

PROGRESS.

VOL. XI, NO. 565.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "clack" in our premium offer?

Be sure and read about our great premium offer on the second page to-day. It will surprise you.

SHARP KNIVES
and scissors are ensured by buying those bearing the registered mark of **WALTER'S CELEBRATED TRUE BRAND CUTLERY.** Leading dealers sell these.



MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Red's Point), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter.
Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, 10th and 11th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN, N. B., after the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will be on the line.
With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through traffic arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business interested in it to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS UNDER AN REWARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.
For all particulars, address,
R. H. FLETCHING, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.
Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward,
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2
St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 10.30 a. m.
St. John at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.
EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
St. John at 6.30 a. m., ar. Digby 10.30 p. m.
St. John at 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.45 p. m.
St. John at 9.00 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
St. John at 11.45 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m.
St. John at 7.20 a. m., Mon., Wed., Thursday and Saturday
St. John at 8.30 a. m., ar. Digby 10.30 a. m.
St. John at 1.30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George,
BOSTON SERVICE.
By the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns to Yarmouth, N. B., every Friday and Saturday at 4.00 p. m. Unusually quick on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to the Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom tickets and all information can be obtained.
F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent,
Kensville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway
and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.30
Express for Sussex..... 12.50
Accommodation from St. John to Chatham and Moncton..... 16.45
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.30 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal trains.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... 12.30
Accommodation from St. John to Chatham and Moncton..... 16.45
Accommodation from Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.30
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
—BY—
TOURIST SLEEPERS
Leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a. m. on the PACIFIC COAST, accommodation second class passengers for all points, Calgary and West. Birth 5.00
Ottawa to Calgary..... 17.00
Ottawa to Vancouver..... 24.00
Ottawa to Seattle..... 30.00
For picture rates to all points in CANADA, WESTERN UNITED STATES and JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA and MANILA, and also descriptive advertising matter and maps, write
A. H. NOTMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

NOW SHE IS BRUCKOFF.

THE FAMOUS DIVORCE CASE OF BELL VS. BELL HEARD.

Judge Vanwart Gives the First-Her Liberty—She Regains her Maiden Name at the Same Time—A Summary of the Case—From Start to Finish.

Grace May Bruckhoff, the sometime Mrs. Adam H. Bell is happy. She now walks again in maiden meditation, fancy free, untrammelled by the matrimonial chains which bound her for the space of six or seven years.

It isn't often that domestic bliss comes to so abrupt an ending, and then again in some cases it comes more quickly.

If the relatives of the fair plaintiff had had their way the Bell-Bruckhoff alliance would have been dissolved long ago, in fact never would have been made, for from the time Mr. Adam H. Bell, a man old enough to have known a good deal better, married the little school girl, there has been trouble. Just who has been most to blame is a much discussed question. Both Mr. Bell and his transient wife have their respective defenders. However, in matters of this kind it is only reasonable to suppose that there is fault on both sides. Mr. Bell is known to be a man of quick, fiery temper, and of a disposition little calculated to bear the caprices of an inexperienced unreasoning girl, while those who are in intimate acquaintance with the latter say she has a spirit of her own and is better able than most wives to take her own part.

It was quite natural she was fond of admiration and the attentions of gentlemen, and couldn't quite see why the wife was not free to receive as much of it as was the maiden. Grace knew a thing or two, but the knowledge which would enable her to retain a husband's regard does not seem to have been among them.

Story after story of the couple's domestic infelicity reached the public, and so when Mrs. Bell applied for a divorce from her husband on the ground of infidelity, nobody was greatly surprised.

For some time previous Mr. and Mrs. Bell had resided in St. Stephen. Rather

rested principally on the evidence of Mrs. Rhines. His honor concluded as follows: 'I find that the defendant is guilty of having committed adultery with Gertrude Leaman at the town of St. Stephen on the night of October 1st, 1897 and the order of the court is that the plaintiff and that the marriage between the plaintiff and defendant will be annulled and dissolved on the ground of adultery committed by defendant and it is further ordered that the defendant shall be deposed of his right to any tenancy by the courtesy of England, and it is ordered that the



Adam H. Bell.

defendant pay to plaintiff her costs of suit to be believed as between attorney and client. The registrar will allow for only one council on the trial.

Regarding the matter of costs his honor stated that while the wife was entitled to be supplied with suit money by her husband he did not think she had a right to employ as many counsel as she saw fit, and call upon her husband to pay them, so he would allow only cost to be taxed for one council.

Mr. Bell was in court throughout the proceedings and received the decree with a smile, and he was evidently among those who foresaw the Judge's decision.

REPRESENTED AT A CARNIVAL.
A Halifax Alderman's Friends Honor Him in this Manner.

HALIFAX, March 9.—Every winter Halifax has its usual number of carnivals. This winter has been no exception. Many and various are the characters that are represented. Still however, is that of an Alderman seen on the ice. But the carnival held recently marked an innovation in this respect. At this gathering not only was the character of an alderman represented, but what was still more decidedly new that of a city alderman.

The city father, who was fortunate enough to be so honored, hailed from ward IV. He is a character in himself. Of diminutive stature, of corpulent build, dressed in the latest fashion, he has a decidedly aristocratic appearance. The beautiful vacant stare in his countenance unmistakably discloses his identity. His savvy of expression and eloquence of language is unfortunately spoiled by a guttural enunciation.

An exemplary man he is ever ready to invectively oppose the granting of liquor licenses. Another evil also receives a share of his attentions, he is very solicitous of the moral welfare of the youth of the city, being always favorable towards a crusade against the "houses" on the upper streets. In fact he is a moral reformer, a second Dr. Parkhurst. Again, the dry Sundays now experienced are attributed to his doings.

"A champion of the police force and of the laboring man," he frequently proclaims himself. Still he differs as to the relative merits of their work. The former he contends should receive \$6 per diem, while the latter would be well paid at \$2.

This gentleman, although regarded by his friends (?) as a "prince of good fellows" has his enemies in the council. This is probably because he is spoken of as a possible candidate for the Mayoralty, and petty jealousies would naturally arise over such matters.

Frequently passenger-at-arms occur between him and other members of the council during a meeting, when language anything but parliamentary is indulged in.

However, his friends' animosity showed

itself last week, when he was imprisoned at the carnival through their instrumentality. Their efforts in this regard met with a decided success, as many thought that the original was present, and surprise was mingled with amusement.

These aldermanic jokers, securing the services of an individual who worships at only two shrines: viz, that of Baalshar and Mammon, and whose countenance easily stamps him as a "bum", carried out their plans with grand effect.

Hustling their friend the "bummer" to a well known Tonsorial Artist, they rid him of his unkempt beard and substituted "side lights" therefore. Next securing a "Prince Albert" made by an Ex Alderman and a hat and a new pair of boots generously furnished by two other members of the council, their hiring was persuaded to robe. Presto! The transformation was startling, one half an hour ago a veritable tramp, now a prominent alderman.

After surveying the spectacle for a few minutes, they left confident that their scheme would materialize, and giving their subject a \$10 bill, they bade him attend the carnival that evening.

Amid the glare of the many colored lights and the revelry of the late a figure conspicuous in itself fitted to and fro among the crowd of skaters. Many exclamations following were plainly audible, "Why Aid. — is skating to-night." Still it was only that gentleman's counterpart. Some however stubbornly refused to believe that it was anybody else but the original: others less in'allible suggested that it might be his ghost or at least his double. Believers of the first theory advanced the argument that the speech was the same, and that an elevation of the chin and an upward roll of the eyes, as if the owner was a profound student of Astronomy, peculiar to the original.

The impersonator skated and imitated the City Father throughout the whole evening, much to the amusement of his employers, who attended and enjoyed the fun immensely.

The "bum" who has the honor of impersonating an Alderman, having the enviable reputation of being the Champion of the Police force and the laboring element, and also a disciple of the renowned Parkhurst, for a \$10 bill and a new outfit, is in danger of getting hurt, as the Alderman has heard of the incident and swears eternal vengeance on the perpetrator in the shape of a manual demolition of that person's firmament.

The Brief Joy of Matrimony.

HALIFAX, Mar. 9.—In last week's issue PROGRESS referred to a young man, who so secretly married the cook in the South End, and took the boat to Boston to spend his honeymoon. Since that new facts have come to light concerning this precious pair.

It seems that after this cooing couple had landed in Boston a connubial squabble occurred in which the words "brute," "lazy good for nothing" were frequently used. When they had made up again, they spent money freely and lived in good style. Everything went well until the young man in question was approached by his better half on the question of work. This suggestion on her part nearly took his breath away. He boldly disclaimed any intention of such a movement in that direction. This annoyed his wife and she forcibly reminded him of his promise to toil, when they had reached the "land of the free." Matters became worse, and finally his bride declared that she was going home, that she was homesick and wished to see her people.

So she took the steamer Halifax. Before she left she furnished a six months supply of collars, shirts, etc. and also the tidy sum of \$100, as a slight token of her affection. She also kindly released all other wearing apparel supplied by her. She arrived home Saturday evening.

A Hint to William Mason.

PROGRESS has received a letter from "William Mason" in which the information given is important—if true. William, your spelling is so bad that it would lead one to think you could have made it worse if you had tried real hard. Suppose you go to the chief of police and present him with evidence of the charge you want to make in PROGRESS. Many thanks for your kindness, William.

Choirs Requested, Done, Agents, Performers, Duval, 27 Watering Street.

STOREY TO THE FRONT.

THESE ARE PEOPLE WHO WANT HIM TO BE MAYOR.

If His Requisition is Large Enough and There is no Third man He Will Come Against Mayor Sears—How Rapidly His Paper Was Signed.

There are two requisitions out on courageous opposition to Mayor Sears at the coming civic election. Both of them are for the same man, however, and his name is John K. Storey.

Mr. Storey is not unknown in St. John. In fact he has been for years a dry goods merchant on King street and a tenant of



HEDLEY V. EDGEcombe.

A popular Frederictonian who died somewhat suddenly from pneumonia in Boston where he was pursuing his art studies.

the gentleman who now occupies the civic chair.

Some idea of his independence may be gathered from the fact that he is not tied to his landlord in any degree and is willing, if the citizens are anxious for his services, to devote his time and his ability to the work of chief magistrate.

So far as PROGRESS knows few if any canvasses can be made against Mr. Storey. He is a gentleman who has many friends in Ireland and on the occasions which he has visited there he has scorned the cares of business, closed the doors of his establishment and left his customers to await his return.

He has an abiding faith in his fellow townsmen and is ever ready to reciprocate their good opinion. When, last year, he was spoken of as a possible figure in the mayoralty contest the newspapers duly noted the fact and his relations in Ireland were intensely pleased at the honor that their good Canadian representative was receiving.

With the knowledge that Mr. Storey is a modest and unobtrusive man a delegation of citizens including shipping men, commercial travellers and gentlemen in other walks of life waited upon him last Saturday and entreated him to permit them to circulate a requisition among the "free and independent" electors requesting his acceptance of the civic chair. Mr. Storey did not lose his self possession. He listened to the smooth and pleasant persuasions of the shipping man and the vigorous arguments of those with him—and he consented.

Never in the history of St. John was a requisition so rapidly signed. In a very short time there were hundreds of names attached to the paper. Some of them were signed by their owners many of them by proxy but who outside of those in the secret was to know the difference! Mr. Storey was pleased—why should he not be when the good opinion of his fellow townsmen was so generously displayed toward him and when his vigorous adherents reported their success to him he rewarded them and all who accompanied them by a most hospitable invitation.

During the week the requisition has not been in evidence and the inquiries for it have been frequent. But learning that one was being circulated a number of Mr. Storey's friends have offered to sign it and the document in his possession is one of which any citizen might well be proud. The signatures of bank managers, merchants and clerks can be seen there and if there

were only enough of them the home and foreign friends of Mr. Storey might well be gratified at the signal distinction conferred upon him.

THE CIVIC SITUATION.
Who are and who may be Candidates for a Term's Office.

There are more aldermanic candidates talked of this week than "you can shake a stick at". No doubt some of the names mentioned are used without warrant and in that event it is not fair to discuss the chances of their race.

But since PROGRESS was published last week there have been a few names brought to the front. Perhaps the most notable of them is that of Ex-ald. Chas. W. MacLaughlan who for some time represented Queens at the council board. He thought that his chances for the mayoralty were good year before last and he offered for nomination. Unfortunately for him Mr. George Robertson wanted to remain for a fourth term and the present mayor Mr. Sears also had aspirations in the same direction. Mr. MacLaughlan pulled nearly a thousand votes but not enough to elect him. Since then he has been, a part of the time, an employe in the water and sewerage department.

Capt. Keast of Lorne ward is said not to be unwilling to measure strength again with Alderman McMullin. The latter seems to be secure in his position and to fear no foe. But Capt. Keast is better known this year than last. He has been giving some attention to public affairs and has expressed himself in vigorous fashion at the board of trade on many of the important subjects considered there. These things will not do him any harm in the event of his candidature.

Whether the gentlemen who proposed to give John A. Chesley another trial will carry out their intention or not remains to be seen. The support he counts upon is rather of an invisible nature and its assistance may not be so powerful as it is thought to be.

There is some talk of their being no opposition to Alderman McGoldrick. Mr. Holder who has opposed him twice was not anxious to do so last year and is not, it is said, eager to run another election this year. The representative for Stanley has been at the board fifteen years and his attention to the affairs of his department—police, fire, public building, etc.—of which he is chairman, is as good as that given by an alderman to the civic business.

In order to complete a "ticket" there may be opposition in Dufferin again. Mr. Brennan was the opponent of Alderman Millidge last year but he did not come so near winning as he did the year before.

In Kings the retirement of Alderman Hamm makes a new man necessary and the names of Col. Armstrong, Mr. C. E. Macmichael and W. C. R. Allan are all mentioned.

Any one of them would make a good alderman and would bring intelligence and ability to the civic board. Col. Armstrong is a strong conservative, Mr. Macmichael at the last dominion election was an independent and Mr. Allan is now a liberal.

Mr. A. W. Macrae and Mr. James Dunlap do not purpose to try conclusions again, so PROGRESS understands. The latter will not run again. Mr. Harris Allan is in that ward and there are some who think he would make a good representative. He would not care to run against Alderman Macrae and so he has turned his eyes upon the honor of alderman-at-large. There is one thing about Mr. Allan—defeat sits lightly upon him. He has offered again and again but success does not appear to crown his efforts in these later years.

To Alderman Robinson of Victoria, Maxwell of Prince, White of Queens, and Waring of Sydney no opposition is spoken of as yet. Neither is there any definite information of opposition in Dalhousie and the west side representatives are not spoken of as opposed.

Hockey Club's Colors.

All the hockey teams of the Maritime provinces have different colors and they display them in profusion when they visit any place. The Dufferin is the favorite resort of these young ice skaters and as the teams have come to St. John and played their colors have been added as a part of the artistic decoration that adorns the bar of the hotel. The latest addition is the green and white of the Champlain Shamrocks at Montreal and they are used in profusion. The visiting players are always gratified at seeing their colors displayed and take much interest in noting those of other clubs.

STRONGER THAN ANY.

SANDOW THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD.

How He Began His Career and Found Out His Strength—His Wonderful Performance—Some Amazing Incidents in Connection With His Career.

Of the splendidly developed specimens of humanity, and the men gifted with exceeding strength whose names are known to the public, Mr. Eugene Sandow is undoubtedly the man with whose name most people are familiar. Born in 1867, in the town of Königsberg, he is just over thirty-one years of age.

Strong as he is to-day, he gave no indications of his remarkable development in his youth. Until he was ten years of age he was so delicate a child, that on more than one occasion his parents feared that he would not be able to rear him, while until he was seventeen he was a delicate youth, pale, without energy, and weak. In his early teens he used to frequently visit the Art Galleries, and was struck with the sculptures showing wonderful muscular developments, which he could not help contrasting with his own slight frame. As other boys are fascinated by the prowess of their school-fellows and of the strong men they meet, young Sandow desired to emulate the development of the inanimate marble. His father wanted him to be a priest. He had no vocation for that calling, however, for his tastes ran toward a freer life. Art fascinated him, but his first desire was not to develop beautiful things on canvas or in marble, but to develop himself into a figure beautiful enough to compare with those which enchained his young attention. In order to learn how to develop his body he came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to learn about his body. Therefore he began to study about anatomy, which he pursued diligently in the schools, dissecting bodies in just the same way as if he were going in for the study of medicine. His preliminary education in this direction began in Göttingen, and was finished in Brussels, where, indeed, he passed an examination qualifying him as a 'doctor of anatomy,' and permitting him to treat all muscular troubles.

During this time, however, he was constantly exercising himself, gaining health and strength, and some little prestige by an occasional performance as an amateur wrestler and athlete. When he was twenty-one, he was very strong indeed. About this time the death of a relative took him to Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Mr. Aubrey Hunt, the artist. Samson and Cyclops were the two strong men who were then attracting all London with their feats of strength at the Aquarium. Samson offered a prize of £100 to anyone who could perform the feats of his pupil Cyclops, and £1,000 to anyone who could beat his own. Mr. Hunt related the fact to his young Herulean friend, and, having seen some of his feats of strength, suggested that he should try for the prize. They had arranged to come to London in the course of a few weeks. 'Yes,' said Sandow, when Mr. Hunt had finished, 'I will go. We will start to-day.' They started that day. In due course they arrived in London. It was six o'clock in the evening. Sandow went off and got a friend to act as interpreter. That night he appeared at the Aquarium, and accepted the challenge. People laughed when he went on the stage. His ordinary evening dress concealed his extraordinary muscular development. When he took off his coat and waistcoat, however, the laughed changed to wonder. That same night Cyclops was defeated and the £1000 was won. Then Sampson was challenged and on November 2nd, 1888, in the presence of the greatest crowd which that building had ever seen, and with the Marquis of Queensberry and Lord de Clifford as judges, Sandow defeated Samson, although it may be remarked in passing that he never got the £1,000 which accompanied the challenge.

That incident determined his career. The managers of all the chief places of amusement wanted to engage him and as he desired in the first place to travel, and thought that by building up a reputation for himself he would be better able to carry out the scheme he had long fostered in his mind of inducing others to go in for physical culture merely as a means of getting health, he accepted one of the offers. It was £150 a week for a period of six months. He has been filling engagements ever since, but now he intends to withdraw from public life to devote himself to supervising his schools.

The fact that, like so many other extraordinarily developed men, he does not appear excessively big in ordinary clothes, has led to not a few curious incidents. One of these happened in Paris. He and a friend were supping in a public room one night and their laughter and conversa-

tion in German made a party of Frenchmen angry. After having made several rude remarks at them, which were unnoticed, one of the Frenchmen went up to Sandow and said, 'I have had enough of your laughing. If you don't stop, I will make you.'

The consciousness of his almost superhuman strength has always made Sandow, as it has made other men, exceedingly gentle and good-natured, and undesirous of getting into anything like a physical encounter. He therefore suggested that the young man should go away. This only angered him the more, and he slapped Sandow's face. Still Sandow refused to retaliate. The Frenchman struck him a second blow. His friend jumped forward to take Sandow's part, but the latter held him back. A third time the Frenchman struck Sandow; this time a blow on the nose which brought the blood in streams. Sandow rose quietly from his place, walked over to the young man, picked him up, knocked his knees and head together, and banged him down in the centre of the table, which broke with the force of his blow. Then he sat down, lighted a cigar, and began to smoke, to the amazement of the young man. A policeman was fetched, and Sandow was taken to the police-office, but some of the friends of the man who was hurt attested to the fact that he had not been to blame, and he was let out on bail. The young man was unconscious for a day and a half, but recovered entirely, and is now one of Sandow's greatest friends.

Sandow is probably the only man living who has ever had a fight with a lion and survived to tell the tale. The beast weighed 530 lb., and only a week before he tackled it had killed its keeper. When he was in San Francisco a fight had been advertised between a bear and a lion, but the authorities would not allow it to come off. Sandow thought he would like to test his strength against that of the monarch of the forest, and as the authorities did not interfere to prevent this fight, it took place. As cruelty was forbidden, the man could not be armed with a dagger to equal the claws and teeth of the brute. It was therefore decided that mittens should be put over the bear's feet, and his mouth should be muzzled, so that it might be a case of strength against strength. After a great deal of trouble, and some hours' work, the lion was muzzled and its feet covered.

Sandow entered the cage stripped to the waist. The tussle began. The lion sprang at him—Sandow dodged and the brute missed. Before it could recover, Sandow picked it up in his arms and threw it heavily onto the ground. Again the man dodged. Again the man picked it

up in his arms, and thus chest to chest, with the lion's forepaws over his shoulders, the struggle began. In spite of the mittens over his feet, the brute's claws tore through Sandow's tights and lacerated his skin. The third round finished the fight. Sandow allowed the lion to jump on his back, and gripping the brute's neck in his hands he flung the beast over his head on to the ground. Human intelligence and human strength were, in this particular instance, too much for the strength of the beast, a single blow of whose tail has knocked the lion out of a man.

After every performance Sandow jumps into a bath of cold water, and if the weather is very hot he even goes so far as to put ice into it. Well rubbing down with a coarse towel which is so frequently recommended is, however, one of the things he does not advocate; for himself, he invariably gets into his clothes while his body is wet, his circulation being so splendid that he can do this without any ill-effects whatever. People who are not in through training should not try it, however, or they may feel uncomfortable and ill in consequence of their rashness.

TOO FORWARD.

The Maid's Boon Presented But She Went to the Devil.

The English lady whose reminiscences are entitled "Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes," says that in her girlhood she was staying in Paris, and one day went to call upon her relative, Lord Malmesbury. He was not at home, and she took up a book and sat down to wait for him.

Soon the door opened, and a gentleman entered. I, in my girlish ignorance, thought him rather free and easy, as he also sat down and entered into conversation with me. We discussed French politics, and he asked me why I wore violets.

"Because," said I, "I am an Imperialist."

I also informed him that my sister was a poor, misguided Legitimist. We got deeper and deeper into politics. I told him how the different factions called the emperor Co Monsieur. I made him roar by telling him Montalembert had called on us yesterday, and how, during his visit, we had heard a commotion and all rushed to the window. The Emperor was passing.

"What did Montalembert do?" asked my acquaintance.

"He made me furious," I replied. "For he was facing the window, and deliberately pulled his chair round, and said to me, 'I turn my back on him.' So I rushed at him, seized him by the collar and forced him to turn round."

My sister then entered the room, and looked daggers at me for talking with an unknown Frenchman. Presently she walked out, and my friend said:

"What a striking looking girl! She is like one of Scott's heroines."

"And what am I like?" I asked eagerly.

"You," said he, looking at me fixedly,



When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world. Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Pittman Streets, St. John, N. H. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 60.

"I have a gift which belongs to few people, and which I should like. You have the gift of gab, and no mistake!"

"I was angry then, and nearly cried with vexation."

"Are you coming to the Tuileries ball next week?" asked he.

"No," said I, sadly. "I can't come. I have never been presented at our court. I would give anything to come. I have never seen the emperor in my life."

An amused look came over his face, and I left the room to join my sister.

Then Lord Malmesbury came in, and I heard him and the stranger talking and laughing in the next room, evidently discussing some very good joke.

Then Lord Malmesbury joined us, furiously angry. I was afraid of him, and so I determined to carry matters with a high hand.

"Who is your shabby-looking friend?" I asked, trying to put on a brave face.

"My shabby-looking friend is the Emperor of the French. A nice opinion he will have of my cousins!"

This was a downfall to my pride. I had talked too much! But next day there came an invitation to the Tuileries ball, and I knew the emperor had forgiven me.

Still the Firm Lived.

It is well to take an interest in your employer's business, but it is not well to presume on your worth. No man or boy is absolutely indispensable, although he may occupy a very exalted position.

A laughable instance is related about a young man who was a traveller for a large wholesale house. He was clever, and a hard worker, but exceedingly bumptious. A favourite opinion of his was that the firm could not get along without him.

"I have no doubt," he said one day, "that if I should die, the firm would have to put up the shutters inside of a year."

He had made the same remark many times before, but this time some envious clerk carried it to the ears of the firm.

The senior partner sent for him next day.

"I understand, Mr. Smart," he said, gravely, "that you think the firm would fail if you died."

Mr. Smart hemmed and hawed, and tried to turn it off as a joke, but it wouldn't do.

"It has worried me very much," continued the senior partner, "and so we have

decided to try an experiment. Just consider yourself dead for a year, Mr. Smart, and if at the end of the year the firm feels itself dying, we will send for you."

"But, sir—"

"That will do, Mr. Smart. You may go." He went, a sadder and much wiser young man, and the firm did not die after all.

Wholesale.

Baptisms and marriages have sometimes occurred on a wholesale scale. Whole tribes, for instance, have in olden days been compulsorily Christianised and, for the purposes of baptism, driven, whether they would or no, into the river at the point of the lance. Probably the largest number ever baptised in this country at the same time was one hundred and twenty-five, who were baptised at the church of St. Lawrence, Dartmouth Street, Birmingham, by the vicar on the evening of the first of June last.

The candidates ranged from the finest infants in arms to boys and girls of thirteen and fourteen.

The adult congregation consisted almost wholly of women, the mother in most cases being the only sponsor. It was a curious sight to watch the clergy (with the help of their lay-assistance, who carried bowls of water taken from the font) passing through the lanes of mothers and babies, many of the latter loudly protesting against the sprinkling. It was half-past ten before the registration was completed.

Thirty-eight people (nineteen couples) were married at the same time at St. John's Church, Walworth, on the first of August last (a Bank Holiday), comprising all sorts and conditions—coastguards, engineers, tailors, and carmen.—Casello Journal.

The Difference.

One of the neatest examples of the tables being turned upon a bullying counsel was afforded by a clergyman who gave evidence in a horse-dealing case at Worcester assizes. He gave a somewhat confused account of the transaction in dispute, and the cross-examining counsel, after making several blustering but ineffective attempts to obtain a more satisfactory statement said:—

"Pray, sir, do you know the difference between a horse and a cow?"

"I acknowledge my ignorance," replied the reverend gentleman. "I hardly know the difference between a horse and a cow, or between a bull and a bully—only a bull, I am told, has horns, and a bully—here he made a respectful bow to the advocate—'luckily for me, has none.'"

Dyspepsia Grossa.

For what Nature alone provides for this stomach cure. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's panacea for all stomach ills. Pleasant and positive cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Loss of Appetite, Wind on the Stomach, Dizziness, Nausea, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sick Headache, and all disorders directly traceable to sluggish digestive organs. 35

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

AN HONEST ENTREPRENEUR MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. The F. H. KANE COMPANY, 126 Wellington street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Bothany for sale or to rent for the Summer months. The pleasantly situated house known as the Elms property abounds and a half miles from Bothany Station and within two minutes walk of the Keswick Hotel. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fennell, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 24-25

Some of Our Students

ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready for work shortly.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and type-writers (male or female) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us.

Catalogues of Business and Shorthand Courses mailed to any address.

Decorative border containing the text: FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, - and those popular magazines - Munsey, McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renewing, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.

Advertisement for Currie Business University, including text about students and courses, and a small illustration of a building.

When a Boy Enters

his school he is not given a text-book... a lot of definitions to learn, as in the way, but he is put at once to doing things as it is done in the outside world.

Business University

Just as you would try an experiment. Just as you would try an experiment. Just as you would try an experiment.

Septimes and marriages have sometimes... a whole case. Whole cases, for instance, have in olden days been

the adult congregation consisted almost... of women, the mother in most cases

of the nearest examples of the tables... turned upon a bullying counsel was

ay, sir, do you know the difference... between a horse and a cow?

what Nature alone provides for this... course. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple

Nicola Semm tells the story of one... sailors on the flag-ship New York

HONEST... INTERFERING MAN or woman wanted in every

Some of Our Students... READY ENGAGED and will begin

Music and The Drama

The Chinese opera, 'Sun-Lin,' founded... on Chester Bailey Fernald's 'The Cat and

Lieutenant Dan Godfrey and his British... Band played at the White House for

J. Cheever Goodwin is to furnish new... music for E. E. Rice's 'Little Red Riding

Countess Russell has joined the English... 'A Runaway Girl' Company.

Speculation as to the exact salaries for... a single performance paid to the stars at the

Anna Held is to star next season in... 'Papa's Wife,' a musical comedy.

Mancinelli's opera, 'Ero et Leandro... (Hero and Leandro), will have its first

'I was about to learn Norma,' she said... when I realized that the public was no

of the nearest examples of the tables... turned upon a bullying counsel was

ay, sir, do you know the difference... between a horse and a cow?

what Nature alone provides for this... course. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple

Nicola Semm tells the story of one... sailors on the flag-ship New York

HONEST... INTERFERING MAN or woman wanted in every

Some of Our Students... READY ENGAGED and will begin



TO INTRODUCE \$1.00... we will for the next 30 days, ship a sample bicycle C. O. D.

INTRODUCTION PRICES... FLYER—24 in. Tubing, Flash Joints, 1

repertoire, which will extend it in other... directions while she acquires the new Wagner

'Mme Wagner has said that she would... meet me at any convenient place to do

TALK OF THE THEATRE... In the Opera House on St. Patrick's

At the next matinee of the students of... the American Academy of the Dramatic

Bernhardt is to revive 'Dalila.' She... has impersonated La Tosca 825 times.

Angustina Daily has bought for this... country Paul Hervey's 'The Law for

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

who discovered the talents of Margaret... Mather, and Mrs. Waller was the teacher

George W. Lederer has leased the... Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The

Grace Filkins will be seen in Charles... O'Connell's new play, 'Citizen Pierre.'

H. T. Brickwell has accepted for pro... duction at the London Garrick Theatre

In Rev. Freeman Will's new dramatic... adaptation of 'A Tale of Two Cities,'

The arrangements for Mr. and Mrs... Kendal's tour through America next

The Leiber Company declares that the... role of John Storm in 'The Christian'

Adèle Ritohie has left Augustina Daly's... 'Runaway Girl' Company.

Charles Keim has two plays on the... stocks—one for Charles Frohman and

Burr McIntosh will play Taffy in the... Frawley Company's production of 'Tribly'

Julia Marlowe is to appear in Clyde... Fitch's 'The Courtship of Barbara

Theatrical people have been talking... about a new record made for this city

Marie Dressler and Walter Jones con... stitute a new vaudeville team.

Bronson Howard and Brander Mathews... are writing a comedy for Oran.

Bernhardt is to revive 'Dalila.' She... has impersonated La Tosca 825 times.

Angustina Daily has bought for this... country Paul Hervey's 'The Law for

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

the unequal force of the social laws for... men and women as the theme.

George W. Lederer has leased the... Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The

Grace Filkins will be seen in Charles... O'Connell's new play, 'Citizen Pierre.'

H. T. Brickwell has accepted for pro... duction at the London Garrick Theatre

In Rev. Freeman Will's new dramatic... adaptation of 'A Tale of Two Cities,'

The arrangements for Mr. and Mrs... Kendal's tour through America next

The Leiber Company declares that the... role of John Storm in 'The Christian'

Adèle Ritohie has left Augustina Daly's... 'Runaway Girl' Company.

Charles Keim has two plays on the... stocks—one for Charles Frohman and

Burr McIntosh will play Taffy in the... Frawley Company's production of 'Tribly'

Julia Marlowe is to appear in Clyde... Fitch's 'The Courtship of Barbara

Theatrical people have been talking... about a new record made for this city

Marie Dressler and Walter Jones con... stitute a new vaudeville team.

Bronson Howard and Brander Mathews... are writing a comedy for Oran.

Bernhardt is to revive 'Dalila.' She... has impersonated La Tosca 825 times.

Angustina Daily has bought for this... country Paul Hervey's 'The Law for

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

MUSIC SONG AND STORY

is the magazine for you, if you care for good music... every issue contains 6 to 10

Expecting to see the child fall to the... ground twice moment, the father started

'Truth, crushed to earth,' will do well if... she always rises as rapidly as a young

The glass almost dropped from the... young man's hands; he started violently,

Caught in a Bottle... In some parts of the country, narrow-necked

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

One significant incident in the childhood... of the 'invincible horse-tamer' was

At this period he was the only child at home... The Rarey farm was isolated. Many

'77' Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific For Grip, Influenza and Stubborn COLDS Like a Warm Blanket.

Accuracy, Purity and Promptness Dispensing Department W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 20 to 11 Commercial street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), No. 11, B. Street, Managing Director, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. Otherwise, we will not be responsible for the same. They should be made payable in every case to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.

Discontinuations.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

Advertisements.—Advertisements for persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAR 11th

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

HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

A good many suggestions have been made as to how to get rid of the man who drinks to excess and not a few have looked forward to the absolute prohibition of the drink that intoxicates but, so far, success cannot be said to have attended any of these well meant endeavors. Only a few days ago the intelligence was flashed from the wild and uncultivated west that the proposal had been made in one of the State legislatures to make the man who drank a criminal as well as the man who sold it to him. This might seem a harsh measure and according to the ideas of some temperance people an unnecessary one because, they are rather of the opinion that the man who drinks enough will become a criminal anyway.

Inasmuch as the evil is one of the people's own choosing, it is suggested that a popularly elected body for the control of the drink traffic would have the effect of doing away with as much of it as, in their later experience of it, they found to be desirable. Some say that the evils of the traffic are almost entirely due to the bad quality of alcoholic liquors on sale in the public houses, and would have us believe that by the prevention of adulteration and by the enforced maturing of spirits we would be rid of drunkards. Others again say that no more need be done than simply to enforce the law as it at present exists, and drunkenness—at least in public—will soon be a thing of the past. A certain number of persons, would impose total prohibition upon the drunken community, whether the public wish it or not; and these are not averse to a sacrifice of the opportunities of the many in order to save the drunken few. Lastly, there have always been some who have insisted that the only way to deal with drunkenness is to remove the drunkard. All attempts to deal with the question may be classified under one of three proposals: those which put restrictions upon the kind of liquor to be offered to the public, those which would put more restrictions upon the opportunities of the public to obtain liquor, and those which would put greater restrictions upon the drunkard. One is inclined to one or other of these methods according as one regards a moderate use of alcohol as desirable or not, and according as one interprets the principle of the liberty of the individual subject.

Perhaps it is true that the scientific men of the country and the medical profession have on the whole most strongly advocated the restriction of the drunkard. They have been telling us for many years now that there is a stage in drunkenness when the vice becomes a disease, when the drunkard should be called a patient, and when he can no more be held capable of choice or of self-restraint in the matter of drinking than an epileptic can be supposed capable of abstaining from a fit by an effort of will. Accordingly, it has been the constant recommendation of science and of medicine that the drunkard should be taken prisoner and segregated for a season in spite of himself. The value to the community of the removal of the drunkard from its midst is not to be measured only by the happy release which is bound to be felt when a most undesirable class of persons disappears. Nor is the gain to be regarded only as a relief to the ratepayer by the removal of an incubus on the town. Even if all drunkards were summarily removed by death the gain to society would not only be here and now. Posterity might perhaps be considered to have gained even more than the generation

from which the drunkards have been taken: for one of the worst features of the habit of excessive drinking is that it is in some sense hereditary.

A BOMARDON IN HALIFAX LIFE.

Two Young men who Admired the Same Young Lady.

HALIFAX, Mar. 9. Society in "dear, dingy, old Halifax," is composed of so many different "sets," that in setting forth the true story of an incident in the life of Beatrix —, I am in a quandary as to what particular strata of society she belongs to.

Halifax, the stronghold of the British in America, is prominently "English-you-know," consequently, the military set is the most swagger, although the Government House, is regarded as the inner temple, by the more conservative members of society. At a Militia ball, for example "things" got decidedly mixed—and very enjoyable to the observer, of a philosophic nature, [is the scene presented at such a function (as the local reporters dearly love to designate these affairs). All sorts and conditions of men, are here to be seen, one may hobnob with the Governor, the General, or any of the local celebrities, and you may also meet your butcher, baker, and candle stick-maker.

On the visiting list at Government House, Miss Beatrix —'s name does not appear, although she has, many a time been the belle of such mixed affairs, as a Militia ball or a rink party, where social prestige does not seem to be closely defined. Personally, Beatrix is most charming, medium in height, and as graceful as fashion demands; her chief claim to beauty lay in her unique coloring, such a delicious cream tinted complexion, the bloom of youth crimsoning her cheeks and lips, while soft masses of nut brown hair, and dark eyes—not the dark, flashing sort that send an electric thrill through one, but a soft creamy brown, that steals one's heart away, unawares, completes one of the fairest works of nature—a beautiful woman. Like all beautiful girls, Beatrix possessed a large circle of admirers, and until the Spring of 189—did not seem to favor any particular one, when the right man appeared on the scene, having been transferred from a branch to headquarters, and instantly won the coveted prize.

After a period of close companion ship, he was no longer seen with Beatrix, his place being filled by an artist, supposed to be a German-Jew, one of three brothers, who had opened a studio in 1890. Two of them had left Halifax for the great Republic across the border, some years later, leaving the joint business to the youngest of the trio.

During their sojourn in Halifax, although fathers and brothers consorted with them, they did not as a rule introduce them into their homes. Much curiosity and comment had been caused by the intimacy of Beatrix and the artist, and after a three month's courtship, the engagement was announced greatly to the astonishment of all her friends.

They made an ideal couple, she so winsome, he so darkly handsome, attired in a costly fur-lined coat which suited his dark beauty to perfection. He did everything in his power to win Beatrix, if costly gifts and flattering terms of endearment can replace, honest, sterling worth.

Beatrix's sister gave a ball in her honor at which the engagement had been publicly announced; a week later a paragraph appeared which caused quite a flutter in society:—"The engagement announced last week, has for obvious reasons been declared off: the bride-elect's father having been informed of an incident in the past life of the prospective groom." Rumour said that the young man and his brothers were members of that dire order—the Nihilists.

Seated before the large, open fire-place, in their room at the Adelphi, were the two rousing men who found favor in the eyes of Beatrix. They were room mates. The artist was evidently amused at a marked paragraph in a newspaper, that had been mailed to him, by some unknown person. As he read it aloud, his companion remarked, "That letter to the old man fixed you, Lucky the Doukhobors arrived from Russia."

"Ha! ha! ha! a Nihilist!" said the artist, as he lounged peacefully in the big chair. In the fire-lit room his companion could not see the expression of his friend's face, but he felt the fascination of his every movement.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When the long dark shadows deepen, Where the passing twilight blends; With the silent darkness falls; At the hour day's labor ends. 'Tis a picture of the closing, Of a journey 'till high past, Of a well lived life proclaiming, The best keeps till the last.

When we take the white hard travelling, With the aching pulse and slow; And the patient spirit withering, My beloved, I must go now. When before the death sleep shall sweep the cold and silent blank; Still the true heart's trust shall speak, The best keeps till the last.

At the set of the Sun, At the set of the sun, When our work is done, With all its tangled web; When the clouds drift low, And the stream runs slow, And life is at its ebb.

As we near the goal, When the golden bowl, Shall be broken at its fount; With that sweetest thought, Shall the hour be fraught. What price us most shall we count? Not the flame of the sword, Nor the wealth we have stored, Is perishable things of earth; Not the way we have trod, At the end of the road.

Not the gain we shall win, Through the heats we have given, And left unloped by the way; Nor the laurel of fame, When, for worldly acclaim, We toiled in the heat and the fray.

Ah, no! 'tis not these, 'Till give our hearts ease, When life sinks low in the west, But the passing sweet thought Of the good we have wrought, That adorned life's way have best.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

And the love we have won, And the love beckoning on, From His side far and dim; Love on the light, Shining into the night, The night which leadeth to Him.

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

HIS "GOOD" CHARTER.

How the Ranchman Made the Freightman Pay Toll.

The wagons of the freighters were, in the sixties, the only means of transporting goods across the plains. During the dry season it was easy to ford the little creeks, but in the spring, when the snow began to melt and run down from the mountains, these streams, transformed into raging torrents, were too dangerous to pass through. Temporary bridges were then built by the ranchmen, who compelled the freighter to pay toll. Their toll, however, was lawful only if they had received a charter from the territorial authorities; then they might charge such toll as they pleased. The price for each team of six yoke of oxen and wagon was determined by the ability of the freighter to pay, varying from five to twenty dollars.

Colonel Inman and Colonel Cody (Buffalo Bill) in their book, 'The Great Salt Lake Trail,' tell an amusing story of a ranchman who, although without a charter, entered the payment of toll on those who crossed his bridge. In the spring of 1866 two trains, travelling in company, drew near to Rock Creek, over which a ranchman had erected a bridge. The train in the lead was in charge of a man known as Stuttering Brown, because of an impediment in his speech. As they neared the bridge, Brown rode back to the other wagon-master and said:

"B-b-billy, wh-what are you g-g-goin' to do about p-p-paying t-t-toll on this b-b-bridge?"

Billy answered that if the fellow had a charter, they would be compelled to pay; otherwise they would not.

Brown rode back to the bridge, where the ranchman stood to collect his toll in advance—five dollars a team. Brown had twenty wagons,—his friend twenty-six,—and he refused to pay the one hundred dollars demanded. 'Why won't you pay?' asked the ranchman.

"Y-y-you n-h-haint g-g-got a ch-ch-charter."

"Yes, I have, and I'll show it to you," said the ranchman, "if you'll go back with me to the ranch."

Brown went,—it was only two or three hundred yards,—and in a short time returned to the train. The other wagon-master asked if the charter was all right. "Yes," answered Brown. "I've settled, and you'd better pay up."

After crossing the bridge, Brown now and then broke out into loud laughter, but not until the train had camped would he disclose the cause of his hilarity. At supper he said that when he rode to the door of the ranch, he sat on his mule and told the ranchman to trot out his charter, and he quick about it. The man went in, and soon returned, shouting:

"You stuttering thief, here it is! What do you think of it?"

Brown looked up; the ranchman was pointing a double-barrelled shotgun, with both triggers cocked, straight at his head. "Is that your charter?" asked the wagon-master.

"It is," answered the ranchman. "What did you do, Brown?" inquired his friend.

"N-n-not much. J-just t-t-told him th-th-that's good, and settled."

An Egg Trick. Mr. Gardner exhibited a paper in which was an article on the Klondiker and a portrait showing a Frenchy looking man with a big diamond in his shirt front, swell cut of clothes and a stovepipe hat the Prince of Wales would have been proud to wear. Mr. Gardner laughed as he looked at the picture again and related some anecdotes of 'Swiftwater Bill,' the man who had struck \$5,000 to the square foot on bed-rock. 'Bill' had the second best claim on the Yukon, and was so self-important on his return that he kept a private secretary through whom the reporters had to interview him. He married the sister of Gusto La More, a vaudeville dancer who danced in a tent in Dawson. 'Swiftwater Bill' paid her attention, but got mad at the dancer and married her sister. The dancer was very fond of eggs while in Dawson, and after their quarrel 'Bill' bought up every egg there was in the place, paying \$1 apiece for them to the number of about 400, and then ate his meals near her so as to enjoy her annoyance at not being able to have her egg orders filled. While he was eating his fill of eggs in a tantalizing way she had to content with bacon at 98¢ an order.

Found in the Philippines. Vegetable gems are among the queer things that are found in the Philippines. The bamboo is empty normally, but once in a while there is found in the bamboo stem a gem which presents the appearance

of an opal. Again, the milk in the mountain is generally considered its only treasure. The really ripe nut, however, is filled with a white spongy mass, which, when exposed to the sun and carefully pressed, has developed the presence of small spheres which have the lustre of the pearl.

A Spanish Caballero. An incident, told by a correspondent of Harper's Weekly, who writes from Manila, shows that there are Spaniards who possess what Burke calls "the obesity of honor."

In the middle of the grounds stand General Anderson's headquarters. As we went up the steps a tall man, rather shabbily dressed, preceded us. We noticed his military bearing, and were told that he was the captain of one of the Spanish men-of-war which lay with projecting spars at the bottom of Cavite Harbor. Following his footsteps, we of necessity overheard what he said to the general's aid:

"Senor, I borrowed, some time ago, two hundred dollars from Admiral Dewey to pay off my men. I have come to repay the debt."

He turned his profile toward us, and we noticed how thin he looked. He must have starved himself to collect the money. With a very straight back, he counted out the Spanish bills, and turned to go.

"Will you not take a receipt?" asked the aid of General Anderson.

"Never from an officer," answered the gray-haired old gentleman, with a courtly, old-fashioned bow.

Here at least is a true Spanish caballero.

Incomes From Photographs. Many actresses and beauties make very fair incomes out of the sale of their photographs. Few of the public have any idea of the sums paid by photographers for 'sole selling rights.' Dickens is credited with being the first notability to exact a fee for the privilege of taking his portrait. A photographer kept bothering him for sittings, and Dickens asked and obtained fifty guineas as an honorarium. On learning this, Fanny Kemble refused to do for less than £300, and then Ada Cavendish demanded and received £300. Mary Anderson towards the close of her career used to receive 100 guineas a sitting, and Mrs. Cornwallis West, at the height of her popularity, had nearly half as much again.

Recently a firm of Parisian photographers arranged with Sarah Bernhardt for a series of fifty sittings at fifty guineas apiece; and for the privilege of taking the latest snapshot of Mrs. Langtry a firm of West-end photographers had to pay £500.

The Clock That Cost £40,000. In the list of artistic treasures owned by the late Baron Rothschild mention is made of a 'Fitzwilliam clock.' This is the famous Louis XIV clock, which for generations was one of the most valued heirlooms at Milton Hall, near Peterborough. It is said to have been sold to Baron Rothschild by Mr. G. C. W. Fitzwilliam, an exact facsimile, however, which is said to have cost £40,000, now stands in Milton Hall, in the position where the original clock stood.

All's Well That Ends Well. There was a little bit of a love feast at the common council Thursday when the aldermen began to explain their position on the school trustee question. It is really a surprise that anyone voted for Mrs. Smith judging from the remarks made. However on the principal of all's well that ends well everything is lovely now. On motion of Alderman McGoldrick Mrs. Dever was reappointed.

Business Education. Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

This is a Great Offer. Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Casmopolitan, McClure and Munsey magazines for the same period with only one condition,—all of them must be sent to the same address.

Carpets and Blankets 25 per Cent. Carpets dusted or renovated, on the floor, cleaning and dyeing done at the shortest notice. Sheets, collars and cuffs a specialty at UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, DRYING AND CARPET CLEANING WORKS, Telephone 58.

The Post (Inconspicuously)—Don't you think we could make a good couple? She (coolly)—I'm not averse.

Umbrellas, Bows, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

McCLASKEY'S Special 5lb. box best... Large line of Fancy... McClellan's

BAKING POWDER
Pure and wholesome

ep. I. Again, the milk in the...
The really ripe nut, however, is...
developed the presence of small...
such the lustre of the pearl.

A Spanish Caballero.
incident, told by a correspondent of...
the Weekly, who writes from Manila,
that there are Spaniards who possess...
Burke calls "the chastity of honor."

the middle of the grounds stand Gen...
derson's headquarters. As we went...
steps a tall man, rather shabbily...
d, preceded us. We noticed his...
bearing, and were told that he was...
tain of one of the Spanish men-of-...
which lay with projecting spars at the...
of Cavite Harbor. Following his...
aps, we of necessity overheard what...
to the general's aid:

nor, I borrowed, some time ago, two...
red dollars from Admiral Dewey to...
my men. I have come to repay the...
turned his profile toward us, and we...
d how thin he looked. He must...
served himself to collect the money...
very straight back, he counted out...
Spanish bills, and turned to go.

ly you not take a receipt? asked the...
General Anderson.
ver from an officer," answered the...
sired old gentleman, with a courtly...
hoped bow.

at least is a true Spanish caballero.
Incomes From Photographs.
y actresses and beauties make very...
comes out of the sale of their photo-...
Few of the public have any idea...
runs paid by photographers for...
sling rights." Dickens is credited...
the first notability to exact a...
the privilege of taking his portrait.

ographer kept bothering him for...
and Dickens asked and obtained...
incomes as an honorarium. On learn-...
F. may Kemble refused to sit for...
an £200, and then Ada Cavendish...
ded and received £300. My...
on towards the close of her career...
receive 100 guineas a sitting, and...
Cornwallis West, at the height of...
rity, had nearly half as much again...
ly a firm of Parisian photographers...
ded with Sarah Bernhart for a series...
sittings at fifty guineas apiece; and...
privilege of taking the latest snap-...
Mrs. Langtry to a firm of West-end...
rappers had to pay £500.

The Clock That Cost \$40,000.
e list of artistic treasures owned by...
Baron Rothschild mention is made...
the "Fitzwilliam clock." This is the...
Louis XIV clock, which for genera-...
as one of the most valued heirlooms...
on Hall, near Peterborough. It is...
been sold to Baron Rothschild...
G. O. W. Fitzwilliam, the present...
of Milton, for £40,000. An exact...
a, however, which is said to have...
0,000, now stands in Milton Hall...
position where the original clock

All's Well That Ends Well.
was a little bit of a love feast at...
mon council Thursday when the...
n began to explain their position...
school trustee question. It is really...
e that anyone voted for Mrs...
judging from the remarks made...
on the principal of all's well that...
ell everything is lovely now. On...
of Alderman McGoldrick Mrs...
was reappointed.

Business Education.
ly speaking, a business education...
that educates for business. Few...
realize the amount of special train-...
is requisite to equip a young man...
an for entrance into business life...
rie Business University of this city...
free to any address a beautiful...
e giving valuable information re-...
the above subject.

This is a Great Offer.
erson sending a new subscription...
office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain...
s for one year, and the Cosmo-...
McClure and Munsey magazines for...
period with only one condition—...
em must be sent to the same ad-

its and Blankets 25 per Pair.
its dusted or renovated on the...
easing and dyeing done at the...
notice. Sheets, collars and cuffs...
ly at UNGAR'S LAUNDRY, Dry-...
CARPET CLEANING WORKS...
No. 58.

Post (Inimitably)—"Don't you...
could make a good couplet?" She...
"I'm not aware."

Miss Wade, re-covered, Reprinted...
7 Waterloo Street.



Mr. George V. McFarlane M. P. spent a short...
time in the city this week the guest of his brother...
The Hon. Mr. Justice G. F. Riddell.

Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Arthur of Portland Me...
were among the week's visitors to the city.

What the news of the death of Archbishop Bri...
gade, Montreal, Quebec, became known around the...
city on Friday evening regret was expressed among...
citizens of all classes and denominations. Though...
it was generally known that the Archbishop was...
suffering from a severe cold nothing serious was...
anticipated, and in fact it was expected that he would...
be around in a day or two, but other complications...
arose and death came with terrible suddenness.

During the week the body lay in Trinity Church...
hundreds visited the edifice to take a last look...
upon a well known face. The church was heavily...
draped in black, and about the edifice were many...
beautiful floral tributes from friends, and societies...
with which the late rector was identified. Among...
them the following were especially beautiful: Fr...
The Corporation of Trinity Church, large crosses...
of white roses, azaleas, lilies of the valley and ferns.

From the Choir of Trinity, an upright harp...
of white roses, azaleas, carnations and ferns standing...
on an ivy base. Broad bows and ends of white...
ribbons fell from the top and in one end was Beat...
the Lord, and on the other in loving Rememberance...
Trinity Choir.

The Y. W. C. of the church sent a large cross...
of white roses, azaleas, lilies of the valley and with...
clusters of purple vixlets tipping the ends of the...
cross.

The Y. M. A.'s tribute was an ivy wreath...
white and cream roses, hyacinths, lily of the valley...
tied with a large bow of ribbon in the associatin...
colors of red, white and blue.

From Trinity Sunday School, a star of pink and...
white roses, carnations, azaleas, swansons and ferns...
on a base of ivy with the words "In loving Memory...
of Mr. George V. McFarlane M. P. 1899."

From The Ladies Association of the C. of E. In...
stitute a large cross of white roses, azaleas, lily...
of the valley and ferns, with a banner cross of purple...
vixlets.

From the Council of the C. of E. Institute a crown...
of white roses, carnations, hyacinths and ferns...
with base of pink roses, hyacinths and ferns.

The Neptune Rowing Club sent an anchor...
of white roses, azaleas, hyacinths and ferns with...
base of red roses, spruce and ferns.

Mrs. John Horn, cut flowers and a cresset of pink...
hyacinths ivy of ferns.

Mrs. P. M. B. present of white roses, azaleas...
carnations, swansons and ferns.

Miss Gilbert, a sheaf of wheat tied with purple...
ribbons.

Mrs. Almon large bouquet of narcissi, lily of the...
valley and vixlets.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Carrillo bouquet of cream...
roses, spirea and asparagus tied with violet ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jamieson and family have...
taken up their residence at the Clifton for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Jarvis of Toronto spent a...
day or two in the city during the week.

Miss Nellie Shaw is paying a fortnight's visit to...
her mother at St. John's.

The Y. P. A. of St. David's church always...
manages to make its regular meetings very interesting...
and usually draws large and interested audiences.

The meeting of Tuesday evening was no excep...
tion, and despite the disagreeable weather an appreci...
able audience listened to the following well render...
ed programme: Paper, "Remarks on the Relation of...
Nature and Art," A. Dudge; Song, "Flow Gently...
Sweet Aton," Mrs. G. G. Fisher; Paper, "Jean Lap...
low and Home," Miss G. G. Fisher; Reading, Miss...
Hay, Paper, "Tennyson and Hamlet," H. B. B...
Bishop; Song, "Crossing the Bar," Mrs. Davidson.

Mr. N. A. Rhodes of Amherst spent a day or two...
in the city this week.

Members of the death of Mrs. Julia A. Adams widow...
of W. H. Adams, who occurred at her residence...
25 Colburn street, on Tuesday morning was received...
with very sincere regret. Mrs. Adams had been...
somewhat of an invalid for over a year but a recent...
severe cold developed into pneumonia which was...
the cause of death. The late W. H. Adams was at one...
time one of St. John's most prominent hardware...
merchants and best known citizens. Mrs. Adams...
was a sister of the late George F. Smith, and her...
family consisted of three sons William H. of Boston...
Arthur and Charles of this city and three daughters...
Mrs. B. C. B. Byrd, Mrs. E. O. Grant and Miss...
Adams. The deceased, who was 77 years of age...
was a most estimable lady and the surviving mem...
bers of her family will have much sympathy in the...
bereavement.

Mr. F. A. Burns of Halifax was in the city for a...
short time the first of the week.

Mr. George F. Baid left Wednesday on a trip to...
New York.

Mrs. James Stewart left the middle of the week...
on a visit to friends in Amherst and other parts...
of Cumberland Co., N.S.

Mayor Clarke of St. Stephen spent Wednesday...
in the city.

Mr. William H. Adams came from Boston this...
week, called by the news of his mother, Mrs. W...
H. Adams death.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Price of Moncton spent a...
day or two in the city this week.

By the Ottawa Citizen of a recent date: Miss...
F. M. Scammell, who has achieved much success...
in art circles in New York, is in the city, the guest...
of Mrs. John Tilton of Gloucester street. Miss...
Scammell has some of her work, which consists of...
at paintings in china, on exhibition in the Ottawa...
chambers, where it is greatly admired.

A paper received from St. Paul Minn. has the...
following interesting item in which a New...
Brunswick lady figures prominently:—Wednesday...
February 8, at the residence of the bride's uncle...
Mr. D. A. Coster, 43 East Colorado street, Miss...
Minnie W. Coster, of Savelock, N. B. was united in...
marriage to Mr. Joseph K. Dunlop, Jr., of the firm...
of Beer & Dunlop, of Grand Forks, British Colum...
bia. The bride's traveling dress was of pearl gray...
cloth, with hat to match, and amid the good wishes...
of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dunlop left on the...
morning train for their home in the far west. They...
received many handsome gifts from friends in New...
Brunswick, St. Paul and Grand Forks.

Miss Nan Holden of Toronto is the guest of Ger...
man street relatives for a few weeks.

The death of Mr. Gilbert Lemont occurred this...
week at the age of 81 years. Mr. Lemont held the...
office of M. P. for the former city of Fort...
Lauderdale for many years and since the union has held a...
position in the city court. He leaves a wife and...
grown up family to whom much sympathy is ex...
tended.

Miss Hazel Merritt is being complimented this...
week upon an article from her pen which appears...
in the little magazine issued monthly by St. James...
church for circulation among the members of the...
congregation. The article deals with Miss Harb's...
recent unpleasant experience at sea, the ship wreck...
and rescue being graphically described. The young...
lady says the press accounts of the happening were...
greatly exaggerated.

expressions of sympathy from their friends upon...
the death of their young daughter Mary Gertrude...
which occurred after a short illness. The funeral...
was largely attended and the floral offerings were...
particularly numerous and lovely.

Mr. Mark Rodgers of Hillsboro made a short...
stay in the city this week.

At a musical recital held in Boston a few nights...
ago Miss Dorothy Cole of this city took part and...
her singing is favorably commented upon.

Mrs. J. O. Pines has returned to her home in...
Wolville after a stay here with her daughter Mrs...
Harding. During her visit Mrs. Pines was quite...
ill for a time.

An interesting function was recently given in...
Ottawa by Mrs. Fielding to enable Ottawa...
society to assist Miss Fielding who has...
recently returned from England. She was...
assisted in receiving the guests by Miss Fielding...
and Miss Florence Fielding.

An Old-Time Spewer's Lament.
There ain't no wild West no more, the country's...
gone to wreck!
The good ol' times of long ago have had to ship the...
deck; the march o' progress has it called, has come a...
tango 'em 'n' 'em!
An' 'er the plain tango-ers from the citizens of this...
the copse's knocked the gamblers out 'n' left 'em...
ready gun.
The Bible an' the paper-book here, put the clumps...
on 'em;
The organ of the Christian church has swiped the...
'n' 'er the...
An' 'er the fiddle notes 'n' which we used to...
to swell our parads.

The hawke redmen are no more, their yells no longer...
to lead us;
The fringes from the feather wings of the aston-...
ished air;
Their fingers are no longer gleam with eagerness to...
twine;
Their fingers are no longer as the days of ol' law...
Around the reservation now they loaf an' take their...
ease;
Their bronze legs hid in paleontic pants quite baggy...
at the knee;
They while the happy hours away in frequent lazy...
naps.
An' keep their cash in motion playin' poke or...
shootin' craps.

The tenderfoot now strolls about no longer fearing...
Leads protests hot from smokin' guns may ventilate...
his hat
For using water on the side to make his whiskey...
set.
In violation of the rules of border etiquette...
It's come to such a painful pass that men in tailor...
clo' 'em
Are hold in jea' as high esteem an' full respect as...
those.
That wear wool shirts an' canvas dres, with pistols...
on the side!
I swear I nearly breaks my heart I knocks out my...
honest pride!

The courts o' law have doomed the rope, Judge...
Lyn' has taken 'em
An' left the fild to scarchy chumps with heads like...
pins.
An' 'er a feller pulls his gun an' downs another gent...
It cove's a pile o' cash to square the trivial event.
An' 'er to think a musket is now put up to be...
A sad an' serious aff'ar, while in the ol' days we...
Would chuck his L. Lee's under ground without a...
sign o' reb.
An' leave 'em there to rest in peace while holdin'...
down his job.

It makes me sore to gaze upon the ruin of a land...
That once in mackin' his a joy could play a winning...
hand;
To see pa' tenderfoot come in with cranky Eastern...
views.
Of mackin' fancy biters with the purity of booze...
I feel as lost an' cut o' place an' short o' berry sand...
As any painted Indian would up in the Promised...
Land!
An' I would hit the trail, but where in thunder...
Since a' the West is ruined by this progress circus...
show!

In the Charity Hospital.
Willie is funny, and brown, and sweet;
He wears a plaster cast on his feet;
And lives his life in a hospital row;
How would you like to be like Willie?
White little toes, rows on rows;
White little pillows for his little head;
Willie plays on his cot all day,
Fiddling rich with a bit of string,
And laughs when his nurses come a his way.
Into the world where he is king,
Narrow roads for a time to run!
Scanty treasure he has and he needs it!
A fiver, a marble, a broken spoon—
But then, you see, it all depends!

Nobody could hit upon a squib,
And tucks his nose close at night with a kiss,
Nurses are busy, of course; and then,
Mrs. James Gordon of Waterloo street is able to...
be cut again after her recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Allingham of Elliott row were...
given a pleasant surprise on Wednesday when a...
number of young people invaded their home and...
spent the hours in dancing and various games, a...
delicious luncheon being served during the evening.

Mr. John Torrance of the Dominion line went to...
Portland, Me., for a few days this week.

The Montreal Star of Monday contains a picture...
of Margaret Anglin the young Canadian actress...
who is playing in the Lieber production of The...
Three Musketeers now being given in Montreal and...
which will be given for a season in New York be...
ginning on Monday next. The picture does not...
flatter Miss Anglin, in fact does not do her anything...
like justice. The stars criticism of the production...
says that the young lady has no chance to show...
just what she can do as an actor in small and min...
iportant.

Miss Dora L. Davis was in St. Stephen for a short...
time the guest of Mrs. W. B. G. at the Wind...
sor hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Algar came to the city this...
week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Algar's father...
Mr. Gilbert Lemont.

Miss Nan McDonald is paying a short visit to...
the capital as the guest of her aunt Mrs. J. M...
Wiley.

\$100.00 for SCHOOL CHILDREN

The Welcome Soap Co., of St. John, N. B., Manufacturers of the Famous Welcome Soap, will present \$100.00 cash to the School Children, viz:—

1 First Present of	\$25.00
1 Second "	15.00
1 Third "	10.00
5 Presents of \$5.00 Each,	25.00
10 " " " "	25.00

For the best Essay, not to exceed 1000 words, subj. et, "SOAP," to be written by regular school a tenants, either boys or girls, under 16 years of age, all essays to be sent in to us before May 31st, 1899, when they will be submitted to a committee of three disinterested leading teachers upon whose decision the presents will be awarded as above.

CONDITIONS:—Essays to be written plain with pen and ink, signed with name and address, also statement of age of writer and that the Essay is his (or her) unaided work, name and grade of school attended, and name of teacher, this statement is to be certified to by one parent or teacher.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
(The Queen of Fashion)
For 1899.

Will contain over 20 FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 800 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date fashion designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

ONLY 50c. A YEAR.
And each subscriber receives a Free Pattern of her own selection—a pattern sold by most houses at 25c. or 30c.

No magazine in the world gives such big value for so little money.

PELLE ISLAND WINES
BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.
A Most Healthful Tonic.
Unfermented Grape Juice, Chateau P. J. Coeur.

THE BEST READING
—AT A BARGAIN—

The Offer of Progress
To Send New Subscribers to it

—THE—
Cosmopolitan, Munsey and McClure's Magazines,

[All] for Four Dollars.

It is being taken advantage of by hundreds.

Fry's Cocoa
"The Household Cocoa"—economical to use because of its matchless purity and strength.
"The Medal Cocoa" because of the 200 Medals and Awards it has taken.
Easily Soluble; Concentrated
For sale everywhere.

FOR ADDITIONAL "COURT NEWS, SEE FRONT AND REVERSE PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Monroe & Co., Barrington street, Halifax; Cor. George & Granville Sts., J. B. FIDELL, Railway Depot; J. W. ALLEN, Brunswick street; Mrs. DeFruyt, 100 Hollis St.

Society is looking forward to next Friday and Saturday when Miss Holmstrom and her lady pupils are to give their novel and interesting exhibition of Swedish gymnastics and basket ball games in the academy of music.

Mr. and Mrs. James Halliday entertained quite a large party of friends at what on Wednesday of last week. It was an exceedingly pleasant event and after several interesting games of what there was a little dance which was also very pleasant.

Music of the good old-fashioned kind was that with which the audience at the Shakespearean lecture was treated last Saturday afternoon. The conservatory concert room was well filled.

Dr. Black presided as leader of the Shakespeare club. The lecture and concert were a very pleasing addition to the studies of the club and threw considerable light on a period in our musical history that is not very generally known.

Latest advices have been received from F. A. Langley and family, and party of friends who accompanied them announcing their safe arrival in Vancouver, B. C. on the 2nd, after a pleasant trip.

Mrs. Neville, wife of Edward Neville of Wainipeg Man., formerly of Althl, Cumberland Co., is here visiting her relatives.



In the old days of the Christian martyrs it was not unusual for the savage fagots to cast innocent women into a den of lions, to suffer horrible agony and fear before finally coming to their relief. In this Christian age and this land of civilization, tens of thousands of women daily suffer from the slow tortments of a false delicacy frequently incited by their mothers.

They do this because of a false delicacy frequently incited by their mothers. There is a marvelous medicine for women that cures all weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs, restoring to maternity and making them strong and healthy.

It is better to do damage is slight, than wait until the whole structure is ready to fall. Constipation is the one, all-embracing disorder that is responsible for many other diseases. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. Nothing else is "just as good."

Kennedy will spend a few days in Campbellton N. B. and also in Montreal on route. The Grand Orange Lodge was in session here this week, a public welcome was given the delegates in the Hall of the Y. M. C. A. on Tuesday evening attended by a good number of the citizens and presided over by the Mayor.

Dr. Porter, will soon leave for Skagway, having received the appointment of Physician on the line of railway now being built between that place and the Klondike. F. N. Caters left on Tuesday for Vancouver B. C. and other cities on the Pacific Coast on a visit to relatives.

Seamus Lowe who is interested in a gold mine at Wine Harbor, Halifax Co., is at home again the proud possessor of a brick of gold. A collection will be taken in the churches next Sunday in aid of the sufferers by the late fire in Digby in response to an appeal from the Mayor of that town.

Mr. Frank Page, and family left on Wednesday for British Columbia to join her husband who went there in November. Mrs. J. S. Henderson of Parrboro is a guest of Mrs. C. B. Smith, Lawrence St.

PARROBO. Progress is for sale at Parrboro Bookstore. Mrs. W. B. Gannon at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. It has been some time since there has been so much gaiety and much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

week in Boston will join him and remain during the season. F. McClure, M. P. Mrs. McClure and their baby daughter also, leave for the capital on Monday.

ST. STEPHEN AND CATHARINE. Programme for the sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, E. B. Atkinson and H. L. Wall. In Cathar at J. H. Meredith's.

Mar. 9.—The Harmony Club concert, given at "Sylvan" the spacious residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Black, was one of the most enjoyable musical treats St. Stephen has seen for some time.

Mr. W. B. Gannon has been spending a day or two in St. John. Mr. John E. Algar has returned from a trip to Carleton and Victoria counties. Mrs. Caroline Porter still continues quite ill at the home of her father Mr. James Murchie in Milltown.

Miss May Berrie who for the past two weeks has been the guest of Mr. George J. Clarke returned to her home in St. Andrews yesterday. Major Clarke returned from St. John on Monday evening after an absence of a week.

The Dance Carnival to be given by Miss Harris on Thursday evening the 16th at the St. Croix hall, Cathar is anticipated. Miss Harris has visited several cities away to gather new ideas and learn the newest dance, so there are to be a number of new and graceful dances never seen here before.

Mr. W. F. Todd has given invitations to a large number of lady friends to a drive whilst party at her residence from six until ten o'clock on Thursday evening.

Mr. Henry F. Todd on Tuesday afternoon gave invitations to a thimble party at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. It has been some time since there has been so much gaiety and much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

Mr. W. B. Gannon at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. It has been some time since there has been so much gaiety and much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

Catarrh Can Be Cured. Japanese Catarrh Cure

has successfully coped with this most dangerous disease, and cured to their credit.



THE BORDEN PATENT SWITCH. NO WIRE NO STEMS. Nothing but Genuine Hair. Will outwear ordinary switches. Price from \$3 up. J. PALMER & SON, 1745 Notre Dame.

Mr. W. B. Gannon has been spending a day or two in St. John. Mr. John E. Algar has returned from a trip to Carleton and Victoria counties.

Miss May Berrie who for the past two weeks has been the guest of Mr. George J. Clarke returned to her home in St. Andrews yesterday.

Mr. Henry F. Todd on Tuesday afternoon gave invitations to a thimble party at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock.

Mr. W. B. Gannon at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. It has been some time since there has been so much gaiety and much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

Mr. W. B. Gannon at her residence on Friday afternoon at five o'clock. It has been some time since there has been so much gaiety and much pleasure is anticipated by those who are invited.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Post Card directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most ample book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 55 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store. 9411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, and Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

"A RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST" A beautiful picture in colors, 11 1/2 x 14, by the author of Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair—FREE! Also a printed formula to make SCOTT'S SYSTEM TONIC. You buy the ingredients at your drugist's, mix them in your own water instead of buying it in bottles. Both the picture and recipe absolutely free to those who buy a box of SCOTT'S SYSTEM TONIC by mail. Nearly everybody abuses their stomachs (which is the first cause of nearly all disease) thus preventing the formation of that tissue which is the basis of life, creating a scapoo, in which the germ of disease flourishes. DON'T DIE! Scott's Stomach Tonic makes it easy to eat. For sale by drugists, King, O. P. and receive the pills and premiums FREE.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fallon, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros. Mar 8. The social quiet that reigns just now is truly Lutescent as with the exception of a few tea-drinking, there is nothing transpiring. However the very efficient and competent committee, charge of the Quadrille assemblies this winter, have promised something after Easter, and so we are saved from melancholy.

Maypole Soap Dyes. A woman's best friend is the Home dye that yields absolutely satisfactory results every single time—Maypole Soap.

The Home Dye that washes and dyes at one operation. Fast colors and brilliant ones in Maypole Soap.

and It Washes, Too. Free Book on "Home Dyeing," on application to: A. P. TIPPET & CO., 8 Place Royale, Montreal. General agents for Canada.

Fam Fa

FRISLEY'S Dress of Truffle Mamma... They are the most perfect, yet having the softness to indicate pliability, and certainly the closest examination.

Crave

FRISLEY'S Dress... They are the most perfect, yet having the softness to indicate pliability, and certainly the closest examination.

FRISLEY'S Dress... They are the most perfect, yet having the softness to indicate pliability, and certainly the closest examination.

FRISLEY'S Dress... They are the most perfect, yet having the softness to indicate pliability, and certainly the closest examination.

FRISLEY'S Dress... They are the most perfect, yet having the softness to indicate pliability, and certainly the closest examination.

The Standard Dessert. Ictious and the nut look at the cost—of milk, a little fruit single Junket Tablet, that's all—A dessert.

Hansen's Juice. are sold in packets of 1/2 lb cents. Druggists. A booklet containing recipes accompanies each packet.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a Plan Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most complete book of their magnificent line of

Wallpapers

by return mail—free of charge—with special discount rates.

- English Wallpapers
Japanese Wallpapers
Scottish Wallpapers
American Wallpapers
French Wallpapers
Canadian Wallpapers

We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

THE POST CARD.

In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be papered Size of Rooms.

G. A. HOLLAND & SON

Established 44 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. B.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for G. J. & G. G. Potter, Darton, England.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacon, and Canned Bacon, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages. Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure all Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, colic, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Neuritis, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Head. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes.

BASS & CO'S ALE

LANDING. 15 BBL'S., EACH 36 GALS.

FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THE DAY 26 BBL'S. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, D. TURNER.

Famous Fabrics

FRIBBLEY'S Dress Goods are the same of the finest Manufacture. The softness and richness of color with the luster, and graceful draping of silk; exquisite design; unparelleled in durability, and absolute softness. They are the most fashionable fabric made. Perfect in style, fit and finish.

Cravenetted.

They are thus rendered damp and rain-proof, yet having nothing about their appearance to indicate this; they remain soft, pliable, and entirely odorless, even under the closest examination.

FREEDERIGTON.

[Announcement for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. P. and J. H. Hawthorne.]

MAR. 5.—Last night Mr. and Mrs. E. Byron Winslow entertained a party of friends at which eight tables. A most enjoyable evening was spent when Miss Edith Elliyard finally took the ladies first prize. Mr. Rainsford Wetmore taking the gentlemen's, Miss Annie Fair was awarded the ladies consolation. Mr. T. Carleton Allan receiving the gentlemen's. About midnight a very rochee supper was served. Among those present was our latest bride, Mrs. A. Gordon Cowie and Mr. Cyrle. Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Miss Paik. Dr. and Mrs. McLaurin, Mrs. Deacon. Mrs. Downing, Miss Gertrude Gregory. Miss Myrtle Gregory, Miss Ellyard, Miss Agnes Tabor, Miss Myra Sherman. Miss Helen Gregory, Mr. Charles Allan. Mr. Loring Bailey, Mr. A. H. Street. Miss Grace Winslow, Mr. Ellis. Mr. Grant, Mr. Kay. Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford Wetmore. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gregory. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robinson. Mr. T. Carleton Allan.

Miss Black of Dorchester is the guest of Hon. F. P. and Mrs. Thomson.

On Wednesday evening a party of young people had a drive to Springhill with a supper and a dance.

Miss Sadie Wiley entertained about fifty of her young lady friends, at an As Home in honor of her cousin Miss Nan McDonald who is visiting her. Mrs. Wiley, Miss Wiley, and Miss McDonald received their guests as they entered the parlors. In the dining room a dainty luncheon was served, the table being prettily lighted with wax tapers, from the silver candelabra around which stood tall vases of pink and white carnations. Mrs. A. B. Atherton presided in the dining room and had the assistance of four young ladies. The Misses Whitehead, Miss Jean Neil, and Miss Flossie Wilson. A very pleasant afternoon was spent with the charming young hostess.

On Saturday Mrs. George Y. Dibble entertained a party of ladies at one o'clock luncheon. Covers were laid for twelve, the table being beautifully decorated with cut flowers, among those present were: Mrs. T. G. Loggie, Mrs. Leo Babbitt, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. H. Maloy of St. Paul's, Miss. Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Rainsford Wetmore, Mrs. Miss Crulchank, Miss Seely, Miss Grace Winslow, Miss Ellyard, Miss Florence Whitehead, Miss Mattie McLaurin.

Mrs. Gregory on Monday afternoon entertained a few friends at five o'clock tea for the pleasure of Miss Burns who has been visiting friends in the city. Miss Burns left for Montreal on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cowie have returned from their wedding journey and Mrs. Cowie is receiving her nuptial calls on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at the Queen hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Maloy of St. Paul's, Miss. are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tapley, Marysville.

Miss Myrtle Gregory of Bece, Me., who has been some time visiting relatives here is at present at "Elmhurst" visiting the family of her uncle Mr. Geo. F. Gregory.

Mrs. Deacon is here and is the guest of Miss Allen, Waterloo row.

The Standard Dessert Without doubt is Junket, made with Hansen's Junket Tablets. Wives and mothers have long since recognized the fact that in it are combined the delicious and the nutritious. Then again look at the cost—a mere trifle—A quart of milk, a little fruit juice or flavoring, one single Junket Tablet, a moment's heat—that's all—A dessert for a whole family.



Hansen's Junket Tablets

are sold in packets containing ten tablets, 2c. 1/2 cents. Druggists and grocers keep them. A booklet containing 33 celebrated recipes accompanies.

AGENTS IN CANADA. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

The Deacon's Verdict.

Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Crockett had a pleasant little family party last evening, the occasion being the christening of their infant son, his little knickerbocker being christened Thomas Sherman, Rev. Willard McDonald performing the baptismal service.

The musical club met with Miss Gibson at Marysville on Tuesday evening, notwithstanding the storm and had made most of the members were present, the warm welcome of Mrs. Gibson and her daughter more than compensating them for their journey. A most enjoyable evening was spent during which the following programme was rendered:

- Song—Yonah.....Lillian
Miss Gibson.
Piano Solo—Evening Star.....Wagner
Mr. Wilmet Lemont.
Song—I Love Thee.....Forster
Mrs. W. T. H. Fantasy.
Song—Lily.....Schubert
Professor Downing.
Piano Duet—Grand Galop de Concert.....Blake
Mrs. Black and Mrs. Carman.
Song—Dust Thou Love Me.....Bohm
Miss Fantasy.
Song—It was so to be.....Hessler.
Mr. Wilmet Lemont.
Song—The Mission of a Rose.....Cowan
Miss Beattie Clowes.
Piano Solo—La Lullajera.....Chaminade
Miss Carman.
Song—The Same Old Way.....Straton
Miss Gertrude Fantasy.
Paper on Weber.....
Song—A Dream.....Bartlett
Miss Gibson.
Song—Drei gedehlich Margareta. Mayer Holmnd
Professor Downing.
Vocal Trio.....
Miss Violet Sewell, Miss Gertrude Fantasy,
Mr. Wilmet Lemont.

A sumptuous supper was then served after which the Club sang several choruses closing with An Id Lang Svar.

Major and Mrs. Loggie entertained the two whist clubs at Beechden on Thursday evening, eleven tables, a very pleasant time was spent, Mr. Burns was the fortunate winner of the ladies first prize, Mrs. Byron Winslow took the booby, Dr. J. W. Bridges who has already won several first prizes this season took the gentlemen's first prize, Mr. Burns carried off in triumph the booby.

Miss May Whelpley gave a very pleasant driving party on Saturday afternoon for the pleasure of the visiting ladies. Among whom were Miss McLaughlin, Miss Harbour, Miss Seely, Mrs. J. Downing, Mrs. Cudlip, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Sherman, after having spent a pleasant hour or two the party returned to Miss Whelpley's home for five o'clock tea.

One of the pleasant parties of the week was the card party given by Mrs. Cudlip of Marysville, last Friday evening, progressive whist was enjoyed until supper, after which it was changed to Mr. Murphy's spouting party, when much merriment was caused by the potato race, after a very happy evening the party was safely conveyed to the city in Mr. Cudlip's team.

The members of camp Shagway had a justification at camp, when the evening passed all too quickly with music and fun, ending with an appetizing supper.

Miss Seely is the guest of her friend Mrs. Cudlip at Marysville.

Miss Carrie Winslow entertained the B. and B. whist club on Saturday evening, eight tables, when Miss Annie Tibbits was the fortunate winner of the ladies first prize, Miss Agnes Tabor, taking the consolation, Mr. Campbell Allan won the gentlemen's first, Mr. Loring Bailey taking the gentleman's consolation.

Miss Nan McDonald of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. M. Wiley.

Miss Rose and Miss Lowell of Calais Me., are visiting Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe.

Among the strangers in town this week are Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Chipman who have been heartily welcomed by some old time friends.

Mrs. Fairly and daughter Miss Fairly have returned to Sackville after a pleasant visit in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Golding came up from St. John to be present at the funeral of the late Mr. Hedley V. Edgecombe.

Mrs. Harbour is here and is visiting her aunt Mrs. Wm. Wilson.

It was with the most sincere regret that the news was received here on Saturday morning of the death at Boston of Mr. Hedley V. Edgecombe. Mr. Edgecombe who was an artist of rare merit, had been accustomed to spending a part of each winter in Boston visiting the Art Studios and either he had gone a few weeks ago for that purpose. About two days ago he contracted a severe cold which developed into pneumonia and resulted fatally on Saturday morning. Mr. Edgecombe was most highly esteemed by a large circle of friends and much beloved by his many intimate acquaintances with all of whom he was a special favorite, his brother and sister, Mr. F. B. Edgecombe and Mrs. Thos. Knowles were with him when he quietly fell asleep on Saturday morning, being conscious to the last. Mr. F. B. Edgecombe and Mrs. Knowles returned to the city on Monday with the remains the funeral was held at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. Rev. J. J. Tesdale assisted by the Rev. Geo. Payson conducted the services at the house and grave. A quartette from the Methodist choir, of which Mr. Edgecombe was a valued member, taking part.

The floral offerings were beautiful and consisted of: A broken Column; from Mrs. F. B. and Mrs. Albert W. Edgecombe. Green; Mr. and Mrs. Will Edgecombe. Wreath of double violets; Miss Laura Wood, Miss Marie Lagrin and Miss Miss Brown, Boston. Anchor; Mr. J. M. Robertson, Toronto. Basket of flowers, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Edwards. Double bow knot of cream and crimson roses; Dr. Dow Wood, Boston. Bouquet of white carnations; Miss Franklin Tibbits, Miss Crookshank and Mr. A. B. Tibbits. Basket of flowers, Miss Jeannette Beverly. Green; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson, St. John. Bouquet of roses; Mr. Thos. Hoag. Bouquet of roses; Mr. and Mrs. Ch. Gillespie, St. John. Bouquet of Carnation; Miss Lowell, Calais. Bouquet of roses; Miss Gertrude Eaton, Calais. Bouquet of carnations; Miss Cooke, Calais. Bouquet, Mr. Yerxa, Boston. Bouquet, Mr. George Howell. Wreaths, from the choir of Methodist church. Large cross of lilies and roses; associate clerks in employ of Mr. F. B. Edgecombe. Artist's palette; Bouquet and Bicycle Club. CANADA.

Paris policemen have been supplied with electric dark lanterns, by means of which they can see a distance of 150 feet.

The British museum is to have a photograph section in which will be stored, in cylinder form, the "pictures" of extinct people.

"A MARRIAGE GIRL."

A laughable Little Comedy in a Family's Daily Life.

A little comedy of family life—in which a new servant-girl figure as heroine—is presented by the Chicago Record. Harrington, one of the characters, had been absent for three weeks. When he rang the bell at his own house, the new girl, who had never seen him, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Harrington in?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the girl.

"Well, I guess I'll wait for her," said the master of the house, and he put his foot over the threshold into the hallway.

"Excuse me, sir," said the girl, "but no one's at home. I can't allow strangers to wait in the house."

Harrington took in the humor of the situation. "All right," he answered, with a smile. "Just tell Mrs. Harrington that a relative called," and away he went.

A half hour after his departure his wife returned. "Has any one called?" she asked of the girl.

"Yes, ma'am; a gentleman." "Did he leave his card?" "No, ma'am; he said he was a relative, but he looked more like an agent for cleaning powder than a relative. He wanted to wait inside, but I didn't like his looks, so I didn't let him in."

"Quite right," remarked Mrs. Harrington; "it is just as well to be careful. Besides, I have no male relative who is likely to call at this time of day."

Mrs. Harrington barely had her wraps off before her husband, who had whiled away his time at the barber shop, put in his appearance again.

"Has Mrs. Harrington returned yet?" he asked of Ella, who answered his ring.

"Yes, sir; she just got in." "Hand her my card, if you please," he said. "I think she'll remember me."

Mrs. Harrington stopped out of the dining room just as her husband, followed closely by the servant girl, moved out of the vestibule and into the hall.

"Why," she cried, "when did you get in?" The servant misunderstood the meaning of the exclamation. "He got in when I wasn't looking, ma'am," she said. "He goes out again now, if you say so."

"You may let him stay, Ella," said Mrs. Harrington.

Mrs. Harrington returned yet?" he asked of Ella, who answered his ring.

"Yes, sir; she just got in." "Hand her my card, if you please," he said. "I think she'll remember me."

Mrs. Harrington stopped out of the dining room just as her husband, followed closely by the servant girl, moved out of the vestibule and into the hall.

"Why," she cried, "when did you get in?" The servant misunderstood the meaning of the exclamation. "He got in when I wasn't looking, ma'am," she said. "He goes out again now, if you say so."

"You may let him stay, Ella," said Mrs. Harrington.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"To Dues" had its origin in the name of a famous English hall named after Duke William, who was exceedingly clever in forcing delinquent debtors to pay up when a man refused to pay his debts, someone would suggest, "Why don't you send Duke after him?"

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh and blood are subject, but the most careful being such that they were the germs of other and different diseases rooted in the system of the patient.

What would a man do with a disease which aggravates the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the faintest systems are put into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative powers. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid dependency exists, and in life is a disease and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, being stimulant, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making actively a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased sustenance—results improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, give to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, through their nearest perfumery of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

Troops of camels are employed in winter to supplement and from the gold mines of eastern Siberia, and the spectacle presented by a long line of these "ships of the desert" tramping solemnly across the snow-covered steppes is described as extremely singular.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked to delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. C. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that is known to be in such a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and, thoroughly, subdues the pain and disease.

While there are 125,000,000 people whose every day language is English, there are only 90,000,000 who speak Russian, 45,000,000 who speak Spanish, and 25,000,000 who speak Italian.

Inflammatory Rheumatism.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used Dr. THOMPSON'S RHEUMATISM CURE for Inflammatory rheumatism and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pains. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, kept a bottle of Dr. THOMPSON'S CURE, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Viola makers report that aluminum, when used for stringed instruments, produces a richer sound than wood, especially with the higher notes, and that experiments with the new material have been entirely successful.

Stomach-Indigestion.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to nervousness when the mind is filled with a gloom and dismal foreboding, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

Artificial legs and arms were in use in Egypt as early as 1500 B.C. They were made by the priests, who were the physicians of that early time.

THE FLAGGING BUSINESS REVIVED.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous prostration, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative agent, and a powerful means of restoring the system, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

Cabbages still grow wild in Greece, where they originated.

BUY Chemist's Salt

THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the nearest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

APIOL & STEEL

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superior Bitter Apple, Rhubarb, Peppermint, etc.

Order of all Chemists, or sent free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Martle, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southamptons

FOR EASTER.

The most useful and pleasing Easter gift for your wife would be something for her table—some silver plated knives, forks or spoons. When you buy them see that they bear this trade mark:—



You only find it on the highest quality knives, forks and spoons that are made. Sole manufacturers SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. Wellington, Conn., U.S.A. and Montreal, Canada.

Consult Printers

who are willing and capable, and who will interest themselves to the extent of making you a Printing best suited to your particular needs. Try

Progress Job Print.

WOMEN.

CAFE ROYAL

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

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN.

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

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B. The "Forsyth" Method; also "Guthrie" System, for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

ONTARIO..... BEEF.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

WHERE MILLIONS ARE BURIED.

Some Specimens That Have Been Made for \$1000.00.

There is no story in the romance of buried treasure so thrilling as that of a hundred years search for the millions which Captain Kidd is said to have hidden on Oak Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

It was 100 years after that strange combination of person's son, New York merchant, privateer, and pirate was hanged at Tyburn, in 1701, that any serious attempt was made to unearth the gold he had buried in millions during his freebooting career.

The secret of his chief treasure was given on his death-bed by the son of one of Captain Kidd's sailors to three of his friends; Maginnis, Vaughan, and Smith.

Armed with a map and a plan of the hiding place, they went to Oak Island, one of the 350 beautiful islands which are scattered over Mahone Bay.

They found a cleared space in the forest, marked by an old oak and a ship's block, bearing peculiar marks, which they were unable to decipher.

They began to dig in the depressed ground under the branches of the tree, and at a depth of 10 ft. came to a plank platform, which stimulated their zeal and convinced them they had struck the hiding-place of the treasure.

Every 10 ft. they found strange markings on the plank sides of the pit, and they had sunk about 20 yds. when suspicion was aroused and they were driven from the island.

A few years later a company was organized by a Truro doctor to recover the treasure, and operations began again. At a depth of 95 ft. the diggers unearthed a flat stone, 3 ft. long and about 18 in. wide, on which was inscribed:—

TEN FEET BELOW TWO MILLION POUNDS ARE BURIED.

The treasure-hunters were in a fever of excitement, and thought they had the millions in their grasp. On returning to the shaft the following morning they found that it was almost full of water, and that all their labour and hopes were futile.

In 1849 another company was started, again in Truro, but they could make no headway against the water, which poured in as rapidly as they pumped it out. Mining augers, which they used, brought up pieces of metal, parts of an oak cask, and some fibre peculiar to Spain—all evidences that under the dark waters some kind of Spanish treasure was lurking.

It was discovered that the water in the pit was salt, and of the same level as the tide; and a long and diligent search disclosed a drain connecting the shaft with the sea. Efforts were made to stop this drain, and thus to block the influx of water, but all to no purpose; and for the third time the attempt to regain the buried gold was abandoned in despair.

In 1861 a joint-stock company was started with sufficient capital; but again the water difficulty proved fatal to its enterprise. A little more than a year ago the most determined and scientific effort of all was made. The 'Oak Island Treasure Company' was floated, with a capital of \$219,000, and an expedition started to Oak Island equipped with the newest machinery, steam pumps, hoisting engines, dynamite—everything, in fact, that science and ingenuity could suggest.

So far the hidden gold has not been reached, although further proofs of its existence have been obtained. The latest evidence consists of a tiny piece of parchment drawn from a depth of 156 ft. On the parchment were two letters, 'V,' which only serve to add one more to the many mysterious clues which have baffled hundreds.

That some treasure lies at the bottom of this inaccessible shaft seems beyond question; and there is little doubt that in time

It will be reached and rescued. So far £20,000 have been spent in efforts to recover it; generations have lived and died dreaming of it and struggling for it; and if the pirate captain had wished for revenge on his fellow-men he could have designed than that of putting his treasures in the earth's keeping.

A FIGHTING SNAKE. The Moccasin Reptile is not to be Feared With. 'Don't wake up a moccasin,' seems to be the moral of an experience undergone by a Southern correspondent of Forest and Stream while fishing one day in a bayou of the Pearl River. He says: My end of the boat had turned toward the nearest bank, which was distant about thirty feet, and lying asleep on a log at the water's edge I noticed a moccasin of very fair proportions. Signalling to my companion, I pointed to the snake, that he might hold the boat steady while I tried a shot at it with a small pocket pistol—a twenty-two calibre—that we always carried on our trips, and in use of which constant practice had made me very expert. The snake's head was not visible, so I concluded to try a shot at the thickest part of the body, which showed clear on the highest part of the log, presenting a fair mark that I could hit nine times in ten. As I fired, the boat must have moved slightly, for my shot struck one-half inch lower than I intended. Instead of going through the snake's body, it went between it and the log, and must have felt very much like a hot iron, to judge by his actions. After a quick quiver and a full-length squirm, he began to bow his back and spit like an angry cat.

This was so unusual that it amused us very much, and we sat laughing heartily for a moment or two expecting every instant that the snake would take to the water and disappear. Suddenly the snake swung round, with its head stretched in our direction, and plunged into the water but did not disappear. Threshing through the water like mad, he made straight for me with an air of business that cured my attack of laughing quite promptly and effectually. Straight on he came until he was but a few feet from me as I sat in the boat and then I recovered my powers of locomotion and most ingloriously fled. There was no choice of routes, so straight down the long slender boat I dashed toward the end my companion occupied, clearing the middle seat with a jump that nearly drove the bottom out.

My companion had started up with a startled cry 'Look out!' and had grasped a heavy paddle lying in the bottom of the boat; but seeing me bearing down on him in a wild flight, that was certain to carry us both over the end of the boat into twenty feet of water, he dropped the paddle, stooped low, and caught me with an approved football tackle—hold just above the knee, and together we fell with a crash against the end seat, my head striking with such force that I was rendered almost unconscious.

Springing to his feet, my friend snatched up the paddle and ran to the end of the boat from which I had fled, and found the snake still in pursuit, although the boat had moved some distance from the impetus given by the sudden arresting of my flight. Not until he had received a blow that almost disabled him did that pugnacious serpent retire from the attack. He then swam back to the bank, and crawled out on the very log on which we had first seen him.

Tyranny. A Shubert planter went to New Orleans several months after General Butler had taken the reins in his hands and acquired a reputation for 'tyranny.' So says Every-Where which thus continues the story:

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the tea-pot." Well, cheap tea—showed instead of steeped—was the cause. Good tea properly drawn, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tully's Elephant Brand India-China Tea.

Well Made Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25c.

it will be reached and rescued. So far £20,000 have been spent in efforts to recover it; generations have lived and died dreaming of it and struggling for it; and if the pirate captain had wished for revenge on his fellow-men he could have designed than that of putting his treasures in the earth's keeping.

A FIGHTING SNAKE. The Moccasin Reptile is not to be Feared With.

'Don't wake up a moccasin,' seems to be the moral of an experience undergone by a Southern correspondent of Forest and Stream while fishing one day in a bayou of the Pearl River. He says: My end of the boat had turned toward the nearest bank, which was distant about thirty feet, and lying asleep on a log at the water's edge I noticed a moccasin of very fair proportions. Signalling to my companion, I pointed to the snake, that he might hold the boat steady while I tried a shot at it with a small pocket pistol—a twenty-two calibre—that we always carried on our trips, and in use of which constant practice had made me very expert. The snake's head was not visible, so I concluded to try a shot at the thickest part of the body, which showed clear on the highest part of the log, presenting a fair mark that I could hit nine times in ten. As I fired, the boat must have moved slightly, for my shot struck one-half inch lower than I intended. Instead of going through the snake's body, it went between it and the log, and must have felt very much like a hot iron, to judge by his actions. After a quick quiver and a full-length squirm, he began to bow his back and spit like an angry cat.

This was so unusual that it amused us very much, and we sat laughing heartily for a moment or two expecting every instant that the snake would take to the water and disappear. Suddenly the snake swung round, with its head stretched in our direction, and plunged into the water but did not disappear. Threshing through the water like mad, he made straight for me with an air of business that cured my attack of laughing quite promptly and effectually. Straight on he came until he was but a few feet from me as I sat in the boat and then I recovered my powers of locomotion and most ingloriously fled. There was no choice of routes, so straight down the long slender boat I dashed toward the end my companion occupied, clearing the middle seat with a jump that nearly drove the bottom out.

My companion had started up with a startled cry 'Look out!' and had grasped a heavy paddle lying in the bottom of the boat; but seeing me bearing down on him in a wild flight, that was certain to carry us both over the end of the boat into twenty feet of water, he dropped the paddle, stooped low, and caught me with an approved football tackle—hold just above the knee, and together we fell with a crash against the end seat, my head striking with such force that I was rendered almost unconscious.

Springing to his feet, my friend snatched up the paddle and ran to the end of the boat from which I had fled, and found the snake still in pursuit, although the boat had moved some distance from the impetus given by the sudden arresting of my flight. Not until he had received a blow that almost disabled him did that pugnacious serpent retire from the attack. He then swam back to the bank, and crawled out on the very log on which we had first seen him.

Tyranny. A Shubert planter went to New Orleans several months after General Butler had taken the reins in his hands and acquired a reputation for 'tyranny.' So says Every-Where which thus continues the story:

A Much Maligned Beverage. "Death in the tea-pot." Well, cheap tea—showed instead of steeped—was the cause. Good tea properly drawn, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but they must be good, as, for instance, Tully's Elephant Brand India-China Tea.

One of the first things he saw was the placards of a gentleman's furnishing store posted on the walls and fences. 'Get your shirts at Moody's!' The planter saw it again and again, and missed deeply upon it.

'It's another of Bull's orders,' he said to himself. He probably a partner in the concern, and what he says 'Bull's' so I suppose it's best to submit. I don't need any shirts, and it is a shame to be compelled to buy them now; but I don't want any more trouble.'

He accordingly went to Moody's and bought half a dozen shirts, on compulsion.

THE Czar at Home. The Russian Court the Most Magnificent in the World.

The Russian court, military and ministerial, dress is costly and rich in the extreme, and this richness is carried out even to the liveries of the servants, their scarlet coats being literally ablaze with gold. It is a fact that no court in the world presents such a picturesque and magnificent appearance as does that of Russia. At any function, therefore, the show is brilliant, but more especially, perhaps, at a ball, when the rich evening toilets of the ladies, enhanced by jewels of priceless worth, add much to the already brilliant effect. The Russian dances are of a very stately description, and both the emperors and empress take part in them very thoroughly. The aspect of the armorial hall, where the supper is often laid, is grand beyond all description. This meal is not partaken of standing, as at the majority of courts, but the guests sit down at the long rows of tables. A procession is formed, which is headed by his imperial majesty and the most distinguished lady present, and the room is then entered in the order of precedence. Of course, an immense quantity of plate is displayed. This and the china that is also used are noted throughout Europe for their richness and beauty. There is one service alone, capable of dining 500 persons, that is composed entirely of the purest silver overlaid with gold. Added to all this the use of a variety of the choicest fruits and the rarest flowers, amongst which orchids figure largely, make the scene one of the most gorgeous magnificence. During the evening a state progress through the suite of rooms is made by the imperial personages and the chief officers of the household, the guests forming up in a long avenue on either side. One special feature is that two or three of the largest halls in the palace are on the occasion of the ball fitted up as a huge conservatory; palms, exotics, ferns, banks of flowers and even fruit trees being transplanted thither with most marvelous effect.

Electric light is carried throughout and glows down from myriads of globes of a variety of colors. In this veritable third land hundreds of seats are placed for the convenience of the guests between the dances. It would be utterly impossible to mention the rare works of art to be seen in this palace, comprising paintings, statuary, and every description. Everything is of oriental magnificence, and to see it all the eyes must weary of the continuous dazzle.

ON CARBON. Black Lead and Diamonds Have the Same Chemical Properties.

With the single exception of the yellow metal—gold—there is probably nothing in nature around which human interest centers itself more strongly than around diamonds. The scientist, however, in spite of the fact that specimens to operate upon cost \$25 per grain, regards the sparkling crystals of carbon with critical eyes, and in his laboratory, in the cause of science, he experiments with these brilliant objects with as much interest as if they were so many crystals of common salt, sulphur or alum. No one would suppose, judging from their outward appearance or physical properties, that a lump of charcoal, a piece of black lead and a diamond had any relation to each other, and yet it has been proved beyond dispute that their chemical constitution is identical. They are simply three distinct modifications of the non-metallic element, carbon. To prove this relationship many queer experiments have been made with these valuable crystals. They have been burnt both in the air and in oxygen gas, the resulting carbonic acid gas being carefully collected and weighed. The favorite experiment for proving the constitution of the diamond is to place a weighed quantity in a small platinum saucer, which is inserted in the procelain tube of a specially constructed miniature furnace. The tube is heated strongly, and a stream of oxygen gas allowed to pass through it, the products of the combustion of the diamond being collected in bulbs of caustic potash. The diamond disappears, but the potash bulbs increase, correspondingly in weight by the absorption of the resulting carbonic acid.

Where the Wool Ought to Grow. In "Phases of my Life" the Rev. Dr. Figue does not confine his stories to those of clerical out; here is an amusing one of a certain meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at which he was present. There was present at this meeting a gentleman named Crawford who always was on

the opposition. Some one who had spent half of his life in Queensland, and was owner of vast flocks and herds, was deploring the resources of a part of the world at that time comparatively little known, especially in connection with the wool trade.

"Can he ever heard," said 'Objector General,' 'of wool being grown in the tropics? Nature by giving the sheep a warm fleece intended it for cold climates.'

The Australian stared at him in amazement. "Why," he said, 'I have lived there nearly all my life, and made my fortune by wool. As to wool never growing in the tropics, who on earth have more wool on their heads than niggers?'

There was a roar of laughter, amidst which Crawford's voice was heard saying, 'You have beaten me. I offer no more objection.'

THE Queen as a Tenant. Here is a story told of Queen Victoria by Sir Edward Russell in the Liverpool Post, which reveals her in a fresh and genuinely human light—a pleasingly humorous light, in fact. He pretenses the story by remarking that one of the queen's little traits is a habit of emphasizing particular words, and the words italicized below are exactly those which were imitatively emphasized by the person who told him the story. On one occasion her majesty was speaking to a gentleman of high station, when she said, 'I don't like the —' (referring to a lapped family)

'Why, ma'am? Oh, because they are very bad to their tenants; and many of their cottages are in a horrid state, and if anything is done by any tenants at their own expense to improve their condition, the first thing the — do is to raise the rent upon them.'

It may well be supposed that the gentleman who was honored with this conversation felt inclined to smile. He said, 'Well, I am only glad, ma'am, that you sympathize with the afflictions of tenants.'

Whereupon the queen said, 'Oh, I am a tenant myself. I hold — (naming a place of her majesty's) from Mr. — of —, and I have made many improvements and rents has been raised.'

Then the gentleman laughed outright, and the queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said, "Well, ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole of our question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter."

A Grave Digging Record. It is probably at Aldenburg where it is to be found the record in grave-digging. On a stone in the cemetery there is an inscription which records the life-work of three sextons—father, son and grandson. Christian Friedrich Thieme, who died on June 24, 1785, at the age of 72, was grave digger for 25 years. His son, Johann Christian Thieme, occupied the position for 54 years, and during that time interred no fewer than 50,881 inhabitants. The grandson, Johann Heinrich Karl Thieme, surpassed this. He died in 1836, after 50 years' work as a grave-digger, and it was found that he had dug graves for 23,811 persons.

Change His Name Five Times. The Earl of Ancestor, in his sixty-eight years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland; at the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland; ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancestor. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 135,000 acres, and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A Cat's Travels. A cat has just died at San Francisco who had travelled very nearly a million miles. He belonged to the chief engineer of the Royal Mail steamer Aladama, and for thirteen years was his companion on board ship in all his voyages between Sydney and San Francisco. With the passengers this remarkable cat was a great favorite, and on completing 700,000 miles he was presented with a silver collar.

Soap Economy SURPRISE Soap is the cheapest. You buy a large cake for only 5 cents. It makes a free, heavy lather but lasts a long time. All the dirt comes out of the clothes without scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing. SURPRISE won't injure or fade the most delicate fabric. It will save you money, time and temper. Remember the name— "Surprise" Soap.

the opposition. Some one who had spent half of his life in Queensland, and was owner of vast flocks and herds, was deploring the resources of a part of the world at that time comparatively little known, especially in connection with the wool trade.

"Can he ever heard," said 'Objector General,' 'of wool being grown in the tropics? Nature by giving the sheep a warm fleece intended it for cold climates.'

The Australian stared at him in amazement. "Why," he said, 'I have lived there nearly all my life, and made my fortune by wool. As to wool never growing in the tropics, who on earth have more wool on their heads than niggers?'

There was a roar of laughter, amidst which Crawford's voice was heard saying, 'You have beaten me. I offer no more objection.'

THE Queen as a Tenant. Here is a story told of Queen Victoria by Sir Edward Russell in the Liverpool Post, which reveals her in a fresh and genuinely human light—a pleasingly humorous light, in fact. He pretenses the story by remarking that one of the queen's little traits is a habit of emphasizing particular words, and the words italicized below are exactly those which were imitatively emphasized by the person who told him the story.

On one occasion her majesty was speaking to a gentleman of high station, when she said, 'I don't like the —' (referring to a lapped family)

'Why, ma'am? Oh, because they are very bad to their tenants; and many of their cottages are in a horrid state, and if anything is done by any tenants at their own expense to improve their condition, the first thing the — do is to raise the rent upon them.'

It may well be supposed that the gentleman who was honored with this conversation felt inclined to smile. He said, 'Well, I am only glad, ma'am, that you sympathize with the afflictions of tenants.'

Whereupon the queen said, 'Oh, I am a tenant myself. I hold — (naming a place of her majesty's) from Mr. — of —, and I have made many improvements and rents has been raised.'

Then the gentleman laughed outright, and the queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said, "Well, ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole of our question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crofter."

A Grave Digging Record. It is probably at Aldenburg where it is to be found the record in grave-digging. On a stone in the cemetery there is an inscription which records the life-work of three sextons—father, son and grandson. Christian Friedrich Thieme, who died on June 24, 1785, at the age of 72, was grave digger for 25 years. His son, Johann Christian Thieme, occupied the position for 54 years, and during that time interred no fewer than 50,881 inhabitants. The grandson, Johann Heinrich Karl Thieme, surpassed this. He died in 1836, after 50 years' work as a grave-digger, and it was found that he had dug graves for 23,811 persons.

Change His Name Five Times. The Earl of Ancestor, in his sixty-eight years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland; at the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland; ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancestor. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 135,000 acres, and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A Cat's Travels. A cat has just died at San Francisco who had travelled very nearly a million miles. He belonged to the chief engineer of the Royal Mail steamer Aladama, and for thirteen years was his companion on board ship in all his voyages between Sydney and San Francisco. With the passengers this remarkable cat was a great favorite, and on completing 700,000 miles he was presented with a silver collar.

Eyes Tested Free —BY— EXPERT OPTICIANS. The best \$1 glasses in the world. Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock. BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE. And what it led to. It is not a common occurrence that a friendly word should be the means of giving nearly forty years of happiness and health to the person needing the advice it carried. This was the case with Mary Lingard. At twenty-five she was dragging out her days in misery. At sixty-one she finds herself so active and strong she can meet the eye of some poor suffering woman, and looks back on thirty-six happy, healthful years of industry. But let her tell her story: "Thirty-six years ago I had great trouble with my liver. The doctors allowed that there were tumors growing on it, and they bled my side in an effort to give me relief. It was at that time earning my living as a tailress; but for five years, between the pain in my side and the work was a constant misery, and I friend advised me to take Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and finally persuaded me to take a regular course of it. When I first commenced taking the Sarsaparilla my side ached, and for a time I did not get any relief, but my friend advised me to persevere, and I was sure to come, and thirty-six years ago, as I say, troubles me since, and during these years I have passed through the most critical period of a woman's life without any particular trouble, and to-day, at sixty-one years of age, I am active and strong, and able to do a day's work without any special

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1899.

HOW SECRETS LEAK OUT.

THE POWER TO KEEP THEM SECRETS TO BE VERY SMALL.

Some Important State Happenings That Have Become Public Property in the most Mysterious Way—How an Appointment of a Minister was once Announced.

The power to keep a secret has not been too freely given to the human race, and the marvellous development of the Press has made it more difficult than ever to withhold information from the public. The news of Mr. Gladstone's impending resignation leaked out through a waiter who heard the G. O. M. confiding his secret to his host. The waiter was not so dumb that he did not see the value of this important piece of news, and he said to have said it to a London newspaper for £500.

Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation was a secret worth knowing, but it cost the 'Times' nothing at all except the indignation of Lord Salisbury. Lord Randolph drove to the 'Times' office in a hansom, and sent his card to the editor. 'Of course you will be friendly to me,' said his lordship, after he had informed the editor of his intention. 'Certainly not,' replied the editor. 'But there is not another paper in England that would not show some gratitude for such a piece of news,' protested Lord Randolph.

That may be true, but you cannot bribe the 'Times,' remarked the proud editor of that journal. 'This news is enormously important. It will make a great sensation. But if you choose to have it so, you can give it some other newspaper, and not one line of it will appear in my columns tomorrow.' But Lord Randolph left his secret with the 'Times,' and next morning there was a strong article in that paper severely censuring him for deserting his leader.

Bismarck himself once revealed a secret to the Paris correspondent of the 'Times,' which averted a great war and probably saved France from destruction. In 1875, the German military party thinking, evidently, that France was growing too strong, determined to force on another war which should crush her altogether. There was to be an invasion, and Paris was to be occupied. Bismarck managed to inform M. de Bismarck, through certain indirect channels, of what was to be done, and the whole plot was upset in the 'Times.'

A piece of information of the gravest importance to Great Britain once leaked out at a dinner party. The editor of a London evening paper, who is still living, was dining at his club when he heard from a great financier, that the Khedive was about to sell his shares in the Suez Canal to France.

The journalist left his dinner and went to see Lord Derby, who was astounded at the news. Lord Rothschild found £4,000,000, and in less than a week it was announced that the Khedive had sold his shares to England. But for that the Suez Canal would have become part and parcel of French territory, and the revelation, when it was made public, nearly caused war between England and France.

It seems incredible that a man should be the means of revealing a secret which he himself did not know, but that was actually done some years ago. In the course of conversation at a dinner party in London, a well-known doctor remarked casually that Lord—had been asking him that day how he thought the climate of India would suit him. 'And what did you tell him, doctor?' asked a journalist, who was present. 'I told him it would suit him very well,' was the reply, and nothing more was said. But the journalist knew very well, that the Viceroyalty of India was vacant at the time, and his paper next morning announced that Lord—had been appointed the new Viceroy of the Indian Empire, which proved to be quite true.

Any visitor to some of our public libraries may see a copy of a secret treaty by which Charles I. entered into an agreement with the Catholics of Ireland, making certain concessions to them, in opposition to a public treaty made at the same time. The secret treaty was found among an archbishop's luggage, and caused a great sensation. The King denied its authenticity, but nobody believed him.

Authors have frequently tried to hide their identity under a non-de-plume, but few of them have been so successful as the author of the famous Juvenal letters, whose

When winter's storms and blasts are o'er, When melting snows in torrents pour From mountains and from hillside steep To fill the streams and canyon deep; 'Tis then the Longjohns with just pride Put skates and hockey on its side, While with toboggans and snowshoes, Which victory brought to merry crew, Are in abundance stored away For use on days of sport and play. The cariers, too, their rinks must close, And all enjoy a sacred repose. The club men work with such delight At games and sports both day and night, Are hush'd and laid away with care By sisters, wives and daughters fair. The colors, tried by rain and snow, Have all retained their brilliant glow; This is why all the Longjohns wise Are users of the Diamond Dye.

The Longjohns are a busy race, And love to roam from place to place; And now, intent on new designs, Seek for the far-off Klondike mines, Where, in that land of ice and cold, Is found a wealth of virgin gold; Where man with brave heart and strong hand May soon a fortune snug command. The fever deepens; young and old Among the Longjohns people bold Call on their chief for council wise 'Bout their projected enterprise. The chief, a keen, discerning man, Much interested in their plan, Would have them weigh with thought and care The business each would have to bear. 'Twas then agreed by one and all The chief would a convention call, Where all the Longjohns—young and old— Who signed for the new land of gold, Could, without hesitation, fear, Set forth their views and try to cheer Their brothers who were disinclined To leave their fair homes far behind.

The great convention night comes on, O, happy time for each Longjohn! A welcome song and ringing cheers Great their great chief when he appears. He takes the chair with pride and grace, As he surveys with smiling face The happy and contented throng Who for the Klondike regions long. The chairman's opening speech was brief— A credit to the Longjohn chief— He with a firm tongue explained How wealth and gold could be obtained. 'Ye men,' said he, 'who true as steel, And look well to each other's deal; Be generous, brave, just and upright, Avoiding gambling, drink and fight, And you will surely win the prize. This seems so near your longing eyes, And will return 'o' your dear land A happy and contented band. The main arrangements must complete, And nothing can our plans retard; You start next week by C. P. R. From Montreal by special car. You've many days yet to prepare, So let all things be done with care; And when procuring your supplies, Do not forget the Diamond Dye, Which, in the past, have surely brought The best of results to you sought. In home and away 'o' us strive. These blessings great you may extend When you are at your journey's end; Your costumes, now so bright and trim, May, later on, look soiled and dim From travel long by sea and land, Or wear the throng's mean and shabby. 'Tis then that Diamond Dye so bright To Longjohn travellers give delight. Remember, too, that thousands wait Your entrance at the Klondike gate, And with beseeching, joyous cries, Will all ask for the Diamond Dye. Our meted best, 'o' Longjohn Bill, Whom you desire all well; I now commission him as guide, Be strong and valiant at his side. Our business ended, we adjourn Till from the gold fields you return; May Heaven its choicest blessing send, And every Longjohn home defend.'

No faces sad, no falling tears, No timid souls, no doubts, no fears; All with brave hearts, and hand in hand, They sing a song, noble and grand, Six days of time, no hour to waste; In Longjohn hats, hats and hasty Preparing garments warm and strong, Sold for Klondike winters long! Provision ample and supplies Of never-fading Diamond Dye. In freight cars soon are stored away Ready for the departing day.

When landed safe with their supplies, Each Longjohn to his duty flies; No faltering steps, no languid looks, No time for play or reading books. Each has his share of work to do, Some put up tents red, green and blue; Some cook, and will a meal prepare— Though he may food, 'tis cooked with care— While a her hand will soon arrange Their canvas boats for waters strange; Thus will united efforts bid The programme made by Longjohn Bill. Two days of work in weather cold Has given a vim to Longjohns bold; The hardest work is now most sleep. While some on boats a watch must keep, The morning's rising sun will show That Longjohn youths and old can row, And manage with a care and skill Their boats on water rough or still.

secret went with him to the grave a hundred years ago. The letters of Peter Plymley, which appeared in pamphlet form in the earlier part of this century, puzzled the literary world for many years, until Sydney Smith, tired of the mystery, published them in a book of his works, with this preface:— 'The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all they could find was that they were brought to the publisher by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow it came to be conjectured that I was the author; I have always denied it, but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the letters in this collection.' Sir Walter Scott kept his 'Waverley' secret remarkably well, considering that quite twenty of his friends knew it. For

O, glorious time! What weather grand! Now spring is breaking o'er the land; April's bright sky, the balmy air Presences days of weather fair. At Windsor Sta. the Longjohns meet In thronging throngs bright and neat; Their spirits are all in place, sweeter is, too, Are there to bid, just adieu. The roll is call'd by Longjohn Bill, Each answers with a might and will; 'Tis found that every soul is there Who would the Klondike perils share. Five minutes more to calm alarms, The Longjohns rush to loving arms, And hearts are pledged and vows renew'd, With smiling faces tear-bew'd.

The train speeds on, no time is lost; No causers now from win'er's frost; The balmy air o'er prairie wide Has brought the Longjohn boys outside, Where they can revel with delight In floods of glory 'o' rich sunlight, Which to the body brings a wealth Of vigor, happiness and health. 'Contentment, peace, goodwill prevail, With it ye cheer each to ye hall; They eat and drink, they sleep and smile, As thus the hours long beguile. As o'er the miles of prairie wide The swift train rushes like a tide, Bringing the Rockies in full view, And to the Longjohns wonders new. The mountains peak that tower high, That seem to pierce both clouds and sky, The glaciers, canyons, pastes, herds, The rushing torrents that descend, He takes the chair with pride and grace, As they have come from Stape's hand; 'Tis in their sleep the busy brain Will be at work on their own plan.

Vancouver reached, what joy profound! A thousand people gather round; Their object is a public call. To welcome Longjohns to the land, Who, as it lines their quickly trim, Receive a welcome, hearty, warm, To which their leader well replies In speech most able, thoughtful, wise. The Longjohns all gle with the throng (A gab'ring of the short and long). Their costumes draw all wondering eyes To color made with Diamond Dye. The steamer's whistle shrill and sharp Tells them that they must soon embark; So, with farewell, all to the quay With great reluctance haste away. All gather on the steamer's deck, No thought of danger, ice or wreck; They feel light-hearted, happy, gay. Like boys they run, jump, climb and play. As onward to the north they go, They find the mountains cloth'd in snow; The sea winds are so cold and bleak, That all in cabin shelter seek. Three days and nights on ocean's vast; The Longjohns sigh for port and rest; O, happy news! about mid-day The captain calls out 'Wag-dog Bay!' Now there is hurrying to and fro, For Longjohns to the shore must go In garments cold to cabin, deck, The chillier wind and damp'ning mist.

When landed safe with their supplies, Each Longjohn to his duty flies; No faltering steps, no languid looks, No time for play or reading books. Each has his share of work to do, Some put up tents red, green and blue; Some cook, and will a meal prepare— Though he may food, 'tis cooked with care— While a her hand will soon arrange Their canvas boats for waters strange; Thus will united efforts bid The programme made by Longjohn Bill. Two days of work in weather cold Has given a vim to Longjohns bold; The hardest work is now most sleep. While some on boats a watch must keep, The morning's rising sun will show That Longjohn youths and old can row, And manage with a care and skill Their boats on water rough or still.

thirteen years the reading world spoke of the author of the Waverley novels as 'The Great Unknown.' All that time Scott wrote books in his own name, kept up a hospital house, acted as clerk of session, and did so much that nobody dreamed of connecting him with 'Waverley.' But on February 23, 1827, the secret leaked out at a dinner: the revelation causing immense excitement. Lord Meadowbank, the judge, asked Scott if he might break the news, and the author gave him permission to 'do just as you like.' The judge worked up to his revelation in a little speech, proposing the health of 'The Great Unknown,' finishing up by saying, 'I propose the health of Sir Walter Scott.' Sir Walter was, of course, already very popular; and there

No murr'ing word, no faltering hand, While Longjohn Bill is in command. On Etienne's waters dark and cold A score of dangers they behold; But through the rapids long and swift Their laden boats securely drift. The small boat journey now must end, For they have reached the 'Miner's Bend, Where they prepare the trail to take That leads them on to Te-lin Lake. The Dawson critics I admire The Longjohns' warm and neat attire; Their coats are in red, brown, green and blue. The men with wonder and amazement Intently on the Longjohns gaze; The women with discerning eyes Can see the work of Diamond Dye. Excitement now runs fast and high Under the clear, cold Klondike sky; No vessel e'er did such a sight Bring with it greater joy, delight.

Eric Indians take to their homeward way, Bill Longjohn has a word to say, For he has found them faithful, true, In all the work they had 'o' do. 'Come round me, children of the north, Before ye to your homes go forth; I'll work before your hushen eyes Great wonders with the Diamond Dye.' A bright blue dye in camping pots, Fill'd up with water being hot, Was on the fire then set with care, And cover'd to exclude the air. 'Come near me, Skaketal, and behold How Longjohns make anew things old; And bring it out a 'o' divine.' The jersey into Diamond Dye Was put in twinkling of an eye, Allow'd to boil for half an hour, To give the color strength and pow'r. 'Twas taken out and rinsed with care, Allow'd to dry in clear, cold air; It was a revelation grand To Indians of it all so north land.

The trail hand all with whoops and cries Express'd delight and much surprise; Even Skaketal eyes could not control The feelings strong that rack'd his soul. In answer then to Skaketal's prayer, Bill Longjohn gave to him a share Of Diamond Dye of magic hue— Red, Yellow, Pink, Brown, Green and Blue. The men in antic words of hand, Bill Longjohn silence did command, While he to Skaketal would impart The wishes of a Longjohn's heart. 'Return in peace now to your quarters— Good wives, according to your laws— To them dispense these precious dyes That we, as Longjohns highly prize: May all our wives more brightly be, Poppoes laugh more merrily, When as awls and blankets, faded, old, In new rich colors they behold. Fare ye well, fare ye well, ye Indians! The warning bell to us doth call; It rings with crisp and tuneful sound For Longjohns to the Klondike bound.

The river boat with strange device— A ram for cutting through the ice— Moves off a thing of force and life, For battle in commercial strife. The 'North Star' onward plows with might Through floating ice by day and night, While Longjohns talk of pigs and dim, When in possession of 'ood' claims. With business, Longjohns mingle fun, And often take a healthy run. On open deck, where they can see The rugged northern scenery; Five days coast'd to cabin, deck, Their eyes at last behold a speck— 'Tis Dawson's flag the Longjohns see! A joy supreme fills every breast, Soon their expectant eyes shall see: On hills and mountains and craggy land, That men't disguise at their command A large and gaudy daily yield Of precious yellow dust concealed By rocks and earth, by ice and snow, Where swift and winding rivers flow.

Arriv'd at Dawson's centre grand Of the great Klondike mining land! The boat is mor'd both safe and fast, When anxious, waiting people cast Their varied looks on comers new, Who from Vancouver have come through To reap a fortune or to fail, And later on their lot behold. Here Longjohns see the miner rough With unkempt hair and vices so gross; Here are the runners 'o' hotels, *Telegraph Creek.

Ordained Women Ministers. A large number of women are at the present moment regularly ordained as ministers of various denominations in the United States. The United Brethren and the Congregationalists appear to have been the first denominations to open the door of

The gambler's shark and city swell; Here, too, are men who've made their 'pile.' Though calm and peaceful, still they smile; While here and there a woman's face Is marked with beauty, charm and grace. The Longjohns march from steamer's deck With a steady step in hand erect; They are received with hearty cheers, Which dissipates their don't and fears. The Dawson critics I admire The Longjohns' warm and neat attire; Their coats are in red, brown, green and blue. The men with wonder and amazement Intently on the Longjohns gaze; The women with discerning eyes Can see the work of Diamond Dye. Excitement now runs fast and high Under the clear, cold Klondike sky; No vessel e'er did such a sight Bring with it greater joy, delight.

As men and women hereward turn, Their hearts within begin to burn For dyes the same as Longjohns use, Imparting wondrous colors and hues. 'Twas soon resolved to interview Bill Longjohn and his merry crew, To ask them if among their supplies They carried stock of Diamond Dye. Next morning, early in the day, The Dawson men without delay Went to the busy camping ground, Where Longjohn Bill they quickly found. 'Tell us, then, what's your eastern chief— And 'twill s'f o' do much relief— If thou canst sell us colors true That faded garments will renew? Our men and women, young and old, Have many a precious bag of gold, Of which you can a share possess, If you but meet our sore distress. Our garments still are strong and warm, Will serve for months of cold and storm, But as they are, our hearts are sad, Will thou, great chief, now make us glad? The Longjohn chief, with tact and pride, To Dawson's people thus replied: 'We have, indeed, the Diamond Dye, They're reckoned 'mongst our best supplies. If you would buy, then we will sell While we as neighbors near you dwell; And we're prepared to guarantee That disappointment you'll not see.' Thus, well assured, they freely bought the wonder as dyes their people sought. And to their homes returned with glee, Contented, happy as could be.

In one short week no ship or town Was heard of seen in Dawson town; A satisfaction deep, sincere, Soon cast out doubts and gloom all fear. Today, in home, in church, on street, The women all look stylish, new, And men, with honest, manly pride, Are proud of us to meet and dye'd. The Longjohns' trading now must close, The third men ead sleep, repose. To fit them for the toilsome way That all must take at break of day, As Pilobus shows her golden beams The camp is ready—men and teams— To take the trail o'er plain and hill, Under command of Longjohn Bill. Our Longjohn friends so merry, strong, With increased vim move right along; Soon they will rest, and sleep, and dream, On bank of some swift flowing stream. Dye fortune now their fortunes crown, Just sixty miles from Dawson town; Here signs prelate a yield of gold, A wealth which they intend to hold.

Their handsome to be are pitch'd again, Made fast against storm of wind and rain; Their maling toils and camp supplies, As well as stock of Diamond Dye, Are all unspack'd, so that they may Be reach'd by all from day to day. On Klondike's fields without a fear We'll leave the Longjohns for a year, Fully equip'd for work and play, Good books to read at close of day, With clo big warm, and strong and good, And plenty full supplies of food. And when their clothes look rusty, dim; And are consider'd out of trim, The Diamond Dye will soon impart New colors that will cheer each heart. Should illness in their camp be found, They'll use Pain's Colic Compound, That soon restores to raged health. All seekers after gold and wealth, May Longjohns, now in Klondike cold, Safely return with stores of gold To mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, Who all are friends of Diamond Dye.

the ministry to women. As far back as 1851 the Rev. Lydia Sexton was ordained as a minister, and continued her work till 1890. The Rev. Antonette Brown, Blackwell graduated from a theological school in 1850, and was admitted into the ministry of the Congregational Church in 1853. The Congregationalist denomination has, at the present time, over thirty ordained women preachers. The baptists have not so many women preachers, but in the Baptist churches at Chicago, Pittsburg, Kansas, Nebraska, and Michigan there are women ministers. The Presbyterian Church prohibits women from ordination. Nevertheless, there are fifteen women students in the theological department of the Presbyterian Union Seminary.



and the queen's own eyes began to twinkle as he said. 'Well ma'am, let me say that this that you have now complained of underlies and is the basis and secret of the whole Irish question and the whole of our question. It is rather amusing to find your majesty suffering from a grievance as a crooked back.'

It is probably at Aldenburg where it is to be found the record in grave-digging. On a stone in the cemetery there is an inscription which records the life-work of three sextons—father, son and grandson. Christian Friedrich Thieme, who died on June 24, 1785, at the age of 72, was grave digger for 25 years. His son, Johann Christian Thieme, occupied the position for 54 years, and during that time interred no fewer than 50,981 inhabitants. The grandson, Johann Heinrich Karl Thieme, surpassed this. He died in 1836, after 50 years' work as a grave-digger, and it was found that he had dug graves for 23,311 persons.

The Earl of Ancestor, in his sixty-eight years of life, has borne more names than fall to the lot of most peers. He began life as Mr. Heathcote, the son of Lord Aveland; at the age of 37 he succeeded his father as Baron Aveland; ten years ago he became twenty-second Lord Willoughby; de Eresby in succession to his mother, and six years ago he was made Earl of Ancestor. It was through his mother that he came into possession of most of his 132,000 acres, and of his three castles in England, Scotland and Wales.

A cat has just died at San Francisco who had travelled very nearly a million miles. He belonged to the chief engineer of the Royal Mail steamer Adams, and for thirteen years was his companion on board ship in all his voyages between Sydney and San Francisco. With the passengers this remarkable cat was a great favorite, and on completing 700,000 miles he was presented with a silver collar.

DR. AYER'S ADVICE.

many a younger woman, who, after recovery, have taken a couple of bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring, and are quite satisfied that I give my good health to this treatment. I give this testimony purely in the hope that it may meet the eye of some poor sufferer. MARY LINGARD, Woodstock, Ont. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its way to every corner of the world by the praise of its friends; those who have tried it and the remedy. There is nothing so strong as this personal testimony. It shows all stands solidly upon the rock of experience, challenging every skeptic with its positive results. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with its purifying and vitalizing action on the blood is a radical remedy for every form of disease that begins in impure or impure blood. Hence tumors, eruptions, ulcers, boils, eruptions and similar diseases yield promptly to this medicine. Some cases are more stubborn than others. Persistence with Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla usually results in a complete cure. Mary Lingard began with a sore throat, which was cured by the medicine. She then had a medicine that could cure disease, and also prevent it. So she took a couple of bottles each spring that kept in perfect health. There are thousands of similar cases on record. Some of these are gathered into Dr. Ayer's Catalogue, a little book of 100 pages which is sent free by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

Lady Gildare had, for the past week, been confined to her room with a cold, and Nurse Patience had been in close attendance upon the invalid.

It was trying work those hot summer days, and often her eyes looked longingly from the quiet, shady room, to the bright sweet beauty without.

Yet she never complained, but did her duty with a gentle cheerfulness which had won her many a sick person's love.

Even her ladyship, who was selfish and callous to the backbone, felt its influence.

"You are a good woman," she observed, one day, as she lay on the couch by the window, arrayed in the daintiest of silken gowns. "I wonder what has made you so enduring."

The nurse smiled. "A little human sympathy for the suffering of others," she replied.

"Not that alone. You have had a sad life—you must have—your face is so sad."

Nurse Patience was arranging a small tray with a tempting repast of tea, water bread and butter, and strawberries-and-cream.

She made no answer to Lady Gildare's remark, and an impatient frown gathered on the invalid's face.

"You are so reserved," she said, peevishly. "One would think that you would have confided a little in me, considering the interest I take in you. But no; you never say a word. Are you afraid I should repeat anything you told me?"

Lady Gildare was a woman always ready to swear eternal secrecy, yet never able to hold her tongue for five minutes—no confidence was too sacred for her to chat it over with the first person who chanced to spend half-an-hour in her society.

Possibly Nurse Patience was aware of this. "There is nothing to tell," she said, pleasantly. "At least, nothing that would interest your ladyship. My life has been one of hard work and self-denial."

She carried the tray to the sofa, and placed it comfortably for Lady Gildare, who was still frowning.

"You don't amuse me this afternoon," she said, indignantly. "Go and find that little Lorraine girl, and ask her to take pity on a poor sick woman."

Nurse Patience quietly left the room, and went in search of Shirley.

Everyone was out-of-doors, enjoying the glorious weather, and Shirley was not at all elated by Lady Gildare's message.

"I will come in a few minutes," she said, rather reluctantly; "but I am afraid I shall not be able to stay long. Horrid old here!" she added, as the trim figure, in snowy cap and apron, turned away.

"How can that poor woman stand her morning, noon, and night?"

"I suppose she gets well paid," Lucy said.

"As it money could make up for the life she has to lead!" Shirley cried, a little indignantly. "You don't know Lady Gildare—wait till you do."

They were sitting under the trees, idling the time away.

West and Ridley were lying on the grass at their feet.

They were all four supremely happy. Life had become, for them, one dream of gladness.

As Nurse Patience walked back to the house, she had the picture of them before her eyes.

The shafts of sunlight piercing the green above—the girl looking so cool and fresh in their summer attire—the two men lying lazily stretched to their full length, on the smooth green turf.

Then the vision changed, and she saw only one—the strong, lithe limbs, the proud, handsome face of Vivian West.

And her aching heart went out to him, because of his name.

Often, unperceived, she had watched him till the tears dimmed her sight, and all her soul would cry out, in an agony of regret—

"Had he but lived—had he but lived!" And to-day the words reached her lips, falling from them in little broken utterances.

The world seemed so happy—the birds were singing everywhere—distant laughter and merry voices reached her ears.

It seemed that she alone was sad.

"All my days have been dark," she moaned. "Oh, Heaven! when will they cease?"

She turned aside, and, leaning against a tree, hid her face in her hands, and, after a while, through the slender fingers, the scalding tears found their way.

Cora R. zier, crossing the lawn, chanced to catch sight of something white between the shrubs, and, not being able to distinguish what it was, crept a little nearer, and a little nearer, growing more curious as she advanced, until she stood within a couple of yards of Nurse Patience.

"One of the servants," she thought, with a wicked little grin. "What on earth is she crying about? Has one of the gay bachelors staying in the house been trifling with her affections?"

She must find out. So, accordingly, she gave a little cough, to make known her presence.

The woman started, lifting her face, all wet and suffering, her dark, tortured eyes meeting those of the intruder.

"Have you ever met Sir Martin? He is a fine-looking man, but eccentric. He seldom goes anywhere, but shuts himself up in his big, lonely house. It is a lovely place—a show place. You should go and see it."

Nurse Patience had come to a standstill. She was holding her hand to her side.

"We have walked so quickly," she said. "I am quite out of breath. It is the heat. I think, it makes one feel queer and giddy."

"Take my arm," Cora said kindly. "You look quite faint."

They moved slowly forward together.

Cora's cheeks had a bright colour flushing in them, and her eyes shone; but she said nothing until they had reached one of the many entrances to Royal Heath, and Nurse Patience, with gently murmured thanks, was leaving her.

Then she spoke.

"I hope we shall meet again. I have taken quite a fancy to you. When are you off duty?"

"Very seldom."

"But you go for walks?"

"Not often."

"I am sorry, for I should have liked to have seen you again. Strangely enough, I know something of Dola Koski."

"Perhaps we shall meet this evening. I often take a stroll round Lady Ayerst's rose-garden after dinner. Au revoir!"

Cora's dark brows were drawn together in a perplexed frown as she went slowly towards the plantation, choosing that way because there was not much chance of meeting anyone there that afternoon.

Her curious meeting with Nurse Patience had given her plenty of food for thought.

What was she doing there—and what Cora's mother and Sir Martin Metherell been to that their names should affect her so strangely?

Cora felt that once again she was on the brink of a discovery which might be of use to her.

She recalled the face of Nurse Patience. It was a high-bred face, and it must once have been beautiful.

"Patience West!" she muttered aloud. "Could she be connected, in some strange way, with Vivian West?" She stopped suddenly, as if checked by a sudden startling idea. "His mother! Merciful Powers! That's who she is. Why, I see it all. They are as alike as two peas. Ma foi, what a fool not to see it instantly! Does he know it? What is she here for? I shall find out. I am beginning to unravel the tangle. When I know what Dola Koski had to do with this, I shall know all. Ah, my dear, why did you not trust all your secrets to your petite Cora?"

Sir Martin thought he had saved himself when he stole those papers. He little knew whom he had to deal with. Oh, how he hates me—how he fears me! If there were any mortal thing he could do to rid himself of me, he would do it. I have punished him a hundred times over for what he has done. I'll make him suffer and suffer till he dies. His last moments shall be all torture.

Her hands were clenched, her eyes glared with cruel hatred.

There was a slight foam on her lips. Terrible, indeed, did Cora R. zier look at that moment—a creature to shrink from with horror.

Then the excitement died from her face, the tensely clenched hands relaxed.

She laughed, and walked on through the cool green shade of birch and pine.

At the end of the plantation was a rustic stile leading into the road.

He glanced at her as he passed; then, as if struck by her appearance, looked again, in a sharp, surprised way.

Cora coolly surveyed him.

He went on a few paces, looked back, hesitated, then went on again.

"It is he!" Cora muttered, her eyes never leaving the retreating figure. "What is he doing here—the traitor?"

She stepped over the stile, and followed the man for some distance without turning her head again. When at length he did so, Cora hailed him by waving her hand.

He at first took no notice beyond hastening on his way, then suddenly he came to a dead halt, and waited for her.

He was evidently nervous and ill-at-ease. He shifted his feet about till his carefully-polished boots were covered with white dust.

Cora did not hurry herself.

She came up to him quite coolly, and said—

"Well, Monsieur Jim Hartland, and what are you doing here?"

His lips broadened into what was intended for a smile.

"Nothing of any importance, Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle—what is the name you are known by now?"

"You are going to Royal Heath?" she questioned, paying no heed to his query.

"That is my destination," he answered. "Am I?"

"I am staying there."

"The company must, indeed, be select. And madame, your mother?"

"Have you not heard? She is dead—she was horribly murdered."

"You don't say so! Poor Dola! Upon my word she was the only woman I ever cared for. I'm awfully glad to have met you, my dear. You can always rely on my lending you a helping hand. We are old chums, you know. We must pull together. I—I—"

He stopped, because the expression of Cora's face was not exactly pleasant, though he could not quite make out what it portended.

Her lips were parted in the most evil sneer; her black eyes gleamed through half-closed lids.

She looked like some wild beast about to spring.

Probably Captain Dorrien thought so, for he drew back with a movement, as if to ward her off.

"You vile sneak!" she hissed. "Do you think I don't know how you betrayed us all in Paris, to save yourself? There are one or two of the old gang looking for you still. They have sworn to have your life in return for the dastardly trick you played them. I have but to send word, and there will be one of them on your track before the week is out. And then your doom will follow!"

Dorrien had backed to the hedge. He could go no farther, so stood there, a picture of abject terror, beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, his air of jauntyness gone, his knees bending beneath him.

Cora regarded him with an air of fierce contempt.

"It's—it's a mistake," he said, speaking with stiff dry lips. "I swear I never meant to do any of you harm. I—I managed to escape, that was all. And some enemy started that story about my setting the police on you. I swear—"

"Save yourself the fatigue, mon cher Hartland. It is useless for you to lie to me. What is your game at the present moment? Answer me."

"I was about to pay a call at Royal Heath, but I, perhaps, had better not go there now," he replied, tremblingly.

"Where are you living?"

He did not answer, and she repeated her question.

He saw it was useless to attempt concealment, and, fumbling in his pocket for a card, handed her a card from it.

"Captain Dorrien," she read, with a laugh. "And since when, my friend, have you been Captain Dorrien?"

"I have a right to the name," he replied. "I dropped it when I was in Paris, and took up the other. I say, Cora, you are not going to be such a little fool as to betray me? You can't do so without injuring yourself. For, unless you give me your word now, to stand by me, I'll go straight up to these people, and tell them who and what you are. You perceive, my dear little girl, that two can play at that sort of game."

He was gaining the pluck that comes from desperation.

He knew that, by a word, Cora could ruin all his prospects, and even sacrifice him to the knife of an assassin.

She was mixed up with the blackest and most discreditable part of his most black and discreditable life.

There passed through his mind the thought that he must gain her over to his side now, and rid himself of her on the first opportunity hereafter.

He could never feel safe while she lived. So these two faced one another, each leaving and hating the other—each with murder in the heart.

All around them lay the blessed sunshine and the fragrant beauty of the summer's afternoon.

A squirrel ran up and down a tree close to them, and a lark burst into song above their heads.

Dorrien caught a butterfly as it floated past him, and crushed it in his fingers.

Then Cora spoke.

"I am not afraid of you," she said. "You cannot do me any great harm. I have so carefully protected myself, that it would be impossible for you to do me any serious damage."

She smiled as she thought of Sir Martin Metherell, and her hold upon him.

At the same time she could not afford to let Dorrien do his worst just then, and there came to her mind the thought which had come to his.

Peace now, and afterwards—she smiled again.

It would be so easy—there was Jules Rivet, or Max—both reckless, desperate; both thirsting for revenge. An anonymous letter to either; there would be no need of anything more.

Dorrien laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Let us be friends," he said. "Neither of us can afford to quarrel."

"You can't," she returned, shaking herself free from his grasp. "Well, I'll let things go for the present, though you don't deserve it. Where have you come from now—not London?"

He had drawn a great breath of relief at her words, and had lifted his hat to let the cool wind blow on his heated forehead.

"I came down last night," he said.

"And you are staying—where?"

"A place near here—Coddington. I say it will be better to appear up there—with a nod towards Royal Heath—as strangers."

"Yes. Are you with friends?"

He hesitated for the fraction of a second but she noticed it.

"Yes—no—that is, not exactly. I met the old fellow a little time ago, and asked him to put me up for a night or so. Metherell—probably you know the name—the son is staying here."

"I know the name," Cora answered, slowly. "It was in that house my mother met with her death."

"Your mother! Impossible!"

As he went on alone, he felt he had done a foolish thing in telling that lie. He had done it on the spur of the moment. It was not often he made a mistake like that. She could so easily hear that he had been in the house at the time of the murder, and then, because he had lied about it, she would imagine all sorts of things. Still, he had feigned ignorance of Madame Rozier's death at the beginning of their conversation. He could not very well have owned, afterwards, that he knew of it. It was most unfortunate, this meeting with Cora; but he had alienated her for the time, and, in a day or so— He lifted his hat again, and mopped his forehead with a silk handkerchief. A moment later, and he had passed through the lodge-gates of Royal Heath. Lucy Ayerst was seated in the drawing room, entertaining some other callers, when Dorrien was ushered in. She knew nothing of the truth of his engagement with Lucy. The girl had told no one but Shirley of his base conduct. So that all Madge knew was that he had been dismissed for Ridley, and, while she disliked the man, she felt rather sorry for him, and welcomed him graciously. He was very pleasant and agreeable, said that he was spending a few days with his friend, Sir Martin Metherell, and so, being in the neighborhood, felt he must give himself the extreme pleasure of calling upon Lady Ayerst. In this charming man of the world, some could have recognized the miserable, craven wretch who had slunk into the hedge less than half-an-hour before. In a short time the other visitors rose to go, and Captain Dorrien, finding himself alone with his hostess, confided to her the real object of his visit. "I trust, de r Lady Ayerst," he said, "that you will forgive the liberty I have taken in feeling assured of your friendship and help. Miss Brand has written me a letter, so heartless and cruel, that I cannot believe her capable of such utter faithlessness, unless I bear it from her own lips. We have been engaged for more than a year. We were to be married next month. You will allow that to throw me over at the last moment is scarcely honorable."

Notches on The Stick

During the years in which Edmund Clarence Stedman has been engaged with literary history and criticism, in which work he has accomplished so much and so well, he has devoted little time and care to his own proper gift. Poems have indeed appeared from time to time, as occasion or some special emotion gave birth to them; but their author has not paused to collect and arrange them for publication in a volume, until the close of the year 1898. As Mr. Stedman has made no frequent demand on the verse loving public, and as his work makes appeal to all readers of refined taste, who enjoy elevated sentiment dressed in its appropriate garb, it may be expected that "Poems Now First Collected," will not be suffered to fall into neglect. He makes no appeal to the spirit of song, that he had long, yet not willfully neglected:—

Return and be thou kind, bright Spirit of Song,
Thou whom I yet loved most, loved most of all
Even when I left thee—I, so long stayed
From thy beholding! And renew, renew,
Thy gift to me: fair singing to thy robe!

If the Muse had become peevish, such petition might touch her to relenting. "The Hand of Lincoln" is a worthy and congenial theme. The hand that is said to indicate character as much of the face, might well have poetic interest when it is that of one of the lovers and saviors humanity. That hand was laid to some of our humblest and to some of our most unusual and noblest tasks. That hand reached out of darkness might in itself have features to impress—"Washington's hands," writes Dr. Kelly, for so Lafayette attests, "were the largest he had ever seen on any human being; and the bronze cast of Lincoln's hand, which inspired Stedman's poem, shows its large mould, big-boned, knotted with cords and veins. Two sons of Anak held the helm of this nation with giant hands in the two great crises of its history." The poem is worthy its subject. The poet's admiration for another great American is expressed in his poem "On the Death of an Invincible Soldier." These and other pieces show Stedman to be a dealer of judicious praise. Helen Keller is a "living poem"—a woman of a wonderful soul, strangely shut up, and as strangely penetrating or overleaping all barriers of sense; and so it is not unfit that her grand example should be made the subject of song, as it is here. In his "Mors Bénédicta" the poet expresses a wish common to strong and earnest souls, to whom so much of the value of life consists in the power to achieve, and who dread to survive their usefulness. He would be taken away by a sudden unexpected stroke, or go down like some old Norse Captain on the deck of his foundering ship,—

With no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside: I want and weep
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the actual main.

Attention has been of late so much directed to events in the principal islands of the Caribbean Sea, and to their characteristics and races, it happens that a section of Stedman's volume falls into that trend of thought. "The poems go sirring in many keys to the Bahamas, bleak San Salvador, the Windward passage, the Pelican Shoal, Cape Haytien, Port-au-Prince, the green and watered and bloomy island of Jamaica, and Port Rique, and Martinique. The cracked bells of Panama clanging in the two old cathedral towers seem to the poet to be still saying as of yore, Come out! Come Out! There's a heretic to singe to-day. In the Caribbean Sea, 'adist on tropic wave,' Stedman sings in 1892 the last poem in this volume, 'Ariel, which is a tribute to the poet Shelley a century from his birth. Shelley is 'Nature's prodigal,' the 'boy divine,'—

The incarnate child of song,
Who gazes as if astray,
From some uncharted stellar way
With eyes of wonder at our world of grief and song."

Stedman may claim for his muse no lofty ranges of passion or imagination. To charm, to rouse, to astonish are not so much his function as to instruct and to please. He is irreproachable in the quali-

**KNIVES
FORKS & SPOONS**
STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BBOS.
Genuine and Guaranteed
by the
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD

Headache

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

Hood's Pills

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

ties of taste and propriety. "What he has written," says a recent writer commenting on this volume, is marked by beauty, grace and finish, by prediction and well nigh perfect measure, by a happy spirit, feeling felicitously expressed, and smooth musical utterance. He who has literary fashions and virtues such as these need never despair of an audience. There will be some to take pleasure in his art and to heed his song.

We present our readers with the poem on Burns, by Robert Reid (Rob Warlock) of Montreal, to which we have previously referred. It deserves attention as one of the best examples of its author's verse:

Robert Burns on His Death-Bed.
(By Robert Reid, Montreal.)

(Prior's poem of 1890, to which the Kinross Silver Wreath has just been awarded by the North American United Caledonian Association.)
Life's day draws near the gloaming,
The weary darg o' it's past,
And a' its dear delusions
I mean religious sun;
Some will sail Mither So' t'and
The bard that I've her tyne,
And hear her loves and praises sung
By ither tongues than mine.

Lead o' the sturdily t'is le,
And winsome beather bell,
Thou wants no qu'ring minstrel
Thy pith and pride to ill;
But strong within his bosom
The tide of some should flow
Who dares to vice thy doughty deeds
And dreams of long ag'!

So well'd in mine the music
That broke in waves of fire,
When in the flash of manhood
I swept the patriot lyre;
And though my falling fingers
Now feeble echo: s' a e,
Fain would their himalst effort be
For dear auld Soot'land's sake.

O dinna steech that shutter
And keep the light awa;
But owre me in its glory
Let lika u'ubem' fa'!
For to the milk-kame chamber
Where I see true man be,
The bunnie heartsome slumber sun
Will shine nae mair for me.

Blithe hie I been to see him
Come owre the hills at morn,
Or in the e'ning, glidid'
Wi' liquid gowd, the corn:
When meath his bauld cur-ases
Dann Nature beas't it w' joy,
And lika thing that breath'd was glad,
And nane mair plid than I.

Then, rapt in p'mt ardour,
Enchantid' and i' r'ed,
As in his heart, sweet-sal' gin,
I heard the voice of God;
His warks were a' about me,
I sang what'er I saw,
For man and beast, an' fow'r and stream
I lo'ed them, ane an' a'!

Noo, like a want' of winter
That comes afore his time,
The world's breath has chilled me,
And killed me in my prime;
Dark clouds o'v'ers' the visious
Gard' a' my being thrill;
Ard in my call and fatterin' breast
The heav'nly voice is still.

O, talents lightly cared for,
And noo ayont' r'ca,
How, like a reckless speid' thrift
I've cust' my welta awa'!
What can I gie for answer
When the dread Voice I hear
Th' o' my thirlless stewardship
Is under-tones' ill spier'?

*Sweet lass, whose step lika music
Slips the low chamber thro',
Whase touch is like an angel's
Upon my lurnin' broo,—
O trace the paths o' virtue
Ne'er let that footstep stray,
And for a heav'nly light to guide
This heart will ever pray.

And bairn—my blessings on ye!
Ye'll miss me let your lane,
Wi' ill's sair darg afore ye—
In God's name—sc' like Man!
Abune a' fame or fortune
For this my bosom yearns,
Th'at man for honest worth should priz'
The sons of Robert Burns!

Dear Jean, the night grows eerie
I wat I'll sl'iber sune;
O lay your lo' in mine, luvie,
As ye see it has dune;
And on that it's thir' bosom
Let this worn cheek recline,
That for a h'art-beat I in y' p'ree
The raptur' o' laig' tyne.

That's half dear to me,
And a'er a hand but this dear hand
Shall close my weary e'e.

Then fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
My first joy and my last,
Through like rank in Scotland,
Our names entwined has pass'd;
And think na th' it ails aught us,
Or sune to get we'll be—
A bender year will but increase
Her pride in you and me!

But now on Life's illusions
Mean close those e'e's o' mine,
And to the Fount is sprang frae
My ead I mean resign;
Great Being! in whose presence
Ere morning I my stand,
Reach from the dark to guide me through
Thine everlasting Hand!

*Miss Jessie Lowrie.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney describes Harold Frederic in The Book Buyer as follows:

"Frederic was not handsome, though he looked almost that, when for some time he chose to wear a beard; but he was, rather, in a phrase of Carlyle's, a 'big, brotherly, restful man,' whose smile was very boyish, and whose broad hand was good to grasp. He was tall, blond, muscular, fairly brisk, and strong as a tower. In a face somewhat immobile, his eyes had the look which often survives a shy and stubborn childhood. It was the face, as I have just said, of one who is afraid of nothing. He went down to Marselles in 1884, when it was reeking with cholera; he went to Russia in 1891, to investigate the abominable persecution of the Jews there, and to record recklessly his own scorching protest against it. He would have been an ideal war correspondent, in these days when war correspondents have set so splendidly high the standards by which we are to measure them. He was a great talker; the quality of his talk was equal to the quantity—and that is a saying much. Frederic had an off-hand, mock heroic, chaffing flow of speech, which, again, is exclusively American. In his indignations there was a fine Niagara fresheet of words, which the late Mr. Macaulay could barely hope to rival. And he told a story as well as he wrote one."

Our correspondent, Mrs. Hannah M. Bryan, who has been teaching school among the Sangre de Cristo mountains, in Colorado—quite remote, as it would seem, from libraries—has resorted to her inventive mind as the source of literary material, when the "Ohio District, No. 24 is," as she declares, "in the throes of an entertainment." For a specimen of her product, as an incitement to any in a similar situation, we give the following:

The Young Cattle Men.

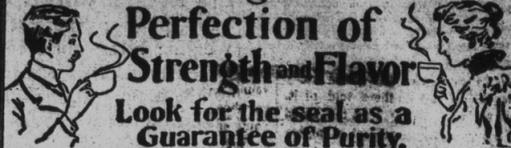
(Two Boys of Seven Years, Looking Up.)

PAT—How wide and far the sky is spread,
JIM—How thick the stars are overhead,
PAT—I wish the sky was pasture-ground,
And all that pasture mine.
TIM—I wish that all the stars were cows,
And all the cows were mine.
PAT—Where would they graze? Ye've not a foot
O' h'n'l, as I can see.
TIM—In your sh'j-pasture, Pat, me boy—
No bigger cow'd there be.
PAT—Not much,—they w'en't no h'of of yours
Tread in my pasture hie;
I'll have some cattle of my own,
And graze them on the sky.
TIM—Ye stinky tyke: if I see it
I'll graze: my cattle there.
PAT—Ye w'en't though: net ore little bit!
Turn in ye're cattle if ye dare!
[Christmas falls, with boys shaking fists in each other's faces.]

The attention of a world concentrated upon the illness of Rudyard Kipling at New York, is a sufficient witness to his great popularity, and the importance of the position he is understood to hold in the literature of the time. Some pass who have done creditably, and their going seems to be the concern of the few; but the masses seem to hear in Kipling a voice of the time, and to see in him an incarnation of the age spirit. One who is wide awake to what is done and written to-day writes: "And so Duvar and Lampan are gone; and Kipling is fighting for his life, like his Danny Deever! Well, God knows how to run his world, no doubt, but it is tremendous to think how small His respect for genius is. He mows them down in their prime like the grass of the fields. . . . I am sorry Lampan has gone, because he had a true spark. But Kipling would be the greatest loss in letters of any man now writing English. That seems, perhaps, extravagant, but it is not mere personal opinion. I hope he will live. It is the fashion in some quarters to call Kipling's the row-tow-wow style, and there is a certain robust vigor in him. But do not forget that strength is the basis of all virtue, poetic and other. For vigor, ver-

CANCER
And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials and 32-page book—free, write E. P. Lee, Mason Medicines Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee
"Seal Brand" Java & Mocha
Best Coffee grown in the World.
Perfection of Strength and Flavor
Look for the seal as a Guarantee of Purity.



ility and fecundity, how amazing Kipling is!"

The Doves.
From Theophilus Gentler.
Where graves are on yon hillside made
A palm tree lifts its slumber shade;
With head erect, like a green flame,
It stands, sole guardian of the tomb.
When evening comes the doves will fly
Under its shelter silently:
For all the night 'tis their soft lair;
They cluster close and nestle there.
Like a white necktie, spreading wide
They flutter out at morning tide;
They seek some rest or tarrent high,
Or scatter in the broad blue sky.
My soul is like that sheltering tree:
Swarm of mad vision come to me;
They fall from heaven a close of day,
And fly with morn's first beam away.

The publishing firm of George N. Morang & Co., limited, have recently installed themselves in commodious premises at No. 90 Wellington St. West, near York St. The enterprising firm produce in an artistic form the best works that are issued in Canada, England and the United States. Every month they produce, in the "Florin Series," a new work of fiction, the best on the market, at the moderate price of 50 cents.

By the favor of C. C. James, E. q., of the Agricultural Department, Toronto, we have a copy of the "Report of the Superintendent of Farmers' Institutes of the Province of Ontario," for 1897-8. It is a book of much interest to the intelligent farmer, and there are many articles of use to the horticulturist and flower-grower. Ornithological students will turn with interest to the engravings representing Canadian birds, with the notes appended thereto.

Edmund Gosse has completed a life of Donne, the English poet, to be published by Heinemann in the summer. This accomplished essayist and poet has recently received the degree of L. L. D., honorary, from St. Andrews University.

Among literary men now reported ill are Richardson, the author of "Lorna Doone," and George Macdonald. The latter is at Bordighera and the first named in the vicinity of London. These illustrious men must soon pass from among us, but their genius will continue to be a delight.

DISEASE OF THE SPINE.

A Malady That Makes Life Almost Unbearable—A Nova Scotia Lady Tells How to Cure It.

Mrs. Frank Minard, of Milton, N. S., is a lady who possesses the confidence of a large circle of friends. Mrs. Minard has been a sufferer from spinal disease and attendant complications, and to a reporter she recently gave the particulars of her cure. She said:—"As a result of the trouble I suffered terribly. At times the pain would be confined to my back, and at other times it seemed to affect every nerve in my body, from the top of my head to my toes. As a result I was reduced greatly in strength, and was unable to stand upon my feet long enough to attend to my household work. When doing any kind of work which required a standing position I had to provide myself with a high chair as a means of support. The medicine which the doctor prescribed for me did not seem to afford me more than temporary relief from the pain and I was gradually growing weaker and weaker. Finally the doctors suggested that I should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and acting on his advice I began to take them. I had only used a few boxes when the agony I had suffered for months began to abate, and I began to regain my strength. I continued using the pills for a short time longer, and was again in full possession of my health and strength, and able to do my household work. I have never enjoyed better health than I am doing at present."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they supply the blood with its life giving properties and strengthen weak nerves. All diseases due to either of these causes are speedily cured by the use of this medicine. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

- GOVERNOR ROSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.
- ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S LETTERS (not before published), edited by SYDNEY COLVIN.
- RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.
- RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.
- GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans," (The "Historical")—Illustrated by Herter.
- SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.
- MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.
- JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mimsy Ann."
- Q'S SHORT SERIAL "A Ship of Stars"
- ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays.
- SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical impressions.
- C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Crede Shopping Notifications.

A New Orleans business man in an interview told a reporter that its no uncommon thing for retail merchants to receive private instruction from the heads of families not to credit some female member of the household, and such cases are mighty ticklish to handle. As a rule the lady in point is a good customer, and if we tell her, no matter how diplomatically, of our orders, we are almost certain to lose her future trade. Chagrin, if nothing else, will keep her out of the house, and she will go to some store that was not the scene of so mortifying an episode. If, on the other hand, we say nothing, we run the risk of losing the bill. That, however, is generally the course I pursue. I trust to luck and to her ability to wheedle the indignant gentleman into footing the account. As a rule he is simply exasperated over some extravagance of the hour, and when he cools off there is no further trouble. All the same, I wish to heaven that men would run their domestic affairs themselves without calling on the merchants to give them assistance. I never receive a credit-stopping notification but I have a sigh and make a few remarks that wouldn't sound well at a prayer meeting.

Pillows Made of Pine Needles.

Are becoming popular, owing to their medicinal effect upon catarrhal maladies. Catarrh is like a breath from the pine woods, and yet is a powerful microbe destroyer and geran killer. It is a certain cure for catarrh, though until recently catarrh was considered incurable. It penetrates wherever air can go, and cleanses as by fire. You simply breathe it in—it does the rest. Send immediately for a free sample to N. C. Folson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Mistress (angrily): "See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust on the matel-piece."

Bridget (admiringly): "There's nothing like oddition, after all is there munn?"

Sanborn's
Free
Java & Mocha
Known in the World.
Flavor
as a
of Purity.



SCRIBNER'S
MAGAZINE
FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S
LETTERS (new & before published) (illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S
LETTERS (new & before published) (illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of New Orleans, "The Entomologist"—illustrated by Herter.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Chronicles of Aunt Mimsy Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search—Light Letters—Common-sense essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.
 THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 2c. A NUMBER. **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.**

Chat to . . .
Boys and Girls.

We had a pleasant chat one day not very long ago, about flowers and the different legends connected with them, their significance, and how they come by their names, etc. But I don't think we spoke of the lily the rival of the queen rose in the garden; and it would never do to forget her because of her beauty and fragrance, to say nothing of the wonderful stories told concerning the various species.

The lily of the valley is everywhere held as a symbol of purity and holiness and a sweet flower, it is. In some parts of St. Leonhard's forest in Saxony, it grows freely, and a legendary tale is there told of it. It is said to have sprung from the blood of St. Leonhard who once met a mighty reptile called a "fire drake" in the forest and did battle with it for three whole days. The saint came off victorious, but in the struggle he was severely wounded, and wherever drops of his blood fell on the ground, lilies sprang up in profusion.

There are quaint old stories of people being changed by death into lilies. One of these given in a book called "Northern Mythology." I might repeat for you:—

There was in the days of yore a conjuror who cut peoples heads off and set them on again. One day when he was practicing his art, a travelling journeyman entered the room as a spectator. On the table before the conjuror, there stood a large glass filled with distilled water, out of which grew a white lily every time the conjuror cut a head off, which he called the "Lily of life." When the conjuror had cut a head off, the traveller quickly stepped up to the table, and with a sharp knife severed the stalk of the lily without being observed by anyone; so that when the conjuror would replace the head the operation failed, whereupon he was seized and burned for a murderer.

In Germany the water lily is gathered as a charm against witchcraft. One writer upon superstitions says "I remember when a boy that we were very careful in plucking and handling the water lily, for if anyone fell with such a flower in his possession he became immediately subject to fits!"

Did you ever hear of such nonsense? I am glad, and so I am sure are you, that we are not tied down to such old superstitions in our country—none of us would like to be afraid of our lovely fragrant water lilies.

In olden times no plant ranked higher as an antidote to witches and all evil things than St. John's wort or root. When hung up on St. John's day, together with a cross, over the doors of houses, "it kept out the devil and all evil spirits—to gather the root on the morning of St. John's day with sunrise and keep it in the house, gave luck to the family in their undertakings, especially on those begun on that day." It used to be a popular belief in the Isle of Wight, before crowds of visitors drove the fairies out, that if you trod on the St. John's wort after sunset, a fairy horse would rise from the earth and bear you about all night, leaving you in the morning wherever you might chance to be at sunrise.

How would you like that my boys? Some of you I am afraid would think it fine to be left so far from the schoolhouse that there could be no possibility of even one session that day, wouldn't you?

There is a common saying in Switzerland that if a traveller have a piece of St. John's wort in his shoes he will never be weary—what a blessing this would be to tired mothers, trotting miles about the house, attending to everybody's comfort, if it were only true!

Superstitious people also believed that rosemary kept off thieves, and some held that it could work even a greater wonder, and make old folks young again. Don't I wish that were true? Your old auntie would at once begin to cultivate rosemary! There is a story told in an old English poem on the virtues of this plant, about an old woman bent with age, and crippled with rheumatism who looked back to her dancing days with not unnatural regret so:—

"Of rosemary she took six pound,
 And ground it well into a stowade."
 Whatever that may be—and then mixed it with water in which she bathed three times a day. The result was very satisfactory; for she became so youthful looking that she began to look out for a husband.

Flax has more than one interesting item connected with it—for instance: When a young woman gets married she puts flax in her shoes, under the belief that through doing so she will never come to poverty.

In Bohemia there is a belief that seven-year-old children, by dancing in a field of flax will become beautiful. If flax grew in our country and this belief were popular what a field full of little folks we should see, dancing about guarded by anxious mammae.

In the following legend we have an instructive example of what may be the end of woman's curiosity:—

"A dwarf came one day to a girl, and gave her a distaff full of flax on which there was enough for her whole life, providing she never spun it quite off. She spun from one year to another, and yet the distaff was always full, and she got so much yarn, that she was constantly adding one piece of fine linen to another. At last she thought she might as well know what was beneath the flax, and why she might not spin it all off. So she spun quicker and quicker, and had at length the end of it between her fingers. But alas! Under the flax there was nothing on the distaff, and the everlasting supply was irrevocably gone." The moral to which is—let well enough alone.

I must now conclude with a few words concerning the practice of wearing orange-blossoms for bridal wreaths, which was no doubt derived from the Saracens who regarded these flowers as emblematic of happiness in marriage. Orange flower water is sprinkled over the wedding pair in some countries, and in Sardinia, oranges are hung on the horns of the oxen attached to the wagons that convey them on the day of their nuptials.

AUNT BELL.

Rosa Bonheur is now at Nice, where she occupies a villa opposite that of M. Gambart, her old friend and host. There is a beautiful garden which is a marvel of tropical luxuriance. Palms grow according to the account of an enthusiastic eye witness, as in an African wilderness. It may be that the eye witness has never seen an African wilderness; but, at all events, the villa seems to be a very nice one. The famous painter is extremely rude to people who intrude upon her, but is most charming to those she knows and likes.

The following bounds like a paraphrase of Shakespeare's seven ages of man. It was written by a musician in a manuscript music book: 'At 15 years of age most ladies are arpeggio; at 20 a lady is an allegro vivace; at 30, occasionally, she is an accordeo forte; at 40 andante; at 50 the rondo finale often begins; while from 60 it is a tremolo alla sordina.'

People who have grudge against telephone companies in general will be pleased to know that the women of New South Wales refused to be grounded down by any soulless corporation. They determined to get the worth of the telephone rent, no matter how much time it took, so they conversed over the wires by the hour until the central office people were driven to distraction. Things got to such a point that the Postmaster General in Sydney was appealed to, and he issued an order forbidding loquacious women from monopolizing a telephone for more than ten minutes at a time.

The Countess of Warwick is said to be the only peeress whose name appears over a shop window. This particular shop, however is run for the benefit of poor needlewomen. Sixty girls are employed, and the profits are expended for their benefit. One old country-woman, whose name the Countess over the window, did not understand the situation, and exclaimed: 'Oh, pore lady, 'ow she must've come down in the world!'

Mrs. Eva E. Tufts is said to be a skilled engineer and electrician. At any rate, she succeeds in drawing a salary as Secretary, Treasurer, and general manager of the Long Beach and San Pedro Electric Company in California. She is a skilled mechanic in addition to being a shrewd business woman.

The so called 'kiss-curl' which some grown-up good little girls have been wearing in the middle of their foreheads is not such a novelty as the hairdressers make believe. The same fetching arrangement may be found on some of the oldest statues in the Vatican. Apropos of which, an English paper remarks that 'Solomon knew what he was talking about when he said: 'There is nothing new under the sunbonnet.'

Probably M. Vivier, the Parisian dog tailor, is not sorry that there is a fad for equipping pet dogs with overhauses. M. Vivier has a monopoly of the fashionable canine trade in Paris and says that it is harder to fit a blanket to a dog than a gown to a woman. If this be true, women will feel sorrier than ever for dogs.

A gypsy queen named Mimi Barga was buried in Austria not long ago. She was the wife of a wealthy horse dealer, it seems, and lay in state after her death, in a handsome metal coffin with massive silver ornaments. A profusion of jewels was buried with the body, and, in order that she might not be in need, a purse full of coins was placed in her hand. The hearse was drawn by six horses and followed by torch-bearers.

'Woman is nothing but a two legged, dyspeptic owl.' This genial opinion is said to have been uttered by a supposedly learned gentleman who rejoices in the name of Wiggin, and is said to be a professor in the Chicago College of Physicians. The

Boys, Girls and La Grippe.
PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND

Banishes All Poison Germs and Purifies the Entire System.

The Marvellous Medicine Gives Strength, Vim and Snap to All Weak and Punny Children.

Have your boys and girls suffered from Grippe? If so, you have a work which you cannot neglect if you value the future health and happiness of your dear ones. This is indeed the critical period of their lives—a time that calls for prompt and decisive action. Their future, which means health and physical happiness or suffering and early death, is in your hands, dear parents, and you alone are responsible to your God and your country.

We take it for granted that your untiring care has brought your children safely through the pains, agonies and dangers that Grippe spreads around. Do not be deceived, however, by a satisfaction that all is well. Grippe has implanted seeds of other virulent troubles that must be expelled from the blood, and to get the desired results you must have your children use Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous prescription of one of earth's most eminent medical men—Dr. Edward E. Paepls.



The use of Paine's Celery Compound for a few weeks will thoroughly cleanse the impure and stagnant blood. The relaxed and sluggish action of the excretory organs will be overcome; instead of cold and clammy limbs, the whole body will have the true warmth of health; headaches, constipation, irritability and languidness will be banished, and the rose tint of full life will flush the young cheeks, the eyes will sparkle, and the elastic, quick and firm steps of your loved ones will be the best evidence of God's greatest gift—sound health.

Boys and girls with such a start in health as they always receive from Paine's Celery Compound, grow up like young oaks in the forest, fair to behold; they revel in strength and true life; and make men and women that are needed by our country. Do your part, dear parents, and rest assured Paine's Celery Compound will not fail in its grand work.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Hand-painted satin and muslin gowns are coming into vogue.

Double veiling is now considered very smart. It is made of the finest plain or dotted black net, and has a lining of white illusion tulle. The effect is to heighten the beauty of the wearer's complexion.

Exquisite tea gowns are being made of white dotted Swiss over wash silk in pale tints.

In Paris toques of maiden-hair fern with large stiff cabbage roses are popular. The more unnatural the shade of the flowers the sweller are they considered. White and black tulle hats, and indeed white and black hats of all sorts and shapes, are likewise very much worn, as are entire toques and hats of Parma violets trimmed on one side with a white bird.

A new idea is to disguise the existence of any collar band at all and to carry the yoke itself in whatever fashion it may be made up to the chin. Indications point to the reign of the plain or simple rolled collar in the immediate future, and it is said that chignon and lace ears and tabs and bows are to be abolished from the nape of the neck.

The masses of beads and spangles which have been so popular on evening dresses during the winter are being dispensed with. Black Chantilly over white mousseline de soie is the latest fancy for the evening gown and the seams, which are indispensable in the new tunic, are hidden beneath lace, the idea being to give the effect of a seamless gown.

Some smartly cut boleros on cloth gowns open over a lace bodice arranged in the loose accordion-plaited lines that give fullness to a slender figure; others are lined with lace.

If the signs of the times are to be trusted, perforated cloth is to be much worn. This does not mean that perforated strips are sewn on, but the skirt or bodice is cut out and the perforated design then carried out. A color is put under the perforations.

Clasps, so that ribbon belts may be easily interchangeable, have almost superseded belt buckles. The newest are of silver, gilded with a dull, reddish finish, and with these pressed velvet is used.

college authorities reprimanded Wiggin for his ungallant remark, but perhaps he was not really to blame. He seems to resemble the women of his family as he understands them.

The fifty-ninth anniversary of Queen Victoria's wedding was observed on Feb. 10. Usually on these anniversaries the Queen gives a dinner and her wedding gown is shown to the young members of the royal family and the ladies and gentlemen of the household. This year the court was in mourning for Prince Alfred of Coburg.

CURE THOSE UGLY PIMPLES.
 By Using Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Any Form of Eczema Helped at Once, and Cured Eventually by its Use.

Not a skin blemish caused by eczema, tetter, ringworm, salt rheum, scald head and other skin diseases that will not vanish as by magic on the application will give quick comfort and relief, and in a few days the skin heals up and is as soft as a baby's. It will cure piles in from three to five nights—no matter what nature or how long standing. 85 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown, and all druggists.

A Practical Sentence.
 A decidedly original sentence was given by a Western judge in the United States. A man who did not know how to read and write was sentenced, for a minor offense, to be imprisoned until he learned. The next prisoner could do both, and he was sentenced to stay in goal until he had taught his predecessor in the dock. After three weeks they were discharged, both having fulfilled their task to the satisfaction of the judge.

The Apple as Medicine.
 The apple is such a common fruit that few persons are familiar with its remarkably efficacious medicinal properties. Everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple is excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than any other fruit known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It also regulates the surplus acids of the stomach, helps the kidney secretion, and prevents calculus growth, while it obviates

Cred Shopping Notifications.
 A New Orleans business man in an interview told a reporter that its no uncommon thing for retail merchants to receive private instruction from the heads of families not to credit some female member of the household, and such cases are as frequent as the proverbial black and white. As a rule the lady in point is a good customer, and if we will her, no matter how diplomatically, of our orders, we are almost certain to lose our future trade. Chagrined, if nothing else, will keep her out of the house, and she will to some store that was not the scene of mortifying an episode. If, on the other hand, we say nothing, we run the risk of losing the bill. That, however, is generally the course I pursue. I must to luck and to her ability to wheedle the indignant gentleman into footing the account. As a rule he is simply exasperated over some extravagance of the hour, and when he cools off there is no further trouble. All the same, I wish to heaven that men would run their domestic affairs themselves without calling on the merchants to give them assistance. I never receive a credit-stopping notification but I save a sigh and make a few remarks that wouldn't sound well at a prayer meeting.

Pillows Made of Fine Needles.
 are becoming popular, owing to their medicinal effect upon catarrhal maladies. Catarrhes are like a breath from the woods, and yet is a powerful microbe destroyer and germ killer. It is a certain cure for catarrh, though until recently catarrh was considered incurable. It extracts wherever it can go, and cleanses as by fire. You simply breathe it—it does the rest. Send immediately for a free sample to
N. C. Folsom & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Mistreat (angrily): 'See, Bridget, I can see my name in the dust on the matelotage.'
 Bridget (admirably): 'There's nothing in a matelotage, after all is there man P.'

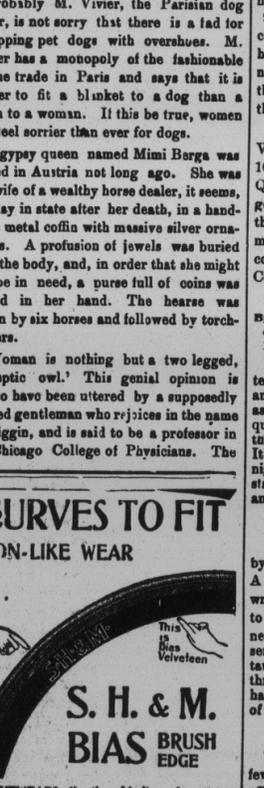
The Best Corset
CORSET COMFORT.



There are corsets and corsets. Every lady knows that the mere appearance of a corset is no indication of its comfort. We claim for
"D. & A." CORSET
 that it is well made on a thoroughly natural principle. While supporting the chest it allows full play of the muscles, adapting itself to the form, yet adding to its grace and beauty. In addition to which, it is the handsomest looking corset on the market.

PRICE: \$1.00 TO \$3.50 PAIR.

CURVES TO FIT
IRON-LIKE WEAR



S. H. & M. BIAS BRUSH EDGE

OUTWEARS all other bindings four times over—the brush edge is practically everlasting and indestructible. So dressy, so elegant, so soft, so rich, so handsome, and fits the rounded skirt at though a part of it. Do not buy a ready-made skirt unless it is bound with it, for the skirts that wear are bound with the binding that wears.

S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard. If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

The S. H. & M. Co., 26 Front St. West, TORONTO, Ont.

digestion, and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Next to lemon and orange, it is also the best antidote for the thirst and craving of persons addicted to the alcohol and opium habit.

A Happy Medium.
 The world in general puts on a new mantle as the spring draws near. We women also have a desire to look gay. But not a few of us have to make both ends meet. And our methods and means to do this, as the harsher sex say, are varied and peculiar. It is our business to call into play various little arts and crafts; and among them is the method of dyeing. And in this regard it is fortunate to discover a happy medium by which you can do your dyeing at home. Maypole Soap promises to help you towards accomplishing this, and the *modus operandi* is extremely simple. You put a cake of the soap into a cup, and thoroughly dissolve with boiling water, then put the fabric in, and keep it moving under water for eight or ten minutes. The soap is made to dye almost any shade, such as pink, cream, mauve, heliotrope, light-blue etc. By the use of it you can readily put such items, be they silk, satin or lace, as blouses, dresses, underlinen, ribbons, children's frocks, pin-stores, lamp shades, silk scarves, handkerchiefs, gentlemen's shirts, lace curtains, silk gloves, stockings, antimacassars, toilet mats, slawls, etc., through a redivivus, and make them look almost new, and yet the color when once in will not wash out of the fabric dyed, and it will also defy the sunlight. Certainly to order "Maypole" Soap will be a wise addition to your marketing list.—*The Westminster Budget.*

What European Vineyards are Worth.
 The annual production of the European vineyards is 2 652,300,000 gallons. These figures give the reason why the wine-growing countries can never become teetotal. It is noteworthy that Italy, so far ahead of other countries in vineyard area, has nothing like the same pre-eminence as a producer of wine. Italy's annual production (in round numbers) is 697,000,000 gallons, while France and Spain yield each something like 610,000,000 gallons. Spain is the chief exporter, netting about £12,000,000 for the 300,000,000 gallons which she sells abroad. France gets about the same sum for her share, while Italy gets only £2,300,000 for the 45,000,000 gallons annually exported.

NATURE'S ICE MINE.
A Remarkable Well in Montana That Excites Curiosity Among the Ranchers.

Seven miles to the north and a little to the east of Cheyenne agency in Carter county, Montana, is a well filled with ice that excites much curiosity among the ranchers and cattlemen of that section. Every cowboy who visits the well has much to tell and invariably advances his own explanation.

Many ingenious theories are given which tend to upstate that manhood of all degrees of scientific knowledge put forth an effort to find the origin of things; however they all agree that the ice forms in the well during the summer and that it actually thaws during the winter. This apparent contradiction of the natural laws that govern the outside world has carried the fame of this well for miles around and people have traveled great distances to witness the formation of icicles during the hot weather of July.

This well is within a few hundred feet of Little Wolf Mountains, on the north slope at the very beginning of Greenleaf Creek, the Yellowstone River. This portion which empties into Rosetud eight miles from where the Rosetud joins the Yellowstone River. This position of the mountain is covered with a growth of tall pines.

Fourteen years ago three men prospecting for silver, mistaking certain colors in the rocks, began sinking a shaft. At fifteen it was disagreeably cold at twenty feet the cold had increased so rapidly that they were thoroughly frightened. They could feel currents of cold air rushing up from the crevices in the rock. They imagined they were digging into some mysterious underground cavern. They had heard just enough of wonderful adventures of digging into caves and underground lakes, and being alone in this wilderness, when the very stillness permitted the ears to hear and the mind to imagine all manner of gruesome powers hid beneath the rock, so thoroughly filled them with fear of impending danger that they abandoned the work which has since gained such renown.

The summits of Little Wolf Mountains are covered with scoria, which has all the appearance and texture of a good grade of tilling. It is usually red, but varies in color through all the shades down to black. These varying colors give the beautiful tints to the thousands of buttes throughout the badlands. In comparatively recent geological times vast beds of igneous coal were formed over the eastern half of Montana, extending into Western Dakota.

The burning of these beds of coal was the beginning of the bad land formation. The fine deposits of clay above the coal was burned as brick are burned in a kiln and formed the scoria. Where the heat was greater and rock and sand were present, it melted and mixed with the coal and ash, forming large cinder-like rocks, which are sometimes taken for lava. As the coal burned out from beneath the clay, now baked into scoria and melted into cinders, it broke into small divisions and fell promiscuously down into the pits thus formed. Volcanic ash is found scattered over the Little Wolf Mountains and the eastern portion of Montana. It must have drifted with the wind from powerful eruptions in the Rocky Mountains, as there are no indications of any volcanic action in the vicinity of the ice well.

The Little Wolf Mountains are merely a rough range of buttes apparently of the same origin as all the bad land buttes. Their summits, towering above all the other buttes, have given them the name of mountains but they are only of slightly over 4,000 feet altitude.

If ice were to be put into the well during the winter it would keep throughout the summer nearly as well as it stored away in ordinary ice-houses. By chance nature has formed almost the identical conditions that man has made use of to preserve ice throughout the hot weather. The shaft is the cavity in which to store the ice; the volcanic ash, filling into the open space between the loosely piled rock, serves the purpose of sawdust in keeping out the warm draughts of air; the altitude and the north slope are favorable to the preservation of the ice; tall, dense forests prevent the heating of the surface rock by the direct rays of the sun; the rocks are too porous for the water to soak up so to speak, from beneath, the facts are that in many places near the tops of the buttes, on the sides where the rocks have fallen loosely together, they are perfectly dry for many feet below the surface, being moistened by the winter snow and rain as it may fall and run down from above.

During the winter the well is nearly filled with snow; enough water from the early spring rains finds its way through between the rocks to mix with the snow and freeze into one solid mass of ice. The ice in the well is formed by the cold of the winter season, but does not begin to form sometimes till the winter is half gone.

In turn it is melted by the heat of the summer, but it does not begin to melt until the summer is half over, in the early part of the summer it is still freezing in the well, and during the first part of the

winter it is still melting. The well acts as a refrigerator. It receives the heat slowly and then gives it off just as slowly. If the earth received and gave off heat rapidly, the hottest weather would be in June and the coldest in December—in fact, the seasons follow nearly a month behind the sun.

'Tis But the After-Effects of Grippe and the Common Diseases That Make People Look So Weak and Deathlike.

Paine's Celery Compound
The Great Disease Banisher and True Health Builder.

The writer a few days ago enjoyed a half hour walk with a well-known physician on one of Montreal's crowded business streets.

Meeting with a great many pale and sallow-faced men and women—young and middle-aged—the writer asked his physician friend the question: "Doctor, we are passing scores of sick looking people; does this fact prove that we are deteriorating as a people in health and general physical development?"

The physician's answer was very much as follows: "A large number of sickly looking and half-well people have passed us to-day, which, I am sure has prompted your question. You must remember that grippe has been epidemic during the winter, and has left thousands in a bad condition of health; then there are other common causes of sickness that have been operating, such as insomnia, headaches, digestive disturbances, blood troubles, rheumatism, and kidney and liver ailments. All these have contributed to sickness and death this year, and those we have passed are but a few of the victims. The same conditions exist in all countries, and I would not care to state positively that as a people we are deteriorating in true manhood and womanhood. Early attention to, and sensible care and treatment of, present weaknesses will bring all back to good health."

The class of sick people to whom the city physician referred stand in urgent need of Paine's Celery Compound, it they would quickly regain nerve force and power, weight in flesh, fresh blood and sound bodily health. There is nothing known to physicians of the most extensive practice equal to Paine's Celery Compound for building up the weakened body. When the great compound is used, all weaknesses soon become things of the past, and solid health, refreshing sleep, natural appetite and vivacity of disposition make life a pleasure.

Fruit is the Economy of Health.
Everyone knows that all fruits contain a saccharine or sugar principle, united to a piquant acid, giving us delightful and refreshing flavors. The citric acid of the lemon and the malic acid of the apple are cases in point, and all medical authorities are agreed as to the value of fruits in the economy of health. The warm, ripening kisses of the sun, chastened by the laving of the fruit with dew and rain, gradually evolve the delicate and delicious flavors which are so gratifying to the palate, so purifying and cleansing to the blood, and

so beneficial to the general health. And the orange and the pineapple, at least, perhaps the lemon, contain further digestive principle which is of great value in aiding in the attainment of proper digestion of food.

Getting Even.
It is not always easy to punish a boor without losing one's temper, but a London paper tells how a boat-load of sailors, on shore-leave from a man-of-war, did it good-naturedly and without violence. As they journeyed up the roadway into the Cornish village, a gentleman's wagonette passed. One of the tars thoughtlessly jumped on the step behind.

"Git out there!" shouted the coachman, and being a churlish sort of fellow, he lashed the sailor viciously across the face with his whip. That was enough.

In an instant the other eleven blues had closed round and stopped the trap, the boatswain's mate in command. "Tention!" cried he, and "tention there was." "Dismount the gun!" he shouted, and it seemed as if every blue jacket carried a whole carpenter's outfit. In three minutes they had taken the wagonette into one hundred and seventy-two pieces, and that without so much as scratching one bit of paint or losing a solitary screw. They laid them all out neatly on the stony road, and the boatswain's mate, after inspecting the job, cried, "Good! Dismiss!"

RHEUMATISM'S ORIGINS.
The Release, Unrepeating Pain Gnat is Shown of His Strength by the Aid of South American Rheumatic Cure—It Never Fails.

Mr. Duncan McIntyre, of Mount Forest, says: "I was sorely afflicted with Rheumatism for over a year. I was almost totally disabled and at times suffered agonies of pain. I tried many remedies and doctors without avail until I began using South American Rheumatic Cure. I derived great benefit from one bottle and was so pleased with the result I continued using it, and my advice to-day to all sufferers from rheumatism is to use this great remedy. I feel satisfied it is the greatest of rheumatic cures." Said by E. G. Brown and all druggists.

Unreasonable Goos.
The man in the street-car affirmed that it was a true story, but the Cleveland Leader does not vouch for it, although giving it in the narrator's own words:

I was up at the market-house, night before last, buying stuff for over Sunday, and I saw an Irishman up there with a goose under his arm. Pretty soon the goose looked up at the Irishman, kind of pitiful, and says:

"Quawk, quawk, quawk," in that coaxing way a goose has sometimes.

The Irishman didn't say anything at first, but after a bit the goose looks up and says, "Quawk, quawk, quawk," again. Then the Irishman cooked his head over on one side, looked the goose in the eye, and says:

"That's the matter wid yez, ony way? Phay do yez want to walk whin O'm willin' to carry yez?"

A new carman was engaged at a coal-yard, and he went off to deliver his first load. He failed to return, and a search was thereupon instituted. The missing man was found at the house where he had put the coal in the cellar, and had taken up his quarters in the kitchen.

The cook said she could not get him to leave, and the carman was asked what he meant by such conduct.

"Why," he replied, "I thought I was sold with the coal—I was weighed with it."

FLASHES OF FUN.

Medical Professor: "In a patient what is the first thing to find out?"
Student: "Find out if he can pay."

Little Victor: "Mamma, my hands are dirty; shall I wash them, or put on my gloves?"

"How do you feel this morning, grand-mamma?"
"I don't know, child. The doctor has not come yet."

Customer: "Waiter, how do you account for this egg being so old?"
Waiter: "Well, sir, I expect an old hen laid it."

Judge: "You say that the defendant turned and whistled to the dog. What followed?"
Intelligent Witness: "The dog."

"What do you think of this scheme of telegraphing without wires?"
"It's nothing new. My wife has kicked my shins under the table for twenty years."

Jags: "Why is it everyone laughs at an idiot?"
Snags: "They don't; someone was trying to humor you."

There is a good deal of difference sitting up until twelve o'clock with a pretty girl and walking the floor until midnight with a crying baby.

Mrs. Chatter: "Deaf, are you? Well, they say every affliction has some compensation along with it."
Mrs. Batter: "That's so. My husband snores."

Comforting—Dorothy: "Well, dear, what success?"
Mabel: "I went on a fool's errand."
Dorothy: "I thought as much when you started."

He: "I'm working on a flying machine, dear."
She: "It's too bad you haven't got it with you. I hear papa coming down stairs."
Mr. Suburb: "My neighbour has a big dog that we're all afraid of. What do you advise?"
Lawyer: "Get a bigger one. Six-and-eight, please. Thank you!"

She: "I know there's something I've forgotten to buy."
He: "That's just what I thought."
She: "Why did you think so?"
He: "Because you have some money left."

Diner: "Waiter, I find I have just money enough to pay for the dinner, but it leaves nothing in the way of a tip for yourself."
Waiter: "Let me add up the bill again, sir."

Passer-By: "I thought you were blind?"
Beggar: "Ah, sir, the times are so hard and the competition so great, that even the blind are obliged to open their eyes if they want to do business!"

Young Architect (enthusiastically): "Why, when you get into the new house, you won't know yourselves."
Miss Nurich: "Excuse me, it will be other people we won't know."

"You say you don't intend to marry Miss Whopper?"
"No; two men have come between us."
"Two?"
"Yes; a minister and the man she married."

Artist: "Miss Brownie-Vere d Vere, who is to marry a prince, won't let us have a photograph for publication."
Editor: "She won't, eh? Tell the foreman to use one of those cuts labelled 'Before Taking.'"

Professor (soliloquizing): "Hang it all! Here's one of my pupils to whom I have given two courses of instruction in the cultivation of the memory forgotten to pay the bill, and the worst of it is I can't remember the name!"

Briggs: "I have never told you about the smart things my little boy does and says, has he?"
Briggs: "You never have."
Briggs: "Then don't you think you can find it convenient to lend me £5?"

Young Poet: "Why do you refuse me for a son-in-law? Is it because I lack merit?"
Paternalist (old journalistic hand): "Oh, no; it is simply an account of space. We are really crowded for room here now."

"It's too bad," said Gosling, "that it should have rained the first time you were your new dress and spoiled it."
"I don't mind spoiling the dress so much," said Mrs. Gobang, "but the rain kept all the other women at home, and not one of them saw what I was wearing."

Mr. Green: "Now I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"
Little Ethel: "Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why that's what the party was for!"

At a ball given in a small country town in Ireland, for which the tickets were not transferable, the inscription on the tickets ran as follows: "Admit the gentleman to ball in Assembly room; tickets 2s. 6d. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

"Madame, you've already overdrawn your account."
"What's that?"
"You haven't any more money in the bank."
"The idea! A fine bank, I think, to be out of money because of the little I've drawn. Well, I'll go somewhere else."

A well-known Dundee angler, who had been fishing the whole day and got nothing but nibbles, was accosted by one of the keepers, who said—

"Are you aware this water is private, and that you are not allowed to take fish from it?"

"Pardon me," replied the angler. "I'm not taking your fish—I'm feeding them!"

"Tell me honestly," said the novel reader to the novel writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toes for several moments, as you describe?"

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once."
"Who was she?"
"She was a clog-dancer."

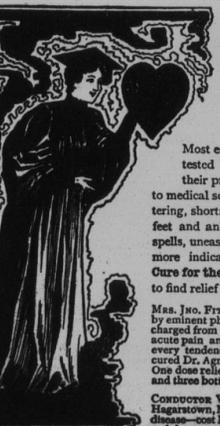
THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.
A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. My daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, "Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength." I am yours very truly,
(Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD,
Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel,
Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

"She Carries Her Heart on Her Sleeve"

What a boon to many a man or woman if this were literally so—How many spirits are broken because this particular organ is shackled by disease—and yet how many times has Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart brushed against the grim reaper and robbed him of his victim.



Diseases of the heart are by far the most treacherous of ailments which afflict humanity—ruthless to old and young alike—not insidious but violent, for when the heart fails the whole system suffers violence. Discussing causes here will not console the suffering one. The one great yearn of the heart-sickened patient is how to get relief and a cure. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stands prominently to-day as the star of hope to sufferers from heart trouble, and so far past the experimental period that thousands-to-day proclaim in no uncertain sound, the belief that were it not for this great remedy they would have long ago passed into the great beyond.

Most eminent doctors, whose heart cases have baffled, have tested Dr. Agnew's claims, and to-day they prescribe it in their practice as the quickest and safest heart remedy known to medical science. What are the symptoms? Palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, swelling of feet and ankles, pain in the left side, chilly sensations, fainting spells, uneasiness in sleeping, dropsical tendency and as many more indications that the heart is deranged. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific; and no case too acute to find relief from it inside of thirty minutes—a powerful cure.

Mrs. Jno. FREEMAN, of Gananoque, Ont., after having been treated by eminent physicians for heart disease of five years' standing, was discharged from the hospital as a hopeless incurable. She suffered from acute pain and palpitation, her feet and ankles swollen, and there was every tendency to the dropsical form of heart disease, but the lady procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart as she declared, as a last hope. One dose relieved her of a very acute spasm in less than thirty minutes, and three bottles cured her—not a symptom of the trouble remaining.

CONDUCTOR WILLIAM G. LUCAS, of the N. & W.R.R., and living at Hagarstown, Md., suffered for years with acute valvular form of heart disease—cost him many a "lay off" from his daily duties on the road, and he spent a small fortune in remedies and treating with heart specialists in promise of a cure, and all ended in disappointment, until a good friend, who had been benefited by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. He tried it, and found it gave him relief and comfort almost immediately. He continued its use until a few bottles were taken, and to-day he is well and strong, and says, "Tell all heart sufferers that I can highly recommend this great remedy."

DR. AGNEW'S CATHARTIC CURE cures eczema, salt rheum, tetter, scald head and all itching skin diseases—cures piles in three to five nights. 35 cents.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER relieves cold in the head or fever in ten minutes—will cure most stubborn and long standing catarrh cases quickly and permanently.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, torpid liver—clear the skin. 40 doses. 50 cents.

If it's a Localized Pain or Ache You Can Promptly Kill It With a

BENSON'S

3 SEAL STAMP (ON THE GENUINE)

't is the best POROUS PLASTER

Gives quickest, most permanent relief in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, etc. No external remedy so effective. Price 5c. All Druggists. Of Agents, Leeming, Miles & Co. Montreal, if unobtainable.

Refreshing Sleep COMES WHEN Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills ARE USED.

Miss Margaret Brown, 627 Colborne St., London, Ont., says:—"My mother has been afflicted with nervousness and general debility for a long time. She suffered a great deal with insomnia, and found it almost impossible to sleep."

"I went to W. T. Strong's drug store and got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which she took, and derived so much benefit from them that I bought another box for her. They have done her a wonderful lot of good, making her nervous system much stronger, giving her restful sleep, and removing many other symptoms which previously distressed her."

"I can truly say that these pills are a great remedy for any one suffering from weak nerves, general debility, sleeplessness or heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 60c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. 10c. and 1s. 5c. Tins, or

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Tins.

They have the Largest sale of any Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

He was nervous.
She would not let me see her.
He took in most of all.
Had it not been for her, he would have been a great success.
Heavenly woe might have been his.
He was a man of things to do.
He gave me a good lesson.
Then the came across.
He advanced with a—
"Well, Lou, she looks without after a man. Then her face, but in—
"For what day, Captain?"
"My dear queen sort of you, to tell me intend to have gone isn't an atom?"
"You must see. She gave me a lesson. Your daughter shall never see that I am else. A great deal of it."
He lifted strike her, but she gave me a lesson. "I'll be that!"
"Lucky course laid her hand turned out. I'm going to marry stand how we main her and "Ridley" in ley! That is the she rang the Her lips w—"I will since you do opportunity abominable deavored to I spared you found myself to have never to hear also because contemptible punish in the world choose strength on if. James' doorway, "ash once."
"Derision was fication and t
"If Ridley him rather w And, as for his big teeth flushing a dul he too sure the me. I'll make
"He went to shook his fist When Ridley the drawing-r mome, he found
"I don't wa hurriedly; m
"It was not ago," he said.
"Nothing— cally. "Maya want one?"
"Certainly, her into his a
"She kept qu her head remain she said—
"Capt'n Do "I know he "He was ver
"That was c circumst accid
"He was rat
"The brute— for that."
"He isn't wo
"But I want again, or to let you promise?"
"He shall ne I'll thank him he does." h
"She looked There was a those strong a her."
"My head is a happy laugh. And, before half-way to the and light-heart his visit, while the duty road, crossed his pat

A well-known Dundas angler, who had been fishing the whole day and got nothing but nibbles, was accosted by one of the keepers, who said:—

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY. A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so.

Advertisement for Benson's Porous Plaster. It features an image of the product and text describing its benefits for various ailments like rheumatism and neuralgia.

Advertisement for Refreshing Sleep Comes When Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are Used. It describes the benefits of the pills for nervousness and general debility.

Advertisement for Preserve Your Teeth. It promotes Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder and Carbolic Tooth Paste as the best remedies for dental hygiene.

Advertisement for Calvert's Carbolic Tooth Powder and Carbolic Tooth Paste. It highlights the largest sale of dentifrices and provides contact information for Calvert & Co., Manchester.

He was not going to put up with any nonsense. She would have to understand that he was not to be got rid of in that way, or any other way.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vivian West was not spending his days in idleness. He could not afford to do that just yet; but he was painting in a different style to anything he had done before.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It features an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text stating it is a positive cure for sick headaches.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It describes the pills as a relief for various ailments like indigestion, dizziness, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It emphasizes the pills' effectiveness for sick headaches and provides details on how to use them.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It includes a testimonial and a list of ailments the pills can treat, such as constipation and nervousness.

represent their own great happiness—and she would sit beside him for hours, watching the magic touch of those slender fingers.

CHAPTER XXI.

He looked to talk to him, and, while naturally reserved about himself to other people, he spoke openly of all his hopes, and plans, and thoughts to Sir Martin Metherell.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It features an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text stating it is a positive cure for sick headaches.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It describes the pills as a relief for various ailments like indigestion, dizziness, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It emphasizes the pills' effectiveness for sick headaches and provides details on how to use them.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It includes a testimonial and a list of ailments the pills can treat, such as constipation and nervousness.

'And the sand,' Lady Gildare continued, well pleased with herself, 'is it quite yellow enough, do you think? One always reads of the golden sands. Of course, I don't pretend to know anything about art; but a fresh eye, you know, often detects faults—'

CHAPTER XXI.

She went down to the water's edge, and flung a pebble as far out to sea as she could. After a little while Lady Gildare grew tired of criticizing.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It features an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text stating it is a positive cure for sick headaches.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It describes the pills as a relief for various ailments like indigestion, dizziness, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It emphasizes the pills' effectiveness for sick headaches and provides details on how to use them.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It includes a testimonial and a list of ailments the pills can treat, such as constipation and nervousness.

lightest of women—yet he must have been devoted to her, for he has never got over her death.'

CHAPTER XXI.

'The beach! What made you go there?' 'The beach! The lion of the hour, of course—'

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It features an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text stating it is a positive cure for sick headaches.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It describes the pills as a relief for various ailments like indigestion, dizziness, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It emphasizes the pills' effectiveness for sick headaches and provides details on how to use them.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It includes a testimonial and a list of ailments the pills can treat, such as constipation and nervousness.

times together? Sir Henry replied. 'You really would not understand if I attempted to explain. Only, don't forget to show our friend a little polite attention.'

CHAPTER XXI.

As she entered forward, she wondered what sort of a woman his wife had been and why they had separated.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It features an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text stating it is a positive cure for sick headaches.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It describes the pills as a relief for various ailments like indigestion, dizziness, and general weakness.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It emphasizes the pills' effectiveness for sick headaches and provides details on how to use them.

Advertisement for Carter's Little Liver Pills. It includes a testimonial and a list of ailments the pills can treat, such as constipation and nervousness.

A SHORT STORY

In London Life Containing Condensed Wisdom for Thousands. A baker living at 257 Dundas Street, London, Ont., Geo. Roberts by name, recommends DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

For Blood Will Tell.

It was rapidly growing dusk on the wide prairie, and the stars were just beginning to show like glittering diamond points. Just the suggestion of the autumn was in the cool night air. The stillness as Jim and Miss Waring drove along over the silent plain was broken now and then by a sharp, startling rattle, a sound once heard never to be forgotten, the danger signal of the deadly rattlesnake coiled up in the long, brown grass.

"Hit appears to me," Jim was saying, "that that air wind don't bode any good to the outlaws round these parts."

"Why so, Jim?"

"Guess you hasn't ever been on one of our Dakoty prairies afore, Miss Waring, or you wouldn't have asked such a question. There's two things out hyar that's more feared than the Old Nick himself—one on 'em's a porcupine fire and another's a prairie with the wind a blowin' a forty-mile-an-hour gale.

"They rode on again in silence. Agnes Waring had come from the far great city to visit her brother on his Western ranch. Jim, the man of all-work, was driving her out from the station, fifteen miles from the ranch.

"By the long-horned spoons!" said Jim suddenly, rising in his seat and stopping the horses with a tremendous jerk, "look over there, will you? That's business for us, sure! you're a foot high! Git up there!" he yelled to the horses, and giving one of them a stinging blow with his whip, they sprang into a run. Across the level plain shone a light, the light at the ranch headquarters nearly a mile away. To the left of it a dull, reddish glow had come up and, now and then, at the horizon line, where the darker part of the sky was lost in the prairie, sharp flames were darting up.

"Don't be skeered," Jim ejaculated, as he whipped the horses into a yet more furious pace; "there ain't no danger—leastwise for us."

Alice was a self-possessed city girl with a generous stock of old-fashioned common sense; but she was startled at Jim's actions and her face had grown pale.

"Everything's all right," said Jim, as reassuring as he could under the circumstances; "don't you be skeered." He had seized the reins between his firm, strong teeth, and now with one hand, now with the other, now with both, he was whipping the horses into still greater speed. "Hate—ter—lick a team—like this"—as the gale wound and tumbled and rattled along; "hate ter do hit—but hit—can't be helped—when there's life—depends—on it."

A few moments more and the horses dashed up to the big ranch headquarters house. Jim threw the lines to the ground and seeing Alice by the waist, jumped out with her.

"Sorry to be so imperilite, but there ain't any time to wait—kin you ride horseback?" Barely waiting for an affirmative answer from the girl, who was positionately fond of riding, and who modestly owned the gold medal for superior horsemanship in her city riding club, Jim ran to the barn, flung a man's saddle on a beautiful horse, and before Alice had time to recover from her surprise at this novel introduction to her brother's establishment, the horse was before her.

"You say you kin ride; w'al here's the best chance to show kin you ever had in your life. That's the best loss in McLeod County—racin' blood for five generations; 't're ain't nothin' but a porcupine fire kin ketch him. Jump him, Miss Waring, ride straight toward the fire yonder; 't're ain't no danger now till you git ter Mule Crick. Jest over the crick a quarter of a mile or so that's a Russian woman an' her six weeks' old baby. She's all alone, for I saw her husband in town when we left. They kin't be kivered an inch, and you've got to git the woman and her baby over the crick. See? I'd go myself, but the wind is shifted and this bull ranch'll be in danger afore long. You'll pass your brother and a parcel o' men backfrin' along the line; but don't stop for any explanations, but ride fer the crick an' ride as if Old Harry was on yer track! You been't afeerd, be you?"

The blood had come back to the pale cheeks.

"You say there's little danger of my losing my life, Jim?"

"Not a bit—of you only git that woman across the crick in time; but don't wait—jump quick, fer the Lord's sake, or you'll be too late."

With a rude toss he threw her into the saddle as it she had been a child, and handed her the reins. As he did so he thrust a short, cruel rawhide into her hand.

"Don't hit him with that unless you have to—he's never been kivered in his life; but he can outrun a cyclone. Ef you have ter hit him give it to him red-hot!"

It is long, sometimes, before a horse and its rider become acquainted with one another; but it seemed but a few seconds to Alice before she and the noble animal were old friends. Jim was right, Prince Hal could run; and after the first tremendous jumps and Alice had steadied herself in the saddle the thrilling excitement stirred her blood like an intoxicant, and she realized that Jim had told the truth; it promised to be the race of her life.

"Je-ho-shaphat!" exclaimed a man who was plowing a fire furrow along the edge of the ranch where the men were at work.

"Mr. Waring, look, will you! Look at Prince Hal!"

Mr. Waring had not more than time to look up before he saw his choicest mount pass by him like the wind, a girl with hair flying behind her on his back the horse going at a pace that not his fastest Kentucky ancestor ever matched.

On the horse went as if he, too, knew of the life saving mission of the hour. The fear came from his teeth, and his flanks were white. Alice leaned forward in the saddle, as she urged him on, and stroked his neck.

A moment more and they were at the creek a shallow stream. Beyond, Alice could see a low house illuminated against a great red bank of flame. The fire was coming. Already she could feel the intense heat. A leap and a bound; they were over the stream and on again with still swifter flight. It was a matter of seconds now until the low house was reached. In front of it was the Russian peasant woman, frantically trying to save some of her household goods by dragging them with one hand further from the course of the fire, while in the one arm she clutched the baby, around which she had thrown a wet shawl to protect it from the heat.

"Why didn't you run?" cried Alice, as she jumped from the horse; "don't you see, the fire is almost on you? You can't save your things; run for the creek! Run, I say, or you'll be burned to death!"

Alice caught the child from the woman's arms and sprang up into the saddle as best she could. The woman stood as if stupefied, the red glow from the coming flames lighting up her stolid face. The fire was coming on faster now; they could hear the roar and crackle as it swept through the long, man-high grass of the swale beyond the fence.

"Quick! quick! I say! no, you can't run fast enough now to get to the creek; jump behind me, quick! quick! or we shall all be burned. I can't leave you here to die!"

The woman's stolid nature was aroused at last by the animal fear of danger and while the heat grew more intense every minute, she clambered up behind Alice.

Prince Hal's face was toward the fire. He had not moved since he reached the spot; he seemed like some beautiful statue, his body motionless, his ears sharp erect, his nostrils distended; the awful fascination of the fire was upon him.

Alice pulled at the bit to turn him. He paid no attention. She spoke sharply, but he only moved uneasily, he would not stir from the spot. Swifter than an electric shock came the thought to her mind that horses in burning buildings would stay and die in the flames before they would be led out. It would be impossible to reach the creek on foot; in half a minute more the flames would be on them. Snatching the wet shawl from the baby with one hand, and swinging the child backward to its mother with the other she threw the shawl over the horse's head. With the sight of the fire shut out he quivered, turned as the bit gave him a sharp twist, and, just as the flames were leaping over the sheds hard by the house, he sprang away.

It was a race for life now—for three lives; for the wind had increased to a gale, and there is nothing more terrible in this world than such a relentless ocean of flame as was rolling over the grassy plain.

Alice thought of Jim's parting advice: "He's never been kivered in his life but if you have ter, give it to him red-hot!"

With a sharp cry, urging the horse on under his heavy burden, she struck him with all her strength on the quivering flank, not once but many times, he jumped as if stung by a rattlesnake and suiting the bit in his teeth, sprang away as if shot from a cannon's mighty catapult.

Alice had lost all control of him now. She could neither guide nor check nor urge him. The blood of a noble ancestor, the blood of a racer was on fire in his veins. Down the short hill, over the brook, up the further side, on over the plain like some wild spirit of the night he ran. A cheer that you could have heard a mile, and that, maybe, was heard clear up to the stars of heaven, rang out as Prince Hal, white with foam, flew by the crowd of men.

"W'al, ef you ain't the pluckiest gal!" said Jim, as he helped Alice from the saddle; "an' you ain't agoin' ter faint, nuther; I kin tell it by your eye. Didn't I tell you he could outrun a cyclone? But there had ter be somebody a-top o' him who knew how ter ride!"—Independent.

Two Hundred Guineas for a Waistcoat.

There was a large attendance at a sale of relics at Stevens' Auction Rooms, Covent Garden, the great attraction being the pale blue silk waistcoat worn by Charles I. at his execution. This garment is a beautiful specimen of the weaver's work of the period, and although somewhat stained in some places, possibly by the Royal blood, is in perfect preservation. The catalogue states that this waistcoat was worn by King Charles I on the day he was beheaded, and from the scaffold came into the hands of Dr. Hobbs, his physician. The auctioneer said it was the property of Captain d'Aeth, and there was no doubt as to its genuineness. The vest was sold at what Mr. Stevens described as the disappointing figure of 200g., to a Mr. Brooksbush.

The Growth of Man.

Observations regarding the growth of man have determined the following interesting facts: The most rapid growth takes place immediately after birth, the growth of an infant during the first year of its existence being about 8in. The ratio of increase gradually lessens until the age of three is reached, at which time the size attained is half that which the child is to become when full grown. After five years the succeeding increase is very regular till the sixteenth year, being at the rate, for the average man, of 3in a year. Beyond sixteen the growth is feeble, being for the following two years about three sixths of

an inch a year; while from eighteen to twenty the increase in height is added over 1 in. At the age of twenty five the growth ceases, except in a few rare cases.

HE DID NOT THINK

That Kidney Disease Could be Cured.

By Any but Doctor's Medicine—Dodd's Kidney Pills Changed his Opinion and Cured His Disease, Says Mr. James Fraser, of Picton, N. S.

PICTON, N. S., Mar. 6.—"At one time I had no faith in any medicine except such as was made up from doctors' prescriptions. I used to believe that all proprietary medicines were frauds, made and sold with the sole object of getting money from unsuspecting people."

"So said Mr. James Fraser, one of the most highly esteemed and justly popular residents of this city.

"My belief," he continued, "was based on my experience with many patent medicines I had tried.

"You know I was a great sufferer from Kidney Disease. Well, I tried these medicines which were guaranteed to cure, but they failed utterly to do me the least good.

"Now, I know there is one proprietary medicine that will do all that is claimed for it. That medicine is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"After being helpless, bedfast for four months, I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Although I was suffering terribly, I was unwilling to do so, as I had lost confidence in all but doctors' medicines.

"However, I agreed to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have never since ceased to be thankful that I did so, for Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me. I began to get better almost directly after starting them. The improvement continued steadily till I was well again.

"Today I am in first class health. I feel younger, healthier and stronger than I have for twenty years, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the worst case of Kidney Disease that ever existed."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$3.00; or sent, on receipt of price, by the Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DIHD.

Picton, Feb. 22, Geo. Hepburn 64.
Springhill, Feb. 28, Anne Olsen, 7.
Halifax, Feb. 28, Thomas Crane 14.
Newcastle, Feb. 24, Mrs. Young, 78.
Halifax, March 1, Louise Wallace, 37.
Halifax, Feb. 24, William Murphy, 16.
Moncton, March 5, Elna Goodwin, 72.
Bedford, Feb. 16, Mrs. J. E. DeWolf.
Springhill, Feb. 21, John Davis, 3 moos.
St. John, March 6, Carrie E. Foster, 5.
Boston, Feb. 22, Mrs. John Power, 24.
Adriatic, Feb. 17, Thomas Turpin, 80.
Glencarry, Feb. 12, Mrs. Chas. Skid, 89.
Chatham, Feb. 12, Mrs. Chas. Skid, 89.
Tusket Lodge, Feb. 17, Frank Surtista.
Antigonish, Feb. 11, Andrew Evans, 77.
Coleridge, July 8, 1898, John Collie, 61.
Everett, Feb. 16, Jane Faulkner, 6 moos.
Bedford, Feb. 27, Mrs. Fricilla DeWolf.
Truro, March 1, Mrs. Robert Smith, 81.
West End, March 6, Howard Clark, 35.
Five Island, Feb. 1, Fyrliss Corbett, 89.
Guysboro, Feb. 12, Mr. Joseph Boggis, 24.
Antigonish, Feb. Gabriel MacRae, 25.
St. John, March 5, Mrs. Jane Emery, 73.
Picton, Feb. 10, Mrs. Isabella Burns, 46.
Rochford, March 3, Annie Wray, 59.
Roman Ya, Feb. 20, Mary Rogers, 70.
Port Medway, Feb. 21, George Martin, 24.
Farrboro, Feb. 18, Mrs. Wm. Golden, 59.
Yarmouth, Feb. 24, John C. Anderson, 82.
Colchester, Feb. 21, Capt. Robert Dill, 86.
North River, Feb. 26, Harvey McNutt, 61.
Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 5, Mrs. Eleanor, 75.
Chatham, March 1, Dossie Murphy, 7 moos.
Big Gut, Feb. 19, Thomas McC. Fraser, 55.
Truro, March 1, Mrs. Margaret Tucker, 91.
St. John, March 1, Mrs. Mary O'Keefe, 76.
New York, Feb. 28, Mrs. Wm. Tapley, 25.
Shag Harbor, Feb. 27, Levi Nickerson, 86.
Springhill, Feb. 25, Sam I. Johnson, 7 moos.
Montreal, Feb. 9, Mrs. Margaret Hogg, 81.
Central Economy, Feb. 17, Mrs. Culela, 85.
Cambridge, Feb. 19, Reynolds Peppard, 77.
St. John, March 6, Mary Gertrude Walsh, 9.
Montreal, Feb. 20, Captain John Fraser, 79.
Greenwich, March 6, E. H. C. Whelpley, 52.
Lower Pictou, Feb. 21, Margaret Fraser, 94.
Springhill, Feb. 24, Elsie Weatherly, 8 moos.
Oak Point, Feb. 17, Alexander McKinnon, 87.
Central Economy, Feb. 23, David Newton, 78.
Acadia Mines, Feb. 27, Russell Leitch, 7 moos.
California, Feb. 4, Mrs. Annie B. McKay, 54.
Newfoundland, Feb. 21, Mrs. Mirra Cowie.
Antigonish, Feb. 10, Mrs. John McDonald, 85.
Debert, Feb. 24, Mrs. Marjorie MacInlay, 54.
Preston Road, Feb. 25, William G. Walker, 81.
Trinity, N.S., Feb. 23, Mrs. Mary Lookyer, 70.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Mrs. Catherine Callahan, 75.
West End, March 5, Mrs. Mary Fiewelling, 80.
Colchester, Feb. 24, Mrs. Eleanor Fourness, 75.
Port Maitland, Feb. 20, Duncan Cyrus Ferry, 81.
English Channel, Feb. 10, Brian Palmier, 84.
Springhill, Feb. 24, infant child of Logan Brown.
Antigonish, Feb. 19, Mrs. Isabella Chisholm, 82.
Daglastown, Feb. 18, Mrs. John Hutchinson, 86.
Hibernia, Feb. 23, Mrs. A. Calder Lindsay, 85.
Gillway, Kent Co., Feb. 10, Mrs. Edward Smith.
McKenzie Corner, Feb. 23, Mrs. Hannah Hoyt, 66.
Halifax, Feb. 27, Mrs. Catherine A. Callahan, 75.
Bridgeport, March 2, Mrs. Mary J. Armstrong, 74.
Newburg, March 1, Mrs. Amy C. Fyvie, 99.
Lower Economy, Feb. 16, William Cummings, 5 moos.
Biloxi, Miss., Jan. 57, Mr. Norman E. Lorry, 45.
Picton Co., Feb. 10, Mrs. Thomas McCulloch Fraser.
Sydney Mines, Feb. 24, John Alexander, 9 weeks.
North Sydney, Feb. 15, Gertrude V. McDonald, 1.
St. John, March 6, Char. W. E. M. McLaughlin, 25.
Kingston, Kings Co., Feb. 1, Margaret Shaldrick.
Mcquodobois Harbor, Feb. 21, Patrick Cunningham 81.
Springhill, Feb. 23, the infant son of Hugh Lank.
Bridedale, Feb. 14, infant child of Mr. E. P. Dickie 9 moos.
Halifax, Feb. 28, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. 2777.
Halifax, Feb. 28, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. McKee, 1.
French River, Feb. 11, infant son of John and Kate McDonald.

Koladermic Skin Food.

"For a pure skin" cures all impurities of the skin—dissolves freckles, moth patches, and other discolorations—brings black heads and flesh worms to the surface where they dry and fall off. Koladermic Skin Food builds up the wasted and worn places—removes facial defects caused by indigestion and stomach troubles, and imparts a baby-like softness and delicacy to the complexion. At all druggists. Price 25c.

If your druggist hasn't it—send us your money—ask us questions, and Koladermic will come, with every information in return mail.

The Koladermic Skin Food Co.,
Stouffville, Ont.

BORN.

Truro, Feb. 27, to the wife of P. Dyer, a son.
Halifax, Mar. 1, to the wife of Wm. J. Doyle, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 27, to the wife of Samuel Spence, a son.
Gagetown, Feb. 27, to the wife of Judge Ebbett, a son.
Hebr., Feb. 26, to the wife of Rev. J. H. Toole, a son.
Springhill, Feb. 27, to the wife of Alexander Ross, a son.
Springhill, Mar. 1, to the wife of Angus McDougal a daughter.
Halifax, Mar. 1, to the wife of W. Roy Bennett a daughter.
Woodstock, Mar. 1, to the wife of A. E. Carr, a daughter.
Springhill, Feb. 24, to the wife of Wm. Canning, a daughter.
Amherst, Mar. 4, to the wife of James T. Chapman a daughter.
Little River, Coverdale, Mar. 3, to the wife of Eber W. Colpitts, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Kansas, Feb. 7, Rev. Livingstone Parker to Elizabeth.
Truro, Feb. 18, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, John Ryan to Kate McMillan.
Guysboro, Jan. 8, by Rev. Fr. Doyle, John McLean to Annie McInnes.

New Mexico, Feb. 2, by Rev. John Hall, Arthur P. Deaper, to Annie L. Miller.
Beach Hill, Q. C., Feb. 27, by Elder Ford, George P. Decker to Susan Chace.
Colchester, Feb. 23, by Rev. E. A. DeVoe, Alvin Demott to Carrie Miller.
Brookly, N. Y., Jan. 31, by Rev. W. Brown, Lenna Olsen to Daniel Simms.
Galesburg, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. H. Turner, Annie L. Reed to John Samuel Ayles.
Joliet, Feb. 23, by Rev. D. Chapman, Jennie Murray Jones to Sylvia Sims.
Digby, Feb. 23, by Rev. R. E. Thomas, Susan to George L. A. McInnes.
Barrick, Feb. 18, by Rev. G. O'Connell, E. E. Nichols to Agnes Slawson.
Judique, Nov. 26, by Rev. A. P. Chisholm, Angus Brown to Marcella A. Brown.
Lithton Feb. 23, by Rev. B. L. Siggitt Fletcher M. O'Leary, to Maggie T. Rhoda.
Yarmouth, Feb. 23, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Ephraim Goodwin to Edith Murphy.
Sheburne, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. Murray, Capt. John E. Dalt to Francis L. McKean.
Tusket Lodge, Feb. 18, by Rev. Fr. DeLores, John E. Adams to Genevieve LeBlanc.
Livingstone, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. W. Vaughan, John B. Hoover, to Charles S. Farrow's.
Worcester, Feb. 9, by Rev. Duval Merriman, David E. Rector to Helen Rector.
Fort Greenville, Feb. 11, by Rev. L. A. Cooney, John W. Rector to Annie Ager.
Brookway, Feb. 22, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Charles T. Leland, to Maude Young.
Port Medway, Feb. 14, by Rev. Jas. Lumsden, Clifford Hopkins to Catherine Duggan.
Dartmouth, Feb. 13, by Rev. Fr. O'Connell, John C. Chisholm to Mary E. Burak.
Aryle Sound, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. W. Freeman Reginald Goodwin to Bessie Hamilton.
Bass River, Colchester, Feb. 23, by Rev. F. E. Hoop, Samuel McNeil to Maude Austin.
Merlestown, Feb. 14, by Rev. A. Campbell, Maggie McDonald to Charles D. Arbutick.
Dorchester, March, Feb. 9, by Rev. A. K. MacLean, Ian, and B. Morrison, to Catherine Morrison.
Somerville, Mass., Feb. 16, by Rev. A. K. MacLean, Frederick MacKenzie to Robert Topp.
Truro, Feb. 25, by Rev. Allan Simpson and Rev. W. Eston, Henry Pajant to Eugenie McUloch.
Moncton, Mar. 1, by Rev. Robt. S. Crisp, and Rev. E. Robinson, Suzanne White to Laura Jones.
Halifax's Fort, King Co., Feb. 27, by Rev. A. D. Kivner, Harry Eugene Huntly to Minnie Abbott Anderson.
Streamham, Feb. 7, by Lord Bishop of Stepney and Rev. H. B. Dickson, H. S. Wainwright to Agnes Maude Foster.

North Sydney, Feb. 1, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre 7 moos.
Big Beach, C. B., Feb. 18, Mrs. Catherine McKinnon, 61.
St. John, March 3, Rev. Frederick Harvey John Beutstock, 51.
Point Edward, Feb. 4, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott, 7 weeks.

ERN REFORM RAZOR
BEST IN THE MARKET.
THE SHAVERS' IDEAL
FAULTLESS GRINDING.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:

Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Dock), November 14th, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Returining steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 5, NORTH RIVER (Battery Ferry), November 23rd, 10th and 29th, for EASTPORT, N. B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.

With our superior facilities for handling freight to NEW YORK CITY and our EASTPORT TERMINALS, together with through ticket arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.

For all particulars, address,
R. H. FLEHING, Agent.
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager,
5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1910, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12.30 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.25 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3.50 a. m., ar. Digby 11.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., ar. Halifax 6.45 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., ar. Digby, Thursday and Saturday
Lve. Digby 3.30 p. m., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
ar. Annapolis 4.45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George,
BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and "safest" steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Fraser on steamer, from whom name-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1909 the rates of this Railway will be as follows, daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 10.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 13.00
Express for business..... 16.40
Accommodation for Montreal, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 2.15 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Halifax..... 10.00
Express from Halifax, New Glasgow and Montreal..... 13.00
Accommodation from Ft. de Chene and Montreal..... 16.40
Accommodation from Moncton..... 22.40

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
97 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

—NEW—
TRAIN CONNECTION
—FOR—
DETROIT, CHICAGO, &c.

Lve. St. John, N. B. 4.10 p. m.
McAdam Jct. 4.25 p. m.
Arrive Montreal Jct. 4.45 p. m.
Leave Montreal Jct. 5.15 p. m.
Arrive Toronto 7.00 p. m.
Leave Toronto 7.15 p. m.
Arrive Detroit 7.45 p. m.

This train makes connections at Detroit with early morning trains for Chicago, St. Louis, Indian, and South, and at Chicago with early evening trains, West, North-West and South-West.

For rates of fare and other information apply at Company's Ticket Office, or write,
A. E. ROCKMAN,
Asst. General Pass. Agent
St. John, N. B.

PATENTS When you want to protect or sell a patent go to a trustworthy firm who understand the patent laws—be aware of firms who offer schemes—Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.
U. S. Office, 208 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
CUTLER & SARGENT, 115 Bloor St., Montreal.