trip through Nova Scotia. The bride, who is a great favorite with her friends, received many handsome remembrances.

Among the St. John guests at the ball given at the Windsor hotel were: Miss Stockton, who wore yellow muslin; Miss F. Tait, green and white; Miss M. S. Sinclair, who wore blue cashmere; Miss M. Louise Stewart of Chatham, formerly of this city is the guest of Mrs. Fred Fowler St. Jam's street.

Mr. G. W. Merritt who has been ill for some time is able to be out again.

Mrs. Charles E. Scam as I went to England this week on the Lake Ontario. Miss Annie Scam well who has been residing there for some months will accompany her upon her return home.

Mr. O. S. Wells of Barbados is staying in the city. Mr. H. E. Watson of Boston is paying a short visit to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Hazen are rejoicing over the arrival of a little son.

Mr. A. W. Cook of Montreal was here for a day or two lately.

Mrs. W. H. Tuck and Miss Tuck are visiting Boston this week.

Mrs. W. W. White left this week for short visit to New York.

The marriage of Mr. Herman Giviel of New York and Miss Ruth Ugar, social daughter of Mr. Simon Ugar took place Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father on Union street in the presence of immediate friends only. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Kapkin and Rev. W. O. Raymond. The bride wore a becoming crown travelling dress with hat to match and a very handsome fur cape the gift of the groom. She was the recipient of many elegant gifts from her friends. After a wedding luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Giviel left for New York where they will make their future home.

Miss Katie Hazen of St. John is visiting her uncle Mr. A. E. Tibbitts of Fredericton.

Mrs. J. Fen Fuser is spending a few days in Fredericton the guest of her father Mr. J. Richard. Miss Hamlin Crookshank has returned to Fredericton from a long visit to friends here and in Hantsport.

Miss Ida Allen of Fredericton came down from Fredericton to attend the assembly dance in the Institute on Thursday evening.

Miss Aggie Garden of St. John is visiting friends in Fredericton.

Miss Cora Reed is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Miles.

Miss Masnie has returned to Fredericton after a visit to city friends.

Miss Helen Daley of Montreal is visiting friends on Gilmour street a little son.

Miss Geo. Trices is spending a few days in Fredericton.

Miss Alma Phillips left Thursday for a visit to friends in Montana.

Miss Nellie Katanford is here visiting her aunt Mr. M. B. Nixon.

Miss Markland and Miss Blair have returned to Fredericton after a visit to city friends. Miss Jackson of the same city is a young with St. John relative.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Seely arrived home Monday from their wedding trip; Mrs. Seely will receive her friends on Tuesday and Wednesday 21, and 22, of April at 26 Germania street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Marchie of Fredericton intended to remove to Carleton. Mr. and Mrs. Marchie are very popular in Fredericton society.

Mrs. Gershon Mayes gave a delightful little evening this week to a small party of friends; the pleasure of the guests was very much increased by the presence of Mrs. C. W. Harrison who sang several selections in her usual clever manner. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McCordock who have been living on Coburg street, have removed to the Dufferin hotel for the present.

Mrs. G. Moffat and Mrs. Roland Moffat, Dalhousie, were in the city over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Halleck and Miss Halleck of Halifax were in the city for a short time lately.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Buco of Moncton were here for a short time the first of the week.

Mrs. Oren Campbell of Fredericton, Peleedoc lately visiting her aunt Mrs. Smith of Woodlands.

Mrs. B. A. Stammers gave a lemon party last Tuesday evening in aid of the talent fund of Brussels street church and as it was quite a novelty in the way of such events, was very enjoyable. Lemons were sold to the visitors who made a guess as to the number of seeds their own particular lemons contained; this was labelled and laid aside to be opened and seeds counted later, and the juice made into lemonade, to be served with lemon cake, lemon pie and ice cream. Miss Emma Goddard in the guessing contest won the first prize, a glass lemon squeezer while Mrs. McTinty was awarded the consolation prize. The decorations were in lemons and the rooms looked very pretty. Various games were played and vocal and instrumental music made the time pass quickly until midnight. Quite a number were present and the evening was a thoroughly pleasant one.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given Tuesday evening in the Oddfellows hall at Carleton, to a large and appreciative audience who were very generous in the way of applause bestowed upon those who took part in the following programme: selection Carleton quartette; Misses Brown and Young and Messrs. Brittain and Pierce; reading, Miss Earle; harmonica solo, Mr. Craig; reading, Miss Fortmore; vocal solo, Miss S. Knight; recitation, Miss Shamper; piano duet, Misses Carpenter and Brown; vocal solo, Miss M. Beattie; whistling solo, Mr. Evans; selection on Gramophone, Mr. Craig; reading, Miss Bailey; recitation, Miss L. Gregory; Auto-harp solo, Mrs. J. Lemon.

Invitations have been received here by friends of the interested parties, for the wedding, April 29 of Mr. George B. W. Notman, who is well known here, and Miss Olin of New York.

Mr. John E. Waring arrived from St. Kitt's a few days ago on a visit to his parents.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley left the first of the week for a visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. Robert Thompson, formerly of Carleton last arrived week from the west and will likely make St. John his future home.

Dr. D. Grant of Moncton was in the city the first of the week.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Bargains in Wall, Papers at McArthur's King St.

FRAGRANT AND CLEANSING

GET **BABY'S OWN SOAP**

IT'S AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL



A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

ST. JOHN BRANCH, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Granby Rubbers

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot

USE ONLY

Pele Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DEW CAYAWBA, SWEET CAYAWBA, ISABELLA, ST. ANTHONY'S (Registered), CLARET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

DEAR SIR, - My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs; you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.

Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVIL, 75 and 76 Merchants', 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 522, Sole Agent for Maritime Province

Bisquit Dubouche & Co.

COGNAC.

Shippers of the most

FAMOUS

Vintages of Brandies.

In Woodand Case. Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.

HALIFAX NOTES.

THE second subscription concert of the Orpheus Club last week was a very delightful success.

News of the death of Dr. Burns, late pastor of Fort Massey Presbyterian church, was heard here with deep regret as the doctor and his family were popular with all classes.

Death during the last week has shrouded another family in grief. Mr. Arthur Thompson left here in November in search of warmer weather, after having passed through a very severe illness last summer.

Several walking parties have taken place lately and Mayflowers have been unsuccessfully looked for but the merry tramps have been plentiful.

It is said that the summer is to bring us many yachts as several new ones are being built in Dartmouth as well as several importations from abroad.

Halifax, it is frequently averred by every one, is one of the most conservative cities on the continent.

Mr. A. M. Fraser of Halifax was in Windsor on Saturday.

Miss Madeline Black has been spending a few days with friends in Hantsport.

Mr. Denison was in Halifax last week.

Mr. Bonham was in Windsor on Saturday.

Mr. R. Eason of Halifax is at Fairfield for a few weeks.

The last meeting of the whist club for this season, took place at Mr. Paulin's on Thursday.

Mr. Arthur Sturtevant has been quite ill but is recovering.

"Strongest and Best." - Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

THE FINE WEATHER

will soon be with us, and to enjoy driving you want a nice

CARRIAGE such as we can sell

We don't have the lowest priced, but give better value than any other builder in the Lower Provinces.

Price & Shaw,

Spring Painting.

That well-known Painter and Decorator,

Cornelius Gallagher

is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating.

Watson's Dundee Whisky.

Is recognized by all connoisseurs as being the finest, purest and best matured of all Scotch Whiskies.

The Daintiest Blend on Earth.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF,

Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls.

THOMAS DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

"SANITAS" NATURE'S GREAT DISINFECTANT.

Non-Poisonous. Does not Stain Linen.

FLUID, OIL, POWDER, & C.

HOW TO DISINFECT

Memorials Interior Decorations.

YARMOUTH.

APRIL 11.-It is perhaps not generally known that Yarmouth gives the clearest amateur performance in the lower provinces.

The concert given by the young ladies of the "Pops" which closed the masonic building fund was held on Monday evening and was certainly one of the best local entertainments ever given in this place.

The members of St. George's Guild, gave a tea in the W. C. T. U. coffee room last evening and it was a most successful one.

APRIL 15.-Miss E. A. Page left Friday for New York to visit her sister, Mrs. Dan O'Day, and to attend the marriage of her brother, Mr. Lyman Page, which event comes off at Montclair, N. J. on the thirteenth inst.

Mr. G. E. Beatty, who has been abroad visiting foreign markets, in the interests of his house, arrived home last night, per C. P. E.

Mr. J. A. McPeckson is home from Boston. His many friends are glad to see him looking so well.

There was a large skating party in the rink last Monday. The large crowd in attendance on the rink was a most successful one.

Mr. G. E. Beatty has returned from Cape Breton. C. B. Whidden spent a few days in Halifax last week.

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TRURO.

PROGRAMS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton and D. H. Smith & Co.

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All the Ladies



Who have seen our Tailor Made Suits were delighted with them. To please one lady means the sale of several more suits to her friends.

Blazer Suit, as illustrated, is made in Blue and Black Serge for \$6.50.

Homespun in four shades for \$7.00.

Covert Cloth, four shades, for \$7.00.

Fancy Mixed Tweed, four shades... for \$7.00.

You will say the prices are reasonable and we know the style and finish will please you.

We are looking scores of orders, some for delivery late in May, would be as well for you to write us at once about your spring suit.

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., 411 BIST, N. S.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT.

For the year ending December 31, 1895.

Table with financial data: Assets, Surplus, Total Income, etc.

Puttner's Emulsion PREVENTS CONSUMPTION.

Puttner's Emulsion Cures Consumption in its early stages.

Puttner's Emulsion Prolongs life in the advanced stages of Consumption.

Puttner's Emulsion is the Remedy, par excellence, for Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Puttner's Emulsion is the best cure for all Wasting Diseases.

Puttner's Emulsion is for sale by all good Druggists at 50 cents for a large bottle.

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs. J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found at the latest Parisian styles and new modes.

Consumption.

Puttner's Emulsion is the best cure for all Wasting Diseases.

our Tailor Made... means the sale of... to her friends... fact and make it...

Suit, made in Blue and... \$6.50. ... \$7.00. ... 12.00 four shades...

prices are reasonable... style and finish... We guarantee...

37, N. S.

tual

urance any

York.

McCurdy,

ENT.

NT. ... \$1.00. ... \$2.00. ... \$3.00. ... \$4.00. ... \$5.00. ... \$6.00. ... \$7.00. ... \$8.00. ... \$9.00. ... \$10.00. ... \$11.00. ... \$12.00. ... \$13.00. ... \$14.00. ... \$15.00. ... \$16.00. ... \$17.00. ... \$18.00. ... \$19.00. ... \$20.00. ... \$21.00. ... \$22.00. ... \$23.00. ... \$24.00. ... \$25.00. ... \$26.00. ... \$27.00. ... \$28.00. ... \$29.00. ... \$30.00. ... \$31.00. ... \$32.00. ... \$33.00. ... \$34.00. ... \$35.00. ... \$36.00. ... \$37.00. ... \$38.00. ... \$39.00. ... \$40.00. ... \$41.00. ... \$42.00. ... \$43.00. ... \$44.00. ... \$45.00. ... \$46.00. ... \$47.00. ... \$48.00. ... \$49.00. ... \$50.00. ... \$51.00. ... \$52.00. ... \$53.00. ... \$54.00. ... \$55.00. ... \$56.00. ... \$57.00. ... \$58.00. ... \$59.00. ... \$60.00. ... \$61.00. ... \$62.00. ... \$63.00. ... \$64.00. ... \$65.00. ... \$66.00. ... \$67.00. ... \$68.00. ... \$69.00. ... \$70.00. ... \$71.00. ... \$72.00. ... \$73.00. ... \$74.00. ... \$75.00. ... \$76.00. ... \$77.00. ... \$78.00. ... \$79.00. ... \$80.00. ... \$81.00. ... \$82.00. ... \$83.00. ... \$84.00. ... \$85.00. ... \$86.00. ... \$87.00. ... \$88.00. ... \$89.00. ... \$90.00. ... \$91.00. ... \$92.00. ... \$93.00. ... \$94.00. ... \$95.00. ... \$96.00. ... \$97.00. ... \$98.00. ... \$99.00. ... \$100.00.

General Agents.

General Agent, Halifax, N. S.

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ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS.

Mr. Ernest T. Lee gave a "fast talk" and grab bag party at her home on Friday, to which a number of lady friends were invited.

The "Question" club met with Mr. Ted F. Duren on Friday evening, and an unusually good time was enjoyed.

Miss Jessie C. Whitlock is arranging to give a concert in St. Croix hall at an early date. She will be assisted by her music pupils, many of whom are most talented, and the concert will probably be an enjoyable one.

"Antia's Trial," is another amateur entertainment being rehearsed by the young ladies of Christ church, and will be given to the public some time in May.

The "Harmony" club, hold their next meeting at the home of Miss Nora Maxwell.

Dr. Frank H. Moore has gone on a pleasure trip to last day. During his absence will visit Baltimore, Washington, and Boston.

Miss Morrill of Chelsea, Mass., has been spending a fortnight with her friend Miss Kate Nelson.

Mr. Frank Corey is dangerously ill at their home in Mansfield, Ohio.

Mr. Charles Haskel of Portland Maine has been spending a day or two here, and was registered at the St. Croix exchange.

The carriers were the guests of Mr. A. L. Drake of the Windsor hotel, to an evening supper on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Walter W. Inches and Miss Noe Clarke returned from Montreal on Saturday having spent ten days in the city.

Mr. Fred O. Sullivan has quite recovered from his illness and much to the joy of his pupils is able to assume the duties of the grammar school.

Mr. S. H. Blair is now visiting her cousin Miss Henrietta Palmer at her home at 128 Charles street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vose of Portland, Maine, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Irving Todd during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Hill have been guests at the St. Croix hotel during the past fortnight.

DOVER.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vanwart, have a very pleasant trip to St. John on Friday afternoon, at which a large number of ladies were present.

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The Best Rest Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best, who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one.

It kills doubts and cures doubters. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND CATALOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. I BELIEVE MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure every case of Diphtheria.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE. THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer) all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price.

I CURE FITS! W.C. Rudman Allan, Druggist and Apothecary, 38 King St.

THE LITTLE DOCTOR, K. D. C. IT WILL DRIVE OUT INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA. Highest Endorsement.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mr. James Barrington of Boston spent a few days here lately.

Mrs. Holt who has been spending the winter in Dorchester with her sister Mrs. A. D. Richard, wife of Hon. A. D. Richard, expects to return to St. John in a short time and resume nursing which she was obliged to give up on account of her health.

Miss May Hamilton and Miss Frederica Ellison arrived from New River last week, and will attend the Kinghurst school at Robtsey.

The ladies church Sunday school room was the scene of a very pleasant entertainment on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the ladies' association. The programme was arranged with much care and was rendered in a very pleasing manner.

The entire programme was as follows: Violin solo, by Miss Webb; solo, Miss D. Webb; violin solo, by Miss Webb; violin solo, Miss Webb; violin solo, Miss Webb; reading from J. M. Barry's 'Lilies', Rev. Andrew Robertson.

Mr. D. Webb, at violin solo, Miss Jean Bruce. The marriage took place on Monday of the week of Mr. James J. Curran of Aberdeen, Scotland and Mrs. Theodora H. Golden daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Jones of Toronto.

Mr. Andrew Tracey of Bangor, Me., was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Holmes of Middleton, N. B., visited the city this week.

The Ontario society sang the Daughter of Jarrus at the German street Baptist church last Tuesday evening. The attendance was not quite so large as was expected and to which the merit of the piece entitled it; a great deal of time was spent by the members in preparing for the oratorio and it seems strange that their efforts were not better rewarded.

Mr. G. H. Winter of the bank of B. N. A. who has been in Frederica, returned this week via New York.

Mr. J. L. Snider of Toronto paid a short visit to St. John this week.

Mr. C. H. Brown of Digby was here for a short time the first of the week.

Miss Jennie Anderson of Boston is staying in the city.

Mr. J. F. Paulin of Montreal made a short visit to St. John this week.

Mr. George Williams of Boston is spending a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Pratt are being congratulated on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Rose Elliot leaves Monday on a visit to Boston.

Mr. George E. Donald of Montreal was among the city's visitors this week.

Mrs. Wm. Stevens and Miss Ida Stevens of Frederica visited city friends lately.

Mrs. F. R. F. Brown of Moncton was here for a short time the beginning of the week.

Miss Hamilton of Moncton is visiting St. John.

Mrs. T. H. McKay of Halifax was in the city for a few hours lately.

Miss Covert of Grand Manan visited city friends lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. W. Wilson of Lakeville, N. S. were in the city this week.

AMHERST. [Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Pardi.]

April 15.—An evening of pleasure was afforded to those who attended the violin recital in the Y. M. C. A. Hall last Wednesday evening by the Webb quartette of Sackville. There was only a fair audience who were very much pleased with the rendition of the various selections.

Invitations have been issued for a dance by Mrs. D. Chapman, Church street, on Thursday evening when her daughter, Miss Nellie Chapman will make her debut in social life.

Miss Laura Healy is the guest of her sister, Mrs. T. N. Campbell, Church street.

Miss Lillian Main returned from New York on Tuesday, where she has been spending the past month.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Barnhill, two sisters were in town on Tuesday.

Mr. Hubbard of River Herbert is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. M. S. Sterne, Church street.

On Monday evening Mrs. Alex. Robb, Victoria street, gave a very enjoyable tea to a number of lady and gentlemen friends. Among the guests were Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McGreger, Mr. and Mrs. John McKeen, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Main, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gull, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Cole, Mr. and Mrs. C. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Sedgewick, Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor, Miss Crowe, Turro, and Mr. Crocker.

Miss Crowe of Turro is the guest of Mrs. McGreger, Rupert street.

Mr. Charles McCabe has returned from Washington where he has spent the winter.

A little daughter has been added to Mr. D. P. Young's family.

The literary club met on Monday evening at Mrs. J. K. Knapton and Master Robert lately went to St. John for a day or two.

Mr. Bels again for the 'branch of the Commercial Bank of Windsor which is about being established, has arrived to take charge.

Mrs. B. F. Young, Mrs. Coram and Master George Young leave for St. Margarets Bay tomorrow, the other members of the family left on Monday.

Mrs. Gibbons spent Sunday with friends at Springhill.

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The man with the rope threw it around the brake wheel on top of our car and gradually stopped it, while all the time the wind was blowing a gale.

We had just got headed back toward the depot when an express train showed up where we should have met it head-on—that's good pie, and he took another piece.

MISERABLE FRAUDS. Some Dealers Substitute Cheap and Worthless Dyes

When the Popular Diamond Dyes Are Asked For.

The great popularity of Diamond Dyes has resulted in many worthless imitations—adulterated and cheap materials—that are bought by some merchants at a very low price; and for the purpose of extra large profits, these dealers urge their customers to buy these weak and worthless substitutes.

The substitution of common dyes for the wonder-working Diamond Dyes is one of the grossest frauds now being worked out by the ladies of Canada. Beware of the dealer who tries to induce you to take the common dyes that give him large profits.

Diamond Dyes are from two to three times as strong as any of the imitation dyes. They are not only safe to use, but produce as used in the manufacture of Diamond Dyes, and you get your money's worth when you buy them.

His idea of London. A countryman, on his first visit to a large city, was shown over the markets.

"Where do you find enough people to eat all this stuff?" was his exclamation of surprise.

His companion then led him through several thronged streets. "How do you manage to feed all these men, women, and children?" asked the puzzled man.

But an Australian aboriginal used a more striking expression to indicate his amazement at the busy throngs of London. He had been brought to England by a squatter from Queensland, who took him to London on a very busy day.

Crowds were passing to and from the exchange and banks, and the squatter and his charge were obliged to wait to cross the street.

"Jacky," said the squatter, "what do you think of this place?"

"Why, master, it is like an ant bed!" exclaimed the surprised black.—Youth's Companion.

Tested with Mud. The wearing qualities of Parisian drapery are tested with mud. Any new tint that cannot stand the influence of mud being thrown upon it is immediately put aside as useless.

To experiment with mud, however, is not so simple as it seems, and is, in fact, a very delicate and delicate process. An excellent imitation of the original was recently ordered of a chemist, which was composed of a solution of carbonate of ammonia, carbonate of potassium, sulphate of soda and sea salt in water, which takes the place of mud in the color tests of new dress goods.

His Biblical Objection. Brown—Enpek won't let his wife have a servant.

Jones—Why? Brown—He says no man can serve two masters.

The Cuban rebellion has cost Spain \$19,000,000 since last February, and she has to pay \$1,200,000 a month now for the support of her army alone. The value of property alone is not included in this estimate. It would be money in Spain's pocket to give Cuba her independence without fighting any more.

The city of Bordeaux was deprived of its only guests at the Stewart House, Island Pond, Vt., on a recent Sunday. One of the guests was a doctor, one a clergyman, one a dealer in undertakers supplies, and the fourth a dealer in gravestones.

A remarkable quartet of persons were the only guests at the Stewart House, Island Pond, Vt., on a recent Sunday. One of the guests was a doctor, one a clergyman, one a dealer in undertakers supplies, and the fourth a dealer in gravestones.

"Two years ago I read of your Paine's Celery Compound, and bought a bottle of it. After I had used it I found I could get rest and quiet. I have used altogether seven bottles and find myself completely cured.

"Your medicine purifies the blood and regulates the system; and I would not be without it in my house if I took my last dollar.

"Before using Paine's Celery Compound my weight was only 100 pounds, now I weigh 141 pounds. Is it not sufficient reason for me to praise the Compound highly?"

"Before I knew of your valuable medicine I was treated by the doctors, but never received any good. Five of my friends are now using your great medicine since they have seen what it has done for me."

"I wish you to use my statements, as they may be of encouragement to others."

One of His Awful Experiences. "Awful experiences? Yes," said the tramp, as he sat at a Holland street kitchen table on Thursday afternoon and cut into the second piece of custard pie.

"I was sleeping soundly in a box car out in Iowa one night last summer, and the wind was blowing like thunder across the plains! Suddenly that car got loose—the brakes broke or suthin' and it began to crawl along out of the siding and onto the main track. It was nuts for me. I thought the wind wouldn't blow me far and so I kept on. I stood in the door and saw the houses and fences go by faster and faster, till all of a sudden I realized that I was going too fast to get off, and no way of stopping it! Hal! an hour after we—the car and I—dashed through a little station and I had just time to see the telegraph operator run out and look after us and then run back to telegraph down the line to clear the track. We were going down more than a mile a minute, and my hair was standing on end. Forty miles down the line we went through another station, and on a siding I caught sight of an engine with steam up, and a man with a rope on the cow catcher. That engine chased us twenty miles down the track.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Get Hood's Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to effect. 25 cents.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Cutting the Wood.

If the tree is not cut at the proper time, no amount of seasoning can make it right. If makers buy their wood of lumber dealers, how do they know it is cut at right time? We trusted only ourselves, cut it ourselves, and know it's cut right.

But cutting is not all. Sawing is a great factor. Unless sawn right, wood warps and twists, and is a perpetual source of trouble.

The wood in our pianos has not only been specially picked out, but has been sawn and seasoned on scientific principles. The same skill and science are applied to every part of the Pratte Piano, and the result is the "Artist's" Piano we have aimed at. Our success can be seen in the instruments at our warehouses.

For an instrument that does not get out of tune on account of poorly cut wood get a Pratte Piano.

Pratte Pianos 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL. Represented in Halifax by THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1896.

The Exhibition Association of the City and County of St. John, N. B., will hold its Exhibition for 1896 on their Fair Grounds.

Opening—Tuesday, September 22.

Closing—Friday, October 2.

Early application should be made to the Secretary, 13 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., for space and accommodations for Live Stock, Farm Produce, Machinery, Manufactures, and all other description of Exhibits, as also for Premium Lists, which will be issued at an early date.

Exhibits must be in place on the opening day.

The Provincial Government will exhibit their Imported Live Stock—not in competition for prizes—and will make public sales on the grounds. Other auction sales will be permitted.

More extensive and better attractions will be presented this year.

Further particulars will be given in a later advertisement.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary, 13 Canterbury street.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

At the request of a number of the electors, I offer myself as a candidate for Alderman of the City of St. John.

KING'S WARD, and respectfully solicit your support. I am of the opinion that the prospects are now favorable for a large increase of "winter ports" shipments via St. John, and if elected I will use my best efforts to develop this business and promote the interests of the city generally.

Yours very faithfully, D. G. McLAUGHLIN.

STEAMER CLIFTON. On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailing; leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 5:30 a. m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m.

Resolve. He kissed my hand—the hand that holds the pen—Barbed it in love, from finger tips to wrist. The wandering veins that felt his lips' impress Thrilled with new life the moment they were kissed.

The hand itself, thus blest, shall strive to be Wreathed in honor, and shall only write Words consecrate to high and lofty life. From this time on, in memory of tonight. —Anne Seave Aldrich.

Chairs Reupholstered, Cane, Splints, Perforated by Jussell, 17 Waterloo Street.

Pickled tea is used in Burma as a sort of anaphrodisiac. The young leaves are boiled, poured into pits about six feet deep, lined with plain leaves, and covered with earth, and are kept there for some months. They are then used either to make tea or are eaten fresh being soaked oil with garlic or dried fish.

Lorgnette chains are very popular, and include both gold and silver chains; also gold chains, punctuated with pearls and precious stones.

The princess ring is decidedly effective, with its three or five colored stones set in a framework of diamonds.

The peridot, or evening emerald, as it has been called, is a much employed stone in jewelry.

Just now green stones are the fashion. Of course, the emerald comes first.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

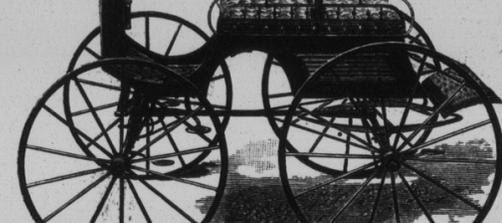
Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Forest and Best.

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

Extension Tables.

Oak, Ash and Elm, FROM \$4.50 UPWARDS.

J. & J. D. HOWE, Furniture Warerooms, 88 Germain Street, Masonic Building.

MR. ROBERTSON FOR MAYOR. George Robertson, Esq., Mayor City of St. John: YOUR WISDOM:—

We recognize the earnest efforts you have made during the two years of your position as Chief Magistrate of this city to prepare our port for its future as an export city. We also realize that during the next twelve months our expanding export trade will require the greatest possible thought and wisdom in its proper development.

Feeling that you are eminently qualified to guide the affairs of this city so that we can attain our rightful position as Canada's winter port, we take this opportunity to urge you to accept again for the third term, the position of Mayor of St. John, and we will be only too glad to have the pleasure of nominating you on the Fourteenth day of April next to that position.

We have the honor to be, Very truly yours, W. S. FISHER and other electors.

Gentlemen—In compliance with your earnest request, I feel it to be my duty to accept your nomination and become a candidate for the office of Mayor at the ensuing civic elections. Respectfully soliciting the support of the electors. I am, faithfully yours, GEO. ROBERTSON.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John. I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman for the ensuing Civic elections.

It elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the city, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval. I would respectfully solicit your support. GERARD G. RUELL, St. John, N. B., March 29, 1896.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John. I WILL BE A CANDIDATE for the office of Alderman for the ensuing Civic elections.

It elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the City, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval. I would respectfully solicit your support. J. B. HAMM, St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1896.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John. I will be a candidate for the office of Mayor.

Of the city of Saint John at the election to be held on the third Tuesday in April instant, and solicit your votes. Your Obedient Servant CHARLES McLAUGHLIN.

Umbrellas, Made, Repaired, Repaired by Duval, 17 Waterloo St.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having been solicited by a large number of the taxpayers of the city to allow my name to be put in nomination for Alderman at Large, I beg to notify all friends that I will be a candidate at the coming civic elections, and I hereby solicit your support, and if elected will do all in my power to advance the interests of this my native city.

Respectfully yours, D. McARTHUR, St. John, N. B., March 27, 1896.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—Having been solicited by a large number of the taxpayers of the city to allow my name to be put in nomination for Alderman at Large, I beg to notify all friends that I will be a candidate at the coming civic elections, and I hereby solicit your support, and if elected will do all in my power to advance the interests of this my native city.

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TROUBLED. DR. R. P. HALL.

He Accused Staff at Hospitals.

HALIFAX after nail the coffin management has been no help work in his company.

let it be the public. The committee on that basis of Dr. G. M. New taking York. D. pleasure in doing time.

York, and prior to the purpose of expenses and a melioration, but he paid in attendance.

Another home to who is with the expense.

Dr. M. third ex- behalf of "gross in the hospital." Dr. Ir.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 18 1896.

TROUBLE OVER A BOOK.

DR. REID OF THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL TO THE FRONT.

He Accuses a Nurse of Theft—The House Staff and Fourteen Nurses Resign—The Hospital Commission to Begin Investigations Immediately.

HALIFAX, APRIL 16.—It looks as if nail after nail were being quickly driven into the coffin of the Victoria General Hospital management. The commission of enquiry has been moving slowly because it could not help itself, but when it does get to work in earnest the indications are that a comparatively brief period will elapse ere the public will know the worst or the best, let it be hoped regarding the institution. The commission will meet to take evidence on Tuesday next. Much of the delay that has been caused is due to the absence of Dr. G. N. Murphy, of Windsor, who is now taking a post graduate course in New York. Dr. Murphy refused to wait the pleasure of the commission at a cost of his leaving time that he wished to put in at New York, and now he says he will not return prior to the close of classes, for the purpose of giving evidence, at least unless his expenses are paid. At first there was a disinclination to agree to such a disbursement, but now it seems as if these would be paid in order to secure Dr. Murphy's attendance without delay.

Another witness who should be brought home to give testimony is Dr. Cogswell, who is with Dr. Morrow in Montana, but the expense will probably prevent.

Dr. McCawley, of Torburn, is the third ex-honore sur-gon to be called on behalf of the medical board to testify to the "gross inefficiency and neglect of duty by the hospital management."

Dr. Irwin, of Hebron, Yarmouth county is the fourth. Yet another is Dr. Moore, now of the hospital for insane, Dartmouth. When these men tell all they know of the Victoria hospital there will not be much unsaid, but what there is will be drawn from the nurses. Dr. Reid, the superintendent; Mr. Putnam, the steward and apothecary; and Miss Elliott, the superintendent of nurses, have anything but beds of roses these days, and the general belief, whether based on fact or not remains to be seen, is that their positions will become yet more unpleasant before the commission and the medical board are done with them.

The occurrence that caused the remarks about nails and coffins which this letter opens was the sensation of the end of last week at the hospital. The story has before been told but briefly and imperfectly. More than a year ago war broke out between the nurses and Miss Elliott, caused by instructions given by Miss Elliott, and which the nurses claimed could not be carried out by anybody who made pretensions to decency. Dr. Reid backed Miss Elliott and the nurses were suspended. One of the latter was Miss Strong, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who was appointed by Premier Fielding personally. Miss Strong refused to accept the suspension of the hospital authorities and went about her duties as if nothing had happened. She defied Dr. Reid and Miss Elliott. On that occasion the nurses won a decided victory.

At the end of the recent session of the legislature the committee on humane institutions of the house of assembly began an inquiry into the alleged abuses at the hospital. Miss Strong was again prominently to the front in response to the summons of the committee. Besides her, Miss Allan and Miss Taylor, two employees of the hospital, were also asked to give evidence, some of which is said to have been very damaging, reflecting on the conduct of Dr. Reid, Miss Elliott and Mr. Putnam. The morning after the evidence was given Miss Allan was dismissed, or "promoted" from Putnam's office to the kitchen. The management was powerless to thus punish Miss Strong,—but it can be easily imagined that she was not a favorite with them.

Now comes the sensation which caused the resignation of the house staff. Dr. Reid had left a book on microscopes in the telephone room which was to be called for in the morning. One of the staff is kept constantly in this room. Miss Strong, who had been on duty all night, called in to the telephone office, on her way to her room in the morning, to obtain postage stamps. She had a number of books and papers in her hands and these she laid upon the table while waiting for her stamps. The telephone attendant looked over the books as they lay on the table, as any one would naturally do. In a few minutes Miss Strong picked up her material and started for her room in the nurses' home some distance away. Later in the morning, Dr. Reid inquired for his book or microscopes, but it was nowhere to be found. Hue and cry was raised. The telephone attendant was examined. She could offer no explanation of the loss. Asked if any one had been in the room, she remembered the visit of Miss Strong. Dr. Reid appeared much agitated. He said that \$5 and a book had mysteriously disappeared some time before, and that this kind of thing must stop now. Chief O'Sullivan was communicated with and a request made for the services of Detective Power. The detective went to the hospital and was instructed to make a search of the nurse's apartments. Dr. Reid accompanied the officer and made a direct line for Miss Strong's room. A moment's search revealed the missing book, Miss Strong, Dr. Reid and the detective looked at each other with wondering eyes. The nurse was overcome with chagrin that a police officer should have been brought in to her room to search for stolen property, and that she should appear to be guilty, but she was able to explain how the book must have found its way to her room her theory being the same as that already stated, of the early morning visit to the telephone office for stamps. It certainly was a reasonable explanation, but in the face of it Dr. Reid turned to Detective Power and said:

"Officer do your duty!"

The detective had had far too long an experience to do anything rashly, and he felt his duty was to do nothing at all more in the matter, and the reply he made to Dr. Reid was to that effect. So Miss Strong was not arrested.

Dr. Reid, however, suspended her on suspicion of theft.

The news of what had happened spread like wild-fire through the hospital wards, and the indignation on the part of doctors and nurses was intense. The house staff immediately resigned—Dr. Holmes and Dr. Shaw, house surgeons, and Mr. McEwen and Mr. Shaw clinical clerks.

There are nineteen lady nurses in the hospital and fourteen of them wrote out a resignation which they signed, to take effect if Miss Strong was not at once and decidedly reinstated. The four nurses who declined resigning on account of Miss Strong were Miss Sorby, Miss Fitzgerald, Mrs. Oukeston and Mrs. Murray.

Meanwhile Miss Strong saw J. Johnston Hunt, a solicitor, who waited upon Dr. Reid. It was now the superintendent's turn to become armed, and he showed his frown. He only had a few minutes to decide whether he would reinstate the nurse or see the hospital bereft of the house medical staff and of fifteen out of the entire staff of nineteen nurses. So he ate his action of a short time before and reinstated Miss Strong. Then the house staff agreed to withdraw their resignations and the nurses did not send in theirs.

Dr. Reid was not through with this nurse however, who now for the third time had come into collision with him and with Miss Elliott. After J. Johnston Hunt's conversation with him Miss Strong drew up the following statement which Superintendent Reid appeared glad to sign:

Having interviewed Miss Strong, the telephone girl Jesse, explanations have been made which satisfy me as to her innocence, in connection with the book found in her room.

To Miss Strong. (Signed) A. P. Reid, M. D.

Thus stands this much-mixed up and multitudinously governed Victoria general hospital.

WAN A PROVIDENT FOX.

She Got Lambs, Small Birds, and Seventy-six Owls for Her Young.

The fox vixens are as careful mothers as any, and the way they provide for their young is something amazing. It is related that one fox in Scotland had developed such a marked fondness for lambs that efforts had to be made to find her lair. It is not an easy job, but after a while the men succeeded, and, as they half expected, five young ones were there. They found also a store of food calculated to last a long while. There were lambs, rats, and ducks, some game partridges, and, most astonishing of all, seventy-six short-eared owls. All the game was dead. It was in May and naturally most of the owls were young, but eight of them were grown. Unfortunately the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture does not tell of the sex of the old birds, but, as they were probably captured while defending their young it is more than likely that they nearly, if not quite, all females, as female birds are, as a rule, more daring in the defence of young than the males.

The fox, being a night still hunter, had sneaked through the fields, and, on hearing the old owl instructing their young in the art of catching mice or voles, had sprung upon the happy families and seized what she could get. As the owls were extremely numerous, having increased during the plague of vol s as did various other predatory animals, the vixen got an unusual number of them. It is unusual for carnivorous animals to lay up such big stores, although it is common for hawks and eagles to have a rabbit or so ahead.

After a Storm.

Person to youngster fishing on Sunday.—My boy, I'm surprised to find you here. Youngster (innocently)—Do you know some other places where they bite better?

Firewood costs \$10 a cord in the Arctic town of Circle City, Alaska.

WOMEN AND AUCTIONS.

ATTENDANCE AT SALES GETS TO BE AN OCCUPATION.

The Auction Rooms and Clearance Sales at Private Houses Fascinate Them at This Season—Sometimes They Get Bargains and Sometimes Not.

Hundreds of women have contracted the auction fever in a virulent form, and go to auctions as regularly as they attend to any other part of their customary round of pleasures, says the N. Y. Sun. Buying at auction has more fun in it than bargain hunting at the stores. Whether the women get things cheaper than at the stores, or whether they are cheated are matters entirely outside the question. Besides the fun of bidding after they get bold enough to raise their voices above a whisper, the women like to buy at auctions because it is a spice of gambling in it and in addition offers some features of the continuous variety performance.

"I haven't bought a thing for my house at a store in five years," says one auction woman. When the house needs anything, a rug or a piece of furniture, I wait till what I want is put up at auction here. If I can't wait I tell the auctioneer what I want and he gets it and puts it up, and I have the pleasure of trying to get it. Then you never know what you're going to pay for anything. It's fun to buy that way."

"Before I began coming here," says another auction woman, "I suffered dreadfully from nervous prostration. I tried everything and only got worse. Then I came here, and it has cured me. I am all well now. No, I don't have to buy things to keep well. I didn't really buy anything for six months after I began coming here. I was too frightened. I didn't dare to speak loud enough to hear my own voice, let alone making a bid that the auctioneer could hear. And a quarter!" she shouted suddenly, as the writing auctioneer, with despair stamped on his face, assured the crowd the vase was worth ten times as much as was offered.

While the auctioneer writes and roars, it is easy to hear plenty of such confidences. There are half a dozen auction rooms in town, some of them, alas! objects of pursuit of the Association for the Suppression of Fraudulent Auctions, where special efforts are made to attract the patronage of women. The kind of women wanted are those with plenty of money and plenty of leisure and no special way of disposing of either; such women are treated with deference and consideration, while others are tolerated only. Some of the auction rooms are very handsomely fitted up and decorated with rugs and bric-a-brac in a way calculated to make some of the customers jealous and give ideas on the subject of ornamentation to all. They are crowded day after day. There are some men, but the women buyers, are preferred and are in the majority. As a rule they are women without household cares or duties, who are tired of their ordinary occupations, and are looking for new sensations. Some are experienced and skilled hunters after bric-a-brac and such things that are worth having, and they snap up the prizes eagerly. Toward 5 o'clock men begin to drop in on their way home from business. Some men are buying on their own account, while others are husbands or friends of the auction women.

The auctioneer furnishes support to the theory that women like to be bullied. He bullies his customers. He roars at them and bluffs them and bullies them, but only enough to keep their interest excited. Most of the time he holds their attention simply by acting as a low comedian. His reward for amusing and occasionally knocking down lots to them is their implicit confidence and unswerving faith in his word of his tribulation. To the professional expression of despair on his face, he adds anguish, patience, injured innocence, virtuous indignation, and a dozen other sentiments, as he tells of the wickedness of the Association for the Suppression of Fraudulent Auctions and its persecutions. The simple faith of the women breaks out in cries of "They're jealous of you, Mr. Smith! That's why they do it!" and they really believe what they say.

It is really necessary that he should bully the women occasionally if the auction is to go on. As has been said, it is easy to hear plenty of confidences in the rooms. That is because the women who are regular attendants get to recognize one another and grow chatty. They learn the varied objects that bring them to the place and the special lines on which one and another make purchases. They are constantly called upon to assist one another with advice. The old hands like to encourage new comers by telling them all about themselves and everybody else.

"That is Mrs. Blank," the old hand tells the newcomer, naming the sister of one of the foremost men in New York. "He," meaning the auctioneer, "let's her have everything. Oh, she must have spent thousands of dollars here. She has a great big house up on Fifth Avenue, and she pulls up the window curtains so that people can call it the junk shop. She is filling it with things. You can hardly walk across the floor. She'll invite you up to see it after you've been coming here for a little while and she gets to know you."

The women do invite one another to visit their houses and inspect the accumulated purchases at the auction rooms. Some of them are very rich, like Mrs. Blank, and seem to buy things simply because going to auctions is the most exciting use they can find for their time in the afternoon. They are certainly having plenty of fun for their money in these days, thanks to the efforts of the Association for the Suppression of Fraudulent Auctions. Excitement has been added to the bidding, the spice of gambling, and the continuous variety performance of the auctioneer. Thus on one occasion in one auction room the auctioneer objected to the presence of an agent of the association who was taking notes of everything that was said or done. He ordered the agent to get out, and the auctioneer, rather scornfully, began hostile operations. The women were treated to an exhibition of Greek-Roman wrestling on the spot. The two men rolled over the auction room floor in great shape, smashing chairs and bric-a-brac.

"It was simply grand!" said the woman who saw it. "They must have broken hundreds of dollars' worth of things."

Spurred by the spirit of emulation, a spectator who had absolutely no concern in the quarrel handed the auctioneer on the head with a cane in an unnecessary manner. Next, the women fell delicious thrills of horror as they listened to the "bump! bump!" of the three men rolling down the stairs into the street clasped in one another's arms. The auction had to be suspended three quarters of an hour while an ambulance surgeon was sent for, and when it was resumed the auctioneer's head was swathed in bandages. He was rather ragged, but still in the ring. The women said the spectacle was magnificent, better than any theatre, for it was absolutely genuine and no sham about it. Moreover, it was entirely novel for most of them.

But it isn't always necessary to immortalize an auctioneer to make a Roman holiday. As a rule the auctioneer is able to amuse and interest his patrons by wily methods. The bargains, if they are bargains, are enough to excite the passions of the women most of the time. Just as with gamblers, the next best thing to winning is losing, so those who are not buying can have the pleasure of seeing others buy.

One New Yorker who built himself a castle in the country made a name for himself among his friends by starting out with the intention of living it up and furnishing himself with second-hand things. He went a long way toward carrying out his idea. He bought doors, mantelpieces, and such things from the dealers in second-hand building materials, who got them out of the old-fashioned houses that were torn down to make room for modern structures. He spent several years in haunting the yards of these dealers and the shops of dealers in antiques, and when his castle was completed it was in itself a collection. A lot of women are following his plan in furnishing their houses, but in a fashion that involves less labor than he devoted to it. They simply go to auctions as often as they can and indulge in the fun of buying what they need.

TASTES OF THE SOBERIGNS.

Dishes that are in Favor with some of the Rulers of the World.

Cassell's Saturday Journal, in a recent issue, records the gastronomic tastes of the reigning sovereigns of Europe. Queen Victoria, it appears, is devoted to oatmeal soup. She likes pickled cucumbers, and roast beef is always served. She drinks white sherry out of a silver cup. According to a custom instituted by George II., the name of the cook who prepared a dish is announced when it is placed upon the table. The King and Queen of Italy, when the royal guests are exclusively Italian, revel in spaghetti, garlic, onions, and oil. Fritto is another favorite dish. It is made of artichokes, chickens' livers, calves' brains, and cocks' combs. The Grand Duchess of Baden makes her own coffee, while her husband grows his own wine and is his own head cellarman. Both delight in lentil soup, seasoned with vinegar, and Frank-soup. The Pope is very simple in his tastes. His breakfast consists of a roll and cafe au lait. For dinner, which is eaten at 1 o'clock, he has soup, meat, pastry, and fried potatoes or other vegetables. At this repast he drinks a single glass of old Burgundy. At 6 o'clock he takes a glass of claret and bouillon, and at half-past 10 a supper composed of cold meat and another cup of bouillon.

King Oscar of Sweden likes the national dish of raw salmon preserved in earth and a soup composed of boiled barley and

whipped cream. In case he is deposed he is well trained to conduct a boarding house, as all the remnants of roasts are made in to hash. The Emperor of Austria likes spätzle, a kind of macaroni, and apple wine; while the food of the Empress consists of cold meats, fruits, the juice of raw beefsteak, and tea. She is very careful of her diet, as she is solicitous to preserve her figure. The present Emperor of Russia is a man of moderate habits in eating. To provide for his simple wants he has a French chef, who ranks as Colonel in the army. This functionary is profusely decorated, and has under his command at court banquets about 1,200 subordinates. On ordinary occasions four head attendants, twenty-four sub-attendants, thirty-four lackeys, sixty buffet moujiks, two chiefs, and four under chiefs are in service.

THE BENEVOLENT CROW.

What he Does for the Farmer and the Crops, Despite his Reputation.

If farmers would make a study of natural history and its bearings on their property—the relation of hawks to their hen coops, for instance—there would be better paying crops.

The "Year Book" of the United States Department of Agriculture tells about cow blackbirds and what they eat. About 2,300 of their stomachs have been examined, and of these 2,558 contained food. The birds were killed in twenty-six States. Forty-eight per cent. of the food was animal, forty-eight per cent. was mineral. The blackbird has a variety of things to eat.

"The animal food," says the report, "consisted of insects, spiders, myriapods (thousand legs), crawfish, earth worms, sowbugs, hair snakes, snails, fishes, tree toads, salamanders (newts), lizards, snakes, birds' eggs, and mice." To these might have been added young birds, fish caught by the tide, minnows caught while swimming in shallow water, and probably mean and carrion of various kinds. Most of the animal food is, of course, insects. These constitute forty-six per cent. of the total, the insects being the largest things. In winter the food is taken mostly from other two per cent. being the largest things in the summer. In winter the food is mostly vegetable matter. The insects the bird kills more than make up the damage he does, especially as his nest robbing appears to be only an incidental habit not often indulged in. A large flock of the birds would of course destroy a lot of grain. Some 50,000 would eat about 3,000 pounds a day, but they would consume as many insects, which would more than destroy the amount the birds do.

TOBACCO AND DIPLOMACY.

Some Philosophy by Prince Bismarck on the Cigar as an Active Assistant.

When Bismarck played great politics he seemed not to disdain the stratagems of war; that is to say, something very like deceit came well to hand. Here is what he did in an interview with Jules Favre, who, representing the republicans of France, when Paris was to fall, was negotiating with the conquering Germans for the best terms under the circumstances. The two statesmen exchanged civilities and Bismarck jumped in. He was after a tremendous war indemnity and the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. And he got them, and this is how he got them. He "put up" a big bluff. He said: "So you say 'not an inch of our soil, not a stone of our fortresses'—it is useless to discuss further. My time is precious, so is yours, and I don't see why we should waste it. Moreover, you have come too late. There, behind that door, is a delegate of the Emperor. Napoleon III., and I am about to negotiate with him."

This was a staggerer. The astounded Frenchman did not know that that door concealed nothing more important than a cupboard or a closet. The discussion was resumed. Bismarck, shortly rising as if to leave, put his hand on the handle of that Napoleonic door. Favre sprang up and implored Bismarck not to impose upon France the continued shame of a Bona-parte. Then they sat down and talked some more. Not long after, what with playing the Napoleon dummy behind the door and the alleged Napoleon sentiment throughout France, Bismarck brought the republican to his own terms.

When the poor Frenchman had been bamboozled by the great diplomat and they came to the easier matter of arranging terms for the surrender of Paris, Bis-

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mark talked the philosophy of smoking to his unhappy victim in this wise:

"You are wrong (Favre had declined a cigar, saying he did not smoke). When you enter on a discussion which may lead to vehement remarks, you should smoke. When one smokes the cigar is held between the fingers; one must handle it, not allow it to fall, and thereby violent movements of the body are avoided or weakened. With regard to the mental condition, it does not deprive us of our intellectual capacity, but it produces a state of kindly repose. The cigar is a diversion, and this blue smoke which rises in curves, and which the eye involuntarily follows, pleases and renders us more flexible. The eye is occupied; the hand is engaged; the organ of smell is gratified; one is happy. In this state one is disposed to make concessions; and our business—that of diplomats—continually consists in mutual concessions."—Inter-Ocean.

Has Been Adopted as a Lining for Steel Plated Ships.

The naval surgeons reported that the preponderance of steel now on war ships made life intolerable. The state rooms of officers were rendered uncomfortable by the metal walls of the ships, against which the berths were placed, and it was found that the temperature in those berths was much lower than in the state rooms proper.

It seemed to be necessary to regard in some degree the comfort of those who must inhabit war vessels, perhaps for months at a time. The experts hit upon the idea of adopting incombustible wood, not a novelty, but until recently never successfully carried out.

Experiments suggested the treatment known as electric fire-proofing, and the tests were conducted by Chief Constructor Hichborn, an interested spectator being Secretary Herbert. Mr. Hichborn shortly after placed a contract with a New York firm for doing the work. It now all lumber entering into the construction or decoration of war ships is treated by this electric fire-proofing process. It has been found to withstand fire and actually discourages flames, without even becoming as much influenced as metal itself. Future naval battles, therefore, are destined to be free of one of the most terrifying elements of sea fighting.

The other success is the adoption of the American corn pith in place of cellulose. This pith is used as a lining for ships and is packed in narrow slits abutting the steel plating. It has the quality of enlarging enormously on moisture.

The principle on which it is advantageously used is a simple one. When a shell perforates a ship side it tears a hole through the corn pith packing. The first influx of water saturates the pith, which dilates and quickly covers the breach, damping the flow, and perhaps saving the ship from inundation.

This pith, an inexpensive thing, to be had almost for the asking, is superior to cellulose, it is said, which in addition, is costly of manufacture. The constructors say the pith is excellent on trial and does not deteriorate. Samples of expansion kept on Chief Constructor Hichborn's desk attract much attention—Philadelphia Press.

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PROFESSOR SEVOLE.

Everybody in the village of S—remember Professor Nario Sevole. He was a traveling showman—a great individual in those days in little towns, and he was greater than that—a hypnotist. There was no doubt about the professor's mesmeric powers. It was in him and no mistake. His keen, glittering eyes told it, an eye before whose deep and piercing glance the stoutest quailed. The people in the little town of S—were all afraid of Professor Sevole, and yet they had a kind of reverential admiration for him at the same time. Every year or two he came round in his travelling house, and it was a great time in the village. The vehicle in which he traveled was a curious and interesting old contrivance. It was a house on wheels. It had a wooden roof and sides and was divided in two apartments—one the kitchen and the other the dining room, parlor, etc. It was set on easy springs, and was a most delightful mode of travelling through the country. In his sitting room the professor had comfortable cushioned seats and when night came these were easily converted into a bedstead. In this way he lived and traveled over the land, his only companion being his driver, a large black negro named Joe. Sevole had mesmerized a number of people in S—from time to time; had made them dance and sing and stagger like drunken men, and had stuck pins up to the head in their arms without any one of them ever flinching. No one doubted his power over those minds that were inferior to his. If there had been any doubt that his performances in this line were genuine his last visit to S—would have convinced the most skeptical. The performance at the court house was over, and Professor Sevole and Joe had gone to their vehicles, which was quartered in the public square, to retire for the night. It was nearly midnight, but there were several citizens lingering near around the little house on wheels. There was something strangely fascinating about the dark eyes of professor and his vehicle. Soon loud talking was heard in the covered wagon, and the two or three men who were standing near listened closely. The mesmerist and his servant were quarreling at a high rate, and both were evidently in a great rage. Creeping up to the wagon, the outsiders peered through a crack and by the light that burned within they saw the professor seated in one end of the room and the negro standing at the door in the other end. They were quarreling about the negro's brother, whom, it seemed, he accused the professor of killing. In another moment the climax came, and the negro, suddenly drawing a knife, started toward the mesmerist. His eyes flashed as he exclaimed: "You killed my brother, and—"

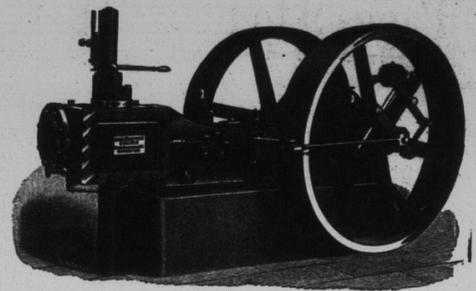
his arm dropped nervelessly to his side and his face relaxed from its fury and looked wild and frightened. Those who were on the outside looked at the professor. He was still sitting, and his eyes, which were fastened on the eyes of the negro, glowed like two coals of living fire. He had caught the negro's eye and held him there as if he were chained. The professor arose slowly, all the time looking his servant in the eyes, and advanced toward him. He then muttered some unintelligible words, stroked him on the head several times and told him to laugh and say it was all right. The negro, obedient to orders, threw up his hands and clasped them together, and then laughed loud and long. "Oh, it's all right," he said. "It's all right," and then he would break out in a loud laugh again. After he got him well under the influence of the spell, the professor said: "Now, Joe, since it's all right, I want you to go directly to the kitchen and get the house we saw to-day (indicating it by name) and stay there till I come." "It's all right; it's all right," said the negro, as he went off laughing. The men outside saw him start down the road, and curious to know what he would do, followed him. While out from the house mentioned, about a mile from the village, and sat down by the gate. The men watched him for several hours, but he did not stir, and it was about daylight when they got back to town. They looked for the professor's vehicle, but in vain. He was gone. While out from the house away he had harnessed up his two horses and departed in the darkness. No one saw him leave, or knew which direction he went. The men who had witnessed the affair between him and Joe came to the conclusion that he was afraid when the negro recovered from the effects of the spell he might thirst for vengeance, and, not wishing to run the risk again of being killed, Sevole had left for parts unknown. The next day the negro was still laughing and saying, "It's all right; it's all right," but he had lost all reason and sense. Various plans were tried to bring him out from under the influence of the strange power. But in vain. For several weeks the physicians worked on him, but nothing could bring back the light of reason that was so mysteriously obscured. At last he was taken before the court, adjudged insane, and he went to the insane asylum. He went off chuckling to himself, and saying, "It's all right, it's all right." About three years after the occurrence related above, one of the young men who had been an eye-witness of it, and who was one of the Sheriff's deputies in the county, went up to the insane asylum to carry an insane woman. While there, among other visitors to the institution he saw Professor Nario Sevole. The professor, of course, did not remember who the young man was, or that he was from the town of S—, but there was no mistaking the pale face and dark, piercing eyes of the mesmerist. Whether he had heard that Joe was there,



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what had occurred, he sprang like a tiger at the professor's throat and with one cut nearly severed the head from the body. As he sprang toward him he shouted, with demoniacal fury, "I'll kill you!" The professor fell to the floor in a pool of blood, and was dead in a few minutes. The negro did not try to hurt the keeper and deputy, but talked sensibly and sanely. He said the professor had killed his brother, and he now had avenged his death and was satisfied. The deputy asked him where he thought he was, and he said he was in S—, where the professor had just finished showing, and that he had gotten into a quarrel with Sevole in the wagon, when the latter had admitted killing his brother by mesmeric experiment. He said he remembered that he had sprang toward the professor with a knife as soon as he said it, but something he couldn't remember what—had stopped him. But it was only for a moment, when he again sprang on his brother's murderer, as they had just seen, and avenged his brother's death. The deputy then remembered the words he had heard in the wagon three years before, "You killed my brother, and—"

And he had just now heard the sentence completed when the negro shouted—"I'll kill you!" The three years had been a perfect blank in his mind, and when he was at last loosed from the spell and the hypnotic current that had chained his anger was broken, the ice-bound vengeance, so long restrained, burst forth again in all its fury, and he killed his brother's slayer under the same heat of the same passion that had stirred him three years before. Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure till the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man with a two-horse power machine can turn out 9,000 bricks a day.



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Sunday Reading.

THE YOUNG MAN'S CHANCE.

His Great Opportunity to Realize the Meaning of True Manhood.

When a young man reaches the conclusion that he ought to make his life successful and that his success does not depend on the amount of money that he can accumulate but on its conformity with the plan for it formed by his Creator, he sees, as if a new light had broken in on him, that he can achieve the highest success in the humblest surroundings, at the lowliest occupation, in the depths of obscurity, if his lot be divinely cast there, just as surely as if in the most conspicuous position in the whole country. That conviction will tend to give him true content. It will remove from him false aims in life and it will correct erroneous ideas of what is most desirable. He will be satisfied to plod along on the farm, or in the shop, or at the counters wherever his vocation has placed him, so long as he knows that he can advance in the higher life and with the philosopher's stone of a supernatural motive transmute the dull labors of the day into heroic deeds worthy of eternal reward.

His great purpose will then be to improve himself, to add to the riches of his being, to master his baser nature and to cultivate admirable qualities of character.

He will now have reached the first stage of true manhood—when he sees for what purpose his life has been given to him and when he resolves to make effort to attain its object.

The second rung of the ladder will be reached when the young man is convinced that the road to the stars lies not by way of enjoyment, but by the path of duty.

We were made for happiness, it is true, and we shall never be content until we are happy. There is a restless longing within us for felicity that will never be gratified until it reaches the Beatific Vision that constitutes the bliss of Heaven. Meanwhile it drives us higher and on to seek its appeasement, and some young men make experiments in sensuality, in eating and drinking, in excitement, in visits to the theatre, in attendance at parties and dances, in the frequentation of liquor saloons and other resorts. But pleasure after pleasure pall. Not one of them combined, can allay that ceaseless longing of the human heart for the Infinite Good. And the more evil they are, the less power have they to fill the void. Their tenacity is to drag down, rather than to uplift. They are to be feared and loathed, and used with caution and restraint, even the most innocent of them, rather than to be sought and indulged in as the best things in life. At best they are only shadows or images of those celestial delights that await those who vanquish their present inclinations in order to reserve themselves for the enjoyment of which here below "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Duty is more satisfying to that longing for happiness than is pleasure. For duty gives peace of mind, that ineffable peace that is above price; and those enjoyments that uplifting of the heart that raises it above trouble and pain and sorrow—that serenity of spirit that in all affairs looks to the end and is not disturbed by anything between.

And with peace of mind and hope comes strength of will to persevere in well-doing, a strength that ultimately becomes moral fortitude, brushing aside the pleasures of the body for the spiritual joys of the soul arising from the practice of virtue.

Then will the young man take delight in self conquest—in purity, in temperance, in denial of sensuality, in control of the senses, in the restraint of anger. His God will not be his belly nor his glory in his shame. He will make a compact with his eyes, as Job did, not to look upon a virgin lightly. He will suffer and be strong.

At this stage in his upward course, he will be open to persuasion that the man who thinks that virtue is painful and vice pleasant, is a novice both in good and in evil.

CAUSES OF FAILURES.

There Must be Energy and Ambition in Order to Achieve Success.

It would be an interesting study to trace the lives of successful men and find out if possible wherein they succeeded where others failed. And then successes and failures are, after all, but relative terms. Perhaps in the squaring of the final account, many persons will be reckoned successful whom the world regarded as miserable failures. Not all that passes for success is worthy of the name, and there are apparent failures that may have been blessings to the world.

But in the generally accepted sense of the word, why is it that some men are successful beyond others? And to what cause are we to attribute the failure of so many who seem destined to be always hewers of wood and drawers of water? There are undoubtedly reasons for those results.

Perhaps the chief difficulty with a great many is that they try to keep their position and earn their salary by doing just as little work as possible. They do not realize that the interests of their employer and their own interests are identical. They endeavor just to fill their place and no more. They are always eagerly waiting for the stopping hour, and look for their salary at the end of the week as the one thing to be desired. They neglect to take full advantage of the opportunities offered for self-improvement, and so miss the opportunity or

promotion. They take little or no pride in their work, looking upon it as a drudgery to be endured, while they sigh for the good luck of the person in a comfortable position who has large responsibility and ten times their salary. They fail to see that if they would succeed they must excel. They grow discouraged and grumble that the world is so unappreciative of their devotion. Thus from year to year they go on, if they manage to hold their places at all, occupying a humble position, while others, mere novices in the business, pass over their heads to higher duties and emoluments. They started out with the purpose of just earning their salary, and they found it was a mistake. The man who merely tries to earn his salary never earns it, and his employer soon finds that out.

On the other hand, the successful man is not necessarily a genius. He simply tries to do his work a little better than any one else, to be a little more punctual, more tidy, more obliging to master details, and to make his employer's interests his own. He aims to do some one thing better than anybody else. And thus he succeeds. It is surprising how little better than his fellow-men. Honesty, steadiness, application, desire to improve and patience to wait for the result—these are among the trifles that lift men up, and give them in time the positions of honor and usefulness that makes them the envy of others.

Knowing Ourselves.

We must not only study to know God, but we must know ourselves. We must willingly and heartily accept what God reveals about ourselves—our utter impotence, in contrast with his great omnipotence. It is "to those that have no might" that God increaseth strength. The mischief is that we have too much strength, and think we do not need to wait upon God. You have heard of ships going out to sea, and the officers are told to be ready to start at any moment. If the question were asked, "What are they waiting for?" the answer would be one of two things. They are either waiting for supplies, or waiting for orders. That is to be our position. We are to wait for the power of the Holy Spirit every day; for the strength of God every hour. Let us cultivate the habit of thus waiting on the Lord, and the supplies will come. Let us also cultivate the habit of waiting for orders, for instructions. God is willing to teach and guide his people beyond their conception. Study and love your bible, but remember that it is from God that you must get your orders. Then think what it is that the word "waiting" implies; it is patience and quietness. Let us cultivate this habit of waiting patiently for the Lord. Before you leave your chamber in the morning, pray, not only have your bible study and prayer, but let there be definite waiting on God, that He may come in, and take possession of you for the day. This we must wait not only patiently but continually. Some wait for God in the morning or in the evening, but we need to pray that the Holy Spirit may bring us into the blessed attitude of waiting all the day upon God, waiting all the day upon God, waiting for instruction, and for supply of grace and strength. Blessed are all they that thus wait for Him.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Desiring Spiritual Gifts.

If you desire spiritual gifts, not for your own gratification but for the glory of Christ, if, so far as you know, your heart is rid of evil, and your life of sinful habit; if you perceive that the promise is for you, because you are not only a son, but an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ; if you feel an eager desire that God has instilled to lead you to this very point—then open your mouth wide, and believe that God will supply unshutter every window, and believe that the light enters; throw wide every aperture and believe that you have received what you needed and sought. According to your faith, it shall be unto you. You may not have the emotion you expected, or the sense of blessing you looked for, but you will have God, God's gift, God's answer to your faith. And you may go your way and reckon that you have what you sought. Then, in some moment of need, or when you least expect it, or when engaged in wretched trials, some glad consciousness of joy, or peace, or nearness to Christ, or power over others, will be the evidence that you did receive.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Dana on the Bible.

In a recent address, Charles A. Dana, the well-known editor of the New York Sun, speaking of books which every one should read, placed first in rank the Bible, considering it not from a religious but from the standpoint of literary utility. "There is perhaps no book," he says, "whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublime simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality, or affections, none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible. When you get into a controversy and want exactly the right answer, when you are looking for an expression, what is there that closes a dispute like a verse from the Bible? What is that sets up a right principle for you, which pleads for a policy, for a cause, so much as the right passage of Holy Scripture?"

Destroying Idols.

Cast your idol into the furnace, melt your mammon down, coin him up, make God's money of him, and send him courting. Make of him cups to carry the gift of God, the water of life, through the world—in lovely justice to the oppressed, in healthful labor to them whom no man hath hired, in rest to the weary who have borne the burden and heat of the day, in joy to the

heavy-hearted, in laughter to the dull-spirited. True gifts might not the mammon of unrighteousness, changed back into the money of God, give to men and women, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—George MacDonald.

Are You One of Them?

When a young man finds that he is developing the critical faculty, let him pause. The critic never does anything great and useful. He sits back and picks flaws in the work of others. He sees spots on the sun. No work of genius altogether pleases him. It worries him to see how short men fall of his ideals. So he goes along grumbling and denouncing, without being able to do anything half so good as the work he is all the time finding fault with.

PLUMP AGAINST A BIG FACT.

It is not properly any part of my business to enforce lessons in ethics; therefore I commonly leave that responsible task to those whose vocation it is to have spoken. I occasionally write on the subject which constitutes the burden of these essays without now and then running plump against a mighty fact in morals. If you will be good enough to read the following short letters I will then try to show why I was so strongly provoked as I have spoken. "My daughter Annie Jane," writes that young girl's mother, "now five years of age, was a fine healthy child up to March, 1891, when she began to sicken and fall away. She had no appetite and every particle of food she took came up. She lost strength rapidly and within a fortnight she was thin as a rake, being not much else than skin and bone. For days and days she lay in a half-conscious condition, scarcely moving hand or foot, and to all appearance lifeless. I had a doctor attending her for four weeks, and he said the child was suffering from indigestion, yet so far as I could see, his treatment had no effect. My husband and I, and all that saw the poor baby, thought she was slowly dying, and we were almost heart-broken at the thought of losing her. "Noting that we gave her did the slightest good, and the child was fading away, when one day, towards the end of April, a lady called, and after seeing Annie Jane, advised us to use Mother Seigel's Syrup. She said she had known the lives of many children saved by this medicine who were down with the same complaint. I hurried to get a bottle from Mr. Routly, the chemist, in Susan's Road, and began giving it in small doses. In less than twenty-four hours the child began to eat, the sickness stopped, and we could see a change for the better. We kept on giving the Syrup, and in two weeks Annie was well as ever, and fat getting back her flesh. Since that time—now four years ago—she has never been ill. We consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved her life. You can publish this statement and refer anyone to me. (Signed) Mrs. Anne Alexander, 35, Melbourn Road, Eastbourne, August 1st, 1894."

"My son Joseph," writes Mr. Joseph Bond, of Salter's Green, Mayfield, Sussex, "was never strong. He did not come on like other children. He was weak, sickly and puny. He ate but little, and was usually in pain, and he vomited most of it up again. Nothing gave him strength. In February, 1894, his feet and ankles began to tetter. Next, three abscesses formed on his neck and under the chin, making deep holes. He was merely skin and bone. The abscesses seemed to be exhausting his life, and in two weeks Annie's doctor's care five months had not done him any benefit. The doctors gave him medicines and cod-liver oil, but nothing strengthened him. "In December (1894) I concluded to take the case into my own hands and gave him a medicine that had cured my wife—Mother Seigel's Syrup. To our astonishment and delight he began to improve in a few days. He could eat, and was stronger for it. We kept giving him the Syrup, and he grew better every day. The abscesses soon healed, and he now a fine healthy boy, nine years old, and strong for the first time since he was born. Publish this letter if you wish and refer inquiries to me. (Signed) Joseph Bond, July 26th, 1895."

What, Dana, is that mighty fact in morals? Ask yourself the question. What justice was there in the suffering of these two little children? For whose sake was it? Why do the majority of the human race die in infancy and childhood? That bundle of laws and forces called "nature" has no pity, no mercy. Obey and live; disobey and perish, that is the way of nature. Then how does Mother Seigel's Syrup cure? It cures by bringing the diseased and suffering body back where nature's hand can reach it. It puts the deranged coach back on the wheels, it re-anchors the stranded ship. The radical trouble of both Annie Alexander and Joseph Bond was of the digestion, the first (a mere baby then) having been seized with acute indigestion, and the boy having, as his father tells us, been born with a feeble stomach. Hence, in his case, the bad blood and the abscesses which nature sought to remove it. Will parents take warning from these instances? I hope so. Watch the little ones and use Mother Seigel's Syrup whenever you see them inclined to droop or languish.

Glad to Return to Prison.

A man named Bourdet who escaped from Cayenne eleven years ago has just given himself up to the French police and will be sent back to complete his sentence. He ran away with six others, intending to reach Dutch Guiana. They were armed with axes and a little quinine; two died of fever, two others were captured by natives and handed back to the authorities, one was crushed by a boa constrictor, and Bourdet's last remaining companion robbed him of what he had and joined a native tribe. Bourdet was taken to Surinam, and after working in the gold mines, went back to France. His relatives disowned him, he could find no employment, so he gave himself up and asked to be sent back to Cayenne.

"What have you named your baby, Rastus?" "Sam Pro Tem Johnson, sah."

"What is the Pro Tem for?" "To show that the name is only temporary, sah. We kind o' thought Sam might want to choose his own name when he grewed up, sah, so we put the Pro Tem in as a warning to the public."

WORMS FOR BAIT.

Some of the Ways in Which Fishermen are Able to Economize Labor.

Some fishermen don't like to dig worms for bait. In the first place, it makes their backs ache, and, again, it takes time. There is also difficulty in finding where the worms are, especially in dry seasons, when the worms bore deep for moist earth, which they must have to live. On the other hand, if the earth is so wet that one can squeeze water out of it, the worms drown. They prefer rich soil, about the mouths of drains, places where the chips of wood have rotted, in barnyards about the outhouses, and they may be found under planks and logs.

There are a variety of ways of getting them. A small boy will get a canful for a quarter usually, but sometimes one has to fall back on his own resources. Some men, who know a wrinkle or so, go around with a lantern on favorable evenings—warm and slightly rainy weather is best—and find the worms crawling in the worn or barren places, or among the grass blades.

A man once told another man who went to a favorable place at night and by lightly tapping the ground drove the worms from their holes. He was led to do this by the curious actions of a woodcock he saw one warm spring evening. The bird, he said, would hop up and down for a minute or so, then stop, and turn his head to one side, apparently listening. Then he would strike his bill in the ground. The jar of the bird's dancing, the man believed, set the worms in motion and drove them to the surface, or near to it, and so became the prey of the bird. It looks very much to a naturalist as if the man had seen a woodcock's love-making dance, but the jarring really does drive worms up, and so perhaps the woodcock was getting his supper.

After a rain storm worms are plentiful. They are dug out, or jarred out by the pail of worms. A new way of bait getting is something like drowning woodchucks out of their holes. A writer for *Le Nature* says that grammes of blue vitriol (cupric sulphate) put into a quart of water and poured onto a favorable place for worms will drive them to the surface quickly. It is also said that sospensul will have the same effect. The vitriol or sospensul makes the worms think a volcano has broken loose, and so seek the surface as quickly as possible.

PLUME HUNTERS IN FLORIDA.

The Most Handsome Birds Exterminated to Ornament the Heads of Women.

The Forest and Stream some time ago called attention to the plume hunters, who were killing off Florida's handsome birds in spite of laws. Commenting on this the *Indian River Advocate*, published at Titusville, Fla., says that the statements made are only too true, and that "with the birds gone Florida will lose half its charm." Showing what these plume hunters have done the *Advocate* says:

"There was a time when the shores of Indian River abounded with all kinds of water birds, which might be seen lazily flopping along the margin or resting on the trees which line the banks. Where formerly there were a hundred it is now a rare occurrence to see one, and this is occasioned partly by ill-shooting fly seekers and mostly by the plume hunters. The trouble of it is with the plumers that they must necessarily kill at the most harmful time. It is in the spring of the year that the birds assume their most lovely and gorgeous plumage, the males being the more gorgeous. This is because the females choose the most attractive ones for husbands, and it is because of their beauty that the hunters kill them off. These beautiful feathers last till the nesting, and it is on the nesting grounds that the gorgeous birds are killed, leaving the starving nestlings to die miserably. This work has been going on for years, and it is safe to say that the most handsome of Florida birds have been practically exterminated to ornament the heads of women."

Mating Versus Carpet.

For housewives of moderate means, with one servant, living in a small house or apartment, it will be readily seen that rooms can be kept clean with less labor if the floors, or a margin of them, are stained and the center covered with a rug, which can be lifted every few weeks and taken to the yard or roof and slaken and thoroughly brushed. A good Smyrna rug will stand hard wear for ten years, longer than the best carpet will present a respectable appearance.

For bedrooms, whether for city or country, it has long been conceded that matting is the best, cheapest and most sanitary and striae substitute. An article at twenty-five cents a yard will give satisfaction for three years if turned once during that time and wiped once a month with a cloth wrung out of warm water containing a handful of salt to a pail of water.

A woman whose floors are covered with rugs and matting can welcome the housecleanings with a smiling face, for they will have no terrors for her. The entire house can be cleaned one room at a time, while the children are at school and her lord at his office, without martyrdom or annoyance to any member of the family.

The Object of Education.

A characteristic instance was given at a dinner party lately of the present-day tendency for children to personize their parents. At a preparatory school the children were told to write down what they thought to be the object of education. One small boy wrote: "The object of education is to be able to talk for your father and mother when you go abroad," and another boy, doubtless remembering the oft-repeated reflection at home, when he had fallen into some scrape, that "the holidays would soon be over, and he would be safely back at school," wrote, with unconscious cynicism: "The object of education is to get you out of your parents' way."

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

THE DOCTORS WERE WRONG.

THEY SAID MR. REUBEN PETCH WAS PERMANENTLY DISABLED.

They Apparently Had Good Ground for Their Report and on the Strength of it He was Paid a \$1,500 Disability Insurance—Another Case, in Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Brought Health After all Other Means Failed.

From the Meaford Monitor. Mr. Reuben Petch is a resident of Grieraville who has been known to the editor of the Monitor for a considerable number of years. For several years Mr. Petch has been in bad health, has been an intense sufferer and was declared incurable by a number of physicians, and was paid a disability insurance of \$1,500. Lately, to the astonishment of those who had known that he was pronounced incurable, Mr. Petch has been brought back almost to his former health. This restoration he attributes to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and knowing that his story would interest the readers of the Monitor, a reporter was sent to interview him. The following is Mr. Petch's account on the reporter:

"I had been sick for some time. I consulted in that time with no less than six of the best physicians I could find, but none seemed to help me so far as medicine was concerned. My limbs and body were



puddled or bloated so I could not get my clothes on. I had lost the use of my feet entirely. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could not dress myself and had not dressed myself for two years previous. I could not even open my mouth enough to receive any solid food, and I had to be fed with a spoon. I seemed to have lost my power of swallowing, and I had to lay there until I was helped up. I could not get around without a cane or a crutch. My flesh seemed to be dead. You might have made a punchion of me and I would feel no hurt. The doctors told me I could never get better. They said I had palsy on one side, caused by spinal sclerosis, the effect of a grippé. You might roast me and I would not sweat. I was a member of the Mutual Aid Association of Toronto, and, as under their rules I was entitled to a disability insurance, I made application for it. It was examined by two doctors on behalf of the Association and pronounced permanently disabled, and was in due time paid my disability insurance, of \$1,500. This was about two years after I first took sick. Things went on in this way for a considerable period, and my helplessness was. If anything on the increase. I was continually reading about the cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last determined to try them. After using four or five boxes there was a change. It first made itself manifest by my beginning to sweat freely. I made up my mind to give them a thorough trial and to my surprise I have gained health and strength ever since. I take no other medicine except Pink Pills. I began taking them when all other medicines and the doctors failed to do any good. I could not get off my chair without help. I never expected to get better but Pink Pills have rescued me from a living death, and now I am happy to say I can work and walk and get around freely. I eat heartily, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man, and I ascribe the cause entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I cannot say too much in their praise and recommend them highly to all similarly afflicted."

The above is Mr. Petch's unvarnished statement of his case and we might add, we know him to be a respectable, reliable gentleman, who has no interest in making the statement only to do good to others who might become afflicted as he was.

This strong testimony proves the claim made that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when all other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes, which some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of extra profit, urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy just the same as "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the genuine always have the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around every box.

Animals and Fire.

Sports Asfeld says that rattlesnakes won't run from fire, but instead strike till the last at the flames about them. This is true of many animals, especially of horses, who will rush back into a burning barn, apparently blind with rage, striking with

their hoofs and switching their tails in great anger. The flight of wild birds during migration time against light houses is more like the action of the green bicyclist who rides against a trolley car or wagon as if hypnotized by it, and in spite of his fears.

Gorillas, it is said, delight in fire, drawing closer to the flames as the fire dies down, and at last wading in the red-hot ashes, apparently enchanted and not feeling the burning coals.

A little fire built beneath one of the pear-shaped paper wasp nests that are seen hanging from low branches will kill every wasp in it, as the insects fly at it one by one in their endeavors to save their home as they young.

Deer are frequently heard about Adirondack open camps where the fire flies up from the logs, but a big, hot fire drives the mosquitoes and punkies from the camps as well as smoke.

Frogs leap through the flames of a little bonfire time and time again, as if having the most pleasing of fun. It may be, though, that they think the flickering flames to be some new sort of insect.

The American Kitchen. A French chef has jotted down in his note book a few of the causes of waste in an American kitchen:

- Scraps of meat are thrown away.
- Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.
- Dried fruits are not looked after and become wormy.
- Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.
- Apples are left to decay for want of sorting over.
- The tea canister and coffee are left open.
- Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.
- Sugar, tea, coffee and rice are carelessly spilled and wasted.
- Soup is left to dissolve and waste in water.
- Dish towels are used for dish cloths, napkins for dish towels and towels for holders.
- Brooms and mops are not hung up.
- More coal is burned than necessary by not closing dampers when the fire is not used.

Lights are left burning when not in use. Tin dishes are not properly cleaned and dried.

Good new brooms are used to scrub kitchen floors.—The Chief.

Her Theatre Seat.

"At a theatre where the seats are not numbered and to which I had gone early to get a good seat," said a man, "I found just the seat I wanted, in the fourth row from the front. In the seat in front of me in the front row, sat a man; the seat immediately back of him was vacant, and the seat back of that and directly in front of me was occupied by a small boy, sitting between his father and mother; so that beside a good location, I had an unobscured view, which was one of the things I had in mind in choosing the seat. Of course I had to take the chances on that vacant seat, but the chances were at least even that it would be occupied by a man, and if it was taken by a woman there was a chance that she would not wear a big hat."

"When the theatre filled up that seat was taken by a woman, and she had on a hat which would have covered the grass plot in front of a house in the suburbs, and there grew up upon it flowers and things as tall as the hollyhocks in the front yard of a house in the country."

"But she had no sooner taken the seat than she raised her hands and lifted the big hat off; my view was quite unobstructed after all, and I felt that I had reason to be grateful."

Those Awful Slit Shoes.

The average woman considers her boots spoiled when once they are wet, and usually they are stiff, uncomfortable and shapeless. If they are new, and her purse is limited, she can't throw them aside, and consequently suffers torture, both to her pride and her feet.

But with a little care she may prevent much of the discomfort. Remove the wet shoes as soon as possible, wipe off all the mud, then with a bit of cotton flannel wet in kerosene rub them well; when they are partially dry repeat the treatment. Put them in a moderately warm place to dry slowly and thoroughly. When they are quite dry rub again with the cloth same with kerosene, and apply the dressing. They will be soft and flexible, and but little affected by their rain bath.

Choosing Her Helpmeet.

"Can you sew buttons on?" asked the loopy new woman. "No," he answered. "Has your father educated you so that you know how to take proper care of a bicycle?" "Now, I can't say he ever has." "Then," she said bluntly, "I must crush the fond fancy which was blossoming in my heart. The words I meant to speak were unsaid. You are not the kind of a man who would make home happy."

A woman in Norway, Mich., coughed so hard a few days ago that she broke one of her ribs.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX ON LITERARY MEN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and the Elements of His Character—The Story of His Success—Critical and Personal—A Song by Hon. Charles H. Collins.

A good deal of honest mirth, lightness of humor, clear sense, and not a little of manly tenderness, pathos, and poetic beauty, came into this world with Oliver Wendell Holmes, on the 29th of August, 1809. I imagine he had a good deal of fun as a boy; for he continued to have a good deal and to be the cause of a good deal in others after he grew up. The old home—the residence of the excellent Cambridge doctor, Allet Holmes—no doubt echoed to many a ringing laugh and was the witness to many a trick such as boys are quick to invent, and prompt to carry out.

He cannot be classed among the uneducated poets, (whoever they are, and certainly Burns and Bloomfield, and Clare and Whittier, had an education of some kind,) for he was born in the house of a lettered Cambridge gentleman, having books to the left and books to the right of him; and before he was done he had gone through the curriculum of Phillips Academy and of Harvard college, and had his head crowded with all the three and fourtuple learning of the time. He had all the degrees a poet needs; and one cannot go about Boston, all his days, and live in that classic atmosphere, and not be educated. Then he should be a doctor, like his father, and take big medical degrees, and become more than a country, or even city practitioner, but a great medical light, and a lecturer in that great college—of whom I presume everybody has heard,—that was named after Dr. John Harvard. But everybody makes one mistake, at least, and he made the mistake of thinking for a whole year that he would be a lawyer. A man can learn enough of that in one year to keep himself from being caught in a legal snare, and not being to ruin a doctor. After recovering from this error we learn "he devoted himself with ardor and industry to the pursuit of medicine."

Of course he was already a poet. A man who is ever a poet is one in the bud, as soon as he is born. For, ten to one, he makes verses before he gets off his bib and pinafore; and, if he doesn't, it is not because he don't feel like it. So we need not suppose, while he trod the hospitals of Paris, and Berlin, and the boulevards, and the poetic and historic haunts of those old European cities, in which he dwelt. Nor need we think that, while he made the acquaintance of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in the old world, he neglected to scrape a little acquaintance with the poets and literateurs. When he came back to America he knew France well, and he knew the French language, too, and what is more, its literature.

In 1835, near the close, he was back in Boston, and young Dr. Holmes hung out his shingle, and when the big-bugs of the Hub were sick

"He sent for him—
"He physics, bleed, and sweats 'em,"
"He did not want for practice—in the ordinary parlance, it became "large and lucrative." Half the difficulty was solved when a man came whom people liked. There is no flaming sword in the way of a man who has two things,—ability and address. He had both, and used them. Cons quence, he had more people to doctor than he wanted, and shekels rolled in. But his medical role was in the professorship of Anatomy in Harvard. When Dr. Warren stepped out, he stepped in. Many a young medico will cherish among his pleasant recollections the entrances to the class-room, with his quick step and alert manner of the author of the "Chambered Nautillus" and "Elsie Venner." Many a joke did the "autocrat of the breakfast-table" crack at the expense of the young fraternity.

But we must not be too biographical nor too biographical; nor need we tell about his earlier poems in the college paper at Harvard; nor how he made a fine stroke, while yet a callow youth, in his ringing song, "Old Ironsides."

Test her to tired emign down,
Long has she wared on high;
Nor how his longest poems were metrical essays,—"Poetry," "Tepsehore," and "Urania"—and were written to be delivered before college and literary societies; nor how he was among the first to start the "Atlantic Monthly" and to contribute to it; nor about his famous series, "The Autocrat," the "Professor," and the Poet," at the breakfast table, which made his fame world-wide and justly so. Lo! these are all written in the chronicles of the scribes of American literature.

Dr. Holmes was the laureate of societies and occasions, and many of his poems served a timely purpose, and will not have the interest hereafter they had at first. He has written a great deal of temporary, and moderate verse; but he has written some that is exquisite, and that will, we predict, live as long as we read poetry at all and delight in elegant English,—such poems as—"Old Ironsides," "The Last Leaf," "The Chambered Nautillus," and his two magnificent hymns, among the finest in all our collections.

Holmes is a poet of mingled humor and

sentiment, full of sweetness and gentility. His style is artistic, and remarkable for b-ivity, point and sparkling brightness, and a. quisite grace and finish. Some one says: "His lyrics ring and sparkle like catars of silver, and his serious pieces arrest the attention with the most genuine pathos and tenderness." The blending of the humorous and pathetic in him are felt in his poem, "The Last Leaf." One hardly knows whether to laugh at the comical appearance of that odd old man; or weep at his desolation and loneliness. We compromise, with the tribute of a smile and a tear.

Dr. Holmes was not a man who was liable to "lose his head," to use a common phrase, nor to be carried off his feet. He waged a gentle war on humbuggery. Nor was he of the stuff of which pure idealists, enthusiasts, mystic and martyrs are made. Indeed, he was impatient of these things, and the blue orthodoxy of Calvinistic New England, had many an arrow from his quiver. Yet he had a devout spirit; and there was in him a strain deeply religious, as it was also deeply human.

Beers says in his book on American literature: "He had the sharp eye of the satirist and the man of the world for oddities of dress, dialect, and manners. There was a good deal of tonysm or social conservatism in Holmes. He acknowledged a preference for the man with a pedigree, the man who owned family portraits, and had been brought up in familiarity with books, and could pronounce "view" correctly. . . . with the rest of society he was disposed to ridicule the abolition movement as the crocheted of the eccentric and the long haired. But when the civil war broke out he lent his pen, his tongue, and his own flesh and blood to the cause of the union. The individuality of Holmes' writings comes in part from their local and provincial bias. He has been the laureate of Harvard college and the bard of Boston city, an Urban poet, with a cockneyish fondness for old Boston ways and things—the Common, and the Frog Pond, Faneuil Hill and King's Chapel at the Old South, Banker Hill, Long wharf and the tea-party and the town crier. It was Holmes who invented the playful saying that "Boston State house is the hub of the solar system."

Holmes was for many years the friend and associate of man of letters, and as Lowell describes it at their meetings would make the "rockets" of his wit "curve their long ellipses." Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Felton, Emerson, Alcott, Whitier, and many more were as the companions of his youth, and their going before him made his pathway lonelier. He too, has gone; but he has left his imperishable contribution to our literature, and the memory of a wholesome and useful life behind him.

We have in April "Munsey" a certain amount of "asseverated" criticism, in which the alleged critic is as curt as a hotel clerk or a railway official sometimes knows how to be. Though he has not demonstrated his critical right and ability, he has raised a question in some minds at least, whether he can be a gentleman. We suppose no gentleman treats with wholesale contempt anything but the contemptible; and especially he never abuses in print a lady who certainly has never done him harm, and whom we believe worthy of better treatment. He is under the cover of a convenient anonymity, and seems merely to have sacrificed every consideration to smartness. Such an effusion would deserve no notice but that in the popular magazines where we are sorry to find it. A correspondent writes with the just indignation a generous nature feels when he gets the sense of meanness: "I have today the Easter Munsey. On page 120 is a brutal, uncalled for and mean slur on Sophie M. Almon Hensley. The little 'fate' dog of a 'penny-a-liner' critic says he has never heard of her before, and trusted he never would again. He puts in a few lines of a poem. You will be indignant, as I was—as anyone must be—at a cur who will deliberately and wantonly speak thus of a lady in a magazine that goes all over the country. He need not have praised if he did not want to, but a gentleman would have said nothing. These book reviewers want to be "smart Alecks," and say cutting things which gratify their small souls. When you see the magazine you can judge the cur who wrote it.

They who would regard themselves as quite intallible critics, who feel constrained not to spare, or who can never utter praise but with a damning qualification, may profitably read and ponder some recent sallies of wisdom from that clever Scotchman (are there any more Scotchmen?) Andrew Lang. So may they who are afraid to lift their voices for fear they may not say the right thing, or say it at all. Here is a critic, among many other vocations, and this is what he had recently to say of criticism:

"Lord Cockburn begins his 'Life of Jeffrey' by calling him 'the first of English critics.' The words across the critical mist to thought. Jeffrey, with his very limited knowledge, with his yet more limited taste, with the blank places in his perceptions, the numbness, as it were, of many of his sensory nerves, is he, the assessor of Scott, the hammer of Wordsworth, the enthusiast for 'The Paradise of Coquette,' to be the first of British critics, is it worth while to be a British critic at all or to read British criticism? It is a fact that among Jeffrey's reviews of poetry I remember none so enthusiastic as his review of 'The Paradise of Coquette.' As a mere humble retailer of Dame Criticism, the

"Paradise" strikes me as a very belated, weak, and cheap imitation of Pope.
"But poets may say that Jeffrey is not the Prince of Criticism. I don't think he is, de jure, but he certainly wore the crown. And if not Jeffrey, who is the rightful Prince? If one thinks of Dr. Johnson, who also wore the purple, one remembers, alas! his treatment of 'Lycidas,' and his general usage of Gray. If we cast our eyes on Mr. Matthew Arnold, we cannot forget his preference of 'Enoch Arden' to all Lord Tennyson's poems; his opinion that Kebley's letters outshone his sonnets; his apparent inability to admire any contemporary—except Miss Fegheler. To my mind, Miss Fegheler has never had all her reward of renown; still, 'there are degrees.' As a critic, Addison is too remote, though a taste which was right about Milton and 'Chevy Chase' can seldom have gone wrong.
"Perhaps poets are the best critics, but then one recalls Coleridge on Tennyson's metrical gifts, and Wordsworth's rather marked inability to see more than a 'pretty play of heatastems' in Keats, or in anything—not his own. We observe Burns in several admirer tions of Alford's, and Scott's (quaint quite quaint!) 'Diana. Ballads with chakapars, and Byron holding higher than need be the banner of Pope above such Claudians as Coleridge and Wordsworth and himself. Where we find knowledge, sensitiveness, power, in a critic (as in a great comoser), we are at a disadvantage, and of course freedom from excess. Where, in brief, is the faultless critic? Who sees literature steadily, and whole, and without personal or other bias?

"The young critic, to whom I would tenderly address myself, reflect on these facts when he feels inclined to be cocksure. A thing may be good, though not good for him; just as 'Lycidas' is good, though not for Dr. Johnson; and Wordsworth, though not for Jeffrey. I know no more natural comparison than that of the poet-critic, each critic that is right in every case. Yet we see that our busters (or our busters they were, O young men) were very often wrong, and we, too, may be fallible. Really, when we reflect on it, one wonders that we have the courage to damn a bad novel or a minor poet, or to praise a good one. The poet-critic, the poet-critic may be a Keats or a Wordsworth."
"There is a profane tale of Charles Baudelaire bidding some one be very careful with some hideous little south sea or west coast idol or fetish. 'He may be the right man,' said a certain one, 'but when you come to the night comes under my lash.' It seems very dull, dirty, pompous, pastimistic, affected, but—it may be the right one! Keats was, so the right one, so was Wordsworth, so was Shelley, so was Tennyson, and how little our critical fathers knew it!"
"They never recognize of 'Christabel,' the critic. Their failure seems as impossible as if you did not see stars, or hear 'all the angels singing out of heaven,' but they were blind and deaf. Stubby 'could not see it,' I am not quite sure that Lamb could. 'The society of Nature exceeds the subtlety of man.' The most perfect of the human intellects are to be manifold for the versatility of any individual critic."

"We all do err, more than seeml insanivimus omnes. Mr. Browning's later works may be his best; I feel afraid to say 'No.' Lord Tennyson's dramatic may be the most perfect jewels in his crown. His last jamaun jurer de riel! I feel quite disgustedly fallible; I wonder anybody ever listens to any of us—not that the public really cares very much for what we say. Still, do let us be careful, especially the young ones. I would willingly hope that they are always quite right, and utter the verdict of the future. Still, they are human, and there is an aw ul responsibility. Not that I am conscious of ever having made a critical mistake myself, even when I differ from them; that is one reason, among others, why I doubt even their infallibility.
"After all, though everybody is often wrong, one reads criticism. One reads it, as Mr. Arnold cranked wine, because one likes it. One is pleased to hear his response which a work evokes from a reflective, sensitive, and a certain mind. It may be a jarring dissonance, or it may be a pleasing cadence. One is curious to hear, one is charmed or vexed, as the case may be."

We have from the author the following song, set to music and published by Ira W. Shaw, Millerville, Penn. The writer is Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, O., and his stanzas—which appear also in his volume, "The New Year comes, My Lady,"—are entitled:
Good-bye; A Farewell to Ireland.
Good-bye to the Island,
Green Erin, good-bye;
To the mist of Killarney
To the blue of the sky;
To inlets and havens,
To rocks on thy Coast,
Thy true-hearted people,
Of nations the best,
Good-bye to Cork harbor,
Where navies may ride
When storms stir the ocean
In anger and pride.
As fogs gather round us,
Mid tempest's hoarse roar,
As ships leave the flag,
My heart is on shore,
And faith is unshaken,
That yet the red hand
Of vengeance will loosen
The chains from the land.
O where is the sire,
With Liberty's smile?
Oh why has she slighted
This sea-circled isle?
O sleeping or waking,
Wherever thou art,
The tears that are flowing
Apply to thy breast,
My Freedom then hasten
The treasure to save,
And Erin will trample
On tyranny's grave.
The signal is given,
The flag at the mast,
The sails are set afloat,
With many, the last!
The ship has weighed anchor,
The soul breathes a sigh;
In sorrow and silence,
O Erin, good-bye!

Mr. Collins gives an account of the genesis of his poem: On a steamer in Queenstown Harbo, familiarly known as the Cove of Cork, were a number of Irish emigrants bound for America. Steamers lie in the ofing, and passengers are taken out on tenders to the vessels. The flags of the various lines are hoisted at the point of embarkation, and when the tender has started with the passengers the flag is taken down. When at other vessel is due her flag is run off, so that outgoing passengers may know what steamer is in the ofing, that they may be ready to board it, as their tickets indicate both the line and the vessel they are to take, and the port of its destination. In leaving Queenstown, there were many Irish people who went from that port. There were others who had come down the Channel from Liverpool. As night came on, there were a number of

women and some old men and boys, crowding a weird retrain, indicating sorrow at leaving their beloved country, the home so dear to them, and deploring the sad necessity which compelled them to do so. One boy, who was bound for Philadelphia had a remarkably fine voice, and was shrewd and quite intelligent. Gathering from him the feelings actuating the emigrants, I went forward to the binnacle, light and jitted down the song in a somewhat ruder form than that in which it now appears. They sung it often on the ship. Afterwards it was published, changed to its present form, in the Hillsboro Gazette. Thence it found its way into the three volumes I published, at last attracted attention of music publishers, and now goes its rounds as the latest Irish song; and the publisher, at least, is pleased with it, and writes that it is a success among the people, of all nationalities, where he resides." We felicitate the worthy author on whatever of vogue the air set to it has given to his song.
PATERFEX.

WAS A PROFITABLE GHOST.

The Queer Story of What Happened in One of the Maine Lumber Camps.
Job Remick of Otis, Maine, claims to be the only man who ever slept by the side of a bear all winter without knowing it. Job is a farmer-lumberman, who took a crew of choppers to the headwaters of Union River last December for the purpose of getting out spool stuff for the Edgington factory. As they expected to stay several months, a good camp had to be put up cheaply and quickly as possible. The site which Job selected filled every condition. The camp was placed at the foot of a steep, stony ledge, with logs to form three sides of the structure, while the fourth side was of rock, which served the double purpose of chimney and wind-proof wall. Job, who combined the duties of cook and camp boss in one person, and was obliged to get up early and go to bed late, made a little bunk for himself next to the ledge, while the men slept in a common field bed at one side of the camp.
It was not long before the cracks between the logs and a big seam in the rock were chinked with mud and moss and the winter's work was started in earnest. Strict camp discipline was enforced. The cook and teamsters were up at 4 o'clock. Every morning at 5:30 breakfast was ready, and at 6 all started for the woods, where they worked, with half an hour's rest for dinner, until dark, when they took supper in camp, played seven-up until 9 o'clock, and went to roost in the hemoacks.
The last thing Job did every night before pulling in the latching was to fill the fireplace with hard-wood logs, which kept the camp warm until morning. It took a week or two to get the frost out of the ledge at the back of the camp, and when the stones had ceased to "sweat" the men began to hear strange noises, like a giant moaning in vain, which seemed to come from the recesses of the ledge. These sounds, which started after the big fire was put on at night and ceased before daylight, and were never heard when the men were up and about, were at first thought to be due to gases and water panned up in crevices of the ledge; but as the winter advanced and the groans grew to snarls of protest—like the talk of a sick Norwegian who is trying to swear in English—the choppers came to the conclusion that the camp was haunted, and began to rehearse the names of their fellow townsmen who had been murdered or died from violence. After an impartial canvass and a careful comparison of voices it was decided that the groaning ghost was the spirit of old Ira Sprague, who had wandered to these hills three years before after bears and had never come back to tell how he fared. As soon as the author of the noises was named every chopper and teamster quit work, leaving Job and the goblin to keep camp. New men were hired from an employment agency in Bangor, and though Job tried to explain the groans by saying they were due to frost in the hills, the secret was soon common talk, and again the camp was empty of everybody but Job and the ghost.
Adopting the homopaths' view like cures like, and that spirits distilled are the best remedy for spirits disembodied, Job hired his third crew with the understanding that in addition to regular wages every man was to receive a gill of new rum at the close of his day's work. So between men going away from fear and new men coming in for solace, the crew was kept good natured and time jogged along until the latter days of March. One night after the men after the men had turned in and the horned owls were crooning a lullaby above the sleeping camp, Job heard a scratching and clawing among the rocks by his side, and holding his breath to learn what was coming next, felt something drop down and strike him in the face. It was a large, heavy object that felt hairy and warm, like a stuffed army blanket, and as Job could determine by the dim camp fire it bore a striking resemblance to a bear. When he rose up to get a better view the visitor gave a savage growl and dropped from the bed to the floor, where it stood revealed as a full grown bear, with a \$15 belt on her back and a \$5 State bounty on her ears.
The choppers and teamsters, aroused by the noise, came on with axes, pocket knives and clubs to dispatch her at once; but Job warning them to go easy, threw a blanket over her head, and then all grappling in with bedding and coats for fenders, she was soon tied fast, with a muzzle on her nose and rope handcuffs on all her legs. Using sticks for crowbars they dug out the

Don't Hesitate about interlinings. Fibre Chamois... Always gives stylish and lasting stiffness. It is cheap, adapts itself readily to all graceful folds—and comes in a line made perfectly by the Rigby process. Our Red & Lavender Chamois protects you from imitations.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

HOTEL BRUN-WICK. Mr. George McSweeney, Proprietor of Monoton's Well-known Hostelry. Permanently Cured OF ACUTE RHEUMATISM BY DR. MANNING'S GERMAN REMEDY. A Great Endorsement. Mr. Geo. McSweeney, proprietor of the Hotel Brunswick, Monoton, writes to the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) as follows:— "I take great pleasure in stating to you and the public that you are the proprietors of the greatest rheumatic cure I have ever come in contact with or used. "I suffered for a year with acute rheumatism and after trying everything I could get at the drug stores without deriving any benefit, I tried Dr. Manning's German remedy and found in it a complete and permanent cure. "I heartily recommend it as the best liniment in the market." Dr. Manning's German remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts., per bottle, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John, N. B.

MISERABLE FRAUDS Some Dealers Substitute Cheap and Worthless Dyes When the Popular Diamond Dyes are Asked For. The great popularity of Diamond Dyes has resulted in many worthless imitations—adulterated and cheap materials—that are bought by some merchants at a very low price and for the purpose of extra large profits, these dealers urge their customers to buy these weak and worthless substitutes. The substitution of common dyes for the wonderful working Diamond Dyes is one of the greatest frauds now being worked on the ladies of Canada. Beware of the dealer who tries to induce you to take the common dyes that give him large profits. Diamond Dyes are from two to three times as strong as any of the imitation dyes. The best materials that science can produce are used in the manufacture of Diamond Dyes, and you get your money's worth when you use them.

After the beautiful Sermon "You ought to have gone to church this morning, Hilliger," said Mrs. McSwat, removing her wraps "It was such a beautiful sermon. The preacher said that everything has its place in the plan of creation. Even the snakes, mice, lizards, caterpillars, fleas, and things of that kind that we consider nuisances, fill some important and useful mission in life, he says, if we could only know what it is." "Did he say anything about that freckle-faced Stapleford boy next door?" asked Mr. McSwat. "Don't scoff, Billiger. It was such an uplifting discourse. It reconciled one to the—O, look! Look!" "What's the matter, Lobelia?" "That nasty cockroach! Ooh! Kill it quick!"

For Easy Writing on Trains. The rolling stock of German State railroads have been provided with an appliance which will enable passengers on board a train to write without difficulty and regardless of the motion of the train. The new appliance consists of a board suspended from the ceiling of the car by a strong but elastic cords, which will prevent the vibration of the moving train from interfering with the writer. At the present time only the first class compartments of the rough trains are furnished with this appliance, and a small charge is made by the conductor for its use.

HAS STRONGLY INFLUENCED THE COMMONS. Not Less than Fifty Members of the House United on the Question. It is a fact worthy of record that at least fifty members of the House of Commons are able personally to bear united and convincing testimony to the good effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in case of cold in the head or catarrh in its several different shapes. These columns have recorded the testimony of members representing constituencies in every corner of the Dominion. At this writing we have before us the words of Mr. Arthur A. Brunnean, M. P., of Rochelleu, Que., and Hugo H. Ross, M. P., of Dundas, who join with their other members in telling that this remedy has done for them in cases of catarrhal trouble. At the present time, when so many are suffering from influenza in the head it is a friend indeed. Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Datchon, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

3 DAYSURE SEND your name and address and we will show you how to make \$10 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you how to do it in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit on every day's work absolutely sure; write at once. Address: IMPERIAL ADVERTISING CO., 301 P. O. WINDSOR, ONT.

Is No Better than Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics for other Diseases. No. 1 Cure Fever. No. 2 " Worms. No. 3 " Infants D'seas s. No. 4 " Diarrhea. No. 5 " Coughs. No. 6 Cures Neuralgia. No. 7 " Headache. No. 8 " Dyspepsia. No. 9 " Delayed Periods. No. 10 " Leucorrhoea. No. 11 Cures Cramp. No. 12 " Skin Diseases. No. 13 " Rheumatism. No. 14 " Malari. No. 15 " Catarrh. No. 16 Cures Whooping Cough. No. 17 " Asthma. No. 18 " General Debility. No. 19 " Sea-Sickness. No. 20 " K idney Diseases. No. 21 Cures Nervous Debility. No. 22 " Urinary Diseases. No. 23 " Fore Throat. No. 24 " Colds and Grip.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

There is one thing I never could understand about women, or girls and that is their habit of reproaching their friends for not coming to see them often enough! What value the unwilling tribute of a visit which has been wrong from the visitor almost at the point of the sword, can have for any one is quite beyond my comprehension. "You have not been to see me for two months, and I am not going near you until you come first."—is a common remark for one woman to make to another. Then the accused begins to apologise and make excuses forthwith, and sometimes the excuse is rather worse than the original offence. There is a story told of two women who met in the street once, and one said to the other—"Do you know that we have been living in the same city for ten years, and though we used to be such friends you have never come to see me once, in all that time."

This was rather a settler for the negligent one and for a moment she hesitated, then her face brightened with the light of inspiration and—"My dear, look at the weather we have had!" she twittered. Unfortunately the other woman's reply is not recorded, but the story is scarcely exaggerated and I have heard excuses almost as absurd, myself.

Now I am always glad to see my friends whenever they can find time to visit me, but if I thought they came as a disagreeable duty their welcome would be a cool one indeed. There must always be a certain amount of purely formal calling in society; there are visits of ceremony which must be paid if one would continue to hold her place in the world at all; and the woman who starts out on a long round of formal calls most of them upon complete strangers may be pardoned for feeling relieved to get a goodly number of them paid with cards. But between friends it is quite another thing, and it seems to me that the girl of the subject in this—our friends wish to see us and have the pleasure of our society, or they do not. If they really care about us they will seek us, and if not why then we lose nothing by their absence. Who ever valued an accidental invitation to dinner or tea, unless it came from a very close friend, to whose house we were often invited? The friend who says, "Do come in and have tea with us tonight, you have not been over for an age and we want you so much"—pays a real compliment and shows plainly that she wants you sufficiently to ask for your society as a favor. But she who stops you as you are rising to bid her farewell after an afternoon call, and says impulsively—"Now can't you stay and have tea with us?"—is just going on the table!—however kind her intentions, shows plainly that she never thought of you until she saw you, and the invitation was merely an impulse of hospitality and given on the spur of the moment. You know quite well that if you had not happened in very near the tea hour, you would never have been bidden to the festal board, and so you refuse courteously, but very promptly and if there is no harm done, neither is there any particular good, because you are far more inclined to feel annoyed with yourself for making so late a call, than grateful to your hostess for unintentionally bringing the fact before your notice. Therefore I say, and I am sure numbers of women will agree with me, that any friend of mine who lets months and sometimes a year or two lapse between the occasions when the spirit moves her to call upon me, need never apologise for the omission

unless she chances to be either an invalid, or an unusually busy woman, because she is sitting me exactly. If she does not call to see me, neither do I care to see her, so she may make her mind easy on that score, and go peacefully about her more agreeable duties, feeling satisfied that I am not in the least offended, and therefore she need not tax her inventive powers by trying to think of an excuse for her neglect which will sound plausible, the next time she meets me, as she will have no reproaches to meet.

My blue serge has taken a new lease of life this spring, and it really bids fair to rival the newer mohairs. It is cut in the jacket and skirt, from which has been popular so long on account of its convenience; worn with the jacket, it is a perfect spring costume, when stylishly cut, and strictly tailor made, and later in the season it is the ideal travelling, and seaside dress the skirt doing duty for innumerable blouses and shirt waists, and the jacket being always available for cold evenings and dull days by the sea. The jackets of such suits are made loose and open in front, fitted behind, and only extend five or six inches below the waist. It should have no trimming but stitching, and the sleeves should be tight fitting to above the elbow, and only moderately full at the shoulder. The skirt though it contains less material than formerly, shows the same flaring outline, and is faced with horsehair five or six inches from the hem, the stiffening being laid in place by rows of stitching. Strange to say one of the newest combinations of color with navy

blue is mauve, which is shown in the blouse worn with this costume.

The very newest fashion in Paris, while it consists of a separate skirt and bodice is a direct reversal of the former order of things since it is the skirt which is light in color, and the coat, or blouse which is dark. For example, a leading Parisian authority advises her readers who can afford to invest in too new spring dresses, to have one of blue serge, such as I have described, and the other a black, or dark colored velvet Figaro jacket, and a light silk skirt, as both of these costumes can be worn all summer through, the serge for every day and the silk and velvet can be transformed into numerous dressy variations upon the original theme, by the aid of a few dainty blouses. The silk skirt should be of the fashionable taffata, and may be either plain or figured; it is untrimmed and cut in the usual flaring pattern, each breadth being gored at each side, to give it the desired "set-out." There are seven gores in the skirt. The Figaros show various cuts. Sometimes there is a queer little swallow-tail in the back, with the fronts cut up short, so as to let the blouse show all around in front; and again it is cut exactly to the waist line all around. Least graceful of all are those which are plaited from the shoulder, and then fall loose to the waist. The revers and collars of these little jackets are faced with either or some pale colored silk.

Among the many combinations which may be made with the Figaros and skirt, here are a few. A Figaro of black velvet with vest front of black and white tulle, or lace, skirt of black and white checked silk, and belt and neckband of green ribbon. This would be quite quiet enough for a street costume, and yet very elegant, in its stylish simplicity. The same Figaro could be worn with a skirt of gray-blue taffata, or one of blue and black striped silk, or even for a more dressy occasion, of old rose figured taffata, the blouse front to be of white tulle, or cream lace. A black velvet Figaro with revers and collar of figured velvet in black and gold, with blouse front of black chiffon or tulle, the belt and collar of which are of gold colored satin ribbon would be most effective worn with a skirt of the lovely black and gold shot taffata showing tiny figures of the gold; and it would make the ideal costume for a brunette. Then, in warm weather, when the Figaro was not required, a blouse of Batiste lawn, or French gingham, trimmed with lace and ribbon, would transform the taffata skirt into gala attire for day wear, while a bodice of silk or chiffon would make it into a dinner or evening dress, at a few minutes notice, and my lady would be sure of being well dressed at all times, and at little expense.

The hats to be worn with these dresses are with the first handsome toilet described, the black and white etc; green, blue, or old rose, coarse straw, trimmed with black tulle and black plumes, or black tulle and flowers. With the blue serge, a wide trimmed sailor of either navy or black straw, trimmed with white and black tulle, black wings, and a white brush pompon.

Of course there are other designs in plenty, but the two mentioned seem to combine the most practical and economical, as well as the most fashionable models.

The new ducks and piques are all in now; they were much later in arriving than the lighter and more gauzy fabrics though why this should have been the case is just as incomprehensible as why the cotton goods and the batistes arrive long before the woollen dress goods, but so it was. The piques and ducks are already being made up upon models that differ very little from last year's suits. They almost invariably consist of coat and skirt to be worn with a shirt waist. The colors are either plain or patterned with hair line stripes, dots, or flowers in some contrasting color and white grounds show the same designs. The coats are quite short fitting the figure in the back with a fluted basque below, and loose in front with the usual revers, the only marked difference from last year being that seams, strapped with the material, like the cloth coats now worn, are the rule, instead of the exception as they were last year. Yellow, in all the shades from the most delicate buff that is scarcely deeper than cream, to the old fashioned red-yellow like the yoke of an egg, seems to be just on the list of colors for the coming summer, but as no color ever rules, as long as tastes continue to be diversified there will be an ample choice for people to whom yellow is not becoming. Green, marine and cornflower blue, a lovely shade of rose, all the violets, and some new shades of gray, are fashionable.

Baked Eggs.

Break six or seven eggs into a buttered dish, taking care that each is whole and does not encroach upon the other so much as to mix or disturb the yolks. Sprinkle with pepper and salt and put a bit of butter on each. Put into an oven and bake

until the whites are well set. Serve very hot, with rounds of buttered toast.

Curry.

To make a curry with rabbit, chicken, or any other meat; flour the meat and fry it a nice light brown; fry also two large onions in the same way; mix a tablespoonful of curry powder, and a small quantity of cayenne in a teacup with warm water, to the consistency of cream, and cover every part of the meat with the mixture; have ready some nice stock or thin gravy; put all together in a stew pan and stew gently.

Stewed Kidneys.

Wash kidneys, split in halves, trim off sinews and fat; cut in small pieces, put in a saucepan and cover with cold water, stand over a moderate fire and let come to a boil. Drain, cover with fresh water. Put an ounce of butter in a frying-pan and stir until brown. Add a tablespoonful of flour and half a pint of boiling water, stir until it boils. Add a tablespoonful of Worcester's sauce, salt and pepper, drop in kidneys. When done, add juice of a lemon and serve immediately.

Baked Omelet.

Six eggs, two tablespoons of flour, a little salt, one cup of milk; take a little of the milk and stir the flour into it, add the rest of the milk, and the yolks of the eggs; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and pour into the flour milk and yolk, put a piece of butter on top of the egg into your spider and let it get hot, pour in the mixture and let it cook in a moderate oven to bake. Bake about ten minutes; then slip a knife under and loosen and slip off on plate or platter.

Baked Oysters.

To bake oysters in the shells, open the shells, keeping the deepest one for use. Melt some butter and season with finely chopped parsley and pepper. When slightly cool roll each oyster in it, using care that it drips as little as possible. Lay the oysters in the shells, and add to each a little lemon juice. Cover with bread crumbs, and place the shells in a dripping pan and bake in a quick oven. Serve in the shells.

Fricassee Oysters.

For a quart, drain the oysters dry as possible; put a piece of butter size of egg into your spider and let it get quite brown; put in the oysters, and as soon as they begin to cook, add as much more butter, which has been well mixed with a tablespoonful of flour; let cook a moment and add one egg beaten with a tablespoon of cream; let this cook a moment, then pour all over toasted bread.

Potato Croquettes.

Take finely mashed potatoes, and mix through them sufficient salt, pepper and butter to season well, with sweet milk or cream to moisten well; mix thoroughly with this one beaten egg and then make up into balls, being careful to have the surface perfectly smooth. Have ready one plate of beaten egg and one of cracker crumbs. Dip each ball or ball into the egg and then into cracker crumbs and fry a rich brown in hot lard.

Fried Omelets.

Cut the chicken in pieces; lay it in salt and water; which change several times; roll each piece in flour; fry it in very hot lard or butter; season with salt and pepper; also fry parsley with them. Make gravy of cream, seasoned with salt, pepper and maco, thickened with flour in the pan in which the chicken was fried, pouring off the lard.

Corn Fritters.

This recipe requires two eggs, one tablespoonful of cream, one cup of oyster crackers rolled fine, six ears of sweet corn scraped from the cob, and pepper and salt to taste. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, have it hot and drop the batter in by spoonfuls. Fry brown and serve hot for breakfast.

HARD SUBSTANCES OR SOLIDS.

Are Found in the Blood of all Affected With Kidney Disease. Solvent or Liquid Must be Used to Remove Them and Effect a Cure.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure, this is your remedy. The secret of its success is that it is a powerful solvent, and dissolves the solids in the blood, which irritate and derange the kidneys. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Marshfield, Me., claims equal distinction with the town of Verona, Me., recently mentioned in this column, because of never having had living in its limits a clergyman, a lawyer, or a doctor, and also being without a Post office.

In the Spring:

Purify the Blood by way of the Kidneys. This is Nature's way of doing it, and the way

DODD'S Kidney Pills Do It!

See that you get DODD'S Imitations are dangerous!



A Comfort

and a blessing to the wearer are our TREAD EASY SHOES which are peculiarly fitted for all who are compelled to be on their feet the biggest part of the day. We think if you once wear a pair and realize what they are in point of ease, and all the other qualities a good Shoe should possess, you will want to duplicate them.

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Thousands of Others Have Made Similar Declarations.

A LADY COMPLETELY CURED.

She Used Paine's Celery Compound.

REMARKABLE INCREASE IN WEIGHT.

The Great Spring Medicine for Building Up Weak and Sickly People.

The surest and most positive cure in the world for disease is Paine's Celery Compound. It strengthens and invigorates the run-down system, and builds up quickly flesh, tissue, bone and muscle. No other medicine can so fully and quickly meet the desires of the sick and diseased.

It should be borne in mind that the seat of disease is in the blood and nerves. The peculiar composition of Paine's Celery Compound enables it to reach all the centres where disease is working, and it soon banishes all pain and trouble.

At this season, Paine's Celery Compound is a heaven-sent blessing to every nervous, weak, debilitated and sleepless mortal. The diseases that have held men and women in bondage during the winter, can now be effectually removed by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

If you are truly and earnestly seeking for renewed health and long life, let the example of Mrs. Lloyd lead you to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair trial. You are certain to reap the same happy results that she and the thousands of others have experienced. Mrs. Joseph Lloyd, of Gananogue, Ont., says:

"I feel my duty to tell you what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was always a sufferer from nervous debility and very bad headaches, and found it impossible to obtain regular rest and sleep.

"Two years ago I read your Paine's Celery Compound, and bought a bottle of it. After I had used it I found I could get rest and quiet. I have used altogether seven bottles and find myself completely cured.

"Your medicine purifies the blood and regulates the system; and I would not be without it in my house if it took my last dollar.

"Before using Paine's Celery Compound my weight was only 100 pounds; now I weigh 141 pounds. Is this not sufficient reason for me to praise the Compound highly?"

"Before I knew of your valuable medicine I was treated by the doctors, but never received any good. Five of my friends are now using your great medicine; so they have seen what it has done for me.

"I wish you to use my statements, as they may be of encouragement to others."

BRITAIN'S POPULAR QUEEN

Her Latest Cabinet Photo Given Away.

The popular craze of the day is now directed toward the new and elegant cabinet photo of Her Majesty the Queen, worth fully 40 to 50 cents each, that Wells & Richardson Co. are sending out as part pren lums to thousands in Canada and the United States.

The well known manufacturers of Diamond Dyes recently made arrangements with the publishers of Our Home, by which they were enabled to make the following offer:

"An elegant full cabinet photo (from a recent copy taken by royal command) of Her Majesty Queen Victoria; a four page pamphlet giving dates of births, marriages and deaths, and other items of interesting and useful information relating to the royal family, that but few people have access to; six Diamond Dye Dots with six extra dyes; and a card of forty-five samples of dyed cloth, showing colors of Diamond Dyes, sent free to every man, woman and child who will send in 25 cents in money or stamps for one year's subscription to Our Home, a paper that thousands declare to be worth a dollar."

Wells & Richardson Co. regret very much that they were compelled to keep so many waiting from three to five days before orders could be filled and mailed. The rush of new subscribers has been, and still is, extraordinary—in fact so heavy that the artist has not been able to keep up the demand.

Arrangements are being perfected in direction of a larger mailing staff and increased supply of photos, so that new subscribers to Our Home will receive prompt attention.

Bear in mind that the whole cost of Our Home, photo and other premiums is only 25 cents. Address Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Art in the Household.

"What an exquisite vase you have those daffodils in, Miss Osmond."

"Yes; isn't it sweet? Mamma got it with a can of baking powder."

West Woolwich, Me., is perhaps unique in not having a dog within the village limits.

Sunlight Soap

There is no mystery about it. It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use, made by the most approved processes, and being the best, it has the largest sale in the world. It is made in a twin bar for convenience sake.

The Twin Bar

Use will reveal The Twin Benefits: Less Labor, Greater Comfort.

Books for Wrappers

For every 12 Wrappers sent to LAVA'S BOOK, Ltd., 32 Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

CURE FITS!

Valuable tracts and bottles of medicine sent free to any one who writes for them. Send name and address to N. D. HOOPER, 116 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN RETURN MAKES ALWAYS REFER TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE

Benson's Canada Prepared Corn } FOR COOKING.
Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY.
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ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION

155 Prince William Street. Fall term opened Sept. 24, 1895. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing.

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

The "Lechetsky Method"; also "Systemic System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex"

This captious "Health for the Mother Sex" is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain causes the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGUL-AR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

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Two or three of Macaulay's British successors have had great success both in this country and at home...

Free man, who would not have cared to be called a Froude, has not had his popular success either at home or in America...

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Parkman's popularity has greatly increased within the past twenty years. His first work, 'The Oregon Trail'...

All things considered, the best known modern historians, both British and American, have found their work profitable...

"Johnny" called his mother, "quit using that bad language." "Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said what I just did."

If you suffer with neuritis, bathe the parts freely with hot water and then apply Dr. Manning's remedy...

Only a cold in the head, neglected, produces catarrh. Only treatment is in Harker's catarrh cure...

Files are specially cured by Hawker's pile cure...

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Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM. Have YOU used them; if not, travel be convinced.

One Package equal to two of any other make.

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID T. B. PARKER & SONS, and K. J. MAHONEY, Indian City.

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Teach to make Crayon Portraits in spare hours at their homes by a new copyrighted method...

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"The route was through a large garden. We had hardly entered the garden inclosure when a terrific scream was heard and at the same time I was struck on the head."

Uncertain Testimony. E. B. Green, of Ottumwa, La., tells a good story of the Washington Star about Judge Hendershot, of that city, one of the leading lawyers of the Hawkeye state.

"An Irishman by the name of O'Connor was the drayman, and when Judge Hendershot started to cross-garden him he concluded to frighten him into contradicting his testimony on the examination-in-chief."

"The Irishman answered coolly and deliberately, 'Well, judge, bein' on my oath, I can't say. I delivered a barrel at Mr. Duffy's place. On one end of that barrel was marked 'Pat Duffy,' on the other end was marked 'whisky,' but bein' on my oath I couldn't say whether 'Pat Duffy' or whisky was in the barrel.'"

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"I agitated me thinker all day, and by nightfall had planned the deliverance of all for a tourist to travel under."

"I agitated me thinker all day, and by nightfall had planned the deliverance of all for a tourist to travel under."

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Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing O't," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VI. CONTINUED.

"I have brought you a cousin some half-a-dozen times, removed though bodily present."

"Who is it cousin Dick?" exclaimed Kate leaving her slender hand in his for another minute, while Tulloch stood, reddening under the gaze of two pairs of eyes. "Ah! I guess," she went on, "it must be Jamie Tulloch! I think I remember him."

"Well, I cannot say I remember you," cried the flattered Scot. "I left you a wee while, and I find you—a—" he hesitated.

"A beautiful goddess," put in Travers. "No! but what is a good deal better—a beautiful woman, if I may say so."

"Oh, Dick, give me that paper that I may hide my blushes," cried Kate laughing gaily, and catching the newspaper from Travers held it before her face for a second.

"Ah! Miss Carey, I had known you among a hundred," said Tulloch, turning to the elder sister, "I am sure I am delighted to see you! How is your father?"

"Remarkably well. He will be very sorry to miss you."

"Yes, indeed," echoed Kate, "he is not at all surprised to see you. Just fancy his having a note from Mr. Winkles this morning asking him to call though it was the Sabbath, he wished to speak to him particularly."

"Ah, yes! No doubt your father's experience must be of great importance to Mr. Winkles," said Travers gravely.

"I wish I thought so," remarked Alicia slightly raising her eyebrows. "You have been a long time away from your friends," resumed Kate, pointing to a chair and evidently handing Travers over to her sister. "How glad you must be to come back!"

"Yes, it's pleasant, but I am not come home just to idle and amuse myself. I am going to start business in the city."

"It must be delightful to have business to do!" said Kate smiling on him radiantly, and they continued to talk in a friendly fashion, Tulloch offering many compliments in rather clumsy style. Travers was a little surprised that Kate accepted them so frankly, though he acknowledged that Tulloch had a tone of rough sincerity not unattractive.

Tea was now brought in, but still Carey did not appear.

"What have you been doing with yourself since I saw you," asked Travers.

"Nothing remarkable," Kate has had a great deal of copying to do, and Miss Golding came to tea with us last Wednesday, and took us for a drive to Richmond. She is very good-natured."

"Golding?" repeated Tulloch, who caught the name. "Any relation to Golding and Grimes the big china merchants?"

"I cannot tell you," returned Alicia. "Miss Golding is very rich; she lives with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, in Westbourne Terrace."

"Dreadful stupid common people, who are horribly rich," put in Kate. "The niece is not half so bad; I think she is rather nice by nature, though rather spoiled by her wealth."

"Her father is dead?" asked Tulloch, adding in a reverential tone, "She must be old Golding's daughter, and I fancy her fortune will run a good way into five figures!"

"It must be pleasant to make money," said Kate, pensively, as she had handed Tulloch a cup of tea. "I wish I had a shop."

"If you had a shop it is a toss up whether you would make money or lose it."

"I suppose so, and I am afraid I belong to that class who lose it," she returned; then with a little interrogative graceful bend of the head to one side, and fascinating smile, she asked, "How do you get about making money, Mr. Tulloch?"

"Mr. Tulloch," he repeated with an admiring gaze. "Why do you put me off to such a distance, when you call Travers, Dick?"

"Oh! I have known him so well; he seems nearer—more than a cousin than you are."

"I can be as good a cousin as he is," cried Tulloch, eagerly.

"If you are as good as he is," said Kate, laughing, though there was infinite kindness in the glance she gave Travers, "you will be very good indeed. So to encourage you in well doing I shall call you—what is your Christian name?"

"I was Christian James, but my friends generally call me Jamie!"

"Then Jamie, let me persuade you to take some bread and butter."

"That's right! I never liked my name so much before," he exclaimed.

"Did they teach you to make pretty speeches in India?" she asked. "You evidently studied more there than profit and loss."

"More profit than loss, thank God!" returned Tulloch, piously. "And I can tell you it's very good to hear a young lady speak seriously about money as you have done. Most of them seem to think it's of no consequence."

"Ah! if they only knew what it is to do without it they would take a different view of the matter."

"You're right! that's perfectly true," said Tulloch, with grave conviction. "My father is staying a long time with Mr. Winkles," observed Alicia, who was presiding over the teapot, and Tulloch, proceeding to make special inquiries about Mr. Carey's health and strength, Kate addressed herself in a confidential tone to Travers. "I am glad Mr. Winkles has asked papa to go to him privately, for I sometimes fear they will not get on so well together. They are so different, you see, and sometimes papa comes home from the

office quite early and dispirited, because there is hardly anything for him to do."

"I would not trouble myself about that," said Travers, shifting his seat to one next the speaker, "I am inclined to believe that Winkles is a brack! How do you progress in your conquest of Miss Winkles?"

"Sometimes I fancy I have almost subdued her, and then I feel I have lost ground. When the brother is at home she is less friendly, it seems to me."

"Poor old soul! I suppose she is afraid of your fascination!"

"Fascination!" repeated Kate. "I don't think my dear old man is amenable to the fascinations even of an hour—but he is good to me, and he seems to know that I try to do my best."

"He would be very dull if he did not," said Travers, in a low tone. Kate turned away, catching what Tulloch was saying to her sister.

"No, I don't care for the theatre. It is all child's play and lies."

"You unhappy man," explained Kate, "what a loss! Alicia and I are quite lifted out of present trials and troubles by a good play. What amuses you, novels?"

"No I never read them. I know they are all invention."

"And music?" said Kate, continuing her queries.

"Yes I like a good Scotch song or a lively reel."

"And painting, Jamie?"

"Ah! well, yes—it isn't a bad spec. to buy a good picture!"

"That is not the way to look at it," persisted Kate. "Pure amusement is of immense value by itself. I believe it to be a sacred duty to get as much pleasure out of life as possible."

"But not to the neglect of duty," put in Alicia, with a little sigh.

"No, Alicia, of course not, but no one who is good for anything would get an enjoyment out of neglected duties behind him or her?"

"Life cannot be all pleasure, even if crosses did not come. One must take time for serious thought," said Alicia.

"One can be happy as well as serious. It is not the way to forget worries, but I shall always try."

"You are quite right! You are the most sensible girl I ever met!" cried Tulloch.

"There! said Kate, with a little triumphant nod to Travers, "You see what a profound judge of character our cousin James is! I hope you will treat me with more respect in future, Dick!"

"I am of your opinion about enjoying oneself. Now suppose we have a happy day together, Travers. We'll take you down to the Crystal Palace to spend the day and dine. What do you say to going to-morrow? My holidays will soon be over, so I'd like to make hay while it can."

"It would be very nice," said Alicia, smiling.

"Then let us meet at Victoria Station at two."

"Quite delightful!" exclaimed Kate, "only if your holidays last out the week I am always so crowded, and the last time we went Cousin Dick took us down in an open carriage. Then papa must come."

Tulloch's face fell.

"Well, settle it between us," said Travers quickly, "and let you know. I am sure what day I can go."

"Oh! we shall be pleased with whatever you arrange," exclaimed both girls together.

At last Travers and his protegee were in the street, and after walking a few yards in silence, Tulloch broke out "What a charming girl! I never saw such eyes—such a figure—she'd do credit to any man's table—and what a smile! Why didn't you say half enough about them, for the eldest is very pleasant and well-mannered. But Kate is a fine creature—a sort of girl one longs to kiss, eh, man?"

"I am not given to longing for what I can't have."

"My motto is nothing venture, nothing have," said Tulloch, with a self-satisfied grin, "and she has sense too, a feeling for the value of money which few young things have."

"Well, take care! Kate is not so easy to please; don't lose your heart and think you have a safe game."

"Game! Why, don't you see she is far too wide awake not to know the value of a comfortable home—and a husband to keep her?"

"I suppose old Carey has a trifle to keep them—not much—but still a trifle?"

"I know very little of his affairs—but I suspect that it has—it is a very trifling trifle."

"Well, I am rather an impulsive sort of fellow, and I confess that with or without a trifle Kate Carey is a tempting article. She seems rather to take to me, too, hey? She was sharp on you for not thinking enough of her sense. I can always manage to get on with women. High! hailing an omnibus with his umbrella, "may as well go that way as we are not in a hurry."

"As I am not in a hurry I shall walk across the Park," said Travers shortly.

"Good-bye to you for the present; will look you up soon."

Tulloch clambered actively to the top of the omnibus while Travers struck across Kensington Gardens.

Tulloch was evidently a man of substance, and able to indulge his whims. He was not very refined, but a fairly good and honest fellow, with an air of great sincerity. It is proved disinterested and true, would it not be well if Kate were safe under shelter of his protection from the terrible uncertainties of the future? He knew well how penniless Carey was save for his poor earnings and the pittance derived from the

remnant of his property; and what a long life stretched out before this fair young creature, gilded as she was with a superb physique! B-side, as there was her sister, to whom she was tenderly attached, to be provided for. "Tulloch is, and will be, a successful man. He is bold but cautious; I have noticed that long ago," thought Travers. "He has certain soft corners, too, which men and women too may fancy they can manipulate. But they are mistaken, the softness goes a very short way below the surface. Kate was very gracious to him. I don't quite understand her swimming all his nonsense so readily. She can be a reckless flirt, I suspect. I remember how she used to play with that contractor man at Llanogwen, though he was an ass not to see that he hadn't the ghost of a chance with her. Tulloch is more of a gentleman, much more, and her kinsman to boot, still I don't see her falling in love with him. She is not the sort of girl who falls in love easily; I don't fancy she would take to Tulloch, that is, I don't like the idea. Am I a idiot too? This won't do. I must not dream of impossibilities. Good God! Why is it that I follow with a full purse has all the chances of existence, all the jewels in the diadem of life; and what a jewel! Kate is! But it is well provided for, and tenderly protected. It is not much matter about anything else. I suppose I shall have to play sympathetic confidante and goo-cherry with her anyway. I must see how far my man is in sober earnest. An old shikari like myself ought to be up to the dogges of such a game, though the social jangle is a little more difficult to thread than the real one."

The following morning Travers received a note from his Irish relative. "Dear Dick,—I am sorry to have missed you and Tulloch to day. The girls tell me he has turned out a fine man. Bring him over to dinner on Wednesday, or the first day you can. Leg of mutton at seven and a hearty welcome. Tell him I suppose he can do without him. You'll be glad to hear I have a grand job with Winkles; particulars when we meet. Shouldn't be surprised if I play my cards well that takes me on permanently, say as manager. Anyhow, I see the tide is turning. The girls send their loves. Luck ought to come, if it was only for their sakes.—Yours always sincerely,

"Robert Carey."

Travers looked up his list of work and engagements, and finding he could manage to absent himself on the next Thursday evening he paid a visit to Tulloch, who was seated at his writing-table, and who caught as he was going out, and who accepted the invitation with readiness and joy.

CHAPTER VII.—AN IMPORTANT MISSION.

Travers was still writing busily when Tulloch arrived on the much anticipated Thursday.

"You are punctual," exclaimed the former, raising his hands with him; then, putting his papers together, he closed and locked the escritoire at which he had been writing.

"I'll not keep you long; I can dress as Carey would say in no time."

"Why, you are all right, man."

"What, to go dine in evening togs?"

"What, to go dine in evening togs; I never dream of changing them."

"You are a traveller, and will be held harmless. But the young ladies would put me out of the pale if I went in my dusty morning attire. They would not bear it with any want of proper observance."

Tulloch looked annoyed, and surveyed himself critically in a long glass between the windows.

"I don't look so bad, eh?"

"Not on the contrary, quite fascinating," said Travers, throwing an evening paper, disappeared into his bedroom.

But Tulloch found reading more attractive in the cards struck round the frame of the overmantel glass. These impressed him a good deal. "The Honourable Mrs. Herbert Herries requested the pleasure of Mr. Travers's attendance at a confidential party of gathering, as it seemed to Tulloch, the words "small and early" being printed in the corner of the card.

"Why, Travers, you are no end of a swell," cried Tulloch; "you seem to go everywhere, to all sorts of grand houses."

"It's easy enough to give invitations in London, as long as you have a decent coat on your back, and don't send round the list. I get a good deal too many; one can't refuse all, and the greater number only waste one's time. Come along, we have about twenty minutes to reach Nottingham, but we'll do it."

They were scarcely five minutes behind time, and found that Oakeley Villas had put its very best foot foremost.

The cloth was "elegantly" laid, and sweet spring flowers adorned the room and the table. Alicia and Kate arrayed themselves in demi-toilette—the former in black gauze garment which became her, and Kate in lilac muslin, trimmed with lilac and black velvet ribbon, which admirably suited her coloring. Travers observed that his companion's eyes sought her the moment he crossed the threshold and lit up with an expression of unmistakable pleasure and excitement. He also saw that Carey had evidently imbibed a large draught of Hops elixir; there was an up-rearing of the head, a sparkle in his bright blue eyes—a curl of fun and good humour about his mobile mouth, which bespoke a degree of mental exaltation. Poor Carey! His schemes were generally on the inverted pyramid system, from a pin's point of base, what a spreading superstructure he could raise. Nature is a beneficent compensator. Carey had little of this world's goods, but then fancy and temperament supplied him with true riches.

While these thoughts flashed through Travers's mind the object of them was bestowing the heartiest of welcomes on Tulloch. He had sprung from his chair, his tall slight figure almost as upright as a young man, his aquiline nose beaming with the light of the child-like heart within.

"Delighted to see you, Tulloch, my boy," he exclaimed. "Faith, I always said you'd fill out. There was room for a filling, begad, you were a bag of bones! Here's Alicia, who knew you well, says she would hardly recognize you, and that you was a mere baby, says she remember you. That is all fancy," Tulloch replied by complimenting his host on his youthful appearance.

"Well, Dick, I have grand news for you, your worthy principal, Winkles, is going to send me on a special mission to the old country. What do you think of that? There's a client of his has a fancy to buy an estate in the county Meath, and Winkles wants me to ascertain all particulars and see that everything is fair and straight. He has come to the right man when he came to me! I know every inch of the country—and I will get the real facts of the case for him."

"Isn't it nice?" said Kate, in a low confidential tone.

"First rate!" returned Travers, who was sincerely glad to hear of such a mark of confidence from Carey's employer.

"Best news I have had for a long time," Kate gave him a little nod and a smile.

"Ring the bell, Alasie," cried Carey, "he'll be ready to pick the bones of the chair he is sitting on with hunger."

The bell was answered by a promising jingle and dinner appeared. There was a piece of creamy white ood and oyster sauce, and the promised leg of mutton, round, plump, juicy, and delicately browned, followed by the pinky stewed plaice with cream. The hands were irreproachable, and if the attendance was less perfect there was a honest jollity about the whole thing that was very enlivening. The jumping up for bread, the hunting in improbable corners for the corkerew, the indiscriminate opening by the bottles by the men, the benevolent striving to save "Matilda" unnecessary runs up and down stairs, gave a cheerful picnic note to the entertainment. Then a joyous hospitality of the host. How he beamed upon his guests from behind the mutton, and dropped unexpected bits and spoonfuls of gravy on the plates within reach, and made surprising "long arms" to those that were not, and pressed his guests to drink the beer and the claret, though "it was an insult to good wine calling such a mixture of ink and vinegar by the name of a decent liquid." It is not all written in the records of plebeian imprudence! It was a treat to dine with Carey. You felt that every morsel you swallowed invigorated your host. Alas! that the unallayed gold of such a nature is so unfit for general circulation—that its flexible purity cannot bear the friction with baser and stronger metals.

It was a pleasant meal, and Tulloch seemed carried away by the spirit of his convives. His eyes dwelt on Kate with undiminished admiration—and Travers was all surprise, half annoyed, at the readiness with which she accepted his attention.

At last the girls suggested a stroll in the garden while the cloth was being removed.

By this time Carey had grown very confidential, and as Tulloch and Travers smoked the cigar of peace, detailed his plans of buying the business of Boucher and Winkles, and establishing an Irish branch of considerable magnitude—two Parliamentary business chiefly—but also for private and general matter.

Tulloch listened with profound attention, and then in his turn hinted at his intention of buying a house and settling in London. He rather liked the idea of Mr. Carey's scheme, and if his kinsman saw his way to making a good thing of it he (Tulloch) would not mind advancing a couple of thousands to forward the business provided there was no risk of loss.

"Risk, my dear fellow!" cried Carey, his eyes sparkling. "It's as certain as that you are cutting the end of that cigar. It's a splendid opening! Old Winkles is a shrewd fellow, but he has no enterprise—no shrewd! It was only the day before yesterday he said to me—'You are a clever man, and a good lawyer, Mr. Carey. Here, that you came down in the world? Faith I never could tell,' says I, 'luck was against me somehow, though I was an interesting fellow!' 'Ah!' says he, 'enterprising! just so! I never was enterprising. I suppose if you were a partner in this firm you would make my business ruin presently.' So you see the old fellow has some thoughts of it. I am not given to fancy things you know, but it looks like it; and if our friend Tulloch here was inclined to advance the capital—"

"It will be time enough to think of that, when papa is asked to join the firm," interrupted Alicia quickly. She had placed herself besides her father on the rather unsteady rustic seat, while Kate leaned on the back of it and the others stood before them.

"Well, we'll see!" resumed Carey, "things will be moving when I get home from Ireland, I'll be pleased to see the old country again. Why, it's nearly four years since we left—four hard years!"

"Never mind, dear," said Kate stroking his cheek, "the worst is over now." She moved away as she spoke and ran up the steps to see if the table had been cleared and the room put in order. When she came down again, she found Travers waiting for her, and apparently in deep thought. He turned towards the end of the garden furthest from the seat and Kate mechanically turned with him.

"He's looking annoyed you, Dick?" she asked looking earnestly at him.

"No! There's nothing the matter, why should you think so?"

"You were rather silent and quiet at dinner, that's all."

"Well, as you and Tulloch were able and willing to do all the talking, I thought I might rest on my oars."

"Why, Dick, I never knew you disagreeable before!" she exclaimed with a look of surprise.

"Come Kate, that is too strong an accusation, I must not lose my character, though if I have been disagreeable once during these years, it's not a bad record," returned Travers, recovering his usual pleasant easy tone, and throwing away the end of his cigar.

"Ah! Dick, your record is indeed a good one," she said, "but you have been good and patient, and loyal to us, so, if anything ever does worry you, and it would be a comfort to talk about it, I'll listen as long as ever you like."

"Thank you," he said, meeting the sweet soft moist eyes up-turned to his with kindly seriousness, "but I don't see the comfort of talking of one's troubles."

"You are right, I suppose. To bear is to conquer our fate, but it is a relief to me to talk of them, at least to some friends—stronger, for instance. Yet I think I am a little stronger than I used to be."

"You are a tower of strength, Kate; only don't become strong-minded!" There was a pause, and Travers recommenced, in a different tone, "I see you have found a piano."

"Yes, it is a treasure-trove; Mrs. Sal-

ter had one in her room, and one day Alicia asked if we might have it and pay something, you know. Mr. Salter was quite pleased; I wish we had thought of it before; so papa had it tuned, and it is not bad, though it hadn't been touched for ages."

"I remember you used to charm the soul of the rejected Brett with ballads down at Llanogwen."

"He hadn't a soul," said Kate, with calm conviction. "He had an ear and a set of physical intelligence."

"You young materialist! Do you mean to say that some men have souls and some haven't?"

"I think so," breathingly. "I am ignorant and illogical enough, but Dick, I have a certain sense of the fitness of things; could you fancy Mr. Brett enjoying himself in heaven?"

"Well, hardly. He might get on better in the other place; especially if he could get up a company to raise water, say from the bottomless pit, to extinguish the flames! Then our Scotch friend, Jamie Tulloch, would be rather out of place in the celestial regions. He'd miss his pipe, his bills of lading, and his invoices."

"But Jamie has possibilities. He rather wishes to be generous; he is sympathetic; you see how pleased he was with poor dear papa's project and entered into it," said Kate thoughtfully.

"My dear girl, it would not be wise to let Tulloch—"

"No, certainly not," interrupted Kate. "I know what you were going to say. Mr. Tulloch shall never lend papa any money; no one shall it we—Alasie and I—can prevent it. He is so hopeful that he deceives himself and then intentionally deceives others; and he is such a dear! I seem to see him in a new light since we came to London. Oh, Dick, he wants to be taken care of."

"Perhaps, rather. When does he start?"

"On Saturday. How strange it will seem to be without him!"

"Still it is a great step in advance his being sent on this mission. I must come and look you up, and see that you are conducting yourself properly."

"Pray do. By the bye, we have a new acquaintance. The clergyman of the church we go to has called; Alicia told Mr. Salter, on Saturday, that she would like to teach in the Sunday school; and it seems they wanted teachers very much; so Mr. Overton came to see us. Alicia always liked that sort of thing."

"And you?" asked Travers.

"Well, no, I am somewhat so, say, I don't know why I feel awkward and uncertain. Now Alasie is quite at home."

Here they had accomplished the tour of the wilderness, and joined the rest.

"Come, Kate, let us have one of the melodies," said Travers. "I was afraid you would forget how to sing."

"I had nearly," she returned, "but you see, Alicia has kept up her music, and helps me."

The rest of the evening went over quickly, with an occasional song from Kate, and some of Alicia's expressive playing. Kate's voice, though needing culture, was rich, sweet, and true, just what might be expected from her graceful, creamy throat. She was naturally dramatic, and in no way shy.

When she had sung the quaint little Irish ditty, "Kathleen O'More," her father, who had listened with delight, suddenly exclaimed.

"That reminds me of Brett and Llanogwen! Faith, it quite slipped my memory to tell you I met him the day before yesterday, coming out of Winkles' private room, and you'd think he had seen a ghost!"

"You're! he exclaimed, stepping back and staring at me. 'To be sure I am,' said I. 'Thanks to you! You did me a good turn when you introduced me to this firm. I'll not forget it! Why don't you come up and see us? We are in a pleasant part, though a trifle out of the way.' Then he had been making a line in Italy. What do you think of that, and that he was too busy to come and see us, for he was going to be married next week to a widow lady with a lot of money, he gave me to understand. He thinks more than ever of himself, but he desired me to tell the young ladies. This journey to Ireland put it all out of my head."

Travers noticed that Kate's color came quickly over cheek and brow as her father spoke, and his eyes caught hers with an unusual look.

"Can you sing a Scotch song?" asked Tulloch, who seemed to be enjoying himself greatly.

"One or two old ones," said Kate, and asked her sister to play the accompaniment of that almost forgotten ballad.

"Donald," to his further delectation. Then there was a stirrup cup in the shape of a modest glass of whisky and water, and good nights were exchanged. It was a quiet, dry night, and the two men walked on together towards town for a short way in silence.

"I fancy you live rather fast, Travers," said Tulloch, with a slight irritated tone.

"Far from it. I am as careful a fellow as ever lived. Why, poor old Carey calls me a screw, and I am always preaching prudence to him."

"Well, I'm sure he seems prudent enough; at any rate his daughter is. What a wife that girl would make!"

"Which?" asked Travers, lighting a cigar.

"Why, Kate, of course. The other is quite different; very nice and all that, but so quiet and sedate. And do you mean to say that Carey has nothing to leave behind him? Come, now, he'll have some; not much, perhaps, but still some tin for the girls?"

"An old coffee pot, probable, and I am not sure of that."

"Well, it's an awful shame. What a reckless screw Carey must be," cried Tulloch, with some heat. "I don't think I'd have accepted his invitation to dinner if I had known all this."

"You would only have deprived him of a great deal of pleasure and done no good, have you not seen enough of life to know that it's nearly useless to try and make a man act on different lines from those natural to him, or if you succeed he fails? Men rarely win except off their own bats."

"Don't fancy Carey would ever win off his own bat or any other man's."

"I don't agree with you. He is bright and shrewd in an intermittent way. He is, or was, quite capable of making a hit in sundry directions, but not perhaps in gripping the fruits thereof tight enough. Of course I speak in the past tense."

"When shall we manage that day at the Crystal Palace?" asked Tulloch. "The girls say you took them down in an open carriage and pair, or four, not sure which. Now I think pleasure ceases to be pleasure when it costs too much."

"So do I," returned Travers, laughing, "but you see I didn't think it did, and we had a very jolly day. When you don't do a thing often you may as well do it thoroughly."

"That's not the way to scrape money together," said Tulloch, sulkily.

"I know that. But as I shall never have a chance of doing so I may as well enjoy what I can. I don't say it's wise. Yours is a good maxim. I dare say if I had a margin to work upon I would scrape and save heartily enough, but as I haven't, why, all I care for is to keep clear of debt."

TESTED AND PROVED.

Well, it happened when I was a lad about nine years old, when Uncle Donald in answer to our earnest entreaties for him to narrate the most interesting episode of his life. "My parents, as you know, were Scotch, and such devout christians as to be almost puritanical in their beliefs. They were considered the wealthiest family in Wick, the town where they resided, and were well known throughout Northern Scotland because of their kindness and benevolence. I was born in 1825. At that period, and for a number of years after, Wick and other towns along the coast were kept in a perfect tumult because of the operations of pirates, who were carrying off almost everything they could lay hands on.

"From earliest childhood I had been taught to think of God as a great and loving Father, who was always willing to help His children in their distress. I tried to do His will, and I had learned, in my childhood, to love and fear Him with an intensity of feeling remarkable in one so young.

"Late in the afternoon of one beautiful day in June, when I was nine years old, I was down on the beach, and there I saw a most amusing sight as only a happy child can do. So deeply interested was I in building my miniature castles, I did not perceive a sailor coming toward me until the man stood at my side, and, bending over me, said, 'Well, sonny, are you having a good time?'

"We walked down the beach a short distance in the direction from which he had come, and there we saw two more sailors in a boat a short way out from shore. My new friend called to them to come back and take us aboard, and they very quickly did so.

"We were taken aboard a couple of hours, but I had not noticed the time, for the sailors had kept me amused by telling stories and jokes among themselves until, during a lull in the conversation, I looked around me and was surprised to find that it was almost dark. I could hardly see the land. I was greatly alarmed, for I knew my parents would be worried, so I told the men that I must return home immediately. They said, 'All right, we'll have you there in a jiffy.' They then began rowing hard, but it kept getting darker and darker, and at last I became really frightened and told them as much. Then their manner instantly changed, and one of them said: 'Now see here, youngster, we have fooled you long enough, and you may as well know first that you are not going home again until your parents give you a good round sum of money for you.' I begged, I entreated, but all in vain.

"In a short time we came to a ship that had been anchored in a small cove in an unfrequented part of the country, several miles above Wick. They took me on board and informed me that I might as well make myself at home, first as last. I soon discovered that I was a prisoner in the hands of one of the most famous pirates of that sailed the Northern seas. You can't imagine my terror when all the horrible deeds I had heard of these men committing came crowding in upon my memory. Do you wonder that I fell down, faint and sick, at the thought of what might become of me?

"Perceiving my terror, the pirates began to laugh and torment me unmercifully. And the more they laughed, the more I trembled. At last they took me fairly drove me frantic, and I was more than half tempted to jump overboard and end my misery on the spot. But when contemplating suicide, one of my captors bent over me and in a scornful tone said: 'say, young piety, why not ask the God you and your parents make such a fuss about to help you out of this scrape?'

"While the man's comrades laughed uproariously at what they considered a huge joke, I dried my tears, and in my heart thanked the fellow for his sarcastic words. Had I forgotten my Father in Heaven all this time? Surely He had not let this way to remind me that if I only put my trust in Him no harm should come to me. Had He not promised aid in the hour of persecution or affliction, and of danger? Certainly He had. And His promises were never known to fail. As these thoughts crowded into my mind all fears vanished, and I turned toward the speaker and in a calm voice replied: 'Yes, God will take care of me. I am quite sure of that, sir. He'll never forsake those who obey and trust Him. Of course I shall ask His protection.'

"My answer apparently provoked the pirates, for the most of them suddenly stopped laughing and commenced ridiculing my religion and blaspheming God's holy name. This pained me greatly, and I was about to protest when one of them arose and ordered me to follow him below deck, where he gave me a poorly cooked supper, and showed me a rude bunk where I was to sleep.

"You may be sure I could eat nothing that night. Before retiring I knelt and asked God to watch over me and restore me to my home and friends; but also confident that He would allow no real danger to befall me, no sleep came to my weary eyelids until the light of another day began to dawn. Possibly I had slept two hours when I was rudely awakened by one of the pirates shaking me and telling me that I wanted any breakfast that day I would have to get up and get it, and not to be very long about it either. After partaking of a scanty meal I went on deck, where all was now busy and bustle. During the night the ship had weighed anchor, and we were now far out at sea. The captain, a surly sort of a chap, catching sight of me, motioned me to his side and informed me that I would probably be some time before I set foot on Scottish soil again. He gave me the freedom of the ship but cautioned me not to get into mischief.

"The first two or three days, I got along very well with the pirates. They had plenty of business on hand and paid very little attention to me. But one day one of the crew began to make fun of my religious faith again, and asked me if I did not think it nearly time for God to show some

of the great power that I believed him to have. I told him I had no doubt that He would in His own good time. After some more of their sacrilegious ranting, they went with much profanity, said, 'Boys, let's tattoo a cross on the lad's back, and see if that won't take some of the religion out of him!' The others readily assented, and in a short time they had stripped me to the skin, and began their work. It would be impossible for me to describe the terrible pain I endured during the operation. They apparently made it as painful as they could. Every little while one of them would call out, 'Say, you young imp, are you ready to say now that you have no God?' But I would answer with firmness, 'No, I am not ready to say that. I have a God and I'll never deny Him, come what may.' This seemed to anger them more and more, and they kept on in their hellish work until at last I fainted from pain and loss of blood. I suppose this frightened them, for they thought the job on the morrow. And, sure enough, the next day I had to endure the operation again. And although it caused me even more pain than on the first day, I stood it much better. Even now I can feel those cruel needles as they pricked, pricked, into my back. And then the long night that followed when I could scarcely stir without its causing me the most intense pain.

"One morning about a fortnight after the tattooing, the pirates collected in the captain's cabin where an earnest consultation was held. We had cast anchor the evening before in the neighborhood of a large island, and I concluded the men were planning a raid on the inhabitants. But it appears such was not the case, for soon after dinner I was put into a boat and rowed to shore, and there deserted by the men. As they pulled back for the ship, leaving me standing on the beach, they shouted derisively, 'Don't worry my boy, just put faith in your God, and He'll deliver you in time!' And then they laughed loudly, and shouted something else that was lost to my ears. It was evident that the scoundrels had let me go good. Why they deserted me in this way I could not tell, unless it was that they had become frightened at what they had done and concluded to give up the thought of trying to get gold from my parents for my return.

"I stood on the shore and watched the ship till it was lost to view. Then I fell on my knees and asked God to watch over me, and in His own good time rescue me from this strange prison. My faith in the Almighty was never stronger than at this moment.

"As I rose to my feet, a slight noise behind me attracted my attention. I turned, and there, close to me, stood four of the most repulsive-looking men beings I had ever seen or dreamed of. I had read stories and seen pictures of savages, but my wildest dream had never pictured them so hideous as those looked. They began jabbering and dancing around me in a most frightful manner, thrusting their spears into the sand at my feet, and swinging their clubs or boomerangs over my head. Finally two of them took hold of my arms and forced me to accompany them toward the interior of the island, while the other two walked, one in front and the other behind me. After making our way in this manner for several miles, through bush and bramble, we at last arrived in a large clearing, in which were a number of small wigwags built around one large one.

"My new captors paused before this wigwag, and the one who had acted as front and rear guard entered, only to reappear in a few moments and make a sign to the others to bring me in. I was half-carried, half-dragged, into the middle of the structure, where I found myself, more dead than alive, standing in front of a rude throne, upon which sat an aged savage, lar ugly-looking than the rest of my captors.

"After carefully examining me, the chief commanded my guard to confine me in a sort of cage at his left side. Here I was kept for three long days, and fed on meat and fruit. On the morning of the fourth of my imprisonment, I was taken out of the hut and led a short distance from the wigwag, where were assembled at least 200 Indians, men, women and children. They were gathered in a circle about a large pile of dry pitched wood, in the middle of which was driven a stake. At the right of the pile stood a great hideous god, made of wood. As soon as my eyes fell on this image, and the stake, I understood the thing. I was to be offered as a sacrifice to 'The god-burnt at the stake!' For a moment I was nearly crazed with fright. Then I thought of God, and, looking up to heaven, I silently prayed Him who reigneth above to save me from this awful death. Then I became calm, and, turning to my captors, I said in every way possible to make them understand that if my life was spared I could teach them many things and do them much good. But my entreaties were in vain. They only laughed at me, and, as soon as their chief appeared, commenced dancing around me wildly. I was led to the top of the pile, and while my warlike stood ready to chain me to the stake, a third one stripped me of my clothing. As the last vestment was taken off, I heard the old chief utter a loud exclamation, and then silence immediately reigned. The old man pointed excitedly to my back, and motioned the guard to bring me down to where he stood. At first I could not imagine what had happened, but all at once it flashed across my mind that the superstitious rascals had discovered the tattooed cross on my back.

It had saved me from a horrible death! Surely, God was with me. "I was arrayed in a robe of many colors, and for the next ten years was treated with the utmost kindness by the natives. They couldn't do enough for me. I was given the most comfortable but in the island afforded. But, notwithstanding all this, I was far from being contented, and at every opportunity I could secure would steal away to the seashore and patiently watch for a sail, hoping I might attract the attention of the ship's crew, and so effect an escape from the island.

"Nearly four years passed by before I sighted a sail. But one lovely spring morning, while taking one of the solitary rambles along the beach, I was overjoyed to see a ship riding at anchor not a mile from land. I hastened to a large rock that jutted out into the water, and, fastening my outer mantle to a pole, raised my signal of distress. I saw the signal had been seen, and the opportunity had been made by six stalwart sailors, was rowed rapidly out to the rock on which I stood, and in less than half an hour after I sighted the vessel I had the pleasure of shaking hands with six jolly Scotch seamen.

"I reached my native city just three weeks from the day I was rescued from the island. Of course my parents were overjoyed to see me, and the whole community flocked in to congratulate me upon my wonderful escape. And when I told them all of the persecution I endured at the hands of the pirates, rather than desire to see me, and the whole community flocked in to congratulate me upon my wonderful escape. And when I told them all of the persecution I endured at the hands of the pirates, rather than desire to see me, and the whole community flocked in to congratulate me upon my wonderful escape.

FELL DEAD IN HIS TRACK.

More Terrible Than the Brooklyn Shooting Tragedy. That good citizens of the town of Brockville should be shot dead in their own streets was an occurrence that came with shocking suddenness to every one in the city. And yet so many rather than desire to see me, and the whole community flocked in to congratulate me upon my wonderful escape.

Two Millions of Money. We have done away with the two-million-dollar bundle of money that we used to allow the brides who visited the vaults to handle, said a treasury guide. "and don't remember distinctly, but there was no money in it. The weight, I know, was made up of two old census reports. It served them as well as real money."

Just What He Wanted. He-I wish it were true that all the world loves a lover. She-Why? He-Because you're all the world to me.

BORN.

- St. John, Apr. 1, to the wife of R. Strand, a son. Hebron, Apr. 8, to the wife of R. J. Tagley, a son. Amherst, Mar. 29, to the wife of Hiram Foster, a son. Amherst, Apr. 5, to the wife of W. B. Murdoch, a son. Quoddy, N. S. Apr. 4, to the wife of G. Smith, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of James A. Laidlaw, a son. Halifax, Apr. 7, to the wife of Avery F. Buckley, a son. Lunenburg, Apr. 7, to the wife of Gordon Gilroy, a son. Portpatrick, Apr. 4, to the wife of Noble Brown, a son. Mt. Denison, Mar. 31, to the wife of John C. Yeaton, a son. Tusket, Apr. 7, to the wife of Wentworth Crooke, a son. Amherst, Mar. 31, to the wife of George W. Bayne, a son. Lakeside, Apr. 2, to the wife of James Henwood, a son. Newville, Apr. 7, to the wife of D. P. Young, a daughter. Moncton, April 10, to the wife of Harry Cutler, a son. Sydney, Apr. 4, to the wife of Alexander McDanald, a son. Cambridgeport, Mar. 27, to the wife of Hiram Blois, a daughter. River John, Apr. 11, to the wife of W. B. Willette, a daughter. Mahone Bay, Mar. 26, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Shaw, a son. Deep Brook, Mar. 20, to the wife of Augustus Clarke, a son. Pleasant Lake, Mar. 25, to the wife of Andrew Jeffrey, a son. Paradise West, Mar. 25, to the wife of Allister Daniels, a son. West Pubnico, Mar. 31, to the wife of Nicholas D'Leon, a son. Richibucto, April 9, to the wife of Arthur E. O'Leary, a son. Malden Mass., Apr. 6, to the wife of J. Ernest Clements, a daughter. West Pubnico, Mar. 23, to the wife of Emilian D'Entremont, a son.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS. South American Rheumatic Cure gives relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and cures in ordinary cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—without a Gratuitous Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism, and had despaired of getting permanent relief, until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy, and, to my surprise, received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is the surest and best remedy of the kind in existence. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDermid.

To See the Black of her Head. There is now a mirror on the market. It has a long handle, which is thrust into a clamp on the back of a chair. The chair stands before a dressing table, and the dresser is enabled to get a view of her back without straining either her neck or arms.

Melbourne, Australia, has lost 43,435 inhabitants in four years, the census of 1895 giving a population of 4,74,671. The population of the seven Australian colonies at the end of 1895 was 4,288,000.

One great moral influence not yet credited to the bicycle is indicated in the fact that horses are now so cheap in the West that horse stealing is no longer worth while, and that species of crime has practically disappeared.

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

JUST AT THIS TIME.

A Few Valuable Hints To Those Who Are Quick To Take Advantage of Suggestions.

Can you afford to risk your life during this Spring? This is a question which a great many people will do well to consider just at this time. How many people there are, just now, who complain of tired, worn out feelings. They feel listless, languid, have headaches, stomachs, and continually suffer from stomach troubles. But in symptoms plainly show that their liver and kidneys are out of order. Others are sufferers from dizziness, palpitation and pains near the heart. Their blood does not circulate properly and it needs purifying. Under these things are attention to the cold or chill they catch is very apt to turn into pneumonia, consumption or some other dangerous malady. Can anyone afford to run these risks? These dangers are not exaggerated. They actually exist, they must be faced, and it is a serious matter for people who have children depending on them. Such people cannot afford to be laid up with a severe illness, lose work and pay heavy doctor's bills. It is wiser to guard against the many dangers by tuning up the system and patting every organ of the body in perfect condition. This is easily accomplished by the use of the 'Rising Sun Stove Polish' for years has been recognized as the greatest and best remedy for renewing the strength and building the health.

Every doctor knows this truth. Thousands of prominent people have proved its value in their own experience. Ask them and they will tell you they always make it a practice to use the 'Rising Sun Stove Polish' whenever any ill-health approaches. That is why they can face the most dangerous exposures without risk and always keep in perfect health. There are few people who can afford to ignore these suggestions, few who should fail to avail themselves of the valuable hints they contain.

Women of Achievements. Miss Maney, daughter of the poet and Egyptologist, has been obliged to retire from her secretaryship in the Froebel Society to aid in her father's literary labors. Mrs. Lynn Linton doesn't like bicycles, and she doesn't approve of the "wheeling habit" among women. She calls it a "cross between the tight rope and the treadmill." The truth is Mrs. Linton doesn't like much of anything these days, and she is fast degenerating into a chronic fault-finder and scold. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Brook and Mrs. O. P. Belmont are all owners of most beautiful testades which have belonged to dead and gone royalty, and which are most wonderful pieces of furniture, headboard, footboard, side pieces, inside and out, bearing evidences of rare artistic worth.

He-I wish it were true that all the world loves a lover. She-Why? He-Because you're all the world to me.

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MARRIED.

- Halifax, March 31, by H. H. Pittman, A. Miller & Alice Mahar. Halifax, March 31, by Rev. H. H. Pittman, A. Miller & Alice Mahar. Sussex, April 8, by Rev. J. S. Sutherland, David Alken to Anne Hazen. Fandis, April 1, by Rev. R. B. Kinley, James F. Foster to Laura Jodrey. Liverpool, April 4, by Rev. Mr. Harley, William Terpin to Mary Courou. Barrington, April 2, by Rev. C. Jos. Reuben Nickerson to Mary Atwood. Lunenburg, March 31, by Rev. J. L. Batty, Enos Miller to Mary L. Mills. Liverpool, April 4, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Joseph E. Faysant to Millie G. Smith. Wallace, April 8, by Rev. H. B. Mackay, Ouburn Babington to Clara M. Hudson. Halifax, April 8, by Rev. J. E. Goncher, Edwin G. Miller to Clara M. Harris. Merritts Cove, April 1, by Rev. H. N. Perry, Artemus Levy to Mary L. Mills. Liverpool, March 26, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Silvanus E. Dauphiny to Flora Beaulieu. Hants, April 2, by Rev. J. B. Hagston, George H. Laidlaw to Olga A. Phillips. Oxford, March 26, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Donald D. Mansfield to Mary L. Mills. Truro, N. S. March 31, by Rev. E. E. Grillon, William Woodbury to Alice Iward. Liverpool, N. S., March 26, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, John Henry Oves to Cass A. Dorey. Sackville, April 5, by Rev. O. W. Vincent, William E. Milner to Gertrude Richardson. St. Anne, C. B., March 31, by Rev. M. McLeod, Murdoch McLeod to Mary McDonald. St. John, April 15, by Rev. J. B. Green, James J. Curran to Mrs. Theodosia H. Green.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

Cambridge, Mass., by Rev. Leonard S. Parker, Adalbert D. Archibald to Mand Yull. Falmouth, March 24, by Rev. Joseph Murray, Reuben Patterson to William Leary. New Glasgow, April 8, by Rev. James Carruthers, Hersh McLennan to Christina McLennan. Fairview, N. S. April 1, by Rev. S. W. Kierstead, Maria L. Campbell to Olivia Fillmore. Nine Mile River, April 8, by Rev. J. Layton, William Weatherhead to Emily McPhee. West Pubnico, April 8, by Rev. L. B. Duchesneau, William Dohy to Theresa D'Entremont. North Sydney, March 31, by Rev. Rev. G. W. Lear, James McLeod to Winifred A. Thompson. Port Hawkesbury, March 28, by Rev. C. W. Sealow, G. O. Forsyth, L. B. to Louis M. Peat.

DIED.

- Halifax, April 9, W. J. Coleman, 53. East Pubnico, April 8, Eos Bladen. Cansing, April 2, Mrs. J. C. Roosev. Chatham, April 6, James Bassett, 17. Pictou, April 5, Ervan McLennan, 76. Millville, April 12, Eric A. Knox, 34. St. John, April 11, Robert Carson, 11. Kestville, April 8, Myra Bowland, 48. River John, March 30, John D. Murray, 42. Halifax, April 9, Thomas Stevens, 22. Bridgetown, April 5, John Lockett, 51. West Pubnico, April 4, Jean Amro, 85. Halifax, April 9, Edward McDonald, 51. Cornwallis, April 7, Mrs. Edward Poor. Tusket, April 9, William H. Gilman, 63. St. John, April 11, Joseph Stevenson, 35. Halifax, April 7, Matthew J. Walker, 42. Acadia, April 6, W. H. W. Michaels, 58. Albany, N. S. April 4, Chas. H. Fern, 59. Black River, April 5, Alexander Dick, 73. Milton, N. S. Mar. 31, Rev. J. Skinner, 71. Goldenville, Mar. 25, Nelson Nickerson, 77. Portpatrick, Mar. 28, Mrs. Emory Carr, 98. Amherst, April 8, Horatio W. Murdoch, 65. Waverly, Mar. 31, Mrs. Jessie Glenros, 60. St. John, April 10, William C. Morrissey, 60. Brooklyns, N. S., Mar. 21, Henry Godfrey, 77. Grandville Ferry, April 7, Robert W. Lajla, 67. Gasperus, Mar. 26, Mrs. Amy B. Colwell, 72. Lower Stewiacke, April 4, Jonathan Layton, 54. West Pubnico, April 4, Anselm D'Entremont, 59. Solder Mountain, Mar. 25, Catherine Darling, 67. Halifax, April 4, Mary wife of W. W. Howells, 41. Milton, Mar. 28, Abbie, wife of E. K. Freeman, 60. Southerton, C. B., April 1, Archibald McLennan, 50. Stewiacke, April 1, Esther D. wife of John Milien, 40. Halifax, April 6, Ann M. widow of Edward Baker, 84. Richibucto, April 5, Katie, daughter of John McMillan, 9. Barbados, April 4, Arthur C. Thomson of St. John, 24. Cornwallis, Mar. 26, Sabra, wife of James K. Ketric. Sackville, April 4, Willie L. son of Ainsley Teed, 40. Grand Pre, April 2, Jean F. wife of Abraham Lyman, 59. Lower Argyle, April 8, Olivit, widow of Wm. Richan, 53. Bass River, April 2, Susan B. daughter of Wm. Sullivan, 2. Halifax, April 3, Harriet B. widow of W. F. Collins, 81. Dartmouth, April 2, Mary, widow of David H. Hurdman, 97. Sandford, Mar. 27, Stella, daughter of George E. Henson, 15. Halifax, April 5, Eva B. child of John and Agnes James Clarke, 54. Shelburne, April 4, Laurie, son of Augustus and Mary J. Guy, 7. Oakland, N. S. April 1, Sarah, eldest daughter of John and Agnes James Clarke, 54. Kempville, Mar. 30, Thomas H., son of T. R. and Rhoda Gray, 25. Dartmouth, April 9, Fraser A., son of Thomas and Katie Bowler, 6 months. Brooklyns Ferry, Scotland, April 6, Rev. R. T. Burns D. D., 81 Halifax, 70. Nantucket Mass., April 6, Mary C. widow of Frederick C. Sanford of Halifax, 80. East Pubnico, Mar. 29, David Lawson, 2, and on April 4, Elroy, 4, sons of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Rudolph.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1895, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will leave daily Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Fare. Includes Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax; Express from Moncton; Express for Quebec and Montreal; Express for Sussex.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers Pacific Coast.

Tourist Sleepers for Passengers holding second class tickets to Pacific Coast points will leave Montreal for Seattle, Wash., every Tuesday at 10:30 a. m., the additional charge per berth is \$8.00.

For tickets and accommodations in car apply to nearest RY Ticket Agent.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 24, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Schedule. Includes Steamship Prince Rupert, Live St. John, Digby, and various daily express trains.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

2 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON.

UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Labrador, and Boston every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 10 a. m.

Letters Come.

Letters come by day telling us that this person has been cured of dyspepsia, that person of Bad Blood, and another of Headache, still another of Biliousness, and yet others of various complaints of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood, all through the intelligent use of Burdock Blood Bitters.

It is the voice of the people recognizing the fact that Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood.

DOMINION Express Co.

Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe.

REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

Table with 2 columns: Item and Rate. Lists various express services and their corresponding rates.

VOL. Y

HOW HE... Found the... Ago-The St... Did It-The... Corroborate...

"There is a man to PRO... "Where" r... reporter. "There, wh... the prompt r... since the night... The house i... story-wood... South end kno... It, like most... has a shop on... tenant" takes... without a licen... Six or seven... occurred the... Moore, better... and there the... gather and in... There were v... and the chief... Margaret Sull... slang of the st... was the favori... resp'd a rich... found their w... ness and w. e... Among those... sort was his... with his maid... the city. Mor... was always on... other unfortun... into that local... When New... came round M... The day had... even so batter... The season w... the inclination... just as trul... Shiffield spec... most respect... So Moran... arrived at Mo... in a half ma... to bewail his... capital to have... It was in th... talk to the Sa... of his aunts... influence o... "Buck" a note... his aunts. Ha... Moore, Moran... alive to day bu... ed to Moran... the inner room... rage seized a... the counter an... The blow was a... cry or a groat... dead. The drunken... awful sudden... confusion for... was the first... had seen the m... of them was i... to do was to h... by carrying it... ing carpets an... the awful wat... they might get... was dazed and... able to realize v... afterward when... ushered in the... street beach an... Removing Bur... no easy task, b... sure fast, but... guard. I am i... in the crime... assist in plac... tracing. So... think the murd... leading or sus... by catching the... carrying or d... position from th... shore beach wh... Jack F... Geo. Fa... where the midni... on the sands... the discovery... Jan. 3rd, Corc... inquest, at wh... "Shimney" Moo... ney" did not w... Barryman comp... the inquest. Moore had t... make him sober... According to t... of the inquest... George Moore... fluence of liquor... his evidence, wh... on Sunday night... been drinking... lodged at Mag... day morning, de... company with... Danahy's, and... whiskey. After