

PROGRESS

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

DISCUSSION ON WIVES.

R. Barry Smith's Ansgance Debating Society Decides in Favor of a "Clean, but Scolding Spouse."

Some little time ago Rev. R. Barry Smith assisted by brother officers organized a lodge here in connection with I. O. G. T., and since then this order known as "Ladymith Lodge" has grown wonderfully. A membership of 40 has already been enrolled and the outlook for more is still promising. Saturday evening of each week this lodge convenes in the Public Hall and usually after routine of business a debate is participated in.

An evening or two ago the question under discussion was—"Which would be the most pleasant companion, a 'dirty good natured woman or a cross clean woman?' I think it was rather an absurd subject and if any one censures me for such an assertion I can simply express my self in this way—namely: That nearly every man is, or pretends to be, satisfied with his wife for its a case which is imperative in this law abiding Canada of ours that 'what we have we'll hold' yet I might add that with some its 'what we have not got we are after."

Messrs [Bliss Denfield and Herbert Smith were the leaders, respectively, and each side acquitted themselves admirably, still Mr. Smith and his colleagues easily won the victory and the arbiter—Mr. Charles F. Goddard—gave his decision the cheers were long and loud.

Mr. George Holmes who was a representative upon the last interrogatory endeavored to demonstrate his theory pertaining to the considered all important topic, but only got wound up, so to speak, when the trimming scissors were applied and he was cut short, still he unhesitatingly stated that he would, most decidedly, prefer a "cross clean woman" and I judge from the tenor of his argument that he resembles Oliver Wendell Holmes who said he "would never be happy until he had the undisputed control of a petticoat."

An old saw runs thus, an old man wanted to marry before he died if for no other reason than to have some one to close his eyes when a friend suggested "perhaps you will get someone who will open them" and there are others who have been duped, yet "The Railway Student" is not scared for he said "youthful imagination aided by hyperbole has endowed me with the belief that when I am smart in my best clothes I can pay homage to most any young maiden

surely, and I expect to tackle matrimony and moreover I intend getting a treasure, one who will preside over my life, doubling my pleasures, dividing my cares and who will always be on the watch to borrow mirth of my mirth and sorrow of my sorrow, for when you get a woman like this her true wish makes you think your arms enfold (with her alone) a complete world of gold—but "chacun a son gout"—every one to his taste.

Exclamations on both sides were heard and some one said "oh! he dreams of a happiness too vast for earth" but the bloom and buoyancy and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbing of the heart when it first makes to love and the opinion he evidently has of his mother makes him feel, (intuition is hereditary, his mother was a woman and a woman is credited with this marvelous gift—intuition), that there is waiting for him a "cross clean woman" for he claims he "will be happy forever with just one girl."

Mr. Smith, the leader, and Mrs. Samuel Stockton's views, alone, were well worthy the umpires decision for they provided a "cross clean woman" preferable at any time to a "dirty good natured woman" and what a difference indeed between an idle dirty good natured girl and a clean neat, useful and peevish girl.

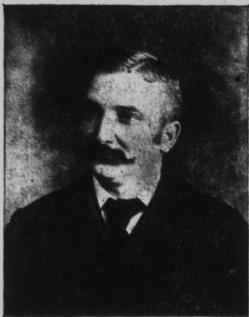
An apothegm much in vogue runs thus "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." As for beauty, men may fall in love with girls at play, but there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work. If crossness, peevishness is considered a malady why it can be overcome to a great extent. If the husband would in different ways and directions see that a certain amount of amusement entered his wife's life her maladies would cease. A man who does not follow this rule should not be surprised at his wife's crustiness, for who would not be crusty with years of baking? A small voice whispers, that is one on the man. Women require diversions. Can a body expect a woman who is perfectly clean and neat with herself, her home, her children, should there be any, to plod away daily at multitudinous duties she is called to perform, in order to keep to the highest standard of cleanliness, without

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

where the bridges for the provincial government are in course of construction and see to it that there are no more causes for such expensive bridge investigations as took place last session. There is no doubt of Capt Earle's competence and his friends may think him fortunate that his lines have fallen in such pleasant places.

Changes in the Globe Newspaper.

The news in PROGRESS last week that the Sun proposed to issue an evening edition was a surprise to those who had an indistinct idea that there were enough newspapers in St. John but that it is true is beyond doubt. The Globe which has always been conservative is retaining the



GRAND MASTER DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

Of the Oranemen of New Brunswick has been identified with the order for a long time and has always been energetic and consistent in the advocacy of its principles. He was elected by a good majority.

four page form has, it is said, come to the conclusion that eight pages are handier and give greater opportunity for the display of later news. To this end the purchase of a new perfecting press that will print eight or ten pages is contemplated. The specifications for these changes are being prepared now and in a short time they will no doubt be made.

"Tip" O'Neill Out of It.

"Tip" O'Neill, the baseballist, announces that he will not be in the game this summer but will attend strictly to his work, that of civil engineering. As well as being a star baseballist the crack second baseman of the Roses is clever indeed at his profession, and this year his prospects are particularly bright in that line. Consequently he will abandon the bat and ball for a season at least in order that his draughtsman's hand may not lose its cunning and that the more real side of life may not be forgotten. "Tip" may bob up in an occasional holiday game, but will not be seen on the field regularly until the summer of 1901.

FEATURES OF THE LAW.

A new Wrinkle of the Liquor License Commissioners Discussed Before Magistrate Ritchie.

The latest construction placed upon the liquor license law is causing some anxiety to those whose premises are not used solely for the sale of liquor, and as there are quite a few of these in the city including all the hotels, considerable interest is felt in the interpretation that may be placed upon the law by the magistrate.

Inspector Jones says he is acting under instructions from the commissioners in attempting at this late date and at this particular time to enforce this annoying provision of the law which in many cases it is almost impossible to comply with.

He warned several of those who had restaurants in connection with their premises that they must close them as well as their bars at seven o'clock Saturday night. The injustice of this was much commented upon and Messrs. Clark and Harding, who have large staffs and do good restaurant trade on Saturday evening, consulted and concluded to try and get some interpretation placed upon the law that they could work under. They accordingly opened their restaurant's Saturday evening but complied with the provisions of the law so far as the sale of liquor was concerned. They were reported notwithstanding and the cases came up Wednesday afternoon.

The inspector was there and Mr. Mullin represented Messrs. Clark and Harding. Mr. James Driscoll who keeps a billiard hall as well as a saloon in the same building on King square was also reported and appeared for himself. The enquiry was rather of an informal nature; in fact the information was not completed nor submitted to Mr. Mullin and the conclusion arrived at in the end was that the defendants should consult with the inspector and the commissioners and try to meet their views. To that end an adjournment was made until next Wednesday afternoon.

There was some interesting discussion however, that would help to throw some light upon the working of the liquor law.

Mr. Henderson, who appeared for the inspector was not disposed to be harsh or to prosecute these particular cases provided any assurance was given that the defendants would meet the inspector's views but he pointed out that under the law the fact of a bar being in a building licenses all the premises and that no part of them could be kept open after the licensed hours. That would mean that Mr. Clark and Mr. Harding must divide their premises and have a separate entrance from the street to each.

Mr. Mullin pointed out the great difficulty and hardship of this and gently reminded the court that these premises had been unchanged for years and that the commissioners had winked at any apparent violation of the law.

This brought the sharp rejoinder from the magistrate that they should not have winked at such things if they had but the difficulty of providing a separate entrance was no doubt regarded as a good reason.

"Yes" said Mr. Mullin "but why is such seal displayed all at once and against my clients. It seems to me uncalled for just at the present time."

"Zeal" said Mr. Henderson, "ought all ways to be commended."

"But this," said Mr. Mullin "is unjust and unfair discrimination."

"You're not the first man who has said that here, Mr. Mullin," interrupted the magistrate and when the former continued in the same strain he again interrupted "we can't try the commissioners."

"But the law is violated and we know it—everybody knows it—in some particular or other," Mr. Mullin claimed, when he was reminded that if such was the case and the inspector had omitted to prosecute any violations he was liable to a fine of \$20 in every case.

Mr. Mullin was not disposed to give up so easily. He had the idea in his mind that his clients were unfairly reported and that the prosecution of them savored of partiality.

The insinuation was a broad one the magistrate said, but if Mr. Mullin would point out any section of the law by which they could get at Mr. Chairman Knodell and the commission he would be surprised

with what alacrity and pleasure the court would get at them.

"But there are many cases like this—" The magistrate:—"I suppose these were the only three culprits" and he read the names of those reported.

Then Mr. Henderson had a say and the purport of his remarks was that while Messrs. Clark and Harding had been permitted to carry on their business in this way without much interference the fact that this was so had encouraged others to provide premises similar in character; that it was not an uncommon thing now to find an oyster bar set up in front and a partition dividing it from the bar. This gave an opportunity it was thought as the law had been carried out of keeping the oyster bar open after the liquor bar had been closed, and the commissioners proposed to enforce the law. The suggestion to other people was perhaps the worst feature of Messrs. Clark and Harding's cases.

"We have heard" said the magistrate, "that the resources of civilization are not yet exhausted, neither, it appears, is the ingenuity of the tavern keeper."

He pointed out that the law was very plain on this point and from his remarks and those portions of the law read by Mr. Henderson it seems that every nook and corner, for example in Mr. Clarke's premises, that can be entered from his main door are a part of his licensed premises, and if they are open after ten o'clock except Saturday or after seven o'clock Saturday night or a light is seen burning in them a prima facie case has been established that there is a violation of the law.

The magistrate pointed out that the law provided that the stable and outhouses shall be included in licenses where such buildings exist because at one time some enterprising fellow had a method of conducting liquor through pipes from a distance and that one faucet in the sink would give water and another liquor.

It was also noted that sometimes, in the restaurants complained of, a person eating his dinner will order a glass of ale and drink it in the restaurant. Under the law this seems to be impossible. If there was a separate entrance to the restaurant this would not be possible unless the ale was bought and paid for and sent unopened to the purchaser. Such fine distinctions as these are somewhat perplexing to those who wish to do what is right, who want to meet the views of the inspector which all agree are of a fair and equitable nature. The restaurant men and the commission will no doubt agree upon some way of the difficulty.

Mr. Driscoll's case is somewhat different. He has a billiard room in front of his bar. There is a partition between it and the bar but there has been a door between. This it is understood is now closed. The entrance from the street leads directly up stairs and from a common hall one door leads to the billiard parlor and the other to the saloon. To secure two entrances from the street is impossible as it looks at present. To enforce the law against him means to put him out of business and his chief complaint is that he was not notified of the intention of the commissioners until he had paid his \$300 license for the first of May.

Some of the dealers are trying to find a reason for this sudden change of base on the part of the commissioners. Mr. Lockhart was always recognized as the balance wheel of the machine when he was there but now that he has retired the new man, Mr. Peter Clinch, seems to have fallen in with the views of the chairman, Mr. Knodell. As a rule governments do not make laws, the enforcement of which will make them unpopular but such an interpretation as has been placed upon the liquor law now by the commissioners is sure to make trouble. Mr. Clinch was appointed largely upon the recommendation of large liquor interests and if he is supporting their views now then the dealers may well express their surprise.

Interesting Competition.

The new ice company has unexpected opposition in the energetic manner in which the business of Mr. Law's concern is being pushed. The raise in prices does not suit many old customers and the opposition will be keen and somewhat interesting.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself.
- PAGE 2.—Life in a Western Country, and general miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial on Enforcement of Liquor Law, Sun's Eclipse, Joys and Woes of Other Places, Poetry.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Social items from all over the three provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Bright Local Topics Including: Imaginary Burglars, Fists Glass Gazers, Boarding House Mistresses in Court, Joys the catcher coming, A new divinity of the chorus, Cops vs. Music, Etc., etc.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—The second instalment of that delightful serial, "Wild Yalgie's Misadventure."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading Page, including: A Study of the Parables, Living Water, Dwight L. Moody's Life, Church and Liquor Traffic in England.
- PAGE 12.—Frodox reprints a whole page of interesting matter from the Bloctonian Friend of Apr. 4th, a newspaper published by the correspondent with Lord Roberts' army.
- PAGE 13.—Chat of the Bondair-fashion talk by one of the best of American descriptive writers in that line.
- PAGE 14.—Alaska's Suddenly Rich, people who have leaped from poverty to wealth in the gold regions.
- PAGE 15.—"The Flight of Polly"—a clever fiction, Births, Deaths and Marriages of the week from all over the three provinces.

ary R. Douglas 41.
Haley, M. F. 54.
E. H. Newcombe 70.
Mr. James Scott 28.
Bertha Campbell 79.
Andrew Jordan 72.
E. J. McLeod 65.
George W. Pierce 65.
Miss M. Fairweather 65.
son of Mr. McVane 6.
21 22, Daniel McLeod 75.
Charles N. Burbridge 43.
22, Walter W. Power 22.
Mrs. Allen Macomber 72.
last daughter of R. Walsh.
wife of John Fancutt 67.
April 7, Madeline Armstrong 71.
21 22, Watson B. Raymond 48.
Ella F. Townsend 19 a member
of the late Edward Dixon 24
na S. wife of Weldon Carter

son of L. D. Robinson
a wife of Christopher Mc
April 19, Capt Isaac Hop
April 18, Mrs. Annie Mc
Sarah A. wife of Robert F.
April 18, Agnes E. wife of Rich
April 23, Clarence K. son of J.

ROADS.
DIAN
CIFIC

R FREIGHT RATES
SAILINGS TO THE

Gold Fields,

SPACE IN
SLEEPER

L every THURSDAY
5 a. m.

FORMATION REGARDING
LANDS

DIAN NORTHWEST,
BRIST MILL, HARD-
L, CHEESE and
TORRES, Prospector
men, write to
A. J. HEATH,
D. F. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

day, Feb. 6th, 1900, the
service of this Railway will

Prince Rupert,
AND DIGBY.

m., Monday, Wednesday,
day; arr Digby 10.00 a. m.
same days at 12.50 p. m.
55 p. m.

S TRAINS

day excepted).

arr in Digby 12.50 p. m.
arr Yarmouth 3.30 p. m.
m., arr Digby 11.45 a. m.
m., arr Halifax 5.50 p. m.
m., Monday, Wednesday,
day, arr Digby 8.50 a. m.
m., Monday, Wednesday,
day, arr, Annapolis 4.40

ance Arthur.

BOSTON SERVICE.

fastest steamer plying out
Moncton, N. B., Wednes-
day immediately on arrival of
from Halifax arriving in
return. Returning leaves
Tuesday, and Friday at
cunline on Dominion At-
and Palace Car Express

obtained on application to

s with trains at Digby,
Office, 114 Prince William
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ne-tickets and all informa-

PKINS, superintendent,
Kentville, N. B.

ial Railway

Y, January 14th, 1900, trains
excepted) as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN

..... 5.50
on, Fugwash, Pictou
..... 7.25
New Glasgow 8.50
..... 12.05
..... 13.45
..... 17.50
Pictou, Truro, Halifax
..... 22.10

attached to the train leave
for Quebec and Mon-
cton at Moncton.

be attached to the train
10 o'clock for Truro and
and Sleeping cars on the
press.

RRIVE AT ST. JOHN

..... 7.15
..... 8.50
and Moncton 11.25
..... 13.05
..... 19.15
Moncton 21.45
Eastern Standard time.

D. FOTTINGER,
Gen. Manager
1900.
OFFICE
St. John, N. B.

Life at Sandy Bend.

Judge Hoke Acts to Maintain the Principles of an American Institution and States His Reasons.

"This court bein' opened," said Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as he looked around on the spectators. "It won't take us long to reward the innocent and punish the guilty and get back to the Red Dog saloon. I'm lookin' right at Pete McGuire, but law demands that I ask him if he's present in this court room."

"I'm here," replied Pete as he rose. "And hev you got a lawyer?" "I hev." "And has the constable got the defendant on hand?" "He has," said the officer. "And has he got a lawyer?" "He has."

"Then thar's nothin' to delay the performance. This is a case whar I don't want to hear any gab from the lawyers, and thar won't be any need of ringin' in any witnesses. This court knows Pete McGuire and this court knows Jim Taylor. Tuesday night while Pete was loasin' around the White Wolf saloon and wishin he could take a hand in a game of poker, along comes Jim. They had a two handed game going within five minits. This court has played poker with both of 'em and knows their ways. Pete McGuire puts a smile which can't be beat for blandness, and the poorer his hand the blander his smile. On the contrary, Jim Taylor no sooner beging a game than his face goes into mournin' and as the game proceeds a stranger would think he had all his relations and had been out to funerals every day for a week."

"This game at the White Wolf didn't amount to much for an hour or so. Both critters were layin' down threes and full houses to lead each other on and make a big scoop. Bimeby Pete McGuire thought it was time to spring his bar trap. He didn't have nothin' in his hand but a pair of queens, but he had sized Jim Taylor up for a man who could be bluffed. That bland smile growed soft and sweet and spread all over his face as he added \$5 to the pot, Jim saw him and went \$10 better. Thar wasn't no pertickler cause for hurry. They ordered the drinks and told stories as they saw and raised each other."

Pete's smile kept smilin', and Jim's sorrowful countenances worked in more deaths and more funerals. Bimeby thar was \$100 on the table, then it became \$200; then smilin' Pete laid down his two guns, and his last \$10, makin \$50 in all, and thought to raise Jim out of the game. His smile was like mountain dew, and his words was soft and gentle, but he was mistaken in his man. Jim Taylor is a man with a sorrowful countance, but he can't be riz out of no game of poker. He's thar till the hands are laid down. This 'ere court knows it becase it cost him \$200 to learn it."

"When Pete made his last bluff, the tears came to Jim's eyes and his chin quivered. He appeared to be ready to break down and sob, and Pete began to feel sorry for him. It might hev been ten minits before Jim bauled out \$50 and called Pete's hand. Then Pete's heart thumped his ribs. He had been holdin' up a pair of queens ag'in four jacks! He didn't say a word as he got up and left the White Wolf, and some folks thought he was going away to shoot hisself. That wasn't his plan however. He comes right over to the Red Dog saloon, of which this court is sole proprietor, and hauls me aside to say that he had been robbed and wanted justice. It was my dooty to issue a warrant for the arrest of Jim Taylor and I did so, and it was only later on that I got full perticklers."

"Mebbe thar's a critter in this room who will deny that Pete McGuire is a squealer, but, if so, I'll send him to State prison for five years. It was a sure 'nough squeal. He hadn't no more case than that wall-eyed beathen over there by the door, and that warrant never ought to hev bin issued. This ar' a case in which thar is a heep more than appears on the surface. It's a blow at the bulwarks of American liberty. It's an attempt at revolutshun. If not nipped in the bud right here and now, the national game of poker will soon follow the national game of croquet into obscurity. No gentleman will be safe and even Digger Injuns will be canterin' about and ap pealin' for justice. This court proposes to nip it. Pete McGuire, it's no use askin' you if you've anything to say. You can't hev. It's one of them cases whar a man hides in the grass and don't want to be seen or heard of for a week. You have cast a blot on the fair name of Sandy Bend, and the justice you hollered for shall be ledled out. The sentence of this;

court is that you fork over \$25 as fine and costs, and then you will proceed to walk out of this town and never return."

"Your honor,"—began Pete, but the justice interrupted him.

"Shet up! If it was stealin' a horse! jumpin' a mine or shootin' a Chinaman, thar might be some excuse, but in this case, no. I'll give you thirty minutes to raise the money and disappear. As to Jim Taylor, he's a free man, and he goes out of this court without any scars on his character. As his sorrowful way of playin' poker and holdin' fours has bin given away, however, and as he is no hand at hard work, it might be well for him to go over to Red Hill for a few weeks and do business with strangers. That's all to-day, and anybody who's got any fault to find with the way justice has fopped her wings and hovered over this court house can tackle me as we git outside."

The British Admiral's Order.

The signal-code of a navy is, if we may credit the story of a Washington girl tells the Post, a wonderfully comprehensive thing. She was at Leghorn last summer when Admiral Dawey was there. Entertainments in his honor were the order of the day, and one afternoon she and many other women—but apparently few men—were bidden to a tea and dance on board the British flag-ship.

The Washington girl was standing near a young officer, when she noticed the British Admiral beckon to him. There was a brief and serious talk between the two, and then the officer saluted and walked away. Presently a signal-flag fluttered to the peak, and a moment after she saw officers rush to the sides of all the ships in sight. Boats were lowered, crews and officers sprang in, and rowed like mad to the flag-ship.

The American girl's heart stood still. Surely bad news of some kind or another had come. Perhaps the flag-ship was sinking, and the boats were coming to the res-

cue. The grave face of the British admiral told nothing. Perhaps there was to be an attack by an unexpected enemy. Perhaps she was on the verge of experiencing the realities of a naval conflict.

The young officer came up and spoke to her. He seemed agitated, she thought, and he was pale.

"What has happened?" she ventured to ask.

"Nothing," he answered, gravely.

"But those boats," she said, "why are they putting off all the ships?"

"That's in answer to the signal," he answered. The American girl was all a-tremble.

Oh, what does it mean?" she cried. The signal—tell me—please tell me!

The officer looked down at her seriously.

"Why," he answered, "the Admiral ordered that signal. He felt it necessary. In the code it means 'More men wanted for the party,' and they're coming at once."

Called Her Son.

A Pittsburg woman, according to the News of that city, tells this story on herself: She has a son attending a preparatory school near Sing Sing. She went to New York not long ago to pay him a visit. She stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on her arrival, and she desired to call up the school by telephone to inform him that she would be up the following day. She asked the young man in charge of the hotel exchange to call up Sing Sing for her and get telephone No. 71. He did so, and she sat down to talk.

"Hello!" she said. "Is that Sing Sing?"

"It is."

"Well, I want 71; I'm Mrs. Highland and I want to speak to my son."

"What number did you say, madam?"

"No. 71."

"Your son, you said?"

"Yes, my son; Harry Highland."

"Hold the telephone a moment."

She waited a minute or two and then Sing Sing said:

"Sorry, madam, but we can't allow you to talk to him over the telephone."

"What's that? Can't allow me to talk to my son? What sort of an institution is that, I'd like to know?"

"You must come here in person on a visiting day with the proper pass before you can see him."

"Ind-ed! Well, I'll just come up there

on the next train and take him right away with me."

"No use to come, madam; he's got three years and a half to serve yet!"

"To whom am I talking?"

"This is the office of the warden of Sing Sing prison."

"Oh! Ring off, please."

The Virtues of PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

Are Recognized by The Ablest Physicians.

IT IS THE GREAT SYSTEM BUILDER IN THE SPRING TIME.

It Produces Solid and Healthy Flesh Makes Pure Blood and Strong Nerves.

The peculiar and distinguishing medicinal virtues of Paine's Celery Compound are fully recognized by the ablest medical men in every part of the Dominion.

In its peculiar power and ability to invigorate the body, to make new blood and to regulate the nerves, lies the great value of Paine's Celery Compound in all wasting diseases and disorders of the kidneys, liver and stomach.

At this season of the year, when thousands are tired, rundown and sick, Paine's Celery Compound comes to the rescue of the shabby and enfeebled nerves and keeps them from utter prostration and ruin, and banishes that feeling of exhaustion that is the cause of despondency, melancholia and depression among men and women of all ages.

Paine's Celery Compound makes solid and healthy flesh, pure blood and strong nerves.

Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the digestive powers, and restores the nervous system when impaired from over exertion of mind or body.

The best test that can be applied to Paine's Celery Compound is to use a bottle or two at this time when the body needs cleansing and building up.

Quite Another Thing.

Perhaps one of the most delicate and tasteful remarks ever made was that of

Frenchman who had not found "a life on the ocean wave" quite all that could be expected.

He was sinking, pale and dishevelled, into his steamer chair, when a passenger asked cheerily:

"Ah, good morning, monsieur! Have you breakfasted?"

"No, monsieur," answered the pallid Frenchman, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

Fast Request.

The strictness with which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland is illustrated by a story told by a devout Scottish minister.

He once stopped at a country inn in the northern part of his native land, to pass the Sunday. The day was rainy and close, and toward night, as he sat in the little parlor of the inn, he suggested to his landlady that it would be desirable to have one of the windows raised so that they might have some fresh air in the room.

"Mon," said the old woman, with stern disapproval written plainly on her rugged face, "dinna ye ken that ye can hae no fresh air in this house on the Sabbath?"

The Only Way.

Mrs. Bowers—"I shall select a necktie for you when I am in town today, John."

Mr. Bowers—"Before you select it, will you have the clerk blindfold you?"

Mrs. Bowers—"Blindfold me? Are you crazy?"

Mr. Bowers—"No! By being blindfolded there is a chance that you may strike one that I could wear!"

Gaspard—"Well! Well! How on earth did you manage to win the haughty and beautiful Miss Haulton?"

Phoxy—"It was easy enough. I proposed to her when she had an awful boil on her nose. Most anybody could have caught her then."

"That's Milyun's daughter," said Citizen, pointing to a young girl in an extremely décolleté gown; "she's just coming out." "Goah! I should say she's out far enough already," exclaimed the visitor from the country.

De Auber—"I am thinking seriously of donating one of my paintings to some public institution. Which one would you suggest?"

Criticus—"Well, it strikes me that the blind asylum would be just the caper."



ELLEN TERRY AS MARGUERITE IN "FAUST."

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSONS.

It is more than pleasant to be able to record another success on the part of the Oratorio society, the concert of Tuesday being one of the most brilliant events that has taken place in a long time. It is also gratifying to note that the society's efforts towards elevating the musical taste are thoroughly appreciated. The concert was a decided treat in every way, and though the Sextette, the principal feature of the concert was down on the programme for six numbers, they appeared over twice that number of times, encores following every regular number. The members distinguished themselves very signally and may look upon their St. John appearance as a distinct triumph. The Oratorio society sang Barnaby's "Rebekah" the instrumental support being excellent, and lending an added charm to the vocal work. The soloists were all in excellent voice. Mr. J. A. Kelly and Mr. Geo. Coster sang their parts with spirit and expression but of course the great interest was centered in Miss Wetmore who came fully up to all expectations and won the most flattering praise for her charming work. Her beautiful voice was heard to the best advantage and round after round of applause was showered upon her. Mr. James Ford conducted, Mrs. Barnes presided at the piano and the Sextette accompanied.

The Jefferson D'Angelis opera company closed its season at Uniontown, Pa., last week.

Adele Ritchie retired from the title role of "The Belle of New York" last week, Jessie Carlisle succeeding her.

Beltina Girard, has been booked by Robert Grau in Vaudeville. Her voice is said to be in splendid condition.

Giovanni Tagliapietra, the baritone and Marguerite Townshend, author of several plays were married in New York last week.

Edward Strauss will sail from Bremen on Oct. 9, with his orchestra of fifty musicians to open on Oct. 20, at the Waldorf Astoria, New York.

Mme. Schumann Heink has been sued by Mrs. N. C. Stewart of Cleveland Ohio for \$500 for the contraband alleged breach of contract to sing at a musical festival in Cleveland a year ago.

Francis Wilson has laid the operatic Cyrano de Bergerac upon the shelf and will not present it again this season. He is playing Erminie at the Tremont, Boston, this week with Pauline Hall in the title role.

Otero, has bobbed up with another law suit in which the sympathies of the profession are with her. She demands \$3,000 from Marchand, manager of the Folies Bergeres, Paris, for engaging La Belle Guerrero to do a specialty.

Translators and adapters are now at work on the operas and operettas by Goldmark, Giordano, Von Suppe, Zeller, Zieher, Leocq, Gaune, and Johann Strauss recently secured in Europe by Rudolph Aronson for the United States and Canada. Mr. Aronson's intention is to produce one or two of them and he is now negotiating to place the others.

Camille Erlanger one of the younger French composers, has demonstrated that his abilities are of no mean order by his opera "Le Juif Polonais" which has been produced with decided success in Paris at the opera Comique. The opera is based, of course, upon the powerful novel of the same name by Erckmann-Chatrian, from which The Bells is also taken. Henri Cain and P. B. Ghensi made the libretto. Their dramatization is an excellent one the weird story losing none of its strength in the verse of the adapters. M. Erlanger's music suits the theme admirably, and shows both originality and skill. It may be classed as the best work that a new composer has given us in several years. Much of the success of the performance was due to Victor Maurel, who is great both as actor and singer.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Jessie Harcourt company with Miss Ethel Fuller as the leading lady has been attracting good audiences to the Opera house this week. "Love and Law," being the opening bill. The company is a fairly

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AN AFTERNOON CHAT.

evenly balanced one, and have given good satisfaction. The company is especially strong in specialties which are of a very bright and interesting nature. The moving pictures are excellent, and hold the closest attention of the audience. Daily matinees are given, and despite the unfavorable weather the attendance has been good. The company gives a matinee performance this afternoon and the engagement closes this evening.

Next week A. Q. Scammons "Side-Tracked" will present the funny side of life on the rail to patrons of the Opera house. Side Tracked is a bright, funny play brimful of mirth and laughter and never fails to please. It is filled with thrilling situations, startling sensational effects and special scenic accessories. Clever specialty performers will present the latest songs, dances and all that is new and bright in that line. The engagement is for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with a Wednesday matinee.

A three days engagement of the Lyceum Theatre company will finish out the week, giving a little season of Shakespeare, presenting The Merchant of Venice, Othello and Hamlet. The company is under the management of the Shipman Brothers, and promises to be very enjoyable.

"A Message from Mars" is the title of a new play by Richard Ganthony. James K. Hackett is still meeting with success in "The Pride of Jennico."

A London rumor that Mrs. Brown Potter would marry Lord Kitchener is denied. Anna Held, in "Papa's Will" closed her American tour in Philadelphia last week.

Gus Hill has secured Fulton Gardner's southern melodrama "Louisiana" for next season.

Mrs. Langtry will produce a new play by Robert Buchanan in London next season.

Zelina Rawlston, the male impersonator has been engaged to play the title role in Baccacio.

Paula Carlsen a well known and popular German comedienne died recently from pneumonia.

Edwin Mordant has been engaged to create the leading role in "Reaping the Whirlwind."

Jerome Eddy's new play "The last of his Tribe" is to be produced in New York in the autumn.

George H. Emerick has completed a new Irish farce comedy for Joe W. Spears and Ollie Mack.

Max Figman the comedian is arranging for a summer tour with Long Branch as his central point.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall sailed Wednesday for England, after an unusually successful stay in this country.

Mrs. Sarah Traux intends to leave the stock field in which she has made a most favorable impression as leading woman.

She will go with a touring organization next season.

David Belasco slipped and fell last week in London and cable reports say he was quite seriously injured.

Novelli has secured the rights of Max Drebers "Probecandida" which he will produce shortly in Italy.

Mr. Will Farnum whose good work is well remembered here has been seriously ill, but is now convalescent.

Marion Manola and Jack Mason now go separate ways, divorce having been granted the former on April 27.

Andrew Mack will present a new Irish play "The Rebel" by James B. Fagan at Providence, R. I., on May 14.

Viola Allen has altered her plans to spend the summer in Europe. She will remain at her home on Long Island.

Julia Arthur has recovered her health sufficiently to go to her home in Boston where she will spend the summer.

Gracie Emmet will star in a new comedy next season under the management of George A. Morrell of Norfolk, Va.

Mary Sanders is resting in Boston until the opening of "The Lost River" under Liebler and company's management.

Martha Beauford has been engaged for Alden Benedict's "Quo Vadis" after a successful tour with "Fazio Romani."

Ira J. La Motte will manage Delarme and Wilson next season in a new farce comedy being written by Bert Leslie.

The rights to Clo Graves' dramatization of Maurice Hewitts "The Forest Lovers" have been secured by Charles Frohman.

Fannie Brough, the English woman who made a hit in New York in "My Daughter in Law," will return to America next season.

Richard Alexander the most popular comedian in Berlin has left the stage and taken to the managerial end of the business.

Olive White, here two or three seasons ago, is with Chauncey O'cott. She has been ill for two weeks but is now much improved.

Viola Allen is meeting with success in Boston, notwithstanding that "The Christian" had a fourteen weeks run in that city last season.

"A Gilded Tool" will follow "Quo Vadis" at the Castle Square, Boston. The last mentioned play is still testing the capacity of the house.

The German Emperor has recently granted a subsidy to the Deutsche Theatre in Berlin in recognition of its efforts to give good plays and give them well. He also granted a like subsidy to the new theatre in Kiel.

A charming girl a mate for him in everything but rank and marries her, renouncing his succession to the throne.

Grace George will open next Monday in a new four act comedy by J. I. C. Clarke based upon Elizabeth Knight Tomkins novel "Her Majesty." The cast will include Sheridan Block, Torrest Robinson, and Herbert Carr.

Says the Chicago correspondent of the Mirror referring to a lady well known here "Lottie Williams Salter left here last season as a soubrette and returned this week as leading lady in "Why Smith left Home" and she did excellent work in the part."

Last week Sir Henry Irving addressed the faculty and students of the University of Chicago on "Acting as an Art." His eldest son Henry B. Irving recently lectured before the London Playgoers Club on "The Art and Status of the Actor."

L'Aiglon which met with great enthusiasm on its first production has not borne out its promise of success. Although it is the most profitable new play Bernhardt has had of late it is not winning popular favor. Rostand's drama is now being secured in the French provinces.

Mrs. Sarah Crowell Le Moyne is booked to begin a five weeks engagement at Wallack's theatre, N. Y., on Oct. 7, presenting for the first time in New York her successful play, "The Greatest Thing in the World." Wm. J. Moynie will be in the cast as Dr. Chiselhurst.

Through the efforts of Coquelin than whom there is no more earnest laborer for the good of the profession, the French government has given permission for the establishment of a lottery for the benefit of the Society of Dramatic Artists. About \$300,000 will be raised, and will be devoted to pensioning retired actors.

Mr. Edmund L. Breese, leading man with James O'Neil is expected here in a week or two to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. I. J. D. Laundry. It is understood that Mr. Breese has had offers from two managers to star next season. Mrs. Breese arrived last week on a visit to her parents.

One of the most important events of the London dramatic season was Charles Wyncham's production a week or two ago of Cyrano de Bergerac at his beautiful new theatre with a company one hundred strong. Roxane was played by Mary Moore in a charming way, and Joseph Weaver scored as Le Bret.

"Zisra" is having a boom in London though most of the critics are loudly denouncing it. Apropos of this a friend writes me from New York, "I went to see Sapho and really I have been trying ever since to find why there was such a howl raised over the play. It strikes me as being true to life, and no side of life should be inaccessible to art. In fact I would not hesitate for a moment to take my sister to see it, but I should not care to take her to see "Zisra." In fact I do not think any

woman with proper self-respect would stay to see more than the first act of the last mentioned play. There are points in the play that are unclean and unnecessary. Undue stress is laid on the sayings and doings of the cooote after whom the play is named. I cannot understand why "Sapho" should be censured and "Zisra" allowed to go scot free."

On Monday of last week another member of the English aristocracy took graciously to the stage namely Sir Robert (otherwise "Bobby") Peel. His Peelship who has frequently acted in amateur theatricals started his professional career in Northampton as Bootles in "Bootles Baby. The play is being toured by Alred J. Hyde, ex-warrior, but for some years an actor. He was when a mere boy, the sole survivor of the wreck of the London in which in 1886, perished the tragedian Gustavus Brooke, who married an American actress.

The Rochester Democrat and Chronicle commenting upon the success of "David Harum" which drew nearly \$7,000 a week in that city, and more than \$9,000 in eight performances in Syracuse, observes:—

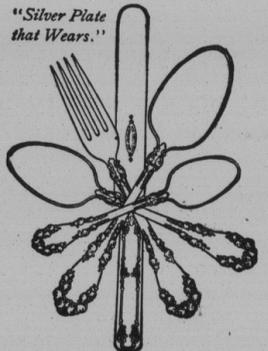
There is a lesson worth heeding by managers generally and especially by the manager of David Harum. Mr. Charles Frohman, in the success of this play, which is a conspicuous and convincing illustration of the box office value of cleanliness on the stage. David Harum is likely to make more money for Mr. Charles Frohman than all the foul farces he has ever produced, and he has produced a great many of them—more than any other now active manager. Cleanliness, provided it is allied with the requisite artistic and dramatic qualities, always pays better in the long run than appeals to base instincts. A realization of this by commercial managers would purge the stage of the offences that have lately caused disturbances.

Next season Liebler and company will have four attractions in New York: James O'Neil's spectacular production of Monte Cristo, which will open at the Academy of Music, Oct. 23, for an indefinite engagement; James A. Herne's Sag Harbor, which will open Hammerstein's new Republic Theatre on Sept. 8, followed by Viola Allen in her new play, which is expected to fill out the season; Joseph Arthur's new drama of Southern Indiana life, Lost River, which will be produced at the Fourteenth street Theatre on Oct. 1 for an indefinite run, and Mrs. Le Moyne in The Greatest Thing in the World at Wallack's for five weeks, beginning Oct. 7. In addition Liebler and Company will control practically the whole season at the Park Theatre, Boston, opening in October with a production of The Choir Invisible, with Henry Jewett in his original role of John Grey, and followed by Mr. Van Bibber, a dramatization by Augustus Thomas and Clay M. Greene of Richard Harding Davis' popular stories, with Robert Hilliard in the title-role. The same firm holds fourteen weeks at the Grand Opera house, Chicago, and is negotiating for a Philadelphia theatre in which to produce Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of "The Adventures of Francois," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

"This," said the Man of No Brains, is not a bit like the coffee mother used to make—

Something, perhaps instinct, recalled to his memory that she had arisen that morning with a toothache

"—me drink whether I like it or not," he concluded.



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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12

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

ENFORCING THE LIQUOR LAW.

The time for the granting and extension of licenses for the sale of liquor is just past and as one result there have been some informations and prosecutions. As those cases are yet before the court editorial comment is out of place but the facts are reported elsewhere. It is interesting, however, to note that in prohibition Maine and Scott Act Westmorland the officers of the law have even greater difficulty than our own inspector. There is a disposition in this city to comply with the spirit of the law; the letter of which is almost impossible to enforce, but in Moncton the officers are fighting with themselves and trying to make the dealers pay a double fine for the same offense. In Maine the enforcement of the prohibitory law was so unsatisfactory that at a meeting of citizens in Lewiston a committee was appointed to investigate the methods employed by the officials. In its return the committee reports that they have found that the Sheriff and his deputies are tender-hearted, and have no desire to prosecute any one; that they do not want to make any liquor seller feel that he has been singled out for the law's assaults, but that it is their fixed policy to treat all about alike; to raid them at irregular intervals and secure evidence against them where possible, so that a large number of them shall be presented for trial at each term of court. Meantime, and all the time, with almost no exception, the business of liquor selling goes on. While the liquor dealer is facing the judge in court to receive his sentence for violating the law of the State his place of business is open and his barkeepers are as busy as usual.

The officers claim that the methods they pursue in restricting the business, and closing some places. All the evidence the committee has been able to gather, after most painstaking investigation, goes to show that the business of liquor selling is not being restricted, that the number of places where liquor is sold is not being diminished, and that within the past year new places have been opened. Still further, it is plain that the business is not being driven into the dark. Liquor selling is done openly, and bars, with their furnishings of glasses and bottles may be seen from the street.

"I have taken the names of fifty of the liquor sellers of Lewiston, nearly all of whom have been in business a number of years. Of these fifty the names of thirty-nine appear on the court docket at least once, many of them more than once, for the four terms of court beginning in January, 1899. Against these thirty-nine law breakers there were, during the four terms of court, 182 complaints and indictments; eighty-three of these were not-prosecuted, seventeen were assigned to the special docket, and thirteen continued for sentence which means, to all intents and purposes, that 113 of these complaints and indictments were brushed aside. This leaves sixty-nine cases against the thirty-nine men during the four terms of court, or an average of somewhat less than two counts against each individual for that length of time.

The average total fine imposed upon these thirty-nine men under these sixty-nine cases during these four terms of court was \$324, and every one of the thirty-nine, with one exception (he is in jail), is in business to day, and, so far as we can learn had never been out of business for a day during the time covered by these calculations.

"My attention has been repeatedly called to the fact that local officers after making raids and securing in some cases large quantities of liquor, have found the Grand Jury under some circumstances unwilling to grant an indictment; and the case, after passing through the municipal court, has been dropped and the liquors returned. Equally suggestive is the fact that business men, men of influence in the county, politically, socially, and, in some cases, I am led to believe, religiously, stand in the way of the law's enforcement; stand in the way even of the attempts which are made to enforce it, and not infrequently, by personal solicitation, seek to turn the officers from the plain path of their official duties by cause, forsooth, interference with certain liquor dealers would be detrimental to business.

"Can we blame the officers for regarding such advice as an indication of a prevailing sentiment sufficiently strong to warrant them in regulating their official conduct by it?"

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The eclipse of the sun which takes place on May 28 is an event of such rarity that it has excited a great deal of attention. Astronomer HOLDER has given the public many facts and much information concerning this important celestial phenomenon. In one of his articles he describes an eclipse of the sun is caused by the moon (the new moon) moving in her orbit between the earth and the sun. The sun's light is thus occulted—eclipsed—and the earth's atmosphere becomes dark. So far, this is a phenomenon that happens every evening at sunset. But the glory of a total solar eclipse is the corona which is visible at that time and at no other. The corona is a kind of an envelope surrounding the sun, and extending for millions of miles away from it. Part of it is made up of the invisible gas, coronium, so called which extends all around the sun. The presence of this was first discovered by two American astronomers, Prof. Young of Princeton, and Pro. Harkness of Washington, in 1896, by means of the spectroscopy. The spectrum of coronium is characterized by a bright line in the green. Of course, the gaseous corona cannot be seen with the naked eye or with the telescope. A spectroscopy is required to prove the presence of the gaseous envelope of the sun. The visible corona is produced by the reflection of sunlight from billions of small particles, which occupy the spaces on either side of the sun, and revolve around it, as night-fires cluster around an electric street lamp. At a total eclipse the direct light of the lamp (the sun) is shut off; but the swarm of particles in still illuminated, and it is visible. We do not see the corona every and any day at noon for the reason that it is a little less bright than the general illumination of our own atmosphere. It is usually projected on a background of about the same brilliancy as itself, and then, of course, is not separately visible.

But when the moon shuts off the direct light of the sun the corona stands out against a darkened background and then and then only, can be seen with the naked eye.

The beginning of a total eclipse is marked by a small black notch in the bright circle of the sun caused by the advancing moon. The moon is black because its dark side is turned toward us (it is new moon) At a total eclipse the moon gradually covers more and more of the sun's disk until only a thin crescent—like the sickle of the young moon—remains. To the general spectator there is little to notice unless it be the altered shapes of the images formed by the small holes or apertures, like the spaces between the leaves of a tree, for example. Under ordinary circumstances, the image of the sun made by the solar rays that pass through a small hole—in a card, for example—are circular in shape, like the shape of the sun itself. When the sun is crescent, the images or the sun formed by such holes are also crescent, and if the observer is under a large tree the appearance is quite striking. The experiment is worth trying at any rate; and it serves to pass the time till the approach of totality.

As the light of the sun is diminished in quantity a change of its color is also remarked. This grows more and pronounced and gives to the adjacent landscape that strange and weird effect which lends so much to the impressiveness of a total eclipse. The rays of the crescent sun which now light the landscape come from points near the sun's edge, and therefore pass through a greater thickness of the solar atmosphere than usual. The sun's atmosphere, like our own, absorbs proportionally more of the blue rays. And therefore the light becomes progressively more and more red, just at sunsets.

The shadow of the moon is projected downward upon the earth's surface and it moves with prodigious swiftness—at the rate of some thirty miles a minute. If the

observer is on an eminence he can see it approaching his station, and in a moment it reaches him. Just at this instant the darkness suddenly increases, the brighter stars and planets began to shine out in the sky and suddenly the moon, an intensely black ball, appears to hang isolated in the heavens.

An instant more and the corona is seen surrounding the black orb of the moon, shining with a pearly soft effulgence, quite different from any light known to us. Near the moon's edge it is very bright and it extends outward in wisps and streamers often of immense length. Under favorable circumstances it has been seen for twelve solar diameters on each side of the sun—for about nine million miles.

The mere spectacle is worth a long journey to see. If the appearances are studied with a telescope or spectroscopy much may be added to our scanty knowledge. The total phase endures (in 1900) a little over a minute and then suddenly, the sunlight reappears and there is a repetition of the phenomena of the partial phase, in reverse order, however.

The phenomena that have been briefly described have been seen by generations of men for countless ages. No doubt our remote ancestors were terrified beyond words by these appearances, but as the world did not come to an end then and there, they invented a name for the appearance, wove legends about it, and by and by, began to observe it carefully. The Chinese have statistics of eclipses going back more than four thousand years. The legend of their common people is that a dragon is endeavoring to devour the sun and they frighten him away by beating drums. It is quite possible that the Chinese flag—a blue dragon swallowing a red ball—has something to do with the early belief.

At the beginning of the century little attention was paid even by scientific men, to the phenomena of eclipses. The times of their occurrences were noted, but that all. At the eclipse of 1836 Francis Baily noted that the thin solar crescent broke up into little spots of light in a peculiar way, forming, for an instant, what are called "Baily's beads." At the time there was no explanation forthcoming and astronomers began to realize that they knew little or nothing about the sun itself, not to speak of the corona. Red "flames" were seen close to the moon's edge (they are part of the sun's atmosphere of incandescent hydrogen) and it was disputed for a long time whether they belonged to the sun or the moon. It was not until Young's observation of the coronal spectrum in 1869 that the serious study of the solar surroundings began.

About thirty years, therefore, is the age of modern views of the sun and of the corona. Everything known has been learned by men now living, and it is a fact worth remarking. It ought to teach us a little humility which is useful in science as it is in other walks of life. The eclipse of 1851 and 1860 proved that the hydrogen flames belonged to the sun, and not to the moon. At the eclipse of 1868 a method was discovered of observing (with a spectroscopy) these bright hydrogen "prominences" on any and every day. They are so much brighter than their background that the observation is not very difficult and they are now regularly mapped at several observations. In 1869 the green hue of coronium, the coronal gas, was discovered. So far, this gas has not been discovered on the earth.

The track of total eclipse extends across northern Mexico, traverses the United States from New Orleans to Norfolk, touches Portugal and Algiers and ends at sunset near the Red Sea. A partial eclipse will be visible over the whole of North and Central America and of Europe, and over a part of South America and much of Africa; but it is the total phase that is of special importance to astronomers, and the total phase in the United States, which is specially interesting to Americans.

It has long been desired to construct a hawser or cable for towing vessels that should be able to act also as an electrical conductor between the two boats, so that signals and messages might easily be interchanged. As such a cable must possess very great strength and elasticity to withstand the heavy strains to which it is subjected, and at the same time be highly flexible, the problem presented in the design of a suitable electrical circuit for incorporation with it has been most difficult. It is said to have been solved with great success by two Belgian engineers. Their method is extremely simple. Two cables or conductors are formed of fine copper wire wound in spiral form around cores of hemp. The cores are about one-eighth inch in diameter, and the wire spirals surround them much in the same way that the wire is wound on a guitar string. These conductors are sewed with hemp and insulated with a yielding rubber tape, the

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two together with other strands of hemp or wire forming the middle "lay" of the hawser. If the towing cable thus formed stretches a little under heavy strains the spiraled wires simply open out without breaking. It is stated that after a test consisting of one hundred stretchings of such a cable under a pull of 4,800 pounds, the electrical qualities of its wire circuit were unchanged.

A French electrician, M. C. Tissot, has made an interesting innovation in the receiving apparatus used in wireless telegraphy. As nearly every one knows, the sensitive element of the receiving end of a wireless telegraph system is a small glass tube full of metallic filings and having terminal wires so that it can be put into a circuit with a battery and a telegraph relay. When electric wave impinge upon this apparatus, which is called a coherer, the grains of metallic powder in the tube seem to join hands and form conducting chains so that current passes from the battery and affects the relay. To break these chains and prepare the coherer for another signal it has been usual to employ some variety of mechanical tapper to strike the tube gently and loosen its contained powder, causing it to "de-cohere." M. Tissot has found out that if the metallic powder in the tube be of iron or steel, placing the whole apparatus in the field of a comparatively weak magnet causes the filings automatically to de-cohere, thus removing the necessity for the tapper with its delicate and untrustworthy adjustments.

Several years ago a telegraph cable was laid in the bed of the Amazon river to connect the various towns along that stream with Para. It was soon found that the rapid current of the river and the vast quantities of driftwood, &c., brought down by the stream, broke and interfered with the workings of the cable to such an extent that it has been in use only about one month in twelve during its existence. A company has been formed, aided by the Para Government, to construct a land line of telegraph wires along the river, and so far, 190 miles have been built. The difficulty of building a telegraph line through the Amazon forests is enormous, and it will probably cause this to be the most expensive telegraph line in the world when it is completed.

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JOYS AND WORNS OF OTHER PLACES.

St. John's is Due About August. (Halifax Echo.) The exhibition price list is out. The cover is a handsomely designed one in colors.

Here's a Timely Tip. (Yarmouth Times.) The sanitary inspectors are making their annual spring tour of the town.

A Much Needed Reform. (Moncton Transcript.) The L. C. R. management has instructed all its employees to be more careful in the future in handling all trunks carried as baggage. These instructions are the result of representations made by the Commercial Travellers Association.

Bluff, Won't Work There. (Annapolis Spectator.) In Windsor they are "making no bones" about the enforcing of the law in regard to the collection of overdue taxes. The last issue of the Tribune says: "We have it on good authority that warrants are issued for the collection of all outstanding taxes, and according to the appearance of the Town office just vacated, this report is verified, as it is now being used as a store-house for furniture and other articles taken for taxes, which are to be sold by public auction."

He "Yumped for Joy." (Letter to Union Advocate.) "J. R. Munroe and I went to visit F. O. Fetter-son's brother who lives at Bloomington. He does not talk very good English (he is a Swede) and it amused us to hear him talk. He told us he 'yumped for joy' when he saw the British flag floating over the city."

Meteorological Antics in Meteghan. (Meteghan River Cor. Digby Courier.) We certainly are experiencing very changeable weather, for this some people's minds, it is one way one day and another the next. Yesterday was too warm for an overcoat, but today is far too cold to be without one. The wind now, 9 p. m., is a cold north-wester with hale and rain. We can't say

all hall to such weather, neither is it hale. The rain we had three days ago, caused the grass to start up quite green, though the spring is backward. Planting is being done quite extensively, and our farmers hope to reap a large and paying crop when harvest time comes.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

When the Smelts Run up the Dungarvan. Oh, the wintry blasts are o'er and there's moisture on the pane; The slugs that have pushed their brows above the drifts again. Brook unto brook is uttering speech long sealed by winter's snows. And round the south end of the barn a kindler radiance glows. The sap is climbing upward, and we see on every head That Nature's still in business at the same old cosmic stand; And we're watching, and we're longing, while the ice goes slowly melting, And we're leaning on our scap nets, and we're 'daying' for the smelts.

The currant loaf of Christmas has long since passed away; The doughnuts and the mince pie, too, have also had their day. The pork barrel has an empty cask as we jab in the tube. For the solitary hunk of fat, the last of all its line. The liver and the bacon's gone, the toothsome her- ring too. And there's a smothering now but ham and eggs to see us through; But that which 'spring eternal' brings us cheer if nothing else. For we'll soon be charging 'baggets' and going for the smelts.

If you saw us in the summer time when gentler breezes blow. You might think we lacked, in haste, and be apt to call us slow; That we kind of slackened the traces, and were lag- gards in the race. And the time of cold molasses was the record of our pace. But you ought to see our temper when old winter hits her yoke And we'll be laced up our hardy hands to pull a 'get' there's stroke. Oh, there's shouting on the kopje; and there's laughter on the veldt; automatically to de-cohere, thus removing the necessity for the tapper with its delicate and untrustworthy adjustments.

When the lustrous scap net flashes and the pole vanes through the blue, And the surge of rushing waters braves against the loop. Then we just unslip our braces, and let another loop. And a livelier kind of tris forms around the south- west whoop. O, Spring! I love thy breezes, thy shady dells and bowers. The wild notes of thy song 'birds and the love tales of thy Ewers; But that which makes the thrill of joy creep down beneath our belts In the few short days you bring us when we masti- cate the smelt.

Better and Better. The world grows better by degrees, As roll the restless years along. The poet should the moments seize To all the same with light and song. The wrongs that honest men bewail, That cause the worst of us to weep, We should not sound on every gale In lamentations fierce and deep. No, let us rather be content To do the best we know how— We don't build the filament, Nor fashion man as he is now. We can't relieve man from the curse That fell on Father Adam here; We can't construct a silken purse From a dead sow's unannounced ear. But we can do some things I know, With other tollers of the race. To make this wilderness of woe A very fair abiding place.

The Choristers. There's a little band of singers Every evening comes and lingers 'Neath the window of my cottage in the trees; And with dark they raise their voices. While the gathering night rejoices. And the leaves join in the chorus with the breeze. Then the twinkling stars come out To enjoy the merry rout. And the squirrels range themselves upon a log; And the ruffles turnish light. That they read their notes aright— The katydid, the cricket and the frog. All the night I hear them singing; Through my head their tunes are ringing— Strains of music straight from Mother Nature's heart. Now the katydid and cricket From the deep of yonder thicket; These the croaking frog of yonder dunes his part By and by the moon appears At the midnight hour near. And her smiles dispel the low'ring mist and fog; Then the lark is at its height, And they give us the night— The katydid, the cricket and the frog.

The Boy With the Spade. No weight of axes bows him down, That barfoot boy with fingers brown. There's nothing empty in his face, No burden of the human race. Are on his back, nor is he dead To joy or sorrow, hope or dread. For he can grieve, and he can hope. Can shrink with all his soul from soap. No brother to the ox is he. He's second cousin to the bee; He loosens and lets down his jaw— And brings it up his gun to 'chaw.' There's naught but sweat upon his brow. 'Tis slanted somewhat forward now. His eyes are bright with eager light, He's working with an appetite. Ah, no! That boy is not afraid To wield with all his strength his spade. Nor has he any spite at fate— He's digging angworms for bait.

Beautiful Nova Scotia. The Yarmouth Steamship Company is never behind time in issuing its summer resort literature and already copies of "Beautiful Nova Scotia" are being sent out. The description matter is exceedingly interesting and the illustrations splendid. The cover design of the pamphlet, which, by the way, has now assumed such proportions as to deserve a more imposing title, is very attractive. New Brunswick does receive much attention but as our own tourist association is supposed to look after this province's interests that can be forgiven.

We have noticed in time of peril that the man who believes his soul is saved, gets as scared as one whose soul isn't.

BAKING POWDER

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Spring is dragging herself along in a most dilatory fashion. The air is still cold and chilling, frequent rains keep the streets and roads in a state of perpetual mud...

The opening of the Home for Incubables in the South End is causing quite a little activity among the good women of our city, and extensive preparations are being made to make the occasion productive of the best financial results...

Pretty nearly all the young ladies in town who figure so prettily in the social functions as they come along, are at present actively engaged in receiving a thorough military tutelage...

The marriage of Mr. Edward R. Mawson, of the Yarmouth Stock Co., in New York on Tuesday was a surprise not only to his intimate acquaintances in this city, but even to the management of the Valentine company themselves...

It is really surprising how the bicycle maintains and seems to increase its popularity. The Canada Cycle and Motor Co's agency in this city report having sold an enormous number of wheels so far this season...

Over in North End moving day was particularly significant to many households, for fully as many as twenty-five or thirty families returned from various and scattered parts of that end of town to their lifelong neighborhoods...

cupid still seems to be at large in that part of the city which used to go by the name of Portland. Here are a few whippers: A clerk in a corner drug store and one of the hospital nursing staff...

ed home on Rockland Road. Both bride and groom have a host of friends and acquaintances who are extending their congratulations and best wishes.

HANPTON. MAY 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sharp of St. John, spent Sunday in town with friends. Mrs. C. A. Palmer was visiting Mrs. Philip Palmer at "Ravenwood" last week...

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PARROBO. Judge Morse who is holding the spring session of the county court this week delivered on Tuesday evening in St. George's hall an exceedingly edifying lecture, "The Rebellion in Cumberland in 1776"...

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Now is the Time to begin saving your WELCOME SOAP Wrappers for Premiums. A First-Class Camera, standard and of the largest American manufacture. Three plate holders, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inch picture, time exposure or snap shot. 35 Welcome Soap Wrappers, and \$1.75 cash. Limited number. Apply early. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

White's Snowflake Chocolates Have the Letter S on Top. Imitations are out. Look out for them.

Corticelli Skirt Protector should not be used as a binding—it is a physical impossibility for any kind of a binding to outwear a skirt. Corticelli Protector Braid should be sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—one at upper edge of braid and the second near the bottom of the skirt. Put on thus it is a real "protector"—its perfect shade match makes a desirable bottom finish for any skirt. Sold everywhere 4 cents a yard. The genuine has this label. Corticelli

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

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

News and Opinions National Importance. The Sun ALONE CONTAINS BOTH: Daily, by mail, \$6 a year Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Fry's Cocoa has the true, rich, delicate cocoa flavor that only an absolutely pure cocoa can possibly yield. It is easily soluble in hot water. It nourishes the system without weakening the digestive organs. It is concentrated and hence economical to use. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Processions for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.
MORNING CO. ... Barrington Street
HALIFAX NEWS CO. ... Railway Depot
J. R. FIDELLAY ... Brunswick Street
Mrs. DeFreitas ... 181 Brunswick St.

May 8—St. Joseph's church was the scene of a quiet but pretty wedding at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning.

Dr. Cowie and family have removed to Jubilee cottage, North West arm for the summer.

Mr. F. T. Congdon, while in San Francisco recently, saw Mr. Joseph Frame, barrister.

Miss F. F. Pearson and Miss Pearson returned from Bermuda on the steamer Beta last night.

Mr. John McIntosh, M. F. of Sherbrooke, is rapidly recovering from his recent serious illness.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mother of Mosherville, N. B., are in Montreal for a few weeks.

C. E. Harris who formerly lived in Tyro and married Miss Annie McMillan, daughter of the late Professor McMillan, once mathematical teacher in the Normal school, is now superintendent of the Wyoming branch of the Union Pacific Railway.

Mr. J. Longley is visiting in Toronto.

The following were passengers for New York by the steamer Silvia last evening: Deputy Consul General Hill, Miss Hill, Wm. Young, Miss Herbert M. Walsh, A. Noseworthy, D. A. Macdonald.

The following Halifax people have registered at the High Commissioner's office, London, for the week ending April 23: R. C. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Heeslein, R. W. S. Burrill, John E. Stairs.

A late English paper says: The next vacancy on the garrison artillery list of lieutenant-colonels will give Major W. A. Plant, now in command of No. 20 Co., Western Division, his step. Major Plant was recently in Halifax, and is now on a visit to England.

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Quartermaster-Serjt. Rawlings, A. P. U. left on Thursday for England.

Simon LeBlanc proprietor of the Albion hotel, is in Asheville, North Carolina under treatment for his health, and is improving rapidly.

Mr. LeBlanc left here about two months ago and went under the treatment at Asheville of Dr. Paul Faquin, for tuberculosis of the lungs and throat trouble.

Dr. Faquin is a Canadian, having gone from Montreal to the Missouri State University, where for some time he was a professor. He studied in the laboratory of the famous Pasteur.

The winter at Asheville, Mr. LeBlanc writes, was not as favorable to invalids as in the past. His treatment had to be almost wholly artificial. When he first arrived he was prostrated by a severe hemorrhage, which threatened his chances, but he is now on a high road to recovery.

H. M. Whitney and B. F. Pearson are at Sydney, W. B. Ross left for Sydney this morning.

The Misses Keefe, daughters of ex-mayor Keefe, are guests at the Avenue House, McGill College avenue, Montreal.

The Rev. Father Daguard, superior of St. Ann's college, Church Point, arrived in the city on Saturday. He is a guest at the Catholic Seminary.

Re. Mr. McPherson, of St. John's church, leaves this afternoon for Kingston, Ont., and will spend two or three weeks there, after which he will go to Toronto and remain there permanently.



WAY UP

above every other medicine stands the record of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as a remedy for diseases of the blood, stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition.

"Discovery" will cure ninety-eight per cent. of those who are suffering from the diseases for which it is prescribed. That claim is based upon the actual record that it has cured ninety-eight per cent. of those who have used it, and the number of those who reaches to the hundreds of thousands.

Will it cure you? Try it. It is a wonderful medicine and has worked wonderful cures.

Let no dealer sell you a medicine said to be "just as good." Just as good medicines don't cure.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 555 Walnut St., Lorain, Ohio. "It got so bad that I had to lay off quite often two and three days a week, my stomach would bloot, and I would belch up gas, and was in awful distress at such times. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city but got no help whatever. I wrote to you for advice. You told me that by my own system you thought I had liver complaint and advised the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' in connection. These medicines I have taken as directed, and in very short time I commenced to get better from the start and have not lost a day this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip top and better than I have for ten years."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Monday morning to attend a special course in dentistry under Prof. Haskell's Post Graduate School of Chicago.

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

Progress Job Print.

WINDSOR.

MAY 8.—Miss Aimee Cecil Jones left for a visit to Boston on Saturday.

Mr. Edward Kileup, Fairfield, was reported a little better on Monday afternoon.

Miss Mary Smith went to Wolfville on Saturday last for a visit to her friends there.

Mrs. Florence Knowles is spending a week with friends at Grand Fre and Wolfville.

Mr. C. DeW. Smith and son Chester went to Annapolis on Tuesday, to return Wednesday evening.

Mr. Percy Smith returned from Boston on Wednesday evening last, where he had been on business for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith, Halifax, remained off in Windsor Wednesday evening until the next on their way home from Boston.

Mrs. Walter Cochran and child of Portland, Oregon, accompanied by Miss E. J. Cochran, are visiting friends and relatives in Windsor and Newport, after an absence of nine years.

Mrs. G. E. Fallow goes to Halifax this week where she has accepted a position as Matron of the Orphan Home.

Mr. James Chisholm, who has been absent in Boston for about five months, returned here on Saturday evening.

Rev. George Johnson, Bear River, exchanged pulpits with Rev. W. Phillips on Sunday last, and preached excellent sermons morning and evening.

Mrs. E. M. Bill returned to "Shelburne on Tuesday. Mr. Bill will remain here for a few days longer on business in connection with the late Dr. Haley's estate.

Mr. R. H. Treppell and family left on Monday morning for Sydney, C. B., where they will take the steamer Bruce for their new home in St. John's, Newfoundland. Mr. Weisford Sterling, who has been a able and faithful assistant of Mr. Treppell, left on Tuesday for St. John's, where he will assist Mr. Treppell.

Dr. Dil has sold his fine residence on King street to Mr. Fred Curry, Registrar of Probate. Mrs. C. P. Shaw has broken up house-keeping, and she, in company with Miss Ebel Shaw, leaves shortly for Boston, to spend the summer with friends there, and also in Harvard. Dr. Dil moves into the house recently occupied by Mrs. Shaw and family.

Dr. and Mrs. Reid last week were telegraphed for to go to St. John's to Mrs. Reid's sister, Mrs. Montgomery, who is seriously ill. They will probably return this Tuesday evening.

DIGBY.

MAY 9.—Mrs. T. O. Shreve is visiting at St. John. Mr. A. Kimela of St. John was in town this week.

Mr. George Polley, of W. Eaton and Sons, and Miss Beattie Spriggs, were married in the holy bonds of matrimony. Notwithstanding the early hour, the church was well filled with the friends of the contracting parties.

The groom was accompanied by his brother Mr. W. G. Foley, and little Miss Edith Gilroy, niece of the bride, was maid of honor. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Mgr. Daly.

The bride looked pretty attired in a grey dress, with white satin trimmings and hat to match; the maid of honor was charmingly attired in brown, and she wore a pretty white hat.

The presents were numerous, among them being many useful ones. Mr. and Mrs. Foley will reside at 72 Charles street extension.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Smith have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at 46 Brenton St.

Dr. Cowie and family have removed to Jubilee cottage, North West arm for the summer.

Mr. F. T. Congdon, while in San Francisco recently, saw Mr. Joseph Frame, barrister. Mr. Frame is in partnership with a leading Francisco lawyer, Mr. Frank, and goes to Cape Nome shortly to open a branch office there.

Lieut.-Colonel Vidal resigned the command of the garrison regiment on May 10.

The Right Reverend the Bishop of Newfoundland, and Mrs. Jones arrived from Bermuda yesterday, are at the Waverley.

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Jude F. the, of Queen's county, is in the city and leaves for Liverpool to-morrow morning.

Wm. Vaughan, of the Maritime Express Co., staff as seriously ill with appendicitis.

Mrs. George Hensley leaves on the steamer Dahome on Thursday for London en route to Glasgow to join her brother.

Frank Roman arrived here from the Upper Provinces on Friday evening. He was in the railway accident near Lewis last Tuesday, when a loaded train threw the locomotive and boggy car off the track.

Mr. Justice Henry's condition has improved slightly in the past few days.

He traces the Archbishop and Rev. Dr. Murphy arrived here Saturday evening from Pittsburg.

Mr. Henry Robertson, lawyer of Dell Rapids, Southern Dakota, has been elected Mayor of that town. He was the nominee of the Republican Convention.

He was the nominee of the Republican Convention. The high opinion he had a large majority over the combined vote of his opponents. Mr. Robertson is a son of the Hon. Robert Robertson of Barrington, and brother of Thomas Robertson, M. P.

Mr. J. B. Townsend and party, of Philadelphia, who have been annual visitors to Yarmouth in quest of the potato, trout and salmon, arrived at Yarmouth on Wednesday, and are now trying their luck on the waters on the Tuckert and other rivers.

Dr. Howard Churchill, of North Sydney left yesterday.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take 1-2-3-4-5 Brown Quinine Tablets. All druggists supply the money in 1-2-3-4-5. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A branded tea like Letley's Elephant Brand is safest, as its packers' business reputation is staked on its purity.

ANNAPOLIS.

MAY 9.—James E. Shafner returned on Saturday last from a trip to Boston and New York. Mr. Shafner's health is poor, and he had been away to consult a specialist.

Fred W. Hatheway and family of the Ferry, have left for Fredericton, N. B., near which place they will reside on the farm lately purchased by Mr. R. Hatheway.

Willie Taylor now stationed agent at Clam-station on the D. A. R. has been visiting his parents in Parrboro and is in the city.

Capt. John H. Geener and wife of Annapolis are visiting relatives in Belle Isle a few days last week.

Mrs. King left on Saturday for New York accompanied by two of her children, and will remain for some time with her husband, Capt. Wm. King of the ship G. Arsdale.

Harry Saunders left on Wednesday for Boston where he hopes to secure a position as stenographer or bookkeeper.

Mrs. B. W. Colley after a three weeks visit to her sister Mrs. James MacKay left on Wednesday to her home in Hazel Hill.

Capt. W. H. Del-p of the sch. V. T. H. arrived home on Saturday accompanied by Mrs. Delap who met him at St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayfield, Miss Peters and Miss Rayfield left for their home in Charlottetown on Monday last.

Rev. Mr. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Newport, N. S., are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Redding.

Mr. Imrie, manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Bridgetown was in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney, Yarmouth, are staying with Mrs. Perkins at the Hillside.

The first of May is in many respects the most important day of the year to some. It makes a change in conditions in the "moving day" Annapolis, in this respect, is different from most places—generally is not in the people's line. There are ordinarily, however a few changes to chronicle each year.

Thos. Marshall has moved from the Borden house on St. James street, and has taken up his residence in Bridgetown. Dr. Marshall has vacated the Hawkeworth house on St. George street and now occupies the Chalmers block on the new school house. Mr. Wm. MacCalland has moved into B. Hardwick's house next to M. Buckler's, and the flat occupied by her in the Buchanan block has been taken by Jos. Crowe. J. H. Bayer has moved his family from Lawrence street, and is now domiciled in George E. Corbett's new tenement on St. George street. E. W. McBride has moved from the Hardwick tenement on St. Anthony street and now occupies the house on St. George street, owned by Mrs. A. W. Corbett.

TEBEO.

[P]ROGRESS is for sale in Tyro by Mr. G. O. Feltus, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Street.

MAY 9.—Mrs. Thos. McKay, Miss McKay and Mrs. Lawson are home from Jamaica, W. I. after a most delightful trip. Mrs. McKay's many friends will be glad to know that she returns in very much improved health.

Never before was there so rich a musical treat by a Turo as on the evening given by the Bostonian Sextette club, last Friday. The house was not as large as anticipated and evinced by hearty applause the appreciation of each beautiful number by the finished artists. Miss Helen Wetmore's beautiful voice and charming presence delighted everyone. The whole evening was one of pleasure and for the talented performers, too much praise cannot be said.

Rev. G. R. Martelle, rector of St. John's, Malton, was in town, for a day or two this week.

Mrs. W. S. Carson who has been visiting her relatives at the Lamentum returned to Halifax today.

Mr. Harry Blip, Bathurst, N. B. spent two days last week with his friend, Mr. E. B. Smart.

NEWCASTLE.

MAY 9.—Mr. James E. Gibson, M. P. returned from Ottawa Saturday night.

Mr. J. E. Petrie, Millerton, was in Newcastle Friday.

Miss E. Holt has closed her book store and returned to her home in Ottawa. Miss Bertha Elliot accompanied her to the Capital.

Dr. Spruce, left for Montreal Saturday night.

Miss Robinson and Miss Jardine, Millerton spent Friday in Newcastle.

Mrs. McEvoy is visiting her daughter in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fallon and family left Chatham last night for British Columbia where they will in future reside.

Rev. Wm. Harrison, Bathurst, is in Montreal, seeking medical aid.

Mrs. Edward Sinclair and Miss Sinclair were in St. John last week.

In the third year W. H. DeBlais, Halifax, was a prize in practical chemistry and metallurgy at McGill.

Mr. and Mrs. John McKibbin have arrived in Redbank. Mr. McKibbin went away a few years ago, and now returns accompanied by his wife, an American lady. They intend making quite lengthy visit in this country.

Miss Eliza Keys, Northesk, left last week for Providence, E. I., where she enters a hospital, with the view of becoming a trained nurse.

Mrs. Thos. Mullin, Northesk is very ill with pleurisy.

Miss Margaret Clarke has forwarded to the Canadian branch of the Red Cross society at Toronto, \$65.22, the proceeds of a chain letter worked by her for the benefit of the Red Cross which began in the South Africa.

Rev. Mr. Corbett of Blackville was in town yesterday.

Mr. L. B. McMurdo went to Bathurst, Monday night on a business trip.

Dr. McChas and Mr. T. M. Burns, M. P. F., Bathurst, were in town yesterday.

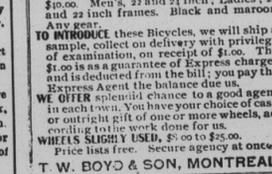
Mr. John Moore, of Hillsboro, arrived in town last week to take the position of head blacksmith in Jas. M. Falconer's carriage factory.

The following clergymen are attending the Diocesan meeting in Newcastle:—Rev. Canon Forsyth, Chatham; Rev. T. W. Street, Bathurst; Rev. W. J. Wilkinson, Bay de Veaz; Rev. G. L. Freeborn, Lunenburg; Rev. James Spencer, Campbellton; Rev. C. O'Dell Bayle, Derby; Rev. H. Meek, Richibucto; Rev. G. MacDonald, Bathurst.

DYEING SILKS nothing equals

MAYPOLE SOAP Brilliant fast colors.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. FREE book on Home Dyeing on application to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.



BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" 1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 1 1/2 in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece crank, high grade in every detail.

TO BUY these Bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$10.00. The \$10.00 is a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us.

WE OFFER a special chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us.

WHILE SLIGHTLY USED, \$5.00 to \$25.00. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. O. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS. WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.



He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extremely pleasing.

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Bu-touche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bu-touche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

MAY 9.—Dist. H. Laughlin and Masons from St. George Lodge, by number of members in attendance the lodge the social evening, were partaken of James Vroom, gall, E. W. White, A. Stevenson.

The funeral of late Mr. Edwin Danial residence on Danial attended by Rev. M. J. The Bicycle Club with Miss B. Mr. Charles J. The funeral of late Mr. J. H. Danial, Tuesday morning, was celebrated.

MAY 9.—Mr. day from a visit by Mr. Thomas W. Ed. relatives here. Mrs. Harry C. on Monday.

Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. T. S. B. Mr. James B. Mrs. Elizabeth Edward Simpson. Mrs. Rufus J. the city. Miss Emma Question. Misses Laura Sunday at Deer Mr. Edward guest of Mr. R.

DR Pains Not Relieved Well

Relying on comes entire have doctors after year, knowing the they had been Nearly ever rest on. So comes from the back, but and suffered "I tried a no relief until Kidney-Live of me, and driven out of your weak, I use Dr. Chase's and directly and kidneys compounded on both the cure backache and bladder.

This is Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which are the best for the kidneys, and are the only ones that will cure the backache and bladder.

What do all man is cured. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which are the best for the kidneys, and are the only ones that will cure the backache and bladder.

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A WISE MOTHER



Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. She should learn the construction and functions of all those delicate organs in order to properly instruct her daughters on this important subject. Such a knowledge can be obtained from Mrs. Richardson's latest book "Woman in Health and Disease." It treats of all the ailments peculiar to women and tells how to avoid and cure them. This book contains over 100 pages of interesting reading matter and is profusely illustrated. It is a true mother's guide. By the wise counsel it contains many a woman's life will be saved and much needless suffering avoided or relieved. Every woman in the land is welcome to a copy. It will be sent free on receipt of 10 cts. (stamps or silver) to pay cost of mailing.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 9.—District Deputy Grand Master Dr. W. H. Laughlin accompanied by a delegation of Masons from St. Stephen, made his annual visit to St. George Lodge 13, F. and A. M., Thursday evening last, although a very stormy night a goodly number of members of the St. George Lodge were in attendance. After the regular business of the lodge the visitors and members spent a very social evening. Oysters, coffee and sandwiches were partaken of. Among the visitors were, Mr. James Vroom, Mrs. J. T. Whitlock, Mr. A. Mansfield, E. W. Whitlock, W. W. Inches, Aubrey and A. Stevenson.

The funeral of Mrs. Mandana Russell, wife of the late Mr. Edwin Russell and eldest daughter of the late Mr. Daniel Gillmor, took place from her late residence on Monday afternoon and was very largely attended. Rev. Mr. Lavers conducting the services. The deceased was one of our most highly esteemed ladies and will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends. She leaves a family of five children, Mrs. Samuel Johnson, Miss Russell, St. George, Mr. Edwin Russell, Mr. E. Lodge Russell and Mr. Daniel Russell of New York State.

The Bicycle club enjoyed a very pleasant evening with Miss Baldwin this week.

Mr. Charles Johnston has returned from a pleasant visit of two weeks in St. Stephen.

The funeral of Mrs. Doyle an old resident of eighty-one, took place from the R. C. church on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. Solemn high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lavery.

GAGTOWN.

MAY 8.—Mr. T. S. Peters returned home on Monday from a visit to St. John. He was accompanied by Mr. Thomas Lee.

Mrs. W. Edwards of St. John spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Harry Colwell of Jemseg went to St. John on Monday.

Mrs. Robinson of St. John, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. E. Peters.

Mr. James Byles was in St. John last week.

Mr. Blizard of St. John, is the guest of Mr. Edward Simpson.

Mrs. Rubins returned on Saturday from a trip to the city.

Miss Emma Osborne has returned home from Queenston.

Misses Laura Hunter and Minnie Osborne spent Sunday at Deer Hill.

Mr. Edward Brodie of St. John, who was the guest of Mrs. Rubins on Sunday, returned home on Monday.

DR. CHASE

CURES

Pains in the Back

That Mere Kidney Remedies Could Not Reach—The Liver as Well as the Kidneys were Diseased.

Relying on the old theory that backache comes entirely from diseased kidneys, many have doctored away at the kidneys, year after year, and suffered on and on, not knowing the fallacy of the theory which they had been led to accept as true.

Nearly every theory has some truth to rest on. So, when it is said that backache comes from disordered kidneys, part of the truth is told. It should also be added that backache comes from a torpid sluggish liver.

The liver is the largest organ in the body, has more important functions than the kidneys, is more liable to get out of order, and is responsible for more backache, indigestion and body pains than all other organs combined.

But it is not so much the cause as the cure that the sufferer wants to know about. What do all the theories amount to when a man is cured? A month's treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills will be of more benefit to the man or woman without aching back than all the theory of all the doctors that ever lived.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlin, Banbarois, Que., states: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years, and have been so bad that I could not sleep at nights on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony.

"I tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seem to be driven out of my system."

You can be absolutely certain of having your weak, lame, aching back cured if you use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They act directly and promptly on both the liver and kidneys. They are the only pills ever compounded that have this combined action on both the great centres that never fail to cure backache and pains in the left shoulder blade.

This is a strong statement, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have proved filtering systems. They are the only pills worthy of the strongest statement that can be formed in the English language to come next to a cure for backache and the ills of the liver and kidneys. The proof is found in every town and village of Canada, the United States and Europe. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box; at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Monday, Mrs. Brodie will spend another week with her sister Mrs. Rubins.

Mr. John Palmer spent Sunday at his home in Hampstead.

Messrs. Bruce and Hugh Ferris spent Sunday at their home in White's Cove.

Mr. John Law and daughter Miss Laurie went to the city on Monday.

L. A. Currey, Esq., of St. John was in town last week. He returned to the city Thursday accompanied by his mother Mrs. J. Currey.

Miss Maggie Digne of St. John, is visiting her cousin Miss Dottie Digne.

Miss Maimie Law was in St. John last week.

Mrs. R. T. Babbitt and daughter, Miss Arthur, spent Sunday with Mrs. Babbitt's sister Mrs. Charles Slipp of Lower Jemseg.

Miss Burpee of Sheffield, is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. Bridges.

Mrs. Bridges, of Sheffield, is visiting her son Capt. J. Bridges.

Mr. Leigh Slipp of Lower Jemseg, was in town last week.

Mrs. Smith Digne of St. John is spending a few days in town.

Mr. James McAllister was in St. John last week.

Mrs. James Barnett and Mrs. Henry Osborne went to St. John on Monday.

Mr. W. Kinchorn, P. H. C. R. L. O. F., was in the village on Tuesday.

MONCTON.

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

Progress Job Print

PROGRESS IS FOR SALE IN MONCTON AT MISS ESTELLE FREEDIE'S BOOKSTORES AND M. B. JONES' BOOKSTORES.

MAY 9.—Rev. J. M. Robinson went to St. John early in the week.

Father Belliveau of Grand Digue was in the city Monday.

Postmaster Crandall was able to be out Tuesday after a lengthy and serious illness.

Dr. Belliveau and Mr. J. White of O. M. Melanson & Co., were among the Shediac contingent to see the Merchant of Venice Monday evening.

Mr. H. R. Foulton, accountant in the bank of Montreal, and Mrs. Boulton left on the C. P. R. Wednesday for Toronto on a holiday trip.

Dr. McQuig left Monday on the C. P. R. for Ottawa in consequence of a telegram informing him of the serious illness of his brother.

Mr. Phil Williams of the Dominion Steel Co., Byrdon, and son of Mr. Thomas Williams, accountant I. C. R. is home on a few days' leave of absence.

Miss Randall, daughter of Dr. Randall of Hillsboro, who has been visiting friends in Moncton, leaves this month for New York where she intends spending a year.

Miss Louise Waldon, daughter of Mr. W. McK. Waldon, who has been home recuperating after a severe illness of Typhoid fever, returned to Fredericton Tuesday to continue her studies at the Normal school.

Mr. Harry Brown left on the C. P. R. Wednesday for Pictouville, Manitoba, where he will locate. Mr. J. M. Wallace, Mr. Wallace and family were on the same train en route to Winnipeg.

Miss Winnie Knight daughter of Mr. Wm. Knight, left for Campbellton Tuesday night to take the position of operator in the G. N. W. office.

Bishop McDonald of Charlottetown, was registered at the Mintu Tuesday.

Mr. William Hayward, Waterloo street, is recovering from an attack of the grippe.

Mrs. Thomas McCreary, of Winnipeg, is on a visit to friends in Moncton. She is the guest of Mrs. Stronach, Highfield street.

Mr. F. W. Mitchell, manager of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax in Charlottetown, left last week on a three weeks' vacation to Boston, New York and Washington.

Messrs. P. B. Archibald and Geo. McCarthy, C. E. S., left yesterday for Cape Breton to lay out and arrange for the building of a branch railway and shipping pier for the Port Hood Coal company.

Mrs. E. McKellar and two children, of Winnipeg, are visiting friends in Moncton.

Warden Mahoney, of Sotford, passed through the city Saturday morning on his return from a business trip to Boston.

Mr. Russell P. Hoyt, the well known manager of Mineral Products company operating at Hillsboro and Sussex, with melting works at Bridgetville, N. S., returned on Saturday from New York, where he has been for the past few months. Mr. Hoyt is being given a cordial welcome by his many friends.

Mrs. Bruce Milne and little daughter left Tuesday on the C. P. R. for Boston to join her husband who has been located there for the past two months.

Miss Mary Craig, who has been visiting friends in the city for the past two months, returned to her home in Newcastle Saturday evening.

Mrs. B. Gezer has returned to Charlottetown to visit relatives.

Mrs. Wm Hayward, of Waterloo street, is recovering after a severe attack of the grippe.

UPPER GAGTOWN.

MAY 7.—Miss Sophia Currier leaves today for Boston where she expects to remain for the summer.

Mrs. Harriet Chase is very low with pneumonia. Miss Louise Weston is able to be around again.

W. R. Coy is slowly recovering from the effects of a broken leg, he is able to get around but not to do any work.

Mr. Alexander Digne has returned home again, he spent the winter in the New Hampshire woods.

David Appleby, who got his arm broken while working in Currier Bros. saw yard, is not improving very fast.

Mr. C. Hagan Dugan has gone East but he hopes will soon return.

The roads here are getting in good condition for wheeling, and the young people are again wheeling.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Coy are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a young daughter.

The Baptist Sunday School was organized last Sunday.

Mr. Ganong preached in the Baptist church yesterday at 11 a. m. and 1 p. m. Mr. Kirkpatrick preached in the Free Baptist church at 8 p. m.

The veteran hunters, B. Currier, Albert Allen, A. B. Currier have returned from a very successful spring's hunting.

Mr. Ganong preaches here next Sabbath at 11 a. m., at Mill Road school house at 3 p. m., and here again at 7.30 p. m.

HAUGSEVILLE.

MAY 4.—The water is rising quite rapidly since the recent rain and the prospects are good for a freshet.

Mrs. R. A. McFadden and children are spending a few days with Mrs. Alex. Wisely.

Miss Miss Sewell spent last Sunday in the Celestial.

Mr. Charles L. Bent left for the Celestial on Saturday last.

Mrs. R. E. Thomas after spending three weeks with relatives here, returned yesterday to her home in Digby, her sister, Miss Mary Harrison accompanied her as far as St. John.

Deacon and Mrs. George C. Miles visited Fredericton last week. The Deacons many friends were pleased to see him and glad after his severe illness.

Mr. W. J. Sotham has severed his connection with Deacon Miles and has gone to Cady's station for a few months.

Boy Harrison of S. S. Leutra, came home on Saturday and returned to St. John on Monday.

Gaspareaux are being taken in large quantities in the Portobello.

The green houses of Messrs. Harrison & Thurot are in a flourishing condition.

Mr. W. H. Bent has had a fine boat built for the summer steamer service.

CAMBRIDGE.

MAY 8.—Monte E. Gilchrist, Jr., of North Western University, Chicago, arrived home on Thursday. His brother HARRY, who is a senior at the same institution is expected home in a short time. These two young men have distinguished themselves during their stay at the University. In a class of nearly three hundred seniors Harry was able to test making the highest marks in the class. Monte took honors in several branches. These two young men are brothers of Miss Susie J. Gilchrist the very popular school teacher at Boleys's Cove, and nephews of Mont. Macdonald, Barrister of St. John and Dr. A. Macdonald of Minnesota.

Dr. Edson Wilson who graduated at Baltimore college this year, was formerly from Cambridge, and is expected home in a few days.

Mr. A. D. McLean is again on the road this year selling and exchanging cloth for wool for Humphrey & Son, Moncton.

Mr. Malcolm C. Strait is laying the foundation for a new dwelling house.

ANAGANOE.

MAY 8.—Misses Dolly Jones and Ina Lockhart of Pettitcodiac spent a few days last week with Mrs. D. Vidson.

Mrs. Davidson went up to Moncton today to witness the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice" put on by the Lyceum Stock Co. of New York.

Miss Annie Webster and Mr. Clifford Price spent Sunday with friends on "Apple Hill."

Miss McNaughton was visiting in Sussex last week.

Mr. George Holmes spent Sunday with relatives at Salsbury.

Miss Nicholson, teacher, spent the Sabbath with her parents in Pettitcodiac.

See Page 1 for the account of the meeting of Ladiesmith Lodge, L. O. G. T.

THINGS OF VALUE.

"Dobley has just bought the Century Dictionary for his wife." "Yes; he said something might come up he'd want to know about some time when he didn't happen to be at home."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pain. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Any one subject to this painful affection will find a ready relief in Parnele's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial and by restoring healthy action, they correct impurities of the blood.

Clerk—Please, sir, may I have my next month's salary in advance?
Employer—That would be very unbusinesslike. How do I know that you will not die tonight?
Clerk (in proud scorn)—Sir, I may be in need, but I am too much of a gentleman to do anything like that.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired, impurities in the blood are the result. Parnele's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent complications which certainly come when there is derangement of these delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

"I hear a lot about prosperity," he said, grumblingly, "but I don't see much of it." "You don't?" "Yes. Why, a fellow has to work for what he gets just the same as he always did, doesn't he?"

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and nose is fully met with in Bichell's Anti-Consumptive Ointment—a pulmonary of a knowledge efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

Dorothy—Papa, we girls have a new name for those men who call on us, but never take us out anywhere. Papa—What is it, daughter? We call them "rescue companies."

Fate sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

"I am content to be numbered among the politically dead," said one Philistine.

"I don't blame you," said the other. "If I were in your place I'd 'ave 'em 'ciphah than to be nothin' at all said about me."

Holloway's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst kind.

Joanna, then blamed old clock of yours made me miss the train again.
"John, that clock cost only 20 cents; you can't expect it to act like a \$4.98 gold watch."

"Basket ball doesn't please me; it is so horribly un-natural!"

"Yes; the girls rush around like mad but they are not allowed to quarrel."

Little but Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big nameless doses that contain injurious drugs or narcotics—they are the famous vegetable pepsin—the medicinal extract from the succulent fruit, and tablets are prepared in a palatable form as the fruit itself. The remedy searches out the weak spots in the digestive organs—encourages and stimulates them—in a box 25 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

Neglect a Trifling Cold

and the most serious consequences will follow. It lives on your vitality. The stronger it becomes the weaker you are. Membranes become inflamed—causing a cough, there is no possibility of stopping the disorder.

ADAMSON'S BALSAM gives instantaneous relief and inevitably brings a perfect cure if taken as directed.

25c. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wedding Cards and Invitations.

Invitations and Announcements in all styles and quantities are promptly furnished by us at short notice.

We are also making a specialty of Visiting Cards, and any one wanting anything in these lines should try us.

Get Our Prices.

To those wishing any work in the line of Job Printing we would say that it will pay them to consult us before placing their next order.

Write or call upon us and we will be pleased to furnish quotations.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.]

MAY 8.—L. E. Sheagreen, Provincial President leaves today for Boston to attend the National convention of the A. O. H.

Mrs. George L. Holyoke arrived home Friday from a visit of nearly three months with friends in New York and Boston.

Miss Helen Hallitt of Grand Falls was the guest of Mrs. H. V. Dalling part of last week.

Chas. Garden C. E. started Monday for Winnipeg.

George L. Holyoke, editor of the Press is confined to his home with a severe illness.

Rev. T. M. Campbell is the guest of Jas. Watta while in town.

A girl may have ten brothers, but her opinion of men is derived from reading of those in novels.

STELLA.

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.

E. LAPOINTE, Proprietor.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT

Is unequalled as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Sore eyes, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Eczema, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains, Throat Colds, Ringworm, and Skin Affections generally.

Large Pots, 1s. 1/2d. each, at Chemists, etc., with Instructions.

Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application.

F. C. CALVERT & CO. Manchester

CAFE ROYAL

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

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED Bicycle salesmen wanted in every village and town in Canada. Good opportunity for smart young men, clerks, and others, to add to their income. Excellent line, old established house. Apply stating age, occupation and references to The E. C. Hill Mfg. Co., Toronto, 47 St. George St.

LADY'S BICYCLE for \$25—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Welland Vale Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times. Of the 1899 pattern and fitted with Dunlop tires. Not damaged in the least. The wheel cost \$40 cash. A bargain for someone. Communicate with "Dominion," care of Progress office.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

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for Men. or several weakness, ure discharge, etc. h and vigor. Dr. L. street. Mich. Gladly wonderful remedy is re himself at home

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ive schemes (in and white) by ETON CLARK, HENRY MOHT L. ELMEN-

ted Prospectus address.

NER'S SONS, New York.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

take passage for Europe. She will sail on the 19th, on the steamer Werra of the North German Lloyd Line. Mrs. McIntosh, who has been teaching French and English literature in St. Stephen during the winter, has returned to her home in Fredericton. Mrs. Fannie Lowell of Calais is visiting friends in Providence. Mrs. C. E. Swan and Mrs. Ralph S. Horton have been spending a few days in St. John. Mrs. Charles Damon is visiting friends in Calais. Mrs. Mary E. Dexter is the guest of Mrs. Elwell Lowell. H. F. Dewar and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have returned from Portland, where they went to attend the late Payson Tucker's funeral services. Mr. and Mrs. James McWha are occupying the cottage on Main street recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Price. Mrs. J. D. Lawson is in Halifax visiting Mrs. W. H. Torrance. Miss (Annie) Stevens, who has been making an extended visit in Halifax, is expected to arrive home on the 24th.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 10.—Mr. James McConvey, who has been ill in Boston for several weeks, came home by train on Monday to recuperate. Mr. J. D. Chyman of St. Ste. was in St. Andrews on Tuesday. Mr. Wm. B. Phillips and Miss Caroline Mitchell daughter of Mr. John Mitchell of Campbellton were united in marriage at the Lansdowne hotel on Monday evening last, by Rev. J. C. Berrie. The bride was prettily consumed in blue, with white silk trimmings. Miss Alma Bishop is spending a few days with friends at Deer Island. Mrs. Theresa Seelye, of Campbellton, who has been stopping at the Lansdowne hotel, returned to her home on Tuesday. Mr. J. M. Fencock has been in Woodstock lately giving instruction in the ancient and honorable game of golf. From Woodstock he will go to St. John. George Lymar and his bride arrived at Oak Bay, last week. Mrs. Lymar was formerly Miss Nellie Giley. Her father owned the stage line eighteen years ago that ran between St. Andrews and St. Stephen. Robert Clarke, of McAdam, spent Sunday in town. Mrs. Wm. Morrison has recovered from a very severe attack of the grippe.

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

Cape Nome.

Cape Nome's golden incentives and possibilities have apparently thrown those of the Klondike into the shade, and Dawson, it is said, already presents the appearance of a "boom town" whose former adventitious prosperity is fast departing. The fact that Nome is a part of Alaskan possessions, and that, hence, American miners will not be subject to the burdensome exactions imposed upon them by the Canadian authorities at the Klondike, together with the fact that it is more easily accessible than the Klondike, has already drawn to it thousands of American miners from the Canadian gold-fields and elsewhere, and it is anticipated that these will be reinforced during the present spring and coming summer by thousands of other less experienced fortune hunters, to the possible enriching of a few, and the certain disappointment of the many. A writer in the Review of Reviews, who has visited Cape Nome, and has acquainted himself with its conditions and the prospects they present, asserts, as the result of his investigations, that no man who is not young, sound and strong, and who is not the possessor of necessary mining equipments, should attempt the Cape with any hope of success. If he has had mining experience so much the better, and if, after the expense of travel and outfit is met, he possesses the wherewithal to tide him over a period of possible idleness, while he is "looking around," and in the event of failure, to



Pleased With It.

He's not the only one who smiles with himself, and thanks us for our sayings to him about.

Our New Method of Laundering.

Some tried us quick others were longer in coming our way, and some are still at large—possibly you're one, if so let us have a trial package. We have every thing for doing good work and if you care for promptness you'll like our delivery system.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. GODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medalist Dyers," Montreal.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble.—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLECK, Wallace Bridge, N. S.

A Sarsaparilla.—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.



Hood's Pills cure liver ill; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

purchase a return ticket so much the better still. The chances are that he will not find these prudent provisions necessary.

The climate is so severe for at least seven months of the year, that only those whose physical condition is unimpaired can hope to withstand it. The thermometer during these months ranges from thirty to sixty degrees below zero.

The surrounding region is barren of everything to comfort and sustain life. Supplies of all kinds must be imported, and notwithstanding competing steamer lines and trading companies, prices are enormous.

The miner who depends upon the result of his labor to maintain health and life, must extract at least ten dollars' worth of gold each day, to say nothing of providing for those periods—long or short—during which weather conditions make labor impossible.

In short, the writer referred to leaves it to be inferred that the descriptions of Cape Nome, as given in glowing and perhaps interested newspaper accounts, are to be taken with more than the traditional allowance of salt; and his conclusion, based upon observation and experience, that Cape Nome is a good place for the few to go to, but a better place for the many to keep away from, is worthy to be seriously pondered by those immediately interested.

How the Bill Was Fald.

One of the early settlers of Orleans County, New York, was John Anderson, a man of positive character, a great lover of truth. "I demand that a man's word shall be as good as his bond," he often said, and lived up to it. In "Pioneer History of Orleans County," New York, Mr. Arad Thomas tells a characteristic anecdote of Mr. Anderson.

A neighbor owed him twelve shillings, which he promised to pay in a few days. Mr. Anderson said to him: "All right, I hope you will. For it's worth a shilling to dun a man any time."

A few days later the two men again met and the neighbor mentioned his debt and again promised to pay. As they met occasionally afterward, the debtor would dun himself, but paid nothing, till one day, having repeated his acknowledgment and promise to pay, Mr. Anderson took from his own pocket a shilling and handed him saying:

"Here is a shilling for you; we are now even. I have given you credit on account one shilling each time you have dunned yourself or me, and broken your promise. Your credits balance your debts and one shilling over, which I have paid you. It is settled; don't speak of it to me again."

Something to It.

The question, 'What's in a name?' may be answered from one point of view by narrating a bit of experience confided to one of his friends by a man named Coward.

Now be it known that there are branches of the Coward family who can trace an honored lineage back to old colonial days and are quite as proud of their ancestry as the Vere de Verses or Fitz Montmorencys.

"Have you never thought of changing your name?" asked the friend.

"No answered the Coward in question. 'There are too many thrilling associations connected with it.'

"In what way?"

"Well, from the time when I was a little boy until I went through college I had more than fifty fights on account of it.

Companions in Misery.

A Parisian Bohemian, out of luck says to another gentleman of the same class:

"Where do you dine today?"

"Nowhere."

"What are you going to dine on?"

"Nothing."

"Then let us go and not dine together!"

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Sewed 17 Waterloo.

DISCUSSION ON WIVES.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

diversity. Why a man who cannot see thus is, to my mind, wholly unworthy of any wife let alone a "cross clean woman."

Warriors and statesmen always have their meed of praise and when they do suffer men record it, but the long sacrifice of woman's days passed without even a thought or word. An axiom familiar to all says that "woman was made for the man of whom she was a part, made to attract his eyes and keep his heart" is truly convictive. If the woman is in continual discontent and agitation why it is, most likely, that she cannot make realities correspond with her conceptions. Anger, we know, is the whetstone of strength, in an equality of other terms it will make a man or woman prevail; for nothing is able to stand before a fire which is once enraged, and there is a benefit too from having a "cross clean wife" for Socrates found it so. Xanthippe was a woman of a very troublesome spirit, she could never move Socrates to a passion and being accustomed to bear patiently this heavy burden at home he was never in the least moved by the most scurrilous and abusive tongues he met with abroad and every man should get consolation from the fact that everyone has his particular plague and if his wife is his why he is very happy who hath this only.

The tone of conversation between husband and wife should be invariably benevolent, they should differ without asperity and agree without dogmatism "step by step one goes very far" and by this proverb which is the wisdom of many but the wit of one I find, myself overruling my rights, acting as though I had a clearance order to run regardless.

It is a known fact that with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out, I cannot refrain from quoting the following poem, "Comparisons of woman," on account of its applicability.

An eastern prince had his vizers once assembled, and asked them what a woman most resembled, one said: "The sun the source of light which made all nature gay; when woman's present, all is bright, and dull when she's away."

"Woman," cried one, "we can compare to naught so justly as to air; 'tis light, indeed, and apt to fly; but it unites the earth and sky; so woman at creation given, stood as a link 'twixt man and heaven." "She's like the rainbow," said a third, "that when the elements are stirred to strife, dissolves the storm. It's aspect does sweet calm diffuse; we're dazzled by it's brilliant hues, it's symmetry of form, But who such pride possessed?—sure, no man; 'tis an illusion—so is woman."

The prince, who found his council thus divided, left the perplexing question undecided.

Caste.

"You will soon lose your caste!" shouted a low-caste man to a high caste sepoy, who had roughly refused him a drink of water. "You will," he added, "have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of pigs and cows!" That was one of the first mutterings of the great mutiny. Enfield rifles and cartridges to fit them had been sent out to India from England. The cartridges had their paper greased with lard and tallow. The men were required to bite off the end of the cartridges before putting it into the gun.

The sepoys thought the new cartridges were a trick of the government to make them lose caste, and then forcibly convert them to christianity. Nearly all the Hindus in the army of Bengal were of high caste, who preferred death to loss of caste. An anecdote, told by Mrs. Latimer, in her 'England in the Nineteenth Century,' illustrates how much dearer than life to a Hindu is his caste.

An English gentleman, recently arrived in India, while going up the Ganges, beheld an aged Hindu, lying exhausted on the bank. Lifting up the native, the Englishman poured down his throat a little cologne, the only stimulant he had at hand.

The man revived, but he had lost his caste by swallowing the liquid administered by a man of no caste. Several times a week from that day the Englishman was solemnly cursed by the old Hindu whom he had saved from dying. He had made the man lose caste against his will.



Quick Soap

SURPRISE Soap cleans clothes quickest and cleanest. It's a harmless soap—it isn't a clothes eater. It won't injure the fabric of a cobweb. No more scalding, boiling or hard rubbing. No more red, sore hands—no more streaked or yellow clothes—if you use SURPRISE. A large cake that lasts a long time costs but 5 cents. Be sure you get the genuine. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."

Advertisement for Bicycles by Cleveland, Massey-Harris Brantford, Welland Vale and Gendron. Includes text: 'Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanic, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere. Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. TORONTO. ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES: Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO. Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON. Gendron, R. D. COLES. Brantford and Massey-Harris. OUR OWN STORE, 54 King St.'

HUMPHREYS' PARIS.

When in Paris telephone our house, 82 Rue Etienne-Marcel, and they will send to your hotel or tell you the nearest druggist who keeps Humphrey's Specifics. Nearly all dealers have a supply of "77" for Grip and Colds. Specific "4" for Diarrhea, very important when travelling. Specific "1" for Fevers, Congestion. Specific "10" for Dyspepsia, Indigestion. Specific "5" for Rheumatism. Specific "16" for Malaria. Specific "26" for Sea-Sickness. Specific "27" for Kidney and Bladder. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free. For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. each. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

the Englishman, who, having dropped his rifle, was crouching behind a bush. With lowered head, the bull advanced to the attack. Death was staring the Englishman in the face, when Gabe, crawling swiftly on hands and knees, recovered the rifle and shot the animal dead.

Exciting. "This road isn't travelled very much, is it?" asked a tourist who had stopped to get a drink at a log cabin, which was the only human habitation he had seen for two hours.

The woman of whom he had asked the question replied: "Well, I reckon you'd 'a' thought it was travelled if you'd been here one day last week. There was a four-hoss team, an' a man on a mule, an' a buggy, an' a man on foot, an' a ox-team hitched to a hay-rack went over his head all in one day. I tell you, it was real excitin'!"

Charged by a Moose. While hunting moose one September evening in New Brunswick, an Englishman and his Indian guide had a narrow escape from death, as the story is related in the American Field. The Indian had been 'calling' the moose by means of a birch bark horn. A moose responded down the stream, and a second soon bellowed in another direction.

As the two approached, the stillness of the night air was broken by their impressive grunts, and by and by they were heard ripping and tearing the trees with their horns. Soon, with tremendous roars the two rivals advanced from the shelter of the trees and met on the open bog.

Gabe, the guide, said, "Come on," and advanced toward the scene of combat, followed by the Englishman. The moose had locked horns in deadly strife.

Aiming as carefully as he could by the light of the moon, the hunter fired at the nearer bull and brought him to the ground.

The next move made by the second moose was a startling one. Instead of seeking refuge in flight, as was anticipated, he charged upon the hunters. The Englishman fired again and missed. The next instant the bull was upon them.

The Indian stood fairly in the path of the furious animal. In leaping to one side he stumbled and fell. The moose rushed over him, breaking the Indian's leg with one of his heavy hoofs.

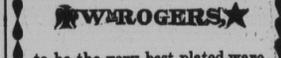
The moose ran only a few rods and then, turning about, began to bellow and paw up the bog. Although suffering intense pain, Gabe lay motionless and uttered no sound, realizing that in this course alone lay safety for himself.

The moose, a moment later, scented

Her mother—Poor Emma is crying. Why did you speak so harshly at the supper table? Her Husband It was all about the pud' ding she made. Her mother—But you should not have been so hasty. Her husband—I was not hasty! It was a hasty pudding.

That Shine

which was the glory of your table silver when it was new, is it still to be seen? If not, and you want to renew it, we guarantee silver-plated knives, forks and spoons marked



to be the very best plated ware made, the kind that lasts. For sale by all dealers.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

Wallingford, Conn., and Montreal, Canada.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

IMAGINARY BURGLARS.

Two Reporters Three Policemen and a Night Watchman Have an Experience. There are two newspaper men in town who will look two edged daggers at you if you should happen to speak of burglars in their presence nowadays, and a special police officer, Detective Killen, stands ready and willing to slip the handcuffs on anyone who seeks to make light of an escapade he and the aforeaid pencil pushers indulged in a week ago Friday night on Canterbury street. Here's the story, for its too good to let pass untold.

A messenger boy rushed into the Telegraph newspaper office shortly after midnight and startled the reporter's den into a flurry of excitement by announcing the presence of burglars on the premises of the S. Hayward Co., across the street. The boy said he was sure of it for there were two lights in the building now, where before twelve o'clock all was darkness. By this time two of the news staff were inside their coats and on the street. Visions of "scare-head" stories of captured safe crackers, their captures figuring conspicuously in the capture, danced before their eyes, but somehow or another both were loathe to start about the "yarding" of the desperadoes. By a remarkable coincidence Detective Killen happened along and the hearts of the newspaper men resumed their normal state and backyards and alleys roundabout were scoured in an effort to get a glimpse inside the big building in which the robbers were operating. Officer Killen produced his dark lantern and revolvers were got in readiness for active service. "Diary" Flynn, the able bodied porter of the Hayward concern was aroused from his slumbers in the American Express Office where he watches all right, and asked if lights at such an hour were unusual on the hardware firm's premises. Flynn said yes, and Officer Killen despatched a messenger for two more policemen from the Water street lockup. It was now an assured fact that burglars were at work in Hayward's. As it was simply impossible to get a "look in" at the robbers from the street,

the reporters climbed electric light poles and the staging on the Telegraph building opposite. These observations however, revealed nothing of the enemy and a ladder was procured. Officer Killen was first to mount it, revolver in hand. On reaching the second story he hoisted one of the windows and crawled in. Officer Crawford followed and then timidly the two newspaper reporters. Sealthly through the big halls and warerooms of the old Pitfield building this high strung quartette tip-toed, turning about at the least sound and ready to shoot at every creak. When well into the depths of the building with Officer Killen's flash lantern casting its searching glare about, a crash of splintering glass was heard, and the policeman made a rush toward the spot where the sound came from. The reporters took on a stage fright and became lost in the maze of dark passageways. When the spot was reached it was found the window by which they had entered had fallen and shattered the pane.

Needless to say no burglars were found, but the Hayward people are looking for the man who is to pay "for that glass." And the messenger boy, well he's a candidate for initiation at the next meeting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, that's where the reporters intend getting good and square with him.

PLATE GLASS GAMERS.

People Who Love to Watch Themselves as They Pass Along the Street.

Did you ever notice the "rubbering" class watching themselves in the plate glass windows as they pass along the streets. "Rubbering" is a vulgar slang phrase 'tis true, but never did it fit in so aptly as in describing the young men and women who make use of every big window

and advertising mirror to reflect them in all their fiery and to feast their eager eyes upon their very vain selves. In this respect St. John has already a large number of self-admirers and their actions on a "parade" afternoon are sometimes exceedingly amusing.

Going absent minded into every plate glass front has become such a habit with some that they are really on the incurable list. One would think a person would become sick and tired of seeing themselves reflected overliantly, but apparently it is not so. With two or three hundred of these window-gazers at large a stranger might think the community was afflicted with an epidemic of stiff neck, or rather twisted neck. All heads are turned toward the windows and it there happens to be two or more persons together the conversation carried on is only of secondary importance to the glacial observations. Indeed the conversation is of a very abstract nature under these circumstances, more attention being paid to the windows than to talk.

The writer walked behind a bevy of, well, it would not be exactly correct to say young ladies, but at any rate they were not very old—from Porter's corner on Union street to the foot of King street, and during that short distance every available mirror window was made do its duty. First the Union street glass was gazed into and then there was a grand series of poses and smiles for the excellent reflecting qualities of Daniel & Robertson's front. Charlotte street stores were not skipped by without paying their tithe in the way of reflections, and then "down King street. The real mirror glasses in Waterbury & Rising, at Louis Green's and Ferguson & Page's were especial points of interest to the vain females, who hesitated most perceptibly in front of these, each time making another attempt at straight-

ening their "back hair", or fixing some other part of their coiffure. It was really laughable, as each one in the party seemed to be in the same box and nobody was apparently abashed. Arriving at the foot of the street they wheeled about and went through the same manoeuvres again.

BOARDING HOUSE MISTRESSES IN COURT.

They Accuse one Another of bad Cooking—A Constable a Tight Corner.

At a recent sitting of the Civic court, which is always held on Thursday's by Magistrate Ritchie, two boarding house mistresses discussed one another's cooking abilities and various other qualities and a familiar figured constable came in for a "roast" as well, right before His Honor.

An old lady who used to keep a boarding house on Princess street was the plain jiff in the case. She had some time before joined forces with an upper Germain street mistress of the muck, and the two got along famously for a while. It suddenly dawned on the old lady that her furniture was being made too much use of and she sought to recover it, but could not do so, so the law was resorted to. The other woman in defence said her partner had long since eaten up the worth of her rickety old furniture, which the elderly woman denied, saying she had earned her board by hard work. The elderly woman said if it had not been for her the boarders would all have left the house for they could not eat the food the other woman cooked.

In retaliation the younger landlady accused the other of driving two boarders from the house as the cye fell out of her hair into the victuals.

A whole chapter of such talk flew back and forth, much to the amusement of those about, until the younger woman started in berating those who owed her money. She seemed to think it a good opportunity to "roast" people right and left. A meek-eyed constable sat complacently on a stool in the court room and pointing to him she said, "There yer honor is a man who owes me twenty-four dollars, sittin right there!" The constable sprang to his feet and said he denied the charge, but the woman refused to be silenced.

"How much do you owe the woman?" demanded the magistrate.

"A dollar and a half," your honor, answered the publican.

"Again the woman said he owed her \$24 and stuck tenaciously to her statement. Then the magistrate sailed for the constable and mildly, but very firmly gave him a wholesome talking to. With the airing of a few more inner workings of the Germain street boarding house the case was ended.

Jope the Catcher Coming.

It will be of interest to the lovers of baseball to know that Jope the Portland catcher is to live in St. John again this summer, to stop the sphere for the Alerts. All last summer no baseballist was any more popular in this city than was "Jopey" and whenever in the game he played in a quiet unassuming manner and never let his tongue run away with him. St. John needs a whole squad of Jopes to bring the popular diamond sport back to its old time status when such players as Pushor, Parsons, Small, Rogers, Donovan, Tom Bell, Frank White and others were the people's idols. The Alerts management are starting out with clear heads in securing the services and influence of Jope, and if a few more good men and true are imported a tonic will have been administered the game and it will be sure to go.

CHAT WITH A PAWBROKER.

The Oddest Thing Ever Offered to Him—The Business Not all Froth.

"The oddest thing I ever had offered to me," said a New York pawnbroker, "was a skeleton; and I didn't take it. I hadn't any doubt that it was all right, that the man that offered it owned it and had a right to sell it. I supposed he was a medical student who wanted money just then more than he wanted the skeleton. But I didn't know anything about the value of skeletons, and how much to advance on it, and so I didn't take it. But that will give you some sort of an idea of the variety of things that the pawnbroker has offered to him.

"Of course, you understand that net all pawnbrokers take everything; there are men who advance money on nothing but watches and jewelry and diamonds and pictures and that sort of thing, and who wouldn't give anything on the handsomest satin-lined overcoat that ever was, because it isn't in their line. They have no place to put such things; no conveniences for taking care of them. And then there are pawnbrokers doing a general business who take all sorts of things, watches and banjos, boxing gloves and silver spoons, practically anything and everything that offers. They might occasionally run across something that they wouldn't take, as I did with the skeleton, but not often; there's practically nothing but what they will take, and practically nothing but what is offered at one time and another.

"On some things the amount advanced is very small; but still I've got things in safe that I never should get my money back on if I had to sell them. You'd suppose it would be easy for the pawnbroker to give on a thing no more than he could get for it if he had to sell it, and so it would be; but as a matter of fact he may give more than he could get back. He would be governed by circumstances, and by his judgment of the person offering the goods.

"I might have a customer bring in a diamond ring that I would lend so much on, whatever it was, and that would be a safe loan the ring would be good for it if it was never reclaimed. But maybe the next week the same customer, hard up and needing money, would bring in a pair of trousers, spotted and worn, not worth much if you had to sell them. And very likely I would lend more on those trousers than

I could ever get for them; lending that because he's a customer and I want to accommodate him, and I want to keep him as a customer, and because the chances are that he'll take the trousers out again; but if he doesn't, why, then I'm out.

"The question of whether a man who wants a loan is likely to redeem what he offers is often taken into account. It is a common thing for the pawnbroker to look at the man, maybe a stranger and lend on his judgment of the man as well as on his knowledge of the value of the thing the man put down on the counter. Of course he makes mistakes in this, but he takes it chances, and I suppose he oftener gets it right than not. There might come here you or anybody, needing money, with an old-fashioned key winding watch that I could not get \$10 for, and want to borrow \$15; and very likely I'd lend it, though I know I never could get my money back if the watch wasn't redeemed. But I know, or I think I know, at a glance, whether he will redeem the watch or not, what sort of a man he is, and how much he values the watch for its associations; and I go according to my judgment.

"No doubt, as a general proposition, the pawn broker sets out to lend on things no more than he could sell them for; there are times when instead of making money he loses it, what he tries to do is to get a profit as the net result."

A NEW DIVINITY OF THE CHORUS.

Miss Fay and Her Hit in "Mam'selle 'Awkins."

When "Mam'selle 'Awkins" was produced in Boston, a slight, girlish figure in the front row of the chorus attracted the attention of the critics. This figure was possessed of graceful lines, a long, slender neck, and was surrounded by a small, well cut head. The name was Miss Fay. On the first night she brought down the house with her impressive qualities. Some of the principals grumbled, and said they would leave the company. Manager Arons told them to leave if they liked to do so, and instructed Miss Fay to follow out her laughter-making propensities.

When the company came to New York, and appeared at the Victoria Theatre, considerably more space was allotted to Miss Fay than to any of the others. In fact, after a while she was made a member of the quartet that sang a popular song in the second act. And now Miss Fay, while

really in the chorus, is hardly of it.

Miss Fay is scarcely seventeen years of age. She is a daughter of the late Hugh Fay, of the old-time firm of Barry and Fay. If she will only keep her senses about her and not lose her equilibrium, she will undoubtedly become one of the few clever comediennees of which the American stage can boast.

One thing is certain, her immediate future is assured. All she has to do is to make people laugh. Her face is her fortune. Mr. Arons has engaged her for the next two years, and if he cannot place her in his own company there are at least half a dozen managers who would be glad to take her off his hands.

Such is youth and the love of fun.

OGGS VERSUS MUSCLE.

Some Remarkable Comparisons in Modern Labor Problems.

When certain skeptical people tried to corner Mr. Locomotive Stephenson by asking what would happen in the event of a cow invading the track in front of one of his new fangled engines, he laconically remarked that it would be 'had for the cow.' When those simple children of nature, the Red Indians, attempted to arrest the progress of a train by the simple expedient of holding a rope across the rails, they somewhat over estimated their strength, for the train went on its way, and the enterprising savages went to the happy hunting ground.

When machinery was first introduced into factories, the hands generally took a holiday, and refused to go back until the non-union laborer was removed. In some cases the strikers held out for months, but the result was always the same—machinery gained the day. It always does; the hand worker cannot compete with it, and when he tries he fares but little better than the noble savages who attempted to stop a train with a clothes line.

We hear vague reports of new machines that completely eclipse everything that has gone before, but that is [all. And, as a rule, it is only the more sensational inventions or discoveries, such as X-ray photography or wireless telegraphy, that are mentioned in the papers. We hear nothing of the machines that are invented for manufacturing purposes. We only see their effects—the cheapening of the manufactured article.

Take any of the things that are now

classified as necessities—matches for instance. Most people would be surprised to hear that there exists a machine which will cut 17,000,000 match splints per day. That is enough to fill about 500,000 ordinary sized boxes.

We will say that a good workman could cut by hand 8,000 matches in a day of eight hours—1,000 per hour. That would be pretty smart work. Now, an easy calculation shows that while the man in making three matches the machine would make 6 3/75, or sufficient to fill about 100 boxes. The man's conceit would have to be monumental to withstand the assaults of a calculation like that.

It may be worth while to say a few words about this machine. It is practically automatic, only requiring to be fed with pine-wood logs. The logs are placed between two centers and are whirled round, and, as they turn, a sharp blade cuts a continuous shaving from them. This shaving, or veneer, is then cut into ribbons the width of one match, and then again the ribbons are cut by a series of knives into the small match splints.

A machine of this sort will convert a fair sized forest of pine trees into matches in one year.

At the present time there is a machine which will make cigarettes at the rate of 500 per minute. Thirty thousand per hour! The little smokes are made in an endless rod which is cut into the proper lengths by a revolving blade. If kept running for eight hours without a stoppage this machine would make nearly 1 1/4 miles of cigarettes.

Now an expert will make about 150 cigarettes in an hour by hand.

QUELLED A MOB AND GOT THE GIRL.

Adjutant in State Militia Becomes a Hero and Won a "Rebel" Beauty.

The story told by a civil engineer, of a man who overawed strikers in a coal yard, reminded a New York man of the quelling of a riot in the first days of the Civil War. It led to a marriage.

"I was living in a western town," he said. "Federal militia, as they were called there were in possession, but poorly equipped. Not more than one-third were armed. It was in a community where Southern sympathisers were in the majority, and they decided to capture the militia and hold the town. They came in from the country by wagon loads, and were armed with shot-guns and rifles. Before the commander of

the militia realised the situation the 'Secehs' organised on the market square and were ready to make a rush up an alley which led to the militia commander's headquarters.

"Only a corporal's guard was on duty. The companies were scattered about town in old houses. The Commander's Adjutant was in the Colonel's office when the news reached the latter. The Colonel asked his adjutant what he suggested. The Adjutant replied that if he could have the corporal's guard he would stop the movement. It was so ordered and the Adjutant at the head of the guard marched to the scene. He had a Colt's navy revolver in each hand. He met the mob as it turned into the alley, raised his weapons and called halt. He looked like a boy. He was a young man; his face was beardless, but he was the coolest individual I ever saw. Something in his manner stopped the mob, and he said in almost conversational tones:

"The first man who stops my way is dead. I command you to disperse."

"The leader of the mob, known in the community as a desperado asked, 'Who are you?'

"An officer of the Federal militia," replied the Adjutant, 'sent here by my superior officer to command peace, and I intend to have it. Go back!'

The leader of a mob asked for a parley, but the young Adjutant refused and commanded the mob to turn about without further notice, and it did. By that time the militia came from their various quarters, but were halted by the Adjutant. In an hour the mob had disappeared. The action of the young Adjutant was town talk. Soon after he was promoted. Before the war ended he had won distinction. His promptness in quelling the mob won the admiration of old Gen. James Craig, a Mexican veteran, and afterward President of the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad. Craig invited the young man to his house. While Craig was a Union man his wife and daughters were Southern sympathisers. At first the family were averse to receiving the officer, but he had become a hero. You know what a hero can do. He always does. Major Garth married the 'rebel' daughter of Gen. Craig."

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who, having dropped his... behind a bush. With the bull advanced to the... staring the Englishman... crawling swiftly... recovered the rifle... dead.

Exciting.

travelling very much, is... who had stopped to get... which was the only... on he had seen for two

of whom he had asked the... thought it was... here one day last... a four-horse team, an' a... an' a buggy, an' a man on... hitched to a hay-rack... all in one day. 'I tell... excitin'!"

Poor Emma is crying... so harshly at the sup... It was all about the pud... But you should not have... I was not hasty! It was a

at line

which was the... silver when... is it still to be seen?... you want to renew... silver-plated... forks and spoons

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Wild Valtie's Elopement.

IN FOUR INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER VI.

The sense of something strange and inexplicable in Count Lodi's social position began to vex and trouble Valtie from that night.

Entitled, as he was, by birth and education to mingle in the best society, his circle of acquaintances was limited to a few foreigners of various nationalities, who were, with all their suave politeness, extremely distasteful to the young wife.

She went out a great deal, always arrayed, like a fairy princess, in costly laces and flashing gems; but, as it gradually dawned upon her, to mixed entertainments to which anyone might go.

She was curiously disturbed one morning when looking up from a letter he had been reading, the count said, tersely—

'You may expect a visit from Pauline today, dearest; she is leaving the Grange for a week or two, and will, of course, stay with us while in town.'

'With us?' Valtie repeated, and then she gave a little pouting moue of petulant distaste, adding; 'I don't want her Marc!'

'She is coming, and she will stay,' he replied, and his tone was as inflexible as it had been when he had told her he was compelled to go to those friends of whom he had a sob-doubtful opinion.

Valtie's cheeks grew scarlet. She sprang from her seat smarting with indignation. 'I hate Madame Delvont!' she exclaimed. 'I ought to have the privilege usually accorded to wives—that of choosing my own guests. If your horrid sister-in-law does come, it will be in defiance of my wish, and I shall make you feel that I can be a detestable hostess!'

'What a threat! You have never been tamed yet, my wild little torment!' Count Lodi said, smiling. 'Come, tell me that you will not make an enemy of Pauline.'

Valtie trembled with scorn; her blue eyes blazed. 'An enemy she may be; I dare say she is. Anyway, I don't believe in her friendship.'

'You believe in my love, Valtie?' he said, going to her side, his face deathly white and drawn; and she retorted angrily—

'I believe you are wanting me to forget that I have any will of my own. Oh, Marc! this is the second time you have refused my request, compelling me to submit to your decree. I am not exacting more than my due when I ask you not to force me to receive Madame Delvont as though I meant her to remain.'

'My promise has been given,' he articulated. Valtie's heart gave a leap of pain, and an hysterical laugh broke from her.

'What horrible irrevocable seals of late your promises must be!' she mocked. 'Never make one to me, Marc; I should be afraid of it.'

He would have snatched her to his breast, stabbed by her taunting rebuff, but she evaded his arms with a fleet movement, and ran from the room.

When Pauline arrived, Valtie was in one of her wildest, most provoking moods. Her eyes were like glistering fire flies, and she displayed a flash of little teeth in a smile that Madame Delvont haughtily resented.

'Marc is in the library,' his wife said, superciliously. 'You must be tremendous ly tired after your long journey. How have you managed to exist at Blackwood since we left?'

Pauline scanned the laughing face with singular self-possession. 'I have not suffered from the solitude,' she responded. 'I am glad that the count is in,' she added, 'for I particularly wish to see him.'

Valtie opened a door to which she had fitted, with a flutter of buoyant mock-politeness, and glanced carelessly at the count, who sat writing at a beautifully carved escritoire.

'You will be happy now, Marc,' she exclaimed, 'madame has arrived.'

He rose, looking desperately at Valtie, who, however, disappeared before he could open his lips to speak.

'Wishes to see him particularly, indeed?' she repeated to herself, as she returned to her elegant sanctum. 'She shall see him, I will compel him to entertain his important guest himself.'

That night Valtie heard the count making preparations for one of his mysterious visits to his shady friends, and a queer idea flashed into her brain.

Was Madame Delvont going with him? She grew cold with the horror of her undefined suspicion, and rising from her couch with a dull beating at her heart, began to dress rapidly.

Such a doubt was not to be entertained an instant longer than could be avoided. It weighed so heavily upon her that she shivered to think of it.

Yet the stinging scorpion of mistrust had leapt into life, and nothing but a positive test would crush it out of existence. Having donned cloak and hat she put out the light in her room, and waited until the count's turbot step had traversed the silent corridor, and then she stood in the shadow listening.

What could it mean? She descended the stairs, walking noiselessly as a ghost and was just in time to see the door leading into the road close softly.

'They have gone together to those people whom I am not permitted to associate!' reflected the young wife, and indignation rushed upon her like a flood. 'Well, I will know something of these midnight diversions, to join in which I am far too sacred!'

She let herself out and felt the cold wind on her face. There was a gleam of starlight through the thin mist, and she saw two figures moving in advance of her. Soberly she followed in their wake.

They turned into a wide street, presently stopping at the door of a large house, and this they entered.

The vestibule, lit by a glimmering lamp, was deep and gloomy, and, still like a haunting wraith, Valtie pursued her husband and Pauline.

Long passages, dim and winding, led to a well-like staircase, and no one became visible—not until a huge green door suddenly swung back, and then the transformation was extraordinary.

Instantly there was a glare of strong light, a confusion of color, and a babel of laughter and conversation.

Valtie shrank as though something hurt her sight, and terror blanched her lips; but she kept her wits, and slipped behind a heavy portiere by which she happened to have paused.

The count and madame moved imperiously forward, neither giving or receiving the merest sign of courtesy on joining the bewildering group.

Then, in deep amazement, Valtie recognized among the reckless looking faces those of Ciro and the girl she had met on the sands at Blackwood!

Why were they here? For what purpose had those immortal beings cast on the sea and at her feet?

The young wife shuddered; a nameless apprehension gripped her heart. She knew that she was in the presence of some guilty conspiracy—her mind could not grasp what it all meant.

She was stunned, dazed by the awful certainty of her husband's double life, and she could hardly keep from crying out in a paroxysm of dread.

She had heard of political gangs who secretly meet to plot against the state, and this seemed to her tortured imagination exactly like one.

She gazed upon the odd scene with a frozen fascination, and saw that the girl with the flaxen hair was one of the leading spirits of wild gaudy and animation; she had a brilliant color in her cheeks, and her eyes glittered; she waved her arms and danced with supple grace, garbed, as though for a bal masque, in gipsy costume.

'Loyal homage till death to our great chief!' she cried, as Count Lodi approached. 'The stars are bright to-night—a good omen, comrades!'

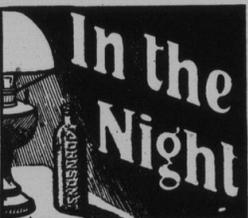
Laughter greeted her remark, and suddenly a furious rush was made towards one of the men standing not far from the spot to which Valtie's limbs seemed rooted; he was seized, and dragged towards a red door, and she heard the faint splash of water as he fell!

Valtie recoiled, the breath coming with difficulty from her dry, throbbing throat. The man had been brutally attacked, and she dimly wondered whether they would turn upon her with equal cruelty should they discover her biding place.

A draught sweeping over her, she turned her horror stamped face to the green door, saw it glide open, and, almost blind with the shock of this hideous discovery of her husband's dark secret, put out her hands gropingly, and made a desperate effort to escape from the house.

CHAPTER VII.

Keeping in shadow, she found a way of



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exit, but could not open the door of the vestibule.

Then, as she stood quivering from head to foot in icy fear and anguish, a grim form barred her passage.

'The password, comrade!' a voice said, and Valtie, recoiling, ready to swoon, never knew what made her answer so freedom, as though the words were forced from her by some resistless power, daring like a flash across her memory—

'The stars are bright to-night.'

It was an inspiration that thus saved her from dilemma.

'A good omen, friend, though you are a novice, I see,' came the enigmatical response, and she was allowed to depart from that gruesome dwelling.

For a moment she stood gasping with the wild palpitation that strained her heart. In the glimmer of starshine her face was full of horror and white as marble, her eyes holding an expression of startled, tragic misery, of helpless bewilderment.

The wind rustled the trees outside that mysterious house, and the sound thrilled her to exertion.

She began to run frantically. Her love for Count Lodi could not perish with the blighting suddenness that had put an end to all her glad, rose hued hopes.

Deep and sharp, the truth cut to her soul. She had married a man with a mystery enshrouding his masked life.

It was an evil secret—one that seemed now to link itself with the spectre of St. Valentine's Day, with the flaxen-haired girl who had cast in her path those sinister immortelles, and with this guilty meeting of to-night.

The young wife, dazed and disenthralled fled wildly on, unconscious of any definite motive in her flight; and when, in the light of a street-lamp, she was suddenly caught by the arm, an shrieking scream broke from her.

'Valtie! I knew that I could not be mistaken. Why, in the name of Heaven, do I meet you here?'

She looked up with the wildness of that frozen horror still in her face.

'Basil!' she whispered. 'How strange!' 'Strange?' he repeated. 'Can anything be more amazing than such an encounter? Why are you out alone? Where are you going?'

She clasped her hands together, glancing round in a distracted way, then, looking at him, said, to his infinite alarm,

'I am going with you, Basil! Take me back to Brookvale! I needful, at your poor little offering of violets that fatal St. Valentine's Eve, did I not? I had a dazzling vision in my mind, and I couldn't see anything beyond it; but now—now I have peered through gilded clouds into a black abyss, and I am afraid of falling into it of seeing all that is hidden there.'

Basil felt his blood creep icily in his veins. Could this be the willful, roguish Valtie, with that stamp of horror on her face and that despairing wail in her once merry voice?

His heart—wholly hers, in spite of the barrier between them—seemed to leap to his throat chokingly at sight of her anguished features, and he huskily asked—

'What is your trouble, Valtie? I heard that your marriage was a brilliantly happy one. They told me that your lot was one to raise envy in the souls of your girl friends, and I pictured you in your new home, well to do, wealthy, sheltered from the storms of life.'

She interrupted him with a cry of passionate anguish.

'Do not taunt me, Basil. Let me go with you; I cannot live surrounded by false glamour and mystery.'

His brow contracted as she pleaded, and he said sternly—

'You must return to your husband, Valtie; I am not going back to Brookvale. Where do you live?'

She glanced round, a sudden fear of being discovered there by the count and Pauline assailing her.

To remain with Basil appeared her only refuge from a destiny fraught with misery and crime.

But he asked again in the firm tone of one determined to be obeyed—

'Where do you live?'

With a look that smote him cruelly, she turned, and, going towards Park Lane, stopped at her own house.

'I must get in through one of the windows,' she explained. 'You need not trouble to wait, Basil. This is good-bye isn't it?'

'Not at all,' he replied; 'I intend to call tomorrow.'

He walked away some distance, and waited until quite convinced that Valtie had succeeded in getting into the house.

Then, haunted by the change in the winsome face he worshipped, he strode onward, his mind full of anxious foreboding and care.

CHAPTER VIII.

Valtie never revealed the fact that she had become cognisant of the evil mystery in connection with those midnight revels.

When the paralyzing shock had become less keen, she made a brave resolve to try to win her husband from the tell influence which seemed to her allied with Nihilistic schemes.

She had married him in blind, joyful confidence, not caring for warning signs or significant omens, and, masked and false though his life might be, he was true and tender in his love for her.

The haunting memory of that form seen from the Grange window on St. Valentine's morning the dull splash of a body falling into water at that other house of mystery she tried hard to forget.

To Basil, who had called occasionally, she had evasively accounted for that night's despair, and he refrained from questioning her, though aware of a strange and shadowy alteration in the once laughing shade that had had for him so witching a charm.

He saw that the count thought his visit an intrusion, but had no idea of the

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jealous strength of aversion with which the latter regarded his friendship for Valtie.

'Grooms comes rather often, it seems,' the count observed, one day in a dry tone.

'Pauline told me that he has again been this afternoon.'

'Madame Delvont might have waited for me to tell you that he came,' Valtie responded. 'I thought you were too busy to be disturbed, Marc, and yet your sister-in-law has been permitted to intrude upon you to gossip about my solitary friend!'

He paced the room restlessly, suddenly turning to her with a peculiar flash in his splendid eyes.

'That man is more than your friend!' he exclaimed; 'his love still lives; you know that it is.'

She was clasping a string of valuable pearls round her white throat, and she looked up, startled, asking scornfully—

'Did Madame Delvont suggest that absurdly, Marc?'

'Do I need Pauline to tell me what is so plainly evident? You must not encourage him to pay you so many visits, Valtie.'

The old expression of wayward defiance quivered over her face.

She began ruthlessly to pull the creamy cluster of roses from the white velvet of her bodice.

'Then we cannot go to Colonel Woodford's; we should meet him there; it is through him that we had this invitation. You seem to forget that Marc?'

Count Lodi scowled.

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—days when his love had been linked with the folly of hope.

In spite of the barrier that separated them, he was drawn to her with all the strength of a deathless devotion.

Count Lodi read the truth on his eager face, in his glowing eyes, and the venom of jealousy burned with greater fierceness than ever.

He ground his teeth at every word or smile his wife bestowed upon the friend of her girlhood.

'You are happy, Valtie?' Basil asked in the course of the evening, finding an opportunity to question her about that which had baffled and puzzled him since the night on which he had met her rushing wildly through the streets. 'At first I thought you had a great trouble to contend with, when I saw—'

She looked up at him in trembling alarm. 'Do not remind me of that!' she breathed.

'I am trying to forget that my bonds are not all silken—that some mystery shadows my husband's life. Don't betray me, Basil; I have never let Marc know that I followed him that night to see where he went, or that you and I met then.'

'Are you compelled to deception, Valtie?' he said, reproach in his tone.

Her cheeks grew scarlet, and she proudly answered—

'I want only to remember that he tenderly cares for me.'

'Something in her voice went to Basil's heart, stabbing it with a great pang of pity.

What was the secret of Valtie's evident terror at mention of her husband?

Why did she shudder and blanch, as though chilled by an icy wind, at every allusion concerning that midnight encounter?

Some keen memory of unspeakable horror seemed to have stamped itself indelibly on her brain, and her low uttered words rang with haunting intensity of pathos in Basil's ears, rousing within him a tumult of misery.

In spite of her brave effort to bear her trouble, it was evident that she suffered—that Count Lodi was not the ideal she had supposed him to be.

A wave of shame ran through her from head to foot, under her friend's compassionate regard; it was so humiliating to find her joy turned to gall—to see the depths of folly into which she had blindly plunged.

'You are sorry for me?' she said. 'You think my marriage has resulted in failure—that, in disdaining you, I made a fatal blunder? Perhaps it is a little gratifying to you to have seen me in grief? I hardly know what I said that night—'

He interrupted her, his features quivering.

'Valtie, you know that I would give even my life to ensure your happiness. Heaven knows how I fought against all bitter feeling when you rejected me, and, when I told of your marriage, believed you had attained your heart's desire. I tried to be content, not to envy the man who had been fortunate enough to win your love. I have seen you in grief with horrid tortures and startles me. Can you wonder if I cannot forget your wild despair?'

She was nervously toying again with the creamy roses in her bodice, unconscious of the flame of jealous wrath that lit up Marco Lodi's dusky eyes, as her heedless fingers crushed more of the scented petals.

But for a certain motive he would have prevented further conversation between those two.

The picturesque beauty of his wife's face thrilled him with its new expression of restrained agony, and ruthless rage against Basil swept through his veins.

What were they discussing?

That Valtie knew anything definite as to the meaning of his nocturnal visits to those criminal associates, from whose contaminating presence he kept her so rigorously excluded did not occur to him.

He felt that he had lost her clinging trust, and the fact tormented him; it was goodly enraging to see her sitting beside a man more worthy of her than himself.

But he had a hazardous scheme at stake, and it needed his whole attention.

Valtie had not observed her husband's grim watchfulness; she was anxious to remove from Basil the mortifying impression of her extreme misery, and, with a little forced smile, she lifted her head, asking—

'Shall we not speak of something else? I haven't the slightest wish to refer to that night, I have begged you to keep faith in me as much as I can meet—have explained to Marc. I chose to link my fate with his, and I have no right to complain because all is not exactly as I expected.'

The cloud did not lighten on Basil's brow.

Her shrieking terror when allusion was made to that night on which he had stopped her distracted flight, could not be forgotten.

But he refrained from further discussion on the mystifying subject, and at the request of her young hostess, Valtie rose to delight those present with the strains of her silvery voice.

Count Lodi had slipped, unnoticed, into the dark grounds of the mansion and was walking softly down the terrace path indifferent to the icy sleet that drifted in his face.

All at once, into the dense gloom, shot a ray of yellow light, and a woman's form advanced to meet him.

'I've been waiting till I am ready to kill someone with impatience!' she exclaimed petulantly, yet in carefully guarded tones. 'It isn't altogether exhilarating out here in the east wind, and I run the risk of being missed. Haven't I been busy decorating the tables, and spying round for the

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Sunday Reading.

A Study of the Parables.

'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's.' One of the symptoms of immortality is our unearthly genius for asking questions.

But if there be no room nor alimint in the rocks to grow a fine tree! What then? The tree does not owe it to be fine, but Pine. There is no lack of room on any mountain where a seed can catch and spring.

Tree or man, it makes no difference. The question is not, What owe I? but, What am I? I owe God a man, tall, fine, fruitful, beautiful, or short, gaarled, fruitless, refractory, but in the latter case redeemed and compensated in my barrenness.

God's due from me is truth to myself, to be spiritually supreme in my environment, to hold 'dominion over all the beasts of appetite and passion and all the fowls of imagination, idleness and lust; to have life more and more abundantly until I get to be All Man.

What does my son owe me? Truth, truth, truth! There can be no debit and credit account between him and me. He is my own flesh and blood. He lives under my roof. He eats my bread. He spends my money. He bears my name.

Until he understands this, he is nought but a papoose. Swathe him to a piece of bark. Set him in the sun. When the shadow comes, move him, keep the flies off of him, feed him, wash him, lay him down, take him up.

But he is full grown and does not understand! Well, God pity us—him and me! Perhaps he is a moral idiot.

In that case he owes nothing to anything. Swathe him, feed him, bathe him, chirrup to him, keep him in the sun, poor dead-alive fungus!

If he sees Truth and drops his eyes, he is a cur—six feet high and beautiful as an angel maybe, but a cur, and dangerous. Keep him 'on the chain' as long as you can. Warn others of him. Cover your head with ashes and pray, pray, pray.

A Man of God. When Dwight L. Moody died it was said, not without meaning, that 'the richest man in the world' had passed away. He was the richest in love, in faith, in devotion, and in loyal followers.

Mr. Moody's astonishing activity set in motion an evangelical work that became world wide. He was, perhaps, the greatest one man power in existence, and the secret of his almost super-human force was his intimacy with his divine Master, his hold on the strength of God.

He was preeminently a praying man. He cared more to know the Heavenly Will than to know his mind. He once said, 'If God should write, "D. L. Moody, have your own way," I'd take God's way every time, for it's a better way than mine.' So

SCROFULA

is indicated by little kernels in the neck. Sometimes they swell, become painful, soften, and end in a scar. Watch carefully, and just as soon as the kernels appear give

Scott's Emulsion. The swellings will grow less and less until they disappear entirely. Continue the Emulsion until the child has good solid flesh and a healthy color.

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he always prayed for God's way to come to pass, and when he once felt sure that what he desired was acceptable to God, he prayed for it with all his might, and got it.

Mr. Moody's reverence for the Scriptures was extreme. With all his vivacity and piquancy of speech he never, in public or private, made a pun or jest on a Bible phrase; and he would allow none to be made in his presence. Often on the platform he has held up his worn copy of the Holy Book, and exclaimed, 'My faith is bolted to God's Word!'

Higher or lower criticism, attacks on, or apologies for, the revelation in Old and New Testaments, made no impression upon his stalwart spirit. He knew God's Word was true, and that undivided faith made him the fearless and irresistible apostle of Christ.

On his death-bed he told his children that he had been 'an ambitious man.' But it was not to make money. It was, he said, 'to find work to do for God and to leave work for you to do. The twenty-six buildings of his Northfield school, and the memories of his gospel work that live and sing throughout Christendom, testify how far that grand ambition was gratified.

Mr. Moody was as gentle and sympathetic of heart as he was austere in conscience. Toward misery and suffering he was tender as a woman. The real man of God is always a man of the people.

One night, after he had conducted a most exhausting service in Boston, he left Berkeley Temple at about eleven o'clock. He was flanked by two or three eminent divines, his helpers. They were standing on the corner, chatting, when Mr. Moody spied a dark figure on the other side of the street.

'There is some one who needs me,' he said as he hurried over. 'Are you a stranger?' he asked. 'Yes, I am from Vermont.' 'Are you waiting for any one?' 'I am waiting for a friend.' 'Then,' said Moody, 'you are waiting for me I will be your friend.'

That Christlike love of humanity was one of the traits that made his influence supreme.

The Living Water. While trying to civilize and Christianize the savages of Aniva, one of the small islands of Polynesia, Mr. John G. Paton dug a well. Of all the providences which have been of service to missionaries, and have promoted their usefulness, few could be spter or more significant than this simple incident. The natives needed nothing in domestic life more than they needed fresh water; for Aniva had no streams or springs, and during the dry season, when the "rain god" gave them no favors, they drank the milk of the cocoanut—as long as it lasted.

With much prayerful thought, and many misgivings lest the water, if he found any, should prove to be salt, Mr. Paton chose a spot, and began to dig. He had few friends and fewer converts, and these, instead of helping his work, stimulated their heathen neighbors to oppose it. The savages supposed he was crazy. His unheard of way of searching for water aroused their superstitious fears. All he could persuade or hire hands to do was to pull a windlass rope and draw up the loosened earth as he sank the well deeper and deeper. He dug the earth with his own hands.

After going down thirty feet he struck a spring. Hesitatingly he tasted it. It was pure, fresh water. The effort was magical. The man who had been disbelieved and jeered at was now a 'prophet.' He had said he would go down into the ground to 'find rain,' and now the people believed that all he told them about Jehovah and Jesus Christ was true.

We need not tell the sequel—the story of the destruction of idols, the building of

a church, the establishment of schools, the framing of a code of enlightened laws, the transformation of a tribe of cannibals into a well ordered community.

The work of Christian missionaries is often depreciated—sometimes maligned. Yet no one can question the value of the principles of right conduct that they teach, nor the elevating results that should legitimately follow. If good results are hindered by adverse conditions, the conditions are at fault—not the religious principles taught. Moral progress, like the processes of nature, is often hardly apparent in one generation.

Church and Liquor Traffic in England.

The following extract is from an able editorial in a well known religious journal of London, and calls attention to a relation between the church and the liquor traffic in Great Britain which is paralleled by a similar attitude and condition in America. In part the article is as follows:

'Take again the drink traffic—a vast organization with infinite resources behind it, which threatens to throttle the very life of the nation. We never heard a wise man of any political party who did not confess that vast reforms in the drink traffic has to be made if Great Britain was to hold her own, and that in some fashion or other the power of trade had to be overthrown. Yet how do things stand? Practically nothing has been done for many years in the way of legislation. The consumption of drink seems steadily to increase; the wreckage, the misery, and the despair which come from the present traffic go on unchecked. Some people say temperance is increasing, but it is hard to believe this when we look at the fact that total abstinence are very numerous, and that notwithstanding, the rise in the proportion of drink consumed by the individual is almost without break. Is there nothing to be done? The drink trade is protected by almost impregnable defenses. It is provisioned for hundreds of years. It rests under the friendly shadow of a great church. It is even defended by wretched perversions of the words of the Son of God. Let no one fancy that the trade is of a mind to compromise, but it has made up its mind on one thing, which is, that in no case shall the consumption of drink be diminished. Until such diminution takes place nothing at all has been done. Royal commissioners get friendly advances from brewers, but whenever it comes to practical measures there are lions in the path. It is the nature of such lions not to show themselves till the huntsmen come close to their dens. Nevertheless, though the monsters take a lifetime to conquer, they will be overcome at last. We need not despair even in hours apparently the darkest. It will be with the drink traffic as at present conducted, one day as it was with slavery in the United States. The vice-president of the Confederacy said, "The foundation of our government rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. This our new government, is the first in the history of the world based on this great physical and moral truth."

George Augustus Sala, at that time a powerful journalist, said to the Northmen in America: "You have the fanatics, the visionaries, and the doctrinaires of Great Britain on your side." When he used these words, American slavery was within a year or so of her irrevocable fall.

We say, in the same manner, that forces are even now in reserve that will carry the day against our present system of dealing with the drink traffic. Good men cannot satisfy their consciences forever by passing resolutions. The Christian voters in every constituency, if united, can fight the drink trade, and in such a fight their numbers will be largely reinforced. What we want is that conviction which gives the power to convince, and so to conquer. In spite of all appearances that conviction, we are persuaded is rising. Mr. T. W. Russell did a very manly thing when he told the Church of England that if that church wished to reform the drink traffic it had the strength to do it.'

Prompt Payment.

A capital story is told of an old Methodist minister who believed in improving every opportunity to 'sow the good seed.' Travelling along a country road one day, his horse lost a shoe, and the minister stopped at the next blacksmith's shop to have the damage repaired. Several loafers were about the shop. The minister told them who he was, inquired their names and occupations, and had a cheery talk with them.

When the horse was shod, he asked what was to pay, and the blacksmith asked carelessly, 'Oh, nothing; just remember me in your prayers.'

'Very well,' said the minister, promptly.



A temper-wrecker

—wash-day with soap. Standing on feet, hard work in the midst of soiled clothes and fetid steam, aching back, wear and tear to things washed—enough to make any one grumpy. Fine occupation for a civilized woman!

A temper-soother—wash-day with Pearline—wash-day with the unpleasant features left out. Easier, quicker, better, healthier. No woman can find fault with it. Soaking, boiling, rinsing, instead of rubbing on a washboard.



'As my motto is, "Pay as you go," I'll just settle the bill now!'

Down on his knees he went, and the loafers and the blacksmith followed his example, willingly or reluctantly. The fervent Methodist prayer was both comprehensive and practical, and at its close the minister mounted his horse and rode off, carrying with him the hearty good will of his congregation.

Had a Hard Time Making her Believe.

'Is this all you've got, Madame?' asked the conductor on a North Side car as he scrutinized the coin in the semi-darkness of the tunnel.

'What's the matter with it?' she asked, in such frigid tones that the conductor looked confused.

'Nothing, but—'

'Then, if there is nothing the matter with it, why do you want me to give you another nickel?'

'Nothing but that—' he ventured again.

'Well, then, somebody else must have given it to you. I didn't have a penny in my purse.'

'Yes, but you did give it to me, Madame, and it's all right, but—'

She had got red in the face. The other passengers were watching the outcome, and one youth, who was standing, craned his neck and got a good look at the coin. He grinned. She saw him grin. That broke what remained of her dignified and chilling patience. She testily snatched the coin from the bewildered conductor. As she was tossing it into her open purse she, too, got a look at the coin. The car was coming out of the tunnel, and it was lighter so that she could make out the coin.

'Why, that is a—' but she was too much confused to finish the sentence.

'Yes, it is a \$5 gold piece, Madame. You gave it to me.'

'You might have said so,' she murmured meekly, as she fished out a real nickel.

'Well, you see I ain't much of an orator Madame,' he said, and resumed his march down the aisle, reaching for nickels.

Nature has Provided

A remedy for every ache and pain, and science through ceaseless activity and experiment is constantly wresting the secrets of her domain. A new and wonderful discovery has recently been made by means of which tens of thousands will be freed from pain. Nervilene, or nerve pain cure potent pain relieving substitutes known to medical science, and strange to say, it is composed of substances solely vegetable in origin. Polson's Nervilene is the most prompt, certain, and pleasant pain remedy in the world. Sold in 10 and 25 cent bottles by all dealer in medicines.

Points and Moot-Points.

Work and poverty would not be found together if idleness and wealth were forced apart by law.

Profit is lacking where competition is base and not noble.

Let others do the sulking, the whining, the down bearing. You do the smiling, the cheering and uplifting.

The faculty of making ourselves disagreeable is not far from insanity.

There is no certain love in smiles, all ways excepting a mother's.

There is no color line in well organized worlds, but there is a line of unamiability we shall do well not to cross.

A CERTAIN METHOD for curing cramp, diarrhea and dysentery is by using Pain Killer. This medicine has sustained the highest reputation for over 60 years. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

'Was your son cared for by a trained nurse?'

'Trained in a matrimonial bureau. I guess. Anyway, she married him.'

'You have a heart of ice!' he bitterly exclaimed.

The Boston maid waxed haughty. 'Rally, sir,' she said, 'one would think from your remark that you took my thorax for a refrigerator.'

Tommy—Pop, do ministers belong to labor unions? Tommy's Pop—Certainly not. Tommy—Well, when they marry people don't they charge union rates?

FLASHES OF FUN.

Mistress—Mary, didn't I see you talking to the policeman this morning? Mary—No'm; it was him talking to me.

Dorothy—Pa, I do wish we were rich. Dorothy's Pa—How rich would you like to be? Dorothy—Oh, awfully rich; rich enough to snub people and still be called agreeable!

'Do you believe in teaching the languages in the schools?' asked Mr. Clingstone of Miss Gilderdalee. 'Yes, indeed,' replied the young lady. 'Every one should be able to speak English and golf.'

She—Did you get a good look at the bride? What is she like? He—Fine eyes, good complexion, lovely hair—

'And teeth?'

'Like a newborn babe's.'

They sat alone—he toed the mat— 'Oh, George,' she said, 'why don't you speak? Why don't you talk? Why don't you speak?'

He checked a yawn: 'What will suit you? But I suppose all topics new? She shook her head: 'George no sirree! The old, old story will do for me.'

'Braylot was just complaining to me that he finds it almost impossible to get any subscriptions to that hospital he's interested in.'

'I'm not surprised. The chump announced publicly that the list would not be published.'

'Can't you set a date for the payment of this little bill?' asked the collector. 'I could if it weren't for one thing,' answered the debtor.

'What is that?'

'I want to sustain my reputation for truth and veracity.'

'When John was younger he always grumbled when I asked him to dig up the garden.'

'Well?'

'Now he has rheumatism. I simply can't keep him from getting out and digging it up before he ought to.'

'Pa, ain't you a director of th' school board?'

'Yes, I am. What of it?'

'Well, teacher called me down today, and she was just awfully impolite about it.'

'Were you on the schoolhouse premises when she called you down?'

'Yes; I was on th' roof.'

'You say she is good looking, but I don't know whether you are a judge or not. And you know in frequently happens that the girl who is thought to be beautiful by one man doesn't impress others at all.'

'Yes, I know all about that; but I've never seen this girl stand up in the car.'

'Say, when can you take me around?'

'Do you mean to say that the horse ran away with you? I said Mr. Meekton, aghast.'

'Yes,' answered his wife.

'And wouldn't stop when you told him to?'

'Of course he wouldn't.'

'Well, Henrietta, I don't know what to say, except that the horse wasn't acquainted with you, or else he wouldn't have dared to act in that manner.'

Parson (after the services)—I'm glad to know that you've determined to lead a different life, Bill, and that you have put your guns in the contribution box as evidence of the fact—What! you don't want them back? Bronco Bill—Jest fer ter-night, parson; jest fer ter-night. Y'r see, Piz-z Pete's got wind of the matter, an' he's layin' fer me round the corner.

His book had been published and had made a great sensation. Now, they said, 'you will be enabled to rest.'

Alias, no! he replied. 'I find that the public demands minute information as to my habits and mode of life, and it therefore becomes necessary for me to develop some peculiarities and eccentricities and practice them astiduously in order that I may prove a disappointment.'

Should remember that by the loss of health enjoyment and happiness also are lost forever. Check the slightest cough or cold by using Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam according to directions printed upon the label of the bottle. 25c. all druggists.

'What did you get for that old horse of yours?'

'Fit y. At least that's what the man said I should get out of him.'

'Not fifty dollars, really?'

'I guess that's what he meant. He said fifty 'bones.'

NCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, no knife, plaster or Canadian testimonials & 750-page write Dept. 11, Mason Medicine, 200-202, Toronto, Ontario.

Newspapers from the Front.

Private W. O. Swatridge of G. company, First Canadian Contingent, now on the March to Pretoria, has sent to a Progress employee several copies of The Friend, a newspaper published at Bloemfontein and edited by the war correspondents with Lord Roberts' forces, which prove very interesting. Private Swatridge at the time of writing states that many of the Contingent are down with enteric fever and an article from The Friend will give some idea of what the disease is like. The paper is printed in the English and Dutch languages and contains many of the proclamations issued by Lord Roberts, a sample of which Progress reproduces. "Billy" as he was called here by his many friends, wishes to be remembered to them all, and states that he is thoroughly enjoying himself, although his work is hard.

(An interesting narrative told in The Friend.)

Caught by the Boers.

After three weeks spent in 'bluffing' the Colesberg Boers, by holding various kopjes with a half company at the top, and half at the bottom, I found myself one fine February morning seized with a sudden attack of 'Mauseritis' and so, forced to watch the rest of a disastrous rearguard action without taking part in it.

My company and one other, having spent a very cold night on a kopje N. W. of Rensburg came down at 5 a. m. to find our other companies 'not lost but gone before' to Arundel, and a sudden and unexpected Boer cross-fire brought on the aforesaid 'attack.' From 6 to 8 I lay watching little puffs of dust in the immediate vicinity, caused by our men returning the fire; as a lot of the Boers had followed us up, and were lying down about 300 yards from me.

At eight our fire stopped, and up galloped batches of the ragged ruffians, the first two pointing Mausers at me, and asking 'Rooiniek wounded?' My answer 'yes' seemed to relieve them, and they jumped off their horses and quickly relieving me of carbine and belt (the only things they took) galloped on. At intervals of ten minutes all sorts and conditions followed them, with 'good morning old chap,' and they seemed very sorry at seeing me wounded. At ten, four of them under the guidance of a commandant, carried me in a bit of sacking a mile to Rensburg station, to the 'station commandant's' room, and I spent a happy day till five p. m. with seven of our men, all air steved from coming in by our inquisitive friends, the enemy, who 'held' both doors and windows with great success, making the place a regular Black Hole.

They seemed quite happy, just standing still, staring at us, and never uttering a syllable, though they would do anything we asked. At last, after hours of waiting they moved us to a coachhouse close by and 'dressed' us. We stayed there till 5 the next day, and I had many interesting talks with them. One old man gave us a blessing, with 'I wish Chamberlain was here to see you now.' Their sole idea was that Jos. C. and Rhodes were entirely responsible for the war. Many such questions as 'Were you compelled to fight?' etc. were asked me, and a small box of 'sparklets' cartridges was a source of much wonder. My next move was to an empty store in Colesberg, where Hofman (of the Cape Parliament) had a Russian German and Dutch Ambulance combined (one of his men had been fighting against us, and now covered with Red Crosses, helped to carry us about) I stayed there a week, having devoured more figs and grapes than ever before.

All the English ladies and the Dutch Minister in particular, brought us fruit, and I should like to thank them personally. Only the Dutch people were allowed in to see us, and were very keen on getting our buttons and badges as keepsakes. They turned us out of the field hospital one night at 9, and we were jolted along in buck wagons till 5 the next morning, that's a halt of 5 hours, and at last we got to Norval's Point at 5 p. m.; after the worst journey I ever hope to have. It was quite a treat seeing trees again, as some of the country we passed through was really pretty. Our ambulance train, consisted of layers of stretchers, one above the other, in a large 'bogey' truck. At Springfontein we were entrusted to a German ambulance, from Hamburg, covered with crosses doctors, nurses and patient helps, but they were very kind to us.

We got news daily from the station telegraphist, Mr. Fryer, and Mr. Shipp, also employed on the station; till the escape from Pretoria put a stop to our visitors. The hospital was half full of Boers, and

they seem perfectly happy sitting still the whole day long doing nothing, but smoking hard. Two engines were always left ready for emergency; the line being 100 yards away; so sleep at night was a matter of difficulty. Just when I was hoping we should be relieved, they moved us under the safe-keeping of a Bloemfontein Policeman in a gorgeous blue uniform to the Volks Hospital here, passing through hundreds of sleeping Burghers in the station. Here we languished in the utmost comfort, till the famous Tuesday when little black specks on the veldt and the arrival here of 'Bobs' made our scarce-believing eyes quite certain that we were no longer Boer prisoners.

(One of Lord Roberts' proclamations in English and Dutch.)

PROCLAMATIE.

De Proclamatie No. 600, gedateerd 9 len December 1899 en gepubliceerd in de "Gouvernement's Courant" van den 10den December 1899, waarbij onnodig wordt verklaard het protesteeren van Wissel Brieven, Promesse en andere Handelspapieren, wordt hiermede verklaard van nul en geene waarde te zijn van af datum dezins in alle deelen van het grondgebied van den Oranje Vrij Staat in bezit van de strijdmachten van Hare Majesteit; en van hiersaan Isal Hooftdst. XCIX, O. V. S. Wetboek, betrekking hebbende op Wisselvolle kracht en effect hebben.

Gegeven onder mijne hand, te Bloemfontein, dez n 15den dag van Maart 1900.

GOD ZEGENE DE KONINGIN.

ROBERTS,

Veld Maarschalk.

PROCLAMATION.

The Proclamation No. 600, dated 9th December, 1899, and published in the "Government Gazette" of the 15th December, 1899, rendering unnecessary the protesting of Promissory Notes, Bills of Ex-

change, and other negotiable paper, is hereby declared null and void from this date in all parts of the territory of the Orange Free State occupied by Her Majesty's Forces, and henceforth Law, Chapter XCIX, O. V. S. Wetboek, relating to Bills of Exchange, shall be in full force and effect.

Given under my hand, at Bloemfontein, this 15th day of March, 1900.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

ROBERTS,

Field Marshal.

(The Friend has a balloting competition for a new name for the Orange Free State.)

Following are some names suggested:

Alexandra,	Altruria,	Aurania,	Brandesia,	British South Africa,	Brandaland,	Burghers' State,	Centuria,	Carnatia,	Chamberlainia,	Crucipatria,	Cecilia,	Colonia,	Closer Union,	Crown State,	Capricornia,	Concordia,	Diadem State,	Euscia,	Freere State,	Fonteinia,	Frereland,	Filia State,	Grassland,	Guefland,	Immigratia,	Imperial Orange Colony
Amantia,	Altruria,	Aurania,	Brandesia,	British South Africa,	Brandaland,	Burghers' State,	Centuria,	Carnatia,	Chamberlainia,	Crucipatria,	Cecilia,	Colonia,	Closer Union,	Crown State,	Capricornia,	Concordia,	Diadem State,	Euscia,	Freere State,	Fonteinia,	Frereland,	Filia State,	Grassland,	Guefland,	Immigratia,	Imperial Orange Colony
Jubileelard,	Khaki State,	Kopjia,	Leonida,	Mimosaland,	Kundaharia,	Khakiland,	Lanceria,	Marchland,	Malaria,																	

Milneria,	Midland,
Middle Colony,	Mid-South Africa,
Madrinia,	New Ireland,
New Alexandria,	New Victoria,
New Albion,	North Cape Colony,
New Era,	New Canada,
New Colony,	New Rietania,
Northern Province,	New Gualia,
New Egypt,	New Edward's Land,
Orange State,	Orange,
Orangia,	Orangeland,
Orange Colony,	Orange Sovereignty,
Provincia,	Pasturia,
Pastoria,	Queen's Free State,
Robertland,	Rietania,

(Editorial taken from the Friend: The End of the War.)

We are constantly asked when this war will end. We wish we could give the date—or could feel ourselves able to judge within a month thereof.

This we do know: that the war planned by the Boers for many, many years and actually begun last October came to an end with the relief of Ladysmith, the freeing of Kimberley and the entrance of Field Marshall Lord Robert's army into what had been the Orange Free State.

That war to which we refer was a war of extermination of the British in South Africa. The programme laid down by the Boers was the capture of the British territories, Natal and Cape Colony, and the driving of their loyal inhabitants into the sea at Table Bay and Durban.

There was contemplated nothing short of the conquest of two of the Queen's Colonies. It did not take into account any fighting on Boer territory or any invasion of such territory. It was to be fought out on British soil to the damage of British property and the slaughter of such British as did not flee from their homes.

That war ended quickly in a complete failure.

Now, another struggle is going on for the settlement of the questions whether the two races are to live in peace as neighbors in South Africa, whether the Boers are to continue to obstruct modern progress with seventeenth century narrowness, whether white men who elect to live here are to have white men's rights and white men's liberty.

These questions are so simple and the only answer to them is so sure that we cannot believe the war is to last much longer.

The Editors of The Friend have received two exchange copies of Ons Land. They hereby request that no further copies may be sent. If the Editors of The Friend could have their way no such publication as Ons Land would exist.

The Friend reproduces one of the Boers' fake reports with its own comments thereupon.

How History is Made.

"RUSSIANS CAPTURE LONDON."

BLOEMFONTEIN, Thursday, received Friday (Ruter).

Kruger is reported to have proclaimed the annexation of the Free State to the Transvaal.

It is also reported that he is circulating a proclamation that England is in dire straits, the Russians have occupied London, and proclaimed it Russian territory.

It is painful to think that Lord Roberts is totally unaware that he is fighting for a country that has ceased to exist, that St. Paul's is now a Greek chapel, that the Thames is called the Tensky River, that our beloved Queen is a prisoner at Moscow and that Lord Salisbury is already trudging the weary snowbound way to the mines at Kara in Siberia.

Why do you laugh?
To us it seems awful!

The following article on enteric fever will be of special interest.

Enteric Fever.

No disease causes such havoc in modern campaigns as typhoid or enteric fever, and it becomes the duty of every one having authority to impress this fact upon the men committed to their charge. More especially is this duty imperative when troops are on the march for many a valuable life is thrown away by the want of the strong hand of a wise discipline. When thirsty, men will drink anything, and it is here that good may be done. It is reported that one regiment on the march recently made the use of water bottles a matter of drill, the word of command being given every hour for a mouthful of water to be drunk. As a result, men arrived in many cases at their bivouac, with some water still left from their morning supply, without being one whit more thirsty than their neighbors. Typhoid in the vast majority of cases is water borne, and hence the greatest care should be taken to avoid any dubious pan or pool. The only real preventative of this disease is to boil all water used, and although this may be impracticable on service, surely discipline will prevent the drinking of doubtful water. No medical observer can help wondering why more men were not inoculated on their way out from home. The inoculation does no harm, its pain is a small matter, and its utility in modifying the severity of the disease is now well established. Take a case in point; two officers in the same regiment, one aged 31 and the other 24, contracted the disease on the same day from the same source. On the usual lines, the younger man should have had the worst attack, and yet although physically the weaker he recovered and his senior died. The younger man had been inoculated, but the other had not! Some will say that it was the senior's kismet, but let that pass. The campaign is now well begun, and it is not too late even now to furnish supplies of lymph to medical officers for use with their units.

The disease now so rife is marked by an absence of abdominal symptoms and may, in its early stage, be overlooked. It is during this period of uncertainty that harm may be done by a solid diet and it is safer by far for anyone suspecting himself to be suffering from influenza or other vague disease to restrict himself for a few days to a milk diet. Then if the febrile condition passes off, no harm is done, but it is to be feared that few will take this amount of trouble over themselves.

Fair customer—Can you make a match for this ribbon?

No. 80—My dear young lady, matches are made in heaven.



A DAUGHTER OF THE PHAROS.

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If there can be a rage for any one item... of dress it is exemplified this season in... the cravats. They are on nearly every gown... in some form and confront you in the shops... in formidable battalions which defy de-... scription. It suffices, however, to say that... this element of neck fixings is a feature not... to be ignored and any fancy, within the... limits of good taste, which you can origi-... ate by way of novelty is sure to add chic to... your gown. But there is such a bewilder-... ing variety already that novelty seems to be... out of the question. The narrow band... more than an inch wide, made of silk and... panne of different colors and covered with... rows of stitching is very effective over a... tucked or lace covered collar band. It is... made with pointed ends and finished with... three white silk tassels. Another feature... of neckwear is the elegant clasp which... holds the ends in place where they cross at... the neck band.

A novelty in waists is made of ecru linen... crash, woven with a coarse thread and... open mesh, which makes it semi-transpar-... ent. It is trimmed with bands of white... linen embroidered in colors or with narrow... heavy lace insertion and black velvet rib-

Every spring gown has a bolero of some... short, straight material, with points in... front, or slashed up the middle of the... back, and the varieties are so many that... almost any figure can be suited.

The material of these gowns is most popu-... larly foulard, although numerous taffetas... are to be seen, but with the new skirt

Chat of the Boudoir.

The campaign of dress is well under way... now that the spring fashions are estab-... lished once more; but it is really the coming... summer that brings unmitigated joy to all... womankind. Delicate light and airy gowns... mark the line of distinction with a certain... ethereal fascination which is irresistible and... quite different from the creations for any... other season. Fancy can run riot on sum-... mer gowns, and exquisite taste is revealed... in a great measure this season in the ma-... terials as well as the modes of making.

For all this, semi-transparent fabrics the... tucked skirts are vastly more becoming... and elegant in every way than the plain... close-fitting models which dominated the... realm of skirts last season. The carefully... fitted hips are as much a feature of skirts... now as they were then, but in all the gauzy... materials the tucks and shirings soften the... lines with most charming results. Flounced... skirts are in evidence and will worth some... consideration, since they do not follow the... lines of the old-time models. Ruffles... around the hem are the prettiest finish for... dimities and muslins of all kinds, and there... may be two, three or five if they are nar-... row.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Taffeta silk Eton coat in either, black... or white are very distinctive features of... fashion this season. A similar coat in... black taffeta put in an appearance more... than a year ago but it was then a novelty... of course, while now it is a very evident... mode. These little coats are tucked all... over, or trimmed in various ways with... stitched bands, and completed with an... embroidered batiste collar and revers.

In hats, beige tinted straws are very... popular and gauze or tulle with one very... large rose nodding at one side is a favorite... trimming. Ecru tulle on a pure white... straw with one immense rose of blue or... pink at one side is charming. Tuscan... straws in open work designs are much... and crinoline braids form many a dressy... toque, alternated with folds of chiffon or... crepe. White straws are dyed to match... the exact shade of the costume, and yet all... the pretty shades seem to be represented... in the new straw hats. Rather wide brim-... med sailor hats are universally trimmed... with a scarf around the crown, and a huge... rosette bow at the side. This is variously... made of soft taffeta ribbon, of gauze, panne... velvet and tulle, and can be purchased in... the shops all ready for use. White panne... with black polka dots makes a very stylish... rosette and scarf, and several different... pastel shades of ribbon are used in the... construction.

Beautiful ribbons made of soft, glossy... silk, are brocaded with velvet floral de-... signs in the natural colors. Gauze rib-... buns with satin spots and cashmere printed... silk ribbons are special features in the... ribbon department.

Renaissance lace braid is used as a... trimming for silk waists, sewed on a... straight line between groups of tucks and... for wash dresses in a trellis design.

In closing up the house for the summer... it is said to be a good idea to leave the... piano part way open so a little air will get... to it, as the instrument suffers more when... it is closely shut for months at a time. It... is also said to be well to leave the curtains... and shutters open to let the sunlight in... The carpets and furniture may be other-... wise protected, but the sunlight is the best... disinfectant known, and a safeguard against... the deprecations of the moth.

A new English skirt just touches the... ground at the back, is less sloped on its... front and side gores, and is some inches... fuller all around the upper portion than... any of the skirt models in vogue for sea-... sons past.

The young Queen of Holland is an ex-... pert and artistic milliner, and takes pains to... design all her own toques and hats. She... is always simply yet well gowned.

Queen Margherita of Italy is very par-... tial to costly attire, and when seen driving... is a perfect dressmaker's masterpiece. Until... quite recently she has been partial to... white, but her age seems to be unsuited to... the absence of color, and she now wears... somber shades.

The queen regent of Spain is always... magnificently attired and the Czarina... spends more money on her clothes than... any other crowned head. This, however... is said to be quite a revolution, for her... former indifference to dress was a thorn in... the side of the Russian court dames, as... etiquette prevented them from outshining... their sovereign.

White bridesmaids' gowns have been the... feature of the spring weddings, and it is a... delightful fashion. There are trimmings or... sashes of some color to brighten and dis-... tinguish them from the all-white of the... bride, but the white ground lightens the... effect with a real springlike touch. The... flowers are of some color, and there is... nothing which sets off so well as the bride... maids' gown of white.

Every spring gown has a bolero of some... short, straight material, with points in... front, or slashed up the middle of the... back, and the varieties are so many that... almost any figure can be suited.

The material of these gowns is most popu-... larly foulard, although numerous taffetas... are to be seen, but with the new skirt

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Na-... ture's mild laxatives, and... while gentle are reliable... and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Bil-... iousness, Sour Stomach... and Constipation. Sold... everywhere, 25c. per box... Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The material really looks like com-... mon hop sacking, but it is rather stylish in... effect.

A white pique skirt, made with two in-... verted plaits at the back and innocent of... any tucks, is trimmed down each seam... with a stitched band of the pique, and... three of the same bands around about the... hem. An Eton jacket of pique with a... wide collar and revers of all over em-... broidery covered with a lattice work of... stitched bands is worn with this skirt over... an embroidered blouse. The sleeves fall... only a little below the elbow, where they... flare and turn back in cuffs matching the... collar.

"Spiders' silk" is one of the new ma-... terials to be shown at the Paris Exposition... Made from the webs of the Madagascar... spider, it is very thin and suitable only for... neckties, ruchings and hat trimmings.

Colored batiste, checked, striped and... plain, is used for petticoats, trimmed elab-... orately with lace. These are recom-... mended as much cooler than silk for sum-... mer wear.

Sailor hats of Sumatra straw are one of... the novelties. Khaki-colored sailors with... black or red bands are favored by English... girls.

Beautiful ribbons made of soft, glossy... silk, are brocaded with velvet floral de-... signs in the natural colors. Gauze rib-... buns with satin spots and cashmere printed... silk ribbons are special features in the... ribbon department.

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models, which are tucked part way and... then full cut half way down, the stiff silk... is ugly, while the softer variety lends it-... self more gracefully, and droops in artis-... tic curves.

A V shaped neck, filled in with trans-... parent lace, is a pretty accompaniment for... the lace undersleeve.

Among the new robe gowns for summer... wear are the white pique skirts elaborately... trimmed with embroidery all ready to... hang, and sphyr robes in ecru color, de-... corated with bands of embroidery of the... same color.

There are shorter coats of fancy silk... which reach only to the knees, but they... have the same style of flowing sleeve.

In honor of the Queen's visit to Ireland... malachite green is a very fashionable color... in England.

Organdies, on which the design is paint-... ed on the under side, are the prettiest... examples of pastel colorings.

Demi decollete bodices will be very... generally worn for house gowns in midsum-... mer; some of these have the elbow sleeves.

Black net, well covered with applica-... tions of black taffeta, makes a very pretty... short cape, finished with frills of lace and... chiffon. This sort of garment is made in... cream tints as well, and also in gray and... beige.

THE SECRET OF EXPRESSION.

Various Things That Help to Make a... Woman's Face Attractive.

Many of the most fascinating women of... history have been without a single beauty... of feature. Therefore their attraction... must have depended on expression, either... inborn or acquired. Its subtleties depend... as much on temperament as on education.

A perfectly irregular face is sometimes... magnetic by reason of its animation and... earnestness.

Irregularity of that kind is preferable to... a beautiful and immobile countenance that... smiles perpetually like an everlasting blue... sky. There is only a hair line between... repose and stagnation and one is as pleas-... ing as the other is dull.

It is the quality, rather than the quantity... of the mind that affects expression. Ex-... cessive brain work is detrimental—it... strains and contorts the features, tightens... the lips, wrinkles the forehead and dulls... the eyes, but on the other hand where... beauty is absent a certain amount of brain... work will add it to the face for the eyes... gain depth and earnestness, the nose be-... comes determined and the shapeless lips... and jaws grow powerful. Expression to be... really beautiful must correspond with... and enhance the individuality already ex-... pressed.

Violent temper render the eyes dry and... staring, making them devoid of that clear... serenity which is so charming. Concen-... trated thought and pessimism, jealousy or... discontent, deprive the mouth of its mo-... bility and compress the lips to a thin line... in time. Cynicism has a lasting effect on... the corners of the mouth.

No matter how ugly a face is, it may... come to possess rugged grandeur and... homely sweetness, but neither of these is... to be obtained by those who frivol, vacil-... late or have no appreciation for the higher... things of life and the larger emotions. A... pretty expression, a poor mind and a shal-... low heart cannot add to the expression of... a face.

ETIQUETTE OF THE DANCE.

Outsoms Which Feltte Society Approved as... Being Good Form.

When a man is presented to a young... woman at a dance he usually says almost... at once, 'May I have the pleasure of this... dance?'

After dancing and walking about the... rooms two or three times the young man... may take the girl back to her chaperon and... plead another engagement—or better, she... suggests that he take her to her place near... her mother or chaperon. The lady is the... one to intimate her desire to stop dancing.

If a man holds a girl too tightly she... should drop her hand from his shoulder... so as to bring it between her partner and... herself. If he does not take the hint let... her stop dancing at once under some pre-... text so evident that he may realize her dis-... pleasure or disapproval.

A chaperon should not be lacking in... personal dignity; nor should she dance

while her charge is unprovid.d with a... partner.

A girl should be attentive to her mother... or her chaperon, presenting her friends to... her and occasionally stopping to say a few... words.

Both young men and maidens should be... careful to remember that their dancing en-... gagements must be kept.

A girl must not refuse to dance with one... man under some pretext and then dance... with another; neither should she dance... with the same man more than two or three... times.

A young man invited to a house should... dance as early as possible with the daugh-... ters of the hostess, and pay them every pos-... sible attention.

NEW DRESS IN UNDERLINEN.

Full Skirt Collars for Flouncies in Pet-... coats.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND,
And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS.
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H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels,
Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the
General Public, direct with every description of

Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being worn by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Irish Linen: 2 1/2 yards wide, 50c. per yard, Roller Towing, 18 in. wide, 6c. per yard. Surplus Linen, 10c. per yard. Dusters from 7c. per doz. Linen Glass Cloth, \$1.14 per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Diaper, 17c. per yard. Our Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 6c. per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen: Fish Napkins, 70c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 8 yards, \$1.23 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 20c. each. Strong Hackback Towels, \$1.98 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coat of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention Club, Hotel, or Mass Orders).

Matchless Shirts: Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and our Special Indian Gauze, Oxford and Unshrinkable Flanne for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in Neck and Cuff, and Fronts, for \$3.30 the half-dozen. (Special attention Club, Hotel, or Mass Orders).

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs: The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame. The Queen. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—Byfield's Home Journal. Children's, 30c. per doz.; Ladies', 50c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75c. per doz. HEMSTITCHED—Ladies', 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 80c. per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs: Gentlemen's 4-fold, all newest shapes, \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. "Bishop's Matrons to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.

Irish Underclothing: A luxury now within the reach of all. Ladies' Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 47c. Nightgowns, 84c. Combinations, 84c. India or Colonial Gaiters, \$10.32 3/4. Ladies' Trousers, \$25.90. Ladies' Lay- N. B.—To prevent delay all Letters, Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed

Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND.

(Please mention this Paper.)

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NEW DRESS IN UNDERLINEN.

Full Skirt Collars for Flouncies in Pet-... coats.

The important change which has taken... place in making very full skirts necessarily... brings about a corresponding change in... underlinen. We have escaped from the... acute crisis which led many women—and... those not the least delicate and careful of... themselves—to repudiate fluff lace and... fine ribbon and adopt odious tights, with... grotesque lines, making the female outline... resemble that of bathers, in bathing... costumes, than which nothing can be more... ungraceful. Here is one point established... Those wretched tights of English origin... known by the name of combinations, are... banished from the toilet.

The fine cambric chemise, the drawers... richly trimmed with lace, the thin under-... petticoat, have become the indispensable... basis of every woman's dress. Neverthe-... less these garments are still buttoned and... adjusted very low on the stays, so as not to... increase the size of the hips. Some women... even wear their stays over them, but this... practice often makes troublesome folds... and the underlinen, being made of fine... lawn or nainsook, takes up a very small... space beneath the silk petticoat, which... should be more correctly called the under... skirt. In fact this silk petticoat has length... and fulness around the bottom, intended to... support the bottom of the skirt. The upper... part is still very tight fitting. The front... breadth is cut almost straight. A few... gores are made in the upper part, and... there are two breadths, cut on the cross on... each side, very narrow at the top, with two... points quite flat behind to a depth of forty... centimetres, beneath which is a sort of... ground of a skirt, widening largely down... to the bottom.

The skirt thus prepared is trimmed... with one or two flounces of frilled taffetas... much shorter in front than behind. These... flounces are edged with a ruche of taffetas... ribbon or with gathers of mousseline de... soie, which widens the flounces and sup-... ports the skirt better.

Petticoats for the street are mostly... made of stuff, trimmings of lace or muslin... being reserved for the evening. As soon as... the fine weather comes petticoats will bor-... row the brilliant colors of the flowers—... turquoise, mauve, laurel green, cerise or... orange color. A new idea is to match the... shade of the petticoat with that of the lining... of the skirt, all petticoats being lined with... taffetas in striking colors. This involves

expense, for the price of petticoats is still... high and adds greatly to the expense of... dress. Prudent women will therefore have... some sort of uniformity in the linings of... their different dresses. Still better they... could choose their linings to match the... color of the dress, which will enable them... to wear the same petticoat without showing... incongruous colors when the skirt is turned... up.

While petticoats, though still in favor... are exclusively worn with evening dresses... we are told, however, that they will be... worn by day in the summer. Those made... at the present moment are so trimmed... with laces and very light materials that... one almost doubts whether they are not... entirely of lace. But we do not see any... such petticoats sweeping up the microbes... from the pavements of Paris.

We are told to expect for day wear what... we saw a few years ago—many wide... flounces of fine linen, lace and embroider-... ed muslin over silk petticoats bright or... dark in color. In this case the flounce... should be bordered with a large endive... ruche of taffetas.

Not So Bad as She Charged.

Judge Broyle's clerk called aloud, 'Clar-... ence Mason and Sally Simpkins!' Clarence... stepped up, a pretty well dressed, intelli-... gent looking darkey. Then came Sally, a... soot skinned, sidestepping Sally, switching... her skirts and with a large, loud hat tilted... down in her face.

'Clarence,' said the Judge, 'you are... charged with cursing this girl. What about... it?'

Sally broke in: 'He did, Judge; but he... did. He used talk to me dat no gentleman... would say to a colored lady!'

'No, sir, I never, Judge.' 'He did! Dat he did! I heered him Judge!'

'Well,' said the Judge, 'what language?'

'Judge, hit would make me blush ter tell... it.' 'Well, out with it; what did he say?'

'Judge, it would make you blush.' 'Clarence, what did you say to her?' the Judge impatiently asked.

'I don't remember saying nothing that... would make her blush. I don't reckon I... could do it.'

Sally fired up, turning a glare on Clar-... ence, and shouted: 'Judge, he's a story, a... sah! I'll tell you what he said: he called me... er hot baby. Dat's what he called me, too, now!'

'What about it, Clarence?' 'Judge, I never. I just called her a tepid infant.'

Customer—Is there any difference be-... tween this year's style of saddle and those... of last year? Bicycle dealer—Oh, yes. Last year there... were 37 styles. This year I think there... are 33.

Cyrus—How did Judson get all of them... thar furrows in his brow? Silas—From thinkin' too hard about this... year's plowing.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her... Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nichol-... son Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his... Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the... Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The... Institute, 190 Ninth Avenue, New York.

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

APOL & STEEL For Ladies' PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cocks, Pennyroyal, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & BONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Warton Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

Alaska's Suddenly Rich.

People Who Have Leaped from Poverty to Wealth—Fortune of a Swedish Missionary—Mrs Danvers's Boarding House a Gold Mine.

Said George F. Fisher, when he came down the coast from Alaska the other day: 'The most interesting things I found in my year of travel in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands were not the extraordinary golden placers, but the men who have leaped from poverty into large wealth. And the way the newly made rich men up in Alaska live and spend their money is, in some instances even more interesting than the ways they came quickly to have princely incomes.'

'For instance, there is Sandy Flaherty, the king of the placers on Dominion Creek in the Klondike country. I suppose that anyone in Dawson would say that Sandy's wealth is upward of \$600,000, and is increasing by \$50,000 a year. Four years ago he was on a main gang on the streets of Omaha, Neb., and three years ago he was tending bar on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco's water front. He told me in detail the story of his rise in worldly riches one day last summer at Dawson. He never knew who his parents were. He was left when a baby a few weeks old, on the steps of a county almshouse at Moberly, Mo. That was in 1860. An old pauper woman in the almshouse named May Flaherty took pity on the wailing and asked to be his foster mother. So the child became known as Sandy Flaherty because of his sandy hair. He was a poorhouse lad until he was 10 years old, when he was taken by a cigarmaker who wanted a boy to do chores and gardening for his board and clothes. There the boy learned to read and write by instruction by the cigarmaker's seven and eight year old boys. The cigarmaker died, the home was broken up, and Flaherty had to get a new place to work.

'In a word, Sand Flaherty experienced a constant round of toil, and left ceaseless, bit in poverty for twenty-two long years. He tramped for two years and he labored in pretty lowly walks of life from direct necessity. He was arrested in Omaha for vagrancy in 1896, and worked two weeks in the chain gang. He beat his way to Seattle. There he lived with half breed Siwash Indians, and got a living by fishing and cooking for the coast of fishermen. He drifted down the coast to San Francisco, and there he fell in with some whalers who were about to sail for the Behring and Arctic seas on a year's cruise. Sandy Flaherty jumped at the chance to go along. For once in his life he was sure of steady employment and sure board and lodging for twelve successive months. He told me last summer that the happiest day he had known since earliest youth was when he sailed out through the Golden Gate. The whaler cruised about the Aleutian Islands, and in May 1897, touched at St. Michael. Flaherty was seriously ill with typhoid fever and he was left there, apparently to die. It was two days after the whaler had sailed before he recovered enough from delirium to know where he was and that he had been left behind at a Godforsaken whaling port at the mouth of the Yukon River.

'When he had been nursed to health by some Esquimaux fishermen, he began to look around for any sort of work to earn money to get back to the States. Suddenly the news came down the Yukon River that wonderfully rich gold diggings had been struck in the Klondike creeks, at the headwaters of the Yukon. A score of men at St. Michael started at once in a little skiff up the river to Dawson. Flaherty was among them. He had but \$2.00 in his pocket and the clothes on his back when he started for the Klondike goldfield. He cooked for his comrades and did general work to pay for his passage. Arrived at Dawson, Sandy Flaherty got a job as cook in a rough sawed pine barn that answered as boarding house. His pay was \$60 a week and his own board and lodging. One of the men who came to the boarding house for meals was an original Klondiker. He had two claims on Dominion Creek. One day he had delirium tremens and Sandy nursed him to health. To reward Sandy the old fellow gave him the poorer of his two claims. Sandy gave up his job as cook and began gold mining the next day. He worked day and night, scarcely stopping to sleep two hours out of twenty-four, so anxious was he to know what sort of claim he owned. Before the cold weather set in, in October 1897, he had dug down to bedrock on his creek bench claim, and was panning gold at the rate of \$5 and \$8.50 a p.m. He never

spent a dime unnecessarily, and early Klondikers still tell how hard he worked with pick and shovel and pan. Then he got capital, put up a sluice on his claim, and built a \$1,000 cabin. The old fellow who gave him the claim had a second case of tremens, and urged Flaherty to buy him out for sixty pounds of gold, and Flaherty bought on six months' time. Then the young fellow had two adjacent claims, and from that time his fortune has been rising fast. He has bought and sold altogether some fifteen placer mines in the locality of Dominion Creek, and some of his single deals have amounted to \$75,000. He bought two well worked claims on Beaver Creek a year ago for \$26,000 together. Two months later, when he had taken out fifty pounds of gold from them, he sold each for upward \$40,000. Last June he sent 300 pounds of gold to the San Francisco Mint by the Alaska Commercial Company. He carried a bank deposit at one of the big San Francisco banks of between \$150,000 and \$200,000, and has in vested thousands of dollars of his surplus cash in Yukon River Transportation Company stock, and in Seattle city bonds. He has a lawyer employed at \$5,000 a year solely to attend to his business.

'In some ways Sandy Flaherty is a very unusual man. One might naturally believe that a man who has been reared in an almshouse, had lived the life of a semi-tramp for twenty years, and had never owned more than the ragged clothes on his back until he was thirty-seven years old, would be a pretty poor sort of a business man. He invests some \$5,000 in a patent two years ago. It was a swindle and from that time he has never been wheedled out of a dime except for legitimate charity. His business sense seemed to come to him as fast as his piles of gold. He bought a Yukon steambot that had been hawked about Dawson for weeks for \$18,000. He had new boilers put in and then he sold her on her first trip up river from St. Michael for \$6,000 more than the craft had cost him. Flaherty told me that about two years more of the Klondike would be enough for him. He believed that he could then come way with enough capital to keep him like a gentleman all the rest of his life. He said he had lived in squalor and poverty long enough to know what practical charity was, and he proposed some day to alleviate the condition of children reared as he was.

'Then there is the Rev. Matthew M. Anderson, the richest man of Cape Nome. His life has not been so picturesque as Flaherty's. He is a Scandinavian about 45 years old. He was reared in poverty in Sweden and came to the United States an emigrant. His father died during the voyage, and young Anderson was landed at Castle Garden with only a few dollars and no friends in the new country. He got to Philadelphia, where he got a chance to work in a Swedish boarding house for his board and lodging. In a year or two he and another Swede walked to Minneapolis where young Anderson worked in a lumber mill. He was converted in a Lutheran mission there and resolved to be a missionary among the Indians. Then he was a wiper in a railroad locomotive round house in Minneapolis, and at night studied for his missionary labors. The Lutheran church of Minneapolis helped him get to Alaska in 1886, and there he began his labors among the Inuits or natives at Cape Prince of Wales, on Behring Sea. His salary as a missionary was never more than \$275 a year, and for four years it was less than \$200. His field was up and down the coast of Alaska from Cape Prince of Wales up Sitka. He was frozen in at some desolate, disheartening camp of Esquimaux on the coast winter after winter, and one who has never known how filthy, debased, ignorant and intractable the Behring Sea Esquimaux are can have no idea what fearful, what blighting environments and savage primitiveness a white man must endure in a long winter in an Esquimaux settlement. I know a lot of men who think they are pretty tough and heroic, who would just about go mad during seven or eight months amid such conditions and environment. But Anderson endured all that for thirteen years.

A year ago last October Anderson's sole worldly possessions might have been bought for about \$75. Last October when

I saw him he was worth about \$300,000, and I believe that he has real estate at Nome that is going to raise \$75,000 higher during this year. He was one of the five original gold diggers at Cape Nome, and he had his pick of the richest placers in the virgin gold field. He had gone to St. Michael to spend the winter and to do missionary work among the whalers and Inuits, when it was whispered about that the natives on Cape Nome had found gold nuggets a few months before. Anderson organized a party, and although it was late in the season, and there was danger of being frozen in the ice miles from St. Michael, several ex-Klondikers accompanied the Lutheran missionary across Norton Sound to Cape Nome. The party found the benches of the Cape Nome creeks more liberally strewn with gold than they had imagined, and they would not risk a chance location of placer claims then when they had departed for St. Michael. So Anderson and his party stayed right on the scene of the find all winter. They lived in tents amid snow and ice, endured a temperature of sixty below zero for weeks, and subsisted on frozen half cooked food for six months, until spring came and they could go about digging nuggets and flakes of gold from the gravel of the creek benches.

'Anderson happened to claim the two richest spots on Anvil Creek. He got over 1,000 ounces of gold, worth at Nome about \$16,500 an ounce, from one claim in twenty-two days when he had the sluices in operation there last summer. He claimed seven acres of land in what is now the heart of Nome, and his claim being legal, he has sold some lots, 30x70 feet, for \$5,000 each, and many for \$800 and \$1,000 each. It is generally understood that Anderson will stick to Nome until he gets a half million of dollars. Then he will give a lot of it to the Lutheran Church of Sweden, for in spite of his enormous business activity he is always religious. He will build a \$10,000 Lutheran church at Nome this year or next.

'Jim' Grady, who is the king of the sports of Alaska, was a sailor on the United States cruiser Philadelphia three years ago last January. His income was then about \$160 a year and found. He has an income nowadays of about \$8,000 a month. It is difficult to gauge the actual wealth of a sport like Grady, but he must surely be worth \$170,000. He owns the sloop of business property at Dyea, Dawson and Nome. Besides, he has three saloons that would sell for \$20,000 each, and he owns one half the Lehman mine on Snake Creek at Nome, and that is a good gold producer. Grady was a bootblack in Baltimore twenty years ago. He came from a poor hod, carrier's family. He ran away to sea and has been a sailor on a dozen craft. He heard in January, 1897, that an old sailor chum of his was running a saloon at Skagway, Alaska. He forthwith got a discharge from the United States Navy and went to Alaska with no other idea than to visit his friend. He helped his friend run the bar. The Klondike boom came on. Thousands of thirsty men with money poured through Skagway and over the Chilcoot Pass on the way to Dawson. Grady embarked with \$100 in the saloon business at Dyea. He introduced faro and roulette gambling, and he had a mint from the hour of opening. He went next to Dawson and opened the most palatial saloon and gambling hall ever known there. His place was crowded day and night. Games with stakes of thirty and forty pounds of gold were played many a time. His daily gross receipts for months were from \$3,000 to \$3,600. On Christmas, 1898, he took in at Dawson \$8,400. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. He invested in a patent oil heater, suitable for thawing the frozen gravel in the Klondike placer mines. He was advised by many men to keep out of the patent enterprise. But it proved a success and when the things had sold like hot cakes, he sold the patent at a profit of \$15,000 or \$18,000.

'He got wind that rich strikes had been at Nome, which is some 1800 miles west of Dawson, and he started last March with several dog teams and companions, overland, across snow and ice, for Nome. That he tripled his fortune, for he is the king sport of Nome and he was more than duplicating his Dawson wealth getting at Nome last summer. When I came away from Nome last October he was planning to spend some \$30,000 on a mammoth dance hall, saloon and gambling hall at Nome, when the summer season of 1900 opened.

'Mrs Danvers is probably the richest woman either in Klondike or at Cape Nome. She has made every dime of her \$150,000 or \$175,000 in the last four years and with her knowledge of Alaskan mining ways and business methods she is going to increase her wealth during the next few years. She is at Dawson City. Her husband was a steam engineer in the employ

of the Alaska Commercial Company, and she and her husband lived at St. Michael two summer seasons, returning to Sitka, Alaska in the winter. Mr. Danvers was killed in an accident on the steamer Weare at Circle City in 1896, and Mrs. Danvers was left practically penniless at St. Michael. Starting up the Yukon for Circle City to get the body of her husband she heard of the finding of gold on the Klondike Creek. Dawson then consisted of rude shanties and Ladue's saw mill. She decided to stop at Dawson and earn her living by cooking and mending for the miners who were flocking there from all the Yukon River camps. Her enthusiasm was infectious. She got \$1,200 worth of pine lumber on credit from the saw mill for a boarding house and she had credit at the merchandise store for food. Her boarding house was a success from the day it opened for business. She had three rooms twelve feet square, and on each of the four walls of these rooms were fixed pine banks in tiers. These were furnished with dry moss and blankets. Mrs. Danvers had altogether 60 such bunks. Her charge for sleeping there was \$1 a night or \$5 a week. For a year none was ever vacant. After a few months she added a few more, and they, too, were always occupied. Her meals generally consisted of stewed dried fruit, dry codfish, herring, salt pork, bacon, bread, oatmeal, and occasionally butter and eggs. She got \$1 for each meal, and she had more than 100 people at a meal many and many a time. She was one of the first in the gold-crazy and impetuous population at Dawson that saw possibilities in real estate investments. She bought several acres of marsh land from Joseph Eade for \$1,000 or \$2,000 and she sold it a few months later at fifteen times what she had paid for it. She started the original bakery in Dawson and she made thousands of dollars there. Then she conceived an idea of a dog-team express company to deliver merchandise, food and mining supplies to the men in the cabins out on the creeks of the Klondike country round about Dawson. She took two partners into her scheme and a company was organized that has been highly profitable. Mrs. Danvers has been sending regularly her spare capital down to a Seattle bank. It is said at Dawson that she declined more than 200 offers of marriage during her first year of widowhood, and that she now has a printed form of declination of matrimonial proposals, and that she hands a printed card to each proposer.

MYSTERY OF A BLACK EYE.

There's More Than one Way to Make Money Or Play a Joke.
(New York Sun.)

The other afternoon a young man with visible means of support in the shape of sundry and divers diamonds carelessly strewed about his person walked into that Sixth avenue establishment on the exterior of which this sign is exhibited.

BLACK EYES PAINTED.
BLACK EYES CURED.
SCRATCHED FACES PAINTED.

'Say,' said the young man with the precious stones to an artist in charge. 'I want to have one of 'em painted.'

'One what?' asked the artist.

'Lamp,' replied the young man with the numerous transparent carbons.

'What for?' inquired the artist. 'Your lamps are all right.'

'Uh-huh, I know that,' said the bejeweled youth. 'But I want you to put one of them to the bad. Make it look like it'd been hit by a steamboat. I want to get the bunch guessing.'

'Oh, that's it, hey?' said the artist getting out of his brushes. 'Going to con 'em out of a piece of change?'

'Well, not exactly that,' was the reply. 'I'll let them make the book themselves. All you've got to do is to make one of these windows look like I'd had a mix with a trolley car and been counted out, or been trying to bronco-bust up at the Garden. Make it the worst ever. I'm going to give my Willie Wise friends the chaw of their lives.'

The artist went to work, and in something less than eight minutes the young man with the dazzling crystals had as bad-looking a left orb as ever resulted from a mixed-ale social in Hancock street. The artist made a thoroughly workmanlike job of it. The eye was black and raw-looking both atop and below. When the job was done the young man looked at himself in the glass with manifest satisfaction.

'Makes me look like I got mine all right don't it?' he asked with a grin. 'Couldn't ha' got a worse one if I'd been rude to Jid McCoytriv's. How many?'

The artist named the price of the job and the young man paid him and departed. He walked to a housed refreshment oasis in Twenty-eighth street. Every man that he met on the way turned and grinned at him. A large number of 'the bunch' were sitting and standing around the Twenty-

eight street place. The entrance of the young man with the left eye in mourning appeared to tickle most of them foolishly. They threw these and other remarks at him.

'Light up. Your lamp's out.'

'How does the other gesser look?'

'Say, get somebody to soak the right with a golf club, so's they'll match.'

'Don't look like the same fair-haired boy, does he?'

'Why, didn't you throw one of your rocks at him?'

'You will take advantage of John L. because he's fat and try to tell him how to run a bar, will you hey?'

'Well, don't play quarter-limit poker in a flat, then.'

'Why don't you blind him with your hat and land on his wind before he got that one in on you?'

'Oh, yes, you're fit to be seen.'

The young man with the awful looking orb didn't make any reply. He only smiled weakly, ordered a vichy and milk, drank it, and walked out.

In the course of the afternoon he met about twenty members of 'the bunch' singly or in pairs, at different places on his route. They all asked him in confidence how he'd got it. He told them in confidence first come, first served, and these are some of the various way he pushed it at them when they asked him, singly or in pairs, how it happened.

'I was playing ball.'

'Pet dog jumped at me while dreaming—the dog, I mean.'

'A banister got sore on me in the dark and panned me.'

'Got it in the siege of Ladysmith.'

'Sparrow cop clubbed me with a beer bottle for picking pansies in the Park.'

'Was singing 'Because' when it happened—don't remember the rest.'

'Got hit with a bean bag.'

'Told a fan out at the ball game that the New Yorks were mutts and selling-platers.'

'Steering-rod of my automobile hit me.'

'Aked a Broadway cop if he was making a handbook on the Aqueduct races.'

'I was fighting with a man who knew how to fight and he gave me a black eye.'

The above are only a few that he told the different members of 'the bunch' who asked him about it singly or in pairs.

They were all back in the Twenty-eighth street place a few hours later when the young man with the mused eye again turned up. The eye was still a sight to behold.

One of 'the bunch' was making a book on how it happened. They all put down a bet. The book went something like this:

He got punched by a man who knew how, 1 to 5 on.

He fell off his bike, 5 to 1.

He was pushed off a car, 7 to 1.

He fell upstairs, 10 to 1.

He fell out of bed, 15 to 1.

He wasn't Johnny on the spot with his room rent 20 to 1.

He told the waiter girl at the habshery where he eats that she had nice eyes, 30 to 1.

His fox-terrier pup accidentally butted into him, 50 to 1.

Field 3 to 5 on.

Most of them were playing the odds-on chance at 1 to 5. A few pikers and long-shot players nibbled at the more liberal odds, but the plungers considered that any price was a good one on the chance at the top of the list, and they stood to go broke on it.

The young man with the eye sat down, ordered another vichy and milk, and grinned. He didn't say anything. The man who was making the book took all the bets in sight, being finally compelled to rub the 1 to 5 to 1 to 10 on the 'favorite.'

'All set?' said the bookmaker, looking around the room.

No more betters came forward, and so the maker of the handbook walked over to the young man with the eye.

'Now it's up to you, pal,' said he. 'Cough up, and hand it out straight. How'd you get it?'

'All right,' said the youth with the eye, yawning and stretching. 'I'll be back in a minute.'

He got up and disappeared for thirty seconds in the rear room. When he returned, still yawning and stretching, his left eye was as good as the right. There wasn't a mark on it.

'The bunch' gazed at him agape.

'It's a split,' said the bookmaker, clutching the bills he had taken in. 'The house—or the book, and that's me—draws down half,' and he edged around toward the door.

'It's a job I'd yelled the frenzied betters. 'We get a draw down or there'll be crime! Don't let him out! Soak him!'

But the maker of the handbook did get out, with about half a dozen of 'the bunch' in pursuit. They hadn't returned, with him up to the hour this report closed.

'You're a nice gang of come-ons, you are,' said the youth with the erased black eye, leaning back in his chair and leaning at the members of 'the bunch' who didn't join in the pursuit of the welscher.

'You're smart people, ain't you?'

Then he had to punch a hard loser who intimated that he was in with the welscher in the handbook.

The Flight of Polly.

It is a legend of my race that a Chippenham girl is as plucky as a boy.

At four and a half o'clock of yesterday afternoon I came proudly down the steps of the town hall with my first quarter's salary in my hands, my first emolument as teacher in a public school.

Father's head was getting white at forty-five. The costly machinery was going to ruin, and all about the town, singly, in pairs or in groups, the starved strikers sat or sauntered, carrying their pertinacity under their rags.

Don't flourish your money in the faces of these men? he said. They are desperately in need of it.

I turned to the group of malcontents that was passing, and one man especially returned my glance with an expression which seemed to mean a perfect rage of desire for my money.

You can't go round with that in your pocket, Polly Chippenham, said Uncle Richard. Here, give it to me.

No, indeed, I responded. You might be robbed, but they can't catch me. And saying this I pushed off.

I stopped at the post office, and stood as a bulletin for fifteen minutes, telling people how mother was and what was the matter with Johnny, but unable to say what father thought of those mysterious all night sessions of the strikers.

I declare, said Miss Susan Brown, I believe there's something desprit going on. We won't know what minute they won't decide to just march in and take what they like.

After listening to many other comments of my friends on the actions of the strikers, I took my wheel and started for home.

Here is happiness, I said. I think it pervades the open air, waiting at all times. Here a great personal deed has room.

This is the way I felt until I reached the crossing of my road with the main road from the mills to Bingham. Any person wishing to meet me after I left the village would naturally have taken this cross route.

The next was Uncle Richard's two miles away. There was no hope but in speed, and this, I declare, I made use of sweeping on at the rate of twenty feet to each revolution of the pedal.

I went like a whirl past the pond, helped on by the stimulating thought that if caught me there, the waters would hide me and my wheel, and nobody would ever know.

Behind there was gasping and panting, which sounded close—closer—closer. Of course when ascending a hill the lower geared wheel has its advantage, and his almost lapped my own.

his ghastly, projected face and his remnant of hat. Save for his painful breathing, there was only the evening peace and the grim silence of doggedness.

Just when I had changed to 'Oh, impossible! I had drawn the money out of my pocket, just when he might have seized me; by a last effort I came up on to the level, clutching my handle-bars for support but sweeping on again with high gearing once more in my favor.

Yonder, in the woody valley, the white farmhouse glowed cheerily in face of the low sun. The sight of it revived me. And it was evident that my enemy had not endured the hill so well as I had done.

The shock of the noise made me bounce in the saddle. It said as plainly as words to my frenzied understanding that now was the moment. Now I must drop it! The next shot might be fatal.

Down the long, steep north slope I plunged. Hitherto it had forced me to a tremendous backing of pedals and to heavy breaking, but this time I let the furies take me.

In this fashion I got down the hill, and by gradually diminishing momentum came helplessly whirling up to Uncle Richard's gate. The bicycle tottered, tipped, and I fell into the arms of father, who was watching for me by the roadside.

Why, Polly, Polly, what does all this mean? asked father. I saw his distress, and had just sense enough left to try to spare him. I undertook to stand up bravely and smile, but the smile turned into agonizing laugh.

Oh, my king! she panted. Was that that Miss Polly whizzed by? It fair make my ha'r stan' up! I reckon she was skeered o' that man layin' up thar in the road.

Drusilla continued: 'You kin see him if you looks, Mis' Chippen'um, a-lyain' thar on the side o' the hill, with a bicycle atop of him.'

'And this is what upset Polly? said father. 'It is very strange to find that one of my girls is turning out to be timid.'

'Richard's coming? she shouted. 'He's bringing the man here. Well, it is kind of shocking.'

Father stepped out. I braced myself for the next scene, meaning to wait and tell the whole story dramatically in presence of the highwayman, if it should be he, and alive.

'Whoa! I broke in the voice of Uncle Richard. Anna, get some soap heated as quick as you can, will you?'

I leaned and looked out. Uncle Richard was helping that assassin right into his house! He placed him in his own armchair! How pale and pitiable he looked!

The man's eyes roved about the room until they fell upon me. He smiled feebly, and I thought I saw something accustomed in his face. I said at length to myself, 'He looks like John Munson.'

But it could possibly be, long deprivation had so changed him that he was hard to be recognized at a casual glance. John Munson, father's right-hand man, hitherto the most trustworthy one at the mills!

'I've news for you, sir,' he said to father with his first capable breath. It was surprising to see the restraint with which father covered his eagerness and calmly said, 'Well?'

'I've come to tell you that we want to go to work,' said the man, as wistful and eager as father himself. 'Very well,' said father. 'Your wish shall be considered.'

So quietly the momentous words passed, and then father added: 'Now, John, better not talk any more till you've had the soap.'

He went impatiently to the kitchen himself for it. Uncle Richard had gone to attend to his horse and I was alone with the bandit. We looked at each other curiously.

'If you've no objections, we'll try that race again, miss,' said he. 'It wa'n't quite fair. I wa'n't up to concert pitch, and then my tyre exploding—'

'Your tyre—' 'Didn't you hear it? You must have heard it, miss!'

'O-h, it was your tyre? But what did you chase me like that for?'

'Chase you, miss? Why, excuse me, you gave me a look, and started off like a shot. I thought you wanted to race!'

'Certainly, miss! What did you suppose?'

Father came in presently with soap for two. The larger bowl he gave to John, and the smaller one to me. He said I also needed a little building up. I was a very reduced specimen of a Chippenham girl.

And John, who doesn't know the truth, has spread the report that there is not a girl—no, nor a boy—in the State of Pennsylvania who can beat Polly Chippenham on the bicycle.

I wear my laurels meekly.

Household Worries

MAKE SO MANY WOMEN LOOK PREMATURELY OLD.

They are the Fruitful Source of Headaches, Nervous Disorders, Fatigue in the Back and Loin, and the Feeling of Constant Weariness that Afflicts so Many Women.

Almost every woman meets daily with innumerable little worries in her household affairs. Perhaps they are too small to notice an hour afterward, but these constant little worries have their effect upon the nervous system.

Among those who freely acknowledge the benefit derived from this great medicine is Mrs. J. Hughes, of Dromore, P. E. I., a lady who possesses the respect and esteem of all who know her.

'Until about four years ago I had always enjoyed good health, and was looked upon as one who possessed a robust constitution. Then I began to grow weak, was troubled with severe headaches, and frequently with violent pains in the region of my heart, from which I would only find ease through hot applications.

My stomach also gave me much trouble, and did not appear to perform its customary functions. I was treated by a skillful doctor, but although under his care for several months, I grew weaker and weaker, until finally I was not able to leave my bed.

Then I called in another doctor, whose treatment, although continued for some eight months, was equally fruitless. I was scarcely able to hold my head up, and was so nervous that I could not sleep at all.

My condition was being described as pitiable. At this time a friend brought me a newspaper in which was the story of a cure of a woman whose case was in many respects similar to mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

I then decided that I would give the pills a fair trial. When I began the use of the pills I was in such a condition that the doctor told me I would always be an invalid.

I used four boxes of the pills before I noticed any benefit, and then I could see they were helping me. I used twelve boxes in all, covering a treatment of nearly six months, when I was as well as ever I had been in my life, and I have ever since enjoyed the best health.

I believe there would be fewer suffering women throughout the world if they would do as I did—give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

A medicine that is not right is worse than no medicine at all—much worse. Substitutes are not right; more than that, they are generally dangerous.

When you buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People be sure that the full name is on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No Twin Microbes for Him. A clergyman walking on the outskirts of his parish one day found one of his parishioners whitewashing his cottage.

Pleased at this novel manifestation of the virtues that is next to godliness he complimented the man on his desire for neatness. With a mysterious air the worker descended from the ladder and approaching the fence said: 'That's not exactly the reason why I'm doin' of this ere job, your Worship.'

The last two couples as lived here had twins, so I see to my miserie, I'll take and whitewash the place so's there mayn't be no infection. You see sir, as how we've got ten of 'em already.'

Hicks—That's rather an intelligent looking dog. Wicks—You bet he is. Why, that dog wandered away from home last week, and I put an advertisement in the paper offering a reward for his return, and what do you suppose was the result?

Hicks—Someone brought him home and claimed the reward, I suppose. Wicks—The dog came home next morning carrying a copy of the paper in his mouth. You see he noticed the advertisement and came home of his own accord,

so I wouldn't have to pay out any money on his account. 'Did your courage ever desert you?' she asked of the popular hero. 'Did you ever entirely lose your nerve?'

'Madam,' he replied in a tone that was an admission in itself, 'I once played the leading male role in a big church wedding.'

'Mamie wouldn't sing for us because she wanted to be teased.' 'And did you tease her?'

'Oh, terribly! We didn't ask her again.'

BORN.

Amherst, May 1, to the wife of Osibee Landry, a son. Sumnerfield, April 25, to the wife of Beverly Smith, a son.

Halifax, April 25, to the wife of J. W. Naylor, a son. Halifax, April 28, to the wife of Harry C. Stevens, a daughter.

Lunenburg, April 22, to the wife of John Tanner, a son. Lunenburg, April 23, to the wife of Brenton Cleveland, a daughter.

Amherst, April 26, to the wife of F. B. Brownell, a son. Windsor, April 22, to the wife of Fred Lavers, a son.

Lunenburg, April 27, to the wife of Dean Silver, a son. Lake Paul, April 25, to the wife of Millage Wile, a son.

Canning, April 25, to the wife of L. F. Blenkhorn, a son. Liverpool, April 19, to the wife of Charles West, a son.

Bristol, April 28, to the wife of William Smith, a son. Windsor, April 24, to the wife of Clarence Redden, a son.

Windsor, April 22, to the wife of J. M. Armstrong, a son. Halifax, April 18, to the wife of F. A. Marr, a daughter.

Halifax, May 1, to the wife of W. C. Harris, a daughter. Kenville, May 1, to the wife of Bryan Smith, a daughter.

Bristol, April 28, to the wife of Arthur Locke, a daughter. Milton, April 29, to the wife of Atwood Fader, a daughter.

Bridgewater, April 28, wife of Amos Langille, a daughter. Berwick, April 25, to the wife of Nathan Daniels, a daughter.

Amherst, April 23, to the wife of Sinclair Spence, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 14, to the wife of Thos. B. Baker, a daughter.

Parrboro, April 28, to the wife of Edward Brown, a daughter. Pleasant Valley, April 28, to the wife of R. F. Lavelle, a son.

Newelton, Yarmouth, April 1, to the wife of Walter B. Smith, a son. Yarmouth, April 24, to the wife of N. S. MacKinnon, a daughter.

Thrusdale, April 21, to the wife of Wm T. Campbell, a son. Curry's Corner, April 22, to the wife of J. W. Curry, a daughter.

Woolstock, April 19, to the wife of Duncan McIntosh, a daughter. Clark's Harbor, April 21, to the wife of Jas. H. Kenney, a daughter.

Clark's Harbor, April 4, to the wife of Thomas Symonds, a daughter. Barrington Passage, April 28, to the wife of Frank Hunt, twins—son and daughter.

MARRIED.

Amherst, by Rev. J. L. Batty, John Shannon, to Laura Tupper. Sumnerfield, Mass. April 19, Lawrence McCallum, to Florence Hill.

Tusket, May 2, by Rev. E. D. Bambrick, Allan Toon, to Lily Sande. Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Edward Johnston, to Emma Peters.

Yarmouth, April 28, by Rev. E. D. Miller, Salem hotel, to Mary Sheehan. Yarmouth, April 18, by Rev. Wm. Miller, Delbert Elms, to Sadie Nickerson.

Shelburne, April 20, by Elder Wm. Halliday, Angus Sears, to Bessie Sears. Milton, Quebec, April 25, by Rev. C. Moore, James Allen, to Blanche Goddard.

Boston, April 17, by Rev. C. E. Davis, Alexander Cameron, to Ida Thompson. Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, James T. Talbot, to Mary V. Kennedy.

Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. H. D. Marr, Harry R. Roxbury, April 25, by Rev. A. D. MacKinnon, D. J. Ferguson, to Mary Macdonald.

River John, April 21, by Rev. G. L. Gordon, Everett H. Rogers, to Annie Rogers. Woodstock, May 2, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, George B. Grant, to Margaret Westall.

Yarmouth, Apr. 29, Stella, daughter of Thomas Roy, 13. New Minas, Apr. 26, Flora, widow of J. W. Bishop, 74.

Amherst, May 21 Margaret Jane, wife of James King, 72. Rawdon, Apr. 27, Bessie, wife of Adolphus Knowles.

Ashville, N. C., Apr. 29, Jane M., widow of Daniel Logan, 70. Bloomsburg, South Africa, Apr. 23, Edgar S. Fucell, 57.

Black River, Cumberland, Melinda, widow of Jas. Flanders, 59. Halifax, May 2, Edith Ellen B., daughter of William McLeod, 27.

Hantsport, Apr. 27, Frederick, eldest son of Richard Lantz, 25. River John, Apr. 23, Ella A., daughter of Wm. Redmond, Sr. 80.

New Glasgow, Apr. 24, Myrtle, daughter of Charles Emiltson, 2 years. Dartmouth, Apr. 23, Florence Jean, child of Mabel Gemica, 9 months.

Pictou, Apr. 27, Maggie, infant child of James W. Robertson, 3 months. Jamaica Plain, Mass., Apr. 28, Harriet, wife of Frederick B. Ives, 27.

Halifax, May 2, Mary Rose, widow of the late Thomas E. Verce, 58. Barrington, Apr. 26, Bridget A., daughter of John and Catherine Garron, 14.

Upper Woods Harbor, Apr. 20, Anne, wife of the late George Nickerson, 74. Cole Harbor, Apr. 9, Maria Margaret, daughter of the late Jacob Mosher, 54.

Cambridge, Apr. 19, Sarah, child of Daniel J. and Mary E. MacDonald, 4 years. North Sydney, Apr. 20, Jessie Laurance, infant child of W. A. and Lottie McInnis, 8 months.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR PASSENGER FREIGHT RATES and STEAMER SAILINGS to the Cape Nome Gold Fields, FOR SPACE IN TOURIST SLEEPER

From MONTREAL every THURSDAY at 9.45 a. m. FOR ALL INFORMATION REGARDING FARM LANDS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

For openings for GRIST MILL, HARDWOOD SAW MILL, CHEESE and BUTTER FACTORIES, Prospectors and Sportsmen, write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert.

ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lve. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.00 a. m.

Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.50 p. m., arr. at St. John, 3.55 p. m. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m.

Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m.

Lve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Digby 4.50 a. m. Lve. Digby 8.20 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning.

Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unopposed 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, 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after SUNDAY, January 14th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban for Hampton.....5.30 Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.30 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou.....12.00 Express for Sussex.....12.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.30 Accommodation for Moncton, Yxuro, Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. Sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Yxuro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Suburban from Hampton.....5.30 Express from Sussex.....7.30 Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.30 Express from Halifax.....12.00 Express from Pictou.....12.40 Accommodation from Moncton.....17.30 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time—Twenty-four hours notation. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager Moncton, N. B., Jan. 9 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.