

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME LACK OF HARMONY

MAYOR SEARS AND THE ALDERMEN HAVE A TILT.

The Mayor has not made himself acquainted with what the Old Council did and he gives the Aldermen a chance to get him right once in a while.

After PROGRESS went to press last week the common council had a meeting and it was well described by the daily papers as "warm." A number of the aldermen lost their heads and the mayor was worse than any of them. His worship stood upon his dignity and called forth such plain language from Aldermen Christie and Macrae that one involuntarily thought of the days of the old Portland "bear garden" and the scenes enacted there. The mayor has evidently not had an opportunity to post himself upon what the old council did, for he gives the aldermen a chance quite frequently to remind him that such and such an undertaking was determined upon by the old council. This was notably the case with the Prince William street curbing, which was determined upon long ago. The mayor thought he should have known something about the work before it was undertaken but he lost sight of the fact that granite is not quarried in a day and that the contract was given out months ago. This same might be said about his attempt to delay the Carleton water works. If he had followed the work of the council since the first of the year he would have become acquainted with the fact that the pipe was tendered for and ordered. He would have noted too why it was ordered so far in advance—in the fear of an advance in iron—and the opinions expressed at that time. In justice to himself Mayor Sears should make himself acquainted with what the council has done in the last few months. If he wants the dry official facts the minute book of the common clerk will furnish him with the information, if he would like to know how the aldermen regard these important matters and what was said about them the full reports in the Sun would suit him admirably, but if he wishes to learn of these important affairs and receive entertainment as well as instruction he should consult the files of PROGRESS and peruse the comments upon common council affairs. PROGRESS does not presume to advise his worship but if he would prowl around the wharves and ware houses on the west side and become acquainted with the place and the work that has been done he would be in a position to preside over that select committee, called by courtesy, the advisory board. It is a nice thing for a chairman to be able to comprehend a plan of the city engineer's when it is placed before him. Mayor Sears is far better acquainted with the voters in Carleton than he is with the wharves.

And yet Alderman Smith gave him a most polite intimation a few days ago that if the Carleton voters had been as well acquainted with his attitude on the water supply before his election as they were now the result might have been different. The mayor was discreet in his canvas and whatever his objections were to the increased water supply he said nothing about them until after he got in the chair. If he was in Ottawa and pursued the same tactics there somebody might arise and call him an obstructionist.

THE SMITHS SHILED.

But They Didn't Bellow the Clergyman's Funny Remarks.

"What happened to him?" was the question on many lips last week. "To whom?" came the query in reply and then the would-be wit got a safe distance away and called back—"What happened to Jones." Everybody was talking of Jones and anxiety for his welfare penetrated even to the pulpits, for in one of the leading churches last Sunday a very amusing incident occurred in this connection. The clergyman who was supplying the regular minister's place was preaching on the frivolities of life and impressing upon his hearers the necessity of being in earnest in whatever they undertook. He said the tendency of present day christians was to think too much of the ball, the party, the theatre. This last amusement he scored heavily.

"Everywhere one goes this week they hear or see before them in big printed lines 'What Happened to Jones.' Next week I presume it will be 'What Became of Smith.'" A general smile, that developed into an audible titter went round, and

heads were craned in various directions to see what the eight Smith families who are constant attendants at that particular church thought of the remark. They smiled with the rest. Which all goes to show that there is nothing like advertising and keeping at it.

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY RAID.

Officer McLaughlin Gives Mary Ann O'Brien a Quiet Surprise.

Holidays are sort of "free and easy" so far as the police are concerned. They are supposed to be in a more lenient mood upon that day, to make allowance for the enthusiasm of the people and not to be too strict with those whose enthusiasm is mixed with beer.

That same feeling extends over the city to houses with a shady reputation and to others with no reputation at all. For, strange as it may appear, the police say that there are houses with a shady reputation in this good city of ours and one of them is on Duke street tenanted by a woman who calls herself Mary Ann O'Brien. It is time and custom has shortened that to Mary Ann that is of course nobody's business but the fact remains that for some years she has kept a house on Duke Street, near Pitt, where women not over particular about the virtuous attributes of the sex might meet men who were of the same opinion. The place was quiet and orderly. There was no liquor sold there but the fact remained that there was a larger number of calls of that particular house than at any on the street. This fact was brought to the attention of officer McLaughlin on the evening of the holiday by a groceryman named Macaulay who insisted that he had watched these couples go into the house within a short space of time and also said that they had not come out again. Mr. Macaulay made other statements to the officer such as he could not ignore and very reluctantly indeed he proceeded to visit the house. The word "reluctantly" must not be taken to mean that officer McLaughlin did not want to do his duty, but it is not an agreeable task for any policeman to enter a house of that sort and make an examination. He will be confronted with crying, pleading women, some of them perchance known and married, others young and terrified and all dreading the publicity of the affair and the sight of a police station cell.

But the officer made his call and he gave Mary Ann the surprise of the season. There were three men and three women in the house and they, along with the proprietress, were taken to the police station. Two of the men were strangers, one of them coming from a Western section of the province and the other from the North. The women with them also were strangers. The fines were fixed at \$100 for Mary Ann and \$25 for each of the others. The men paid for the women promptly and all went away in a short time. The strangers found no difficulty in raising the money—in fact one of them had a roll that would have paid all the fines twice over and left him something to spare after that.

A HANDSOME CLUB HOUSE.

How the Members of the L. C. F. Club Have Improved Their Property.

The members of the Log Cabin Fishing Club have good reason to be proud of their club house and buildings, the grounds that surround them and the privileges they enjoy on the front of Loch Lomond Lake. There is hardly a day when there is not some member of the club enjoying himself, and in many cases his friends with him, at this pleasant and beautiful spot. The club house is situated about a mile beyond the Ben Lomond house, perhaps two hundred yards from the Lake Front, and with its wide and spacious veranda and general neatness and good care, it presents a most inviting appearance to those who approach it as they drive or wheel by. Many improvements were placed upon the club house last summer. New hardwood floors, new furniture and the inviting veranda spoken of before adds greatly to the comfort and appearance of the club property. In addition to this the large barn was remodelled and the horses that are stabled there from time to time do not miss any of the comforts of a home barn.

The boat house is complete in its equipment. The boats are good and the sails such as delight those who prefer the charm of a skim on the lake to the lazier pastime of the gentle Isaac. Good fishing abounds

in the vicinity and there are excellent spots for bathing at hand. The members of the club are well known citizens, many of them married, and their wives and families enjoy a rare privilege when they visit the club house during the summer months.

A WORD MIGHT HAVE DONE.

What Captain Magee and Some Fusiliers Tried to do With Handcuffs.

"If that fellow's captain would speak to him quietly and tell him not to make a show of himself and his comrades, instead of trying to put those handcuffs on him, he would come along all right."

This was the remark of a bystander who witnessed the arrest of a burly Fusilier by his comrades in Fredericton. The Scott Act whisky of the place had proved too much for the stalwart volunteer, and he began to make himself conspicuous around the wharf of the Star Line company. Finally the attention of Captain Magee was called to the rumpus and he ordered his arrest. That went against the grain of his comrades in the first place but they had to obey orders and they made a sad pretence of trying to down their muscular friend. But he seemed to have strength enough to throw them around him in great style again and again, and once when the slightly built captain attempted to trip the unruly fellow he sang out to him "Don't try that on, Magee." He forgot his military discipline and the respect due his office at the same time but who could expect him to remember these fine points with half a dozen people pulling and hauling at him. An equally funny phase of the affair was when one of the company rushed in and tried to throttle the strong man. Then one of these endeavoring to effect the arrest drew off and struck the intruder and sent him half a dozen yards sprawling with a pain in his face.

About this time Captain Magee produced a pair of handcuffs that should have been in any museum long ago. They were too small for the man's wrists and anyway they could not down the fellow to put them on had they been serviceable. Then a Fredericton officer came to the rescue with a modern pair of cuffs and they were placed upon the Fusilier's wrists. He told them in a few minutes that if they would take them off he would go along quietly and he did so.

A Street Cleaners Findings.

Anyone who walks down through the business portion of the city between seven and eight o'clock in the morning may see quite an old man poking along the edge of the sidewalk with a good sized basket slung over one arm while with the other hand he picks up the loose paper that has blown or been swept into the gutters the day before. It occurred to PROGRESS that so persistent a search of the gutters should result in richer findings than old scraps of paper and sure enough upon inquiry the old man said he occasionally came across something of greater value. For example the morning before he had been fortunate enough to pick up a dollar bill, and it was not an uncommon thing to find small silver in the gutter. This would be, of course, only in the business portions of the city. The street cleaner did not seem to think, however, that with all his findings he was especially fortunate. It was weary work, he said, tramping the gutters from seven in the morning until five at night bending over all the time picking up the scraps that careless people dropped.

A Hint From the Government.

A gentleman prominent in aldermanic circles expressed the opinion—and he seemed to have excellent grounds for what he said—that the provincial government was in hearty sympathy with the council in the stand it had taken on the appointment of a policeman to wait upon the mayor. He gave PROGRESS to understand that an intimation to this effect had reached this city but he would not state whether it was an official statement or not. At any rate the recent action of the chief of police in assigning Sergeant Caples to the ordinary duties of an officer and withdrawing him from the mayor's ante room would give some color to the statement.

Their Plans are Upset.

Capt. Fleming says that the Manhattan Steamship company hopes to reach here next month but the scarcity of steamers in New York has upset their plans to a considerable extent. The war and the demand for all the available tonnage by the government has altered their plans considerably.

MR. HARRISS' TROUBLES.

IT WAS THE MANAGER'S BUSY DAY AND HE HURSTLED.

Bit Creditors Came Early and the Band Came Late—What the Musicians Thought of a Scott Act Town—They Liked Our Beer—Moncton Incident.

Evidently St. John's feeble efforts to honor Dan Godfrey's great military band were not appreciated quite as much as they should have been, for in the notices which have appeared in the Upper Canadian papers recounting the band's triumph in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, there isn't even a hint that it honored St. John with a visit. Says one of these notices, "Halifax, Truro, Moncton, Montreal and Ottawa where the band has appeared, the enthusiasm was unbounded. People waved their hats and handkerchiefs and roared themselves hoarse in their delighted excitement." The fact that the audience here did not indulge in any of the "delighted excitement" described above may have had something to do with the omission. It was an enthusiastic audience certainly but St. John knows how to behave itself in public and is not given to "roaring itself hoarse" over anything.

Perhaps Mr. Harris didn't realize either just how pleased they were with the band, for he had no time for anything but the collectors who crowded round him thick and fast. Every one of those who had anything to collect from Mr. Harris were evidently individually impressed with the fact that they should "come early and avoid the rush," and this brought them all there at the same time, and as one or two capises were among the number the famous manager can scarcely be blamed if he overlooked the fact that St. John was enthusiastic—in a well bred way of course.

He had other things to contend with of which the public knew nothing. The required license had not been taken out for the band before its arrival, and when Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Harris were through with that necessary little performance, they began a more difficult one—hunting up the band. Wherever they saw a bear sign there were they sure of a brave Grenadier, so there is ample excuse for their late arrival at the Victoria.

St. John's cheap "beer" was a source of wonder to the musicians and passing along the square one of them was heard to remark to a comrade "I say, but this is a jolly good town, chappie; you can get a bloomin' good glass of beer here for five cents." They had struck a snap and were in no hurry to leave it.

The band had spent some time in Moncton, where even the water has a Scott Act flavor, consequently when they reached this city there was a hurried rush in search of a "glass" of beer. They got it, and something stronger besides, hence their late arrival at the rink.

It may be remarked incidentally that two of the daily papers declined the passes offered them at a late hour Thursday morning. They, as well as all the other papers had used Mr. Harris very courteously and naturally resented the slight to the press.

Godfrey's famous band arrived in Moncton Wednesday and was received most enthusiastically by the citizens. In fact royalty itself or vice-royalty could scarcely have met with a more cordial reception. Not only was the platform at the I. C. R. station crowded with eager spectators, but the approaches to the station were almost in a state of congestion owing to the extraordinary curiosity which seemed to possess the citizens regarding the celebrated band. Our own Citizen's Band had shown a graceful spirit of comradeship in deciding to meet the visitors and escort them to the rink, but evidently Godfrey's Band had not been in the habit of receiving such attentions, so the members were unprepared, and in their haste to secure tea before all the tables at Hotel Brunswick should be cleared, a number of them alighted on the wrong side of the train and sprinted with great agility towards that goal of the hungry man—the nearest hotel. Meanwhile the Citizen's Band which was stationed on the railway platform, burst forth with the stirring strains—not of "The British Grenadiers" as every one expected—but with "God Save the Queen," and those of the visiting bandmen who were not too hungry to be attracted by the strains of the National Anthem pined in their mad career and were escorted through the admiring crowd to their destination to the tune of "See

the Conquering Hero Comes." The procession was quite an imposing one headed as it was by the Moncton police force, the Citizen's Band in their smart blue and silver uniforms following, and last of all the handsome soldierly Englishmen in scarlet and gold, closely followed by a rearguard of small but enthusiastic boys. Arrived at the Brunswick, one of the visitors feeling that thirst was even a greater ill than hunger, and being accustomed in his own country, to regard a policeman as a sort of encyclopedia of miscellaneous information, turned to Scott-Act-Policeman Balyea, and remarked in stentorian tones—"I say Bobby where can I get a glass of beer, don't you know?"

"Can't get it at all" answered the Scott Act hero in a hushed voice, "don't you know this is a Scott Act town?"

"What kind of a blooming town did you say it was?" gasped the bewildered musician.

"Scott Act" growled the Scott Act enforcer ruefully, "can't get a drink at any price even if you are willing to pay for it."

It took the Englishman some time to understand the workings of a law which had the power to prohibit a free born British subject from taking a drink at his own expense, and from the expression of profound thought which enveloped his ruddy countenance when it was finally made clear to him, there is every reason to believe that he will go home and write a book on Canada, and the monstrous oppression and injustice to which the Canadian native cheerfully submits.

Perhaps it was the lack of the customary glass of beer, or it may have been the agitation caused by their unexpected reception which threw some of the bandmen off their balance, but when audience and performers finally met face to face in the chilly precincts of Victoria Rink it was suddenly discovered that four of the instruments had been left behind at the railway station. Was Mr. Daniel Godfrey of cosmopolitan fame "mad?" Well rather! He arose and apologized to the audience for the unexpected delay which, he explained was entirely the fault of the I. C. R. authorities. Just how the management of "The People's Road" were to blame has not yet transpired, but when Mr. Godfrey returns to his native land he will doubtless explain the matter fully in a letter to the "London Times," if he does not write a pamphlet on railway management in the colonies.

Special envoys were dispatched for the missing instruments, and the audience sat with praise-worthy patience and felt the blood slowly congealing in their veins, or passed leaden moments in furively tramping first on one set of toes with the heel of the other boot and then reversing the performance, in order to keep up the circulation. After a weary wait the missing instruments arrived, and then even the chill of the atmosphere was forgotten, in the glow of enthusiasm which warmed up the rink like a breath of the south wind, and the audience no longer felt the need of artificial heat. Hands and feet were too busily employed in applauding and hearts were warmed to summer heat. It was a delightful concert, and will long remain a pleasant memory to the citizens of Moncton.

There Is Nothing New Yet.

The Beverly inquest is not finished yet. Next Wednesday sees the case taken up again. Last Monday the widow of Mr. Beverly was examined and her evidence and that of Mrs. Nase—Mr. Beverly's daughter—which followed showed that the members of the family held different opinions as to Mr. Beverly's ability to carry on his business when he made the transfer to his son George. Some facts about life insurance came out but nothing was elicited to show where the poison came from. So far as PROGRESS can learn the city druggists have not been interviewed and their poison registers examined to find out who bought strychnine. No doubt all these things will occur to the coroner. Then that "black wallet"—did it ever reach Mr. Beverly and if so how did it get there? Who took it there? If the regulations of the asylum were carried out how could it be given to him without being examined? These are questions that will no doubt be asked and answered before the inquest ends. The provincial secretary who is the chairman of the asylum commission is looking into the matter very carefully and is bound to have a thorough investigation. It is probable that he will be present next Wednesday.

EVERYBODY SAFE YET.

COMMENTS FROM BOSTON UPON THE WAR MOVEMENT.

Boston's Great Free Public Library—What it Cost and How it Looks—What a Vial of Thanks of it—Some Reflections Upon the Rules and Regulations.

ALLSTON, Mass., May 23.—Still alive No Spanish bomb has yet disturbed our sleep or serenity, and we are daily gaining in confidence that our lives are not in the hands of the Spaniards, but within the embrace of Uncle Sam, while under his protection. There are many persons here who yet disbelieve that the Dutch have taken Holland, and there are many others who think that the American fleet has not conquered the Spanish Armada sent over here for our destruction, contrary to the belief of the large majority that the enemy has already been captured or all but so—for all of that opinion think alike, and I am among the number, that "if we can only get a good 'lick'" (excuse the colloquism) at them Spain will have nothing afterwards in the shape of a Navy. Talk of Spanish honour, where in does it lie? For this they went to war, and for this they become the laughing stock of the world, bankrupt as corrupt, mendacious as feeble—poverty stricken, and finally dishonored by the repudiation of her debts which she can never redeem. If honour consists in the sneaking conduct of her vessels in dodging her American antagonists, keeping out of the way and in disguise of her real intentions, instead of manfully meeting them and giving them battle, and standing by her Colonists in Cuba and helping them, then it is such an honor so doubtful that no proud nation would recognize it for a moment. Instead of showing courage they show cowardice.

It was just so in 1576, during the Commonwealth when England was at war with Spain. The British squadron under Admiral Blake, was kept in doubt for months as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet, which was dodging in and out of almost every European port wherever it could find shelter, or a covering from the eyes of the English. There was no steam at that time, no submarine cables or torpedo boats, or great guns capable of sending shells for half a dozen miles and more, and no ironclads capable of resisting the largest projectiles. Everything was plain sailing—the wind was the only dependence for speed and maneuvering. So that all nations were on equal footing in these respects. Success depended altogether upon good seamanship, courage and determination. England was always at home upon the sea, and she seldom came out of an action without flying colors. At length Blake located the enemy among the Islands of Madeira (still Spanish) and he lost no time in attacking him and destroying the whole, a most powerful squadron, consisting of 30 vessels, many of them of the largest size. But Blake lost heavily in men as well as the Spaniards did. Unlike the late battle of Manila the vessels fought at close quarters, not at long ranges, as in the late case, where the best marksman (on the American side) could do the most execution. The victory in the Dewey battle is not to be compared for brilliancy with that of Blake under Cromwell 300 years before. The hero of the fight died on his way to England with all his laurels thick about him and was buried in Westminster Abbey with the honors due to his wonderful achievements, but on the restoration of that scaps-grace Charles the 2nd on the death of Cromwell, the remains were disinterred and ignominiously scattered to the winds, or deposited in the most lonesome and dirtiest corner of London. The only great naval engagement that England has had of late years was the battle of Navarino off Greece against the Turks for Hellenic freedom and she conquered. Her Cretan attempts to bring the Russian fleet from behind the fortifications of Sebastopol, ended in no fight at all. No Anglo-Saxon blood as it exists in the veins of England and the United States could be prevented from boiling over in the presence of an enemy, however formidable. This sneaking from one port to another to evade contact with Admiral Sampson is most puny and contemptible. They might as well show up first as last. Putting off the evil day for a more favorable opportunity can only have one ending—death at last. However, before this reaches the eyes of PROGRESS' readers, the storm may be over.

Yesterday I paid a visit to the new Public Library, situated in Copley Square, opposite the late Bishop Brook's church. The name Copley Square, is derived from the fathers of Lord Lyndhurst, at one time Lord High Chancellor of England, who was born as tradition saith, on the site of this library building. Mr. Copley, the father, was an artist of the first merit and many of his portraits are to be seen upon the walls of some of the old Boston mansions. One of these works of art are in the residence of Douglas Haran, once the property of Hon. A. L. Hazan (of excellent memory.) The original of this portrait was a Mr. Murray, who resided in somewhat stately grandeur within the vicinity of Boston; but he was so English that he made himself obnoxious to the insurgents of 1776, and when the revolutionary fire began to burn furiously, Murray, being a marked man, was obliged one evening suddenly to vacate his premises, but only in time to escape with his life, for the mob rushed in immediately afterwards and when they found their intended victim had escaped their vengeance one of the mob thrust his bayonet into the painting, which may be seen to this day on the canvas. I have several times seen this stately portrait during the life time of E. L. Hazan. Mr. Copley, the artist, took up his residence in England, where his famous son, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gradually rose to distinction and finally became "the keeper of the king's conscience."

But to the library building. It is a vast structure of granite, occupying perhaps two acres of land, with a large court yard in the centre. It is a four sided structure, each of equal length, without any great architectural pretensions. The cost of construction and equipment is said to be between three and four millions of dollars. It seems to me that one half the amount would have been enough to provide for all the needs of the city in the way of a public library. The aim seemed to be to make as much as possible, a vast amount of empty space for visitors to lounge through, great broad staircases, running up three stories—(either by foot or elevator) the books are placed in rooms at the ends of the building, almost invisible unless a person knows exactly where they seem to be kept in hiding. But no stranger who did not already know, would suppose that the building was erected for the purposes of a library, but take it for granted that it was a public hall for people to promenade in, or find shelter in wet weather. At the entrance of the rooms devoted to the books, there is a label on each door which says "for readers only." Now as I was not a reader or intended to be, I had not courage to venture within these sacred precincts and perhaps be reminded that the place upon which I intruded was holy ground. I learned afterwards from a friend that the rooms were open alike to all but strict silence was expected. How much better then it would be to give us this in plain English and say "no conversation or talk is expected in this room." Then I should have gone in and perhaps counted the books. It may be all right and I may be all wrong, but I think if three quarters of the money laid out upon this vast pile of masonry were expended upon some of the streets of Boston there would not only be library enough, but a great improvement and benefit to those who have to bend their way to this classic and expensive spot. However if the people of Boston are satisfied I don't see why an outsider should say anything. G. E. F.

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Another Matter. Many persons oppose a spelling reform, so-called, on the ground that a simplified orthography would deprive the language of its richness by destroying the evidence of the derivation of words, and making the words themselves look cheap and undignified, so to speak, when printed. They are not without examples that seemed to bear them out in their contention. Jones—What a magnificent actor Salvini was, and how his name somehow seems to fit him! Mrs. Jones—Yes, but wouldn't it be an up-hill job for a woman to try to become famous with such a name as Salvini? Anticipating. Medkins—What would you say, sir, if I should tell you that I love your daughter? Mr. Casburn—Not a word, sir; not a word. Your audacity would simply hold me spellbound.—Philadelphia North American.

Teacher—What lesson do you gather from the foolish virgins who came to the marriage feast without any oil? Pupil—Pap says he reckons it was a little game of the Standard Oil Company.—Boston Transcript.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

THE HEALTH OF THEIR DAUGHTERS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

Young Girls Susceptible to Troubles That May Result in Decline—Pale Faces, Headaches and Flabby Appetite the Symptoms of Early Decay.

Some months ago Maggie, the fifteen-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, of John Street, of this town began to fail both in health and spirits. Her face was almost as white as chalk, her appetite very fickle, and her limbs began to swell. Notwithstanding her growing weakness she persisted in attending school until one day her teacher advised her to go home, and not to return until she felt better. At the same time the teacher, who knew the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases, advised her to take them. The advice was followed and Mrs. Sweeney told our reporter that almost from the outset there was an improvement in her daughter's condition. Her appetite became better, the color returned to her face, and the severe headaches that had made her so miserable vanished, and she is now feeling better than she has done for many months.

It is quite evident that the young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as do so many young girls who are just at a critical point in life, and it is quite apparent that there is no other remedy the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases. They enrich the blood, stimulate the nerves and build up the entire system, and mothers will act prudently if they insist upon their daughters taking an occasional box. We know from experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done great good in Orangeville and vicinity, and there is scarcely a day that our reporter does not come in contact with some one who has a good word to say for this wonderful medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

On Dangerous Ground. Dick—I am convinced now that the funny men are right when they say a woman can't understand a joke. Tom—Why, what's happened? Dick—I called on Mrs. Dartleigh—that sprightly little widow, you know—last night and just in a joking way proposed to her. Tom—Yes? Dick—Well, it looks now as if I will have to furnish a very elaborate diagram to get her to see through it.—Cleveland Leader.

CLAIMED MONEY.

We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or if dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of these persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Imitation hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid, 35 cents. BUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE! 75 Complete Stories! New goods worth \$1, and a big 1000 picture book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Good for the silver forty postage. A. W. KINNEY, 337 Yarmouth, N.S.

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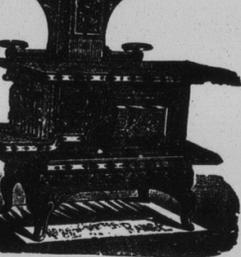
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The congregation of Centenary Church had the pleasure of listening to an unusually fine baritone voice last Sunday evening...

The Oratorio Society are devoting much time to their rehearsals and it is expected that their forthcoming concert will be one of the great events of the present season.

Tones and Updates.

Digby and Laura Joyce Bell have decided to present a musical comedietta at the vaudeville houses.

Leonavallo's "Boheme" is to be the novelty of the New Mapleson Italian opera season in London.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the title of royal imperial chamber singer on Mme. Lilli Lehmann.

Sousa's father is said to have been a Spaniard. His mother, who is still alive is reported to be a German.

Nevada is singing the roles of Lakme, Mignon and Mimi in Puccini's "Boheme" at the Paris Opera Comique.

The performance of "La Favorita" by the Baggetto Italian Opera Company in N Y Thursday was given under great difficulties. Signora Adelina Fanton, who sang Leonora was in no condition to do herself justice.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who was arrested in Boston for not paying his wife arrears of alimony was taken from the jail Friday night last and permitted to play his part in "The Tale of Champagne," in the custody of a deputy sheriff.

The attempt to abolish the "claque" at the Vienna Opera House, says the London Chronicle, has been followed by some lively times. An instant result was that each performer provided a band of private supporters.

Helen Bertram has signed a contract with the management of "The Bostonians" as prima donna of that organization for the forthcoming, and several ensuing seasons.

Says a New York paper of last week: Manager E. J. Gilmore will probably introduce to New York again Dan Godfrey's Grenadier Guards' Band of London, who have not been heard in this city since the time of "Pat" Gilmore's carnival of music in 1872.

The reorganization of Gilmore's famous band is now about complete. A stock company has been formed of it, with rich men in control. The band will travel in this country and Europe.

Charles Klein, co-author of "Heartsease," and librettist of "El Capitan," has written what he calls "a grand opera in a three-act comedy setting." The cast will include grand opera singers, who will appear in the comedy, but the strictly dramatic members of the company will not step over the boundary line that separates the theatrical from the operatic portion of the entertainment.

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BABY BLEMISHES Prevented and Cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

Anton Seidl made provision in his will for the care of his wife's pet dogs as long as they lived. Mr Seidl's collection of Wagner music, which he obtained during his long career as a musician goes to the Richard Wagner Museum, at Weimar, Germany.

Josef Lewinsky, a highly esteemed actor of Vienna, recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary as a member of the company of the Burg Theatre, the royal playhouse of the Austrian capital.

Minnie Ashley of 'The Chorus Girl' company at the Museum will be with De Wolf Hopper's company for their summer engagement at Manhattan Beach.

Eighteen years ago Liszt's great oratorio of St. Elizabeth was a dismal failure at Mainz. The oratorio is exactly as it was at that time, but musical taste has undergone a change, and when Liszt's work was revived there a few weeks ago it was a brilliant success.

The place of the late Anton Seidl as director of the Covent Garden performances of Wagner in June and July is to be filled by Felix Mottl, a very eminent conductor, who will give "The Ring of the Nibelung," and Herr Zumppe, who is warmly recommended by Frau Wagner, will direct the other operas.

London is to have a visit from the famous Scala orchestra of Milan. La Societa Orchestrale del Teatro alla Scala was founded under Verdi's auspices in 1879. The conductors being Faccio, Mancinelli, and Bolzoni. The enterprise has had a checkered career. Faccio conducted in 1888, Martucci in 1890-3, Lamoureux in 1894, Vanzo in 1895, Toscanini in 1896, and Mascagni last year.

Has Italy a new musical genius? The London Musical Times bears from Venice that the oratorio The Transfiguration, recently produced for the first time in connection with the Milan Congress of Church Music (has been performed there no less than six times during the last weeks with enormous and everlasting success. The composer, the young Abbe Lorenzo Perosi, who conducted, has had numerous applications for the production of the work in various parts of Italy.

The first concert exclusively devoted to British music ever given in Bologna took place recently. The programme included Sir A. Sullivan's Tempest music. Dr. Stanford's Irish symphony, Dr. Hubert Parry's Symphonic Variations, the Intermezzo from Sir A. C. Mackenzie's Rose o' Sharon, and Mr. Cowen's in Fairyland. The concert is said to have been immensely successful.

Padewski is to play only once this year in London, Rosenthal has already given his last concert there. Joseffy is going abroad this summer, and may be heard in London. It will be interesting to observe his experience there. London is always wary of artists that come from America, even if they are as great as Joseffy or Anton Seidl. It waits as long as possible before any commensurate acknowledgement of their merits is given. That attitude was never more strikingly exemplified than in Anton Seidl's case.

M. Paul Legrand, once so celebrated, as Pierrot, has died at the age of 92.

Olga Brandon has returned to London after spending the winter at Monte Carlo.

Henry Arthur Jones' new comedy, it is said in its general character will be akin to The Liars.

My Innocent Boy is the name of a new comedy, written by George R. Sims and Leonard Merriek, which is likely to be seen soon in London at the Royalty Theatre.

Massenet, the French composer, has been in Milan to supervise the last rehearsals there of his Sappho, leaving the last

rehearsals of his Thais at the Grand Opera house, in Paris.

Henri Marteau is expected this week in Paris. He expects to play in Russia, Hungary, and Austria during the coming season and to return to the United States next Spring.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The stage of the Opera house was occupied this week by W. S. Harkins Company, which company is one of the best ever brought to St. John by that popular manager. "What Happened to Jones" proved a very powerful attraction for three nights. The piece is irresistibly funny and is in the hands of a company who evidently regard the smallest detail as important.

In a round about way through Mr. McMay of the New York Mail and Express, word comes that R. M. Field, "for time immemorial the manager of the famous old Boston Museum," has made up his mind to retire definitely from theatrical life.

Olga Netheresele has just purchased a residence at 5 Norfolk street, Park Lane, West, London, which she will make her permanent home, says a New York exchange. Its fittings display the aesthetic taste of the artist. The different apartments contain all the antiques she has collected during the past four years of her travels.

Mr. Priestly Morrison has just concluded a successful and pleasant season of thirty weeks with the Lillian Tucker company, which organization has been playing in the south since last January. Viola Allen and Charles Coghlan will occupy the Lyric Theatre, New York, for seventeen weeks, beginning Monday, October 3, when Miss Allen will make her debut as a star. The play which she will present has not yet been decided upon.

The career on the stage of James W. Collier, who died on Friday, runs back nearly forty years. He was for more than 10 years leading man with Maggie Mitchell, and was subsequently associated with A. M. Palmer in the management of the Union Square Theatre, now Keith's.

The new play for Sarah Bernhardt, on which Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is at present busily engaged, is to have a pretty title, 'L'Aiglon' (the Eagle). The principal character will be the Duc de Reichstadt, by which title his imperial grandfather, Francis I of Austria, dubbed the son of Napoleon the Great and Marie Louise.

The repertoire of the company headed by Louis James, Frederick Warde, and Mme. Rees will include 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth' and 'Othello.' The revival on which the managers purpose spending the most money and pains is 'The School for Scandal, James appearing as Charles Surface, Warde as Joseph, and Rees as Lady Teazle.

In May Irwin's new play, Ignacio Martinetti, is a French anarchist, with a red wig and beard.

"London," says the New York Sun, "is about to be blessed with its first continuous performance show. The experiment will be made at the Opera Comique Theatre."

The new romantic play of modern life written around Parnell by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor and accepted by Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Brown Potter, is to be produced shortly at Liverpool, under the title of "The Lost Cause."

It is interesting to learn that Mrs. Craige's play, whose title is "The Ambassador," was originally intended for a book, and was to have been published in that form, when George Alexander persuaded the author to change her plans.

Windsor Salt. Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt. For Table and Dairy, Purcell and East

tion at the Tremont; she is of aristocratic birth and up-to-date proclivities. May Ten Broeck will impersonate Mrs. Boylston Backbay, a society matron who delights in newspaper notoriety.

The fiftieth performance of Cyde Fitch's new play, "The Moth and the Flame," by the Kelsoy-Shannon Company, at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, will be given May 24 when Souvenirs will be distributed.

George H. Primrose and Lew Dockstader will next year appear at the head of the "American Minstrels." There will be no white faces in the entertainment, which will conclude with the big spectacular afterpiece.

It is said that Burr McIntosh will star next season in a play written by Lottie Blair Parker, author of "Way Down East." The end of the manola Mason troubles seems to be in sight. Marion has sued for a divorce from Jack in the Detroit courts on the ground of non-support.

Louis Mann looks about as little like a German as possible, and when he talks one would never suspect that a Teutonic dialect would be possible with him. When he gets on the stage however, he has a complete transformation, and his "was ist das?" was the funniest thing out.

Rev. Leighton Leigh, the English curate who has abandoned his pulpit to go on the stage, says he did so because it was impossible to maintain himself and family on \$12 a week.

Wilson Barrett, the famous actor, has been touring Australia, and has met with great success, though he has frequently had to play when the thermometer registered 100 in the shade.

Apropos of the Conquerors, William Archer writes: "Mr. Potter is a playwright of small talent and no taste." What the play lacks, he goes on to say, beyond everything else, is intelligence.

Brussel's sense of propriety has been so shocked at the entertainment advertised by a 'naturalist' playwright from Paris that the author was escorted at to the French frontier and all of the actors of the Theater Realiste who were French subjects were notified to leave Belgium within 24 hours.

Julia Marlowe sailed last week on the Majestic. Madeline Bouton is to marry a German Baron.

"A Spy of Spain" was acted in New York last week.

Victor Hugo's "The Grandmother" will be performed at Paris.

Echegaray's "Black Man" has been a dire failure at Madrid.

"Shenandoah" is being acted in New York, Chicago and Denver.

Marie Wainwright and her two daughters will sail for Europe in July.

John J. McNally is writing the play in which the Rogers Brothers will star.

Burr McIntosh will be seen in Lottie Blair Parker's comedy, "A War Correspondent."

Coquelin is to visit London with "Cyrano de Bergerac" which will be given at Drury Lane with the original actors.

The new play for Sarah Bernhardt, on which Edmond Rostand, the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," is at present busily engaged, is to have a pretty title, 'L'Aiglon' (the Eagle). The principal character will be the Duc de Reichstadt, by which title his imperial grandfather, Francis I of Austria, dubbed the son of Napoleon the Great and Marie Louise.

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Tommaso Salvini was seen again upon the Italian stage the other day at Florence. He appeared as Saul of Alfieri, a character in which he made his mark as a youth of 16, and played it, according to a correspondent of the London Daily News, magnificently.

Mme. Duse had just finished an engagement of nine performances in Portugal—six at Lisbon and three in Oporto. She had given up the idea of playing in Madrid, because of the war and its possible results, but has changed her mind, and has announced four performances at the Royal opera-house. It is thought probable that Mme. Duse will give a series of eight or ten representations in Paris next month, when she will give pieces that are quite new to the French capital.

Maudie Adams has appeared nearly three hundred times in New York in "The Little Minister," and yet there is no sign of closing.

James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering of Daniel Frohman's Stock Company, will take a rather long deferred wedding trip next month.

John E. Kellard has been engaged by Stuart Robson for next season.

Mlle. Berthet is replacing Sibly Sanderson in Massenet roles at the Paris Grand opera. She is a Belgian, and is one of the hardest students on the lyric stage. On the nights when she does not sing she is in constant attendance at the opera to see if she can learn even an expressive look or a gesture from her fellow singers.

Mme. Calve has finished her engagement at the Opera Comique, in Paris, where she has been singing in Massenet's new opera, Sappho, and is now in London for the opening of the Covent Garden season there.

First Suburbanite—"There's something attractive in the communistic theory, after all." Second Suburbanite—"What!—divide property equally?" First Suburbanite—"Yes; we might have a chance to get rid of ours in the shuffle."—Puck.



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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 28th.

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

THE CONFLICT OVER.

The act of the chief of police in directing the appointee of the police magistrate to ordinary police duty, may mean the end of what must be regarded as an unfortunate difference between the magistrate and the council. From the very first, many of the actions and expressions of some of those engaged in the discussion were singularly indiscreet. Passing over the letter of the magistrate to the council, which we have spoken of before, there was another feature of the affair that cannot commend itself wholly to the good judgment of the people. This was the effort made by the mayor-elect to secure the appointment of a man whom he regarded with favor. For this purpose, according to the statement of the magistrate, Mayor-elect SEARS—as he was at that time—had two interviews with the magistrate, one of which, at least, was in the latter's office. This action of a mayor-elect has been criticized quite severely and, we think, properly so. There are certain duties that a mayor must perform, and in the manner which he carries them out will depend, in a great measure, the opinion of the people of him. But there are many things that a mayor cannot do in justice to, and comporting with the dignity of the office of chief magistrate. One of these it may fairly be said, is to ask for the appointment of any particular person to an office in the civic gift. There are other things that are not in keeping with the dignity of the office of mayor, but these will no doubt occur to his worship quite as readily as if we were to mention them.

THAT VOTING CONTEST.

The action of the gentlemen who control park affairs in handing sixteen ballots to the representatives of the people in the common council to enable them to vote upon the name of the park in proportion to the civic grant may have an unexpected influence upon the result. The voting scheme has been long drawn out and the interest of the people has flagged considerably. Long ago they made up their minds that the familiar old name of Rockwood—given to the beautiful spot by a gentleman whose memory will always be held dear in this city—would be attached to the new park. The preference of the people for this pretty and appropriate name was shown at the outset and very many thought that it was settled last fall. But the rival name Victoria must have received some encouragement this spring for it appears to be ahead now. This name will naturally be dear to everyone, but there are so many parks, institutions, hotels and what not saddled upon the christian name of the Queen now that it would be a genuine relief to see St. John depart from the hackneyed custom.

The people of the United States are not through with the war with Spain. They are feeling the effects of it already in a business way though it is stated not in so great degree as they feared. The first provision for war expenditure is expected to yield the enormous sum of seven hundred million of dollars. One hundred million of this will be raised by an internal tax on beer, tobacco and a stamp tax on bank checks, bond and stock transfers &c. Then authority is given for the issue of bonds to a maximum amount of \$500,000,000. These are to bear three per cent interest, and they are called 'ten-twenties,' because the government may pay them at any time after ten years and must pay them at the end of twenty years. They are payable, in 'coin.' To enable people of small means to buy them, they are to be issued in denominations as small as \$25.

To provide for temporary emergencies, authority is given for the issue of 'certificates of indebtedness,' which are not to run longer than one year and are not to amount to more than \$100,000,000. These also bear three per cent interest.

We cannot expect that the 24th of May will be the natal day of the sovereign of the British Empire for many years. Queen VICTORIA is in the eightieth year of her age and, in the natural order of things, cannot expect many more years of life. But the birthday we have loved to honor will always be dear to the memory of this generation. We have understood that Canadians are even more enthusiastic in observing the "Queens birthday" than those who live in the old country. That is surely no reflection upon the colonist and if it is a surprise to a recently arrived Englishman to note the loyal observance of the day it is none the less pleasant for us to hear of the fact. The holiday comes at a singularly appropriate season in this country. All nature is in a joyful mood and the people in celebrating the day hail with all gladness the departure of one season and the coming of another. May we have many more "Queen's Birthdays".

Those who use incandescent light—and pay well for it—will be glad to learn that invention is not done with it yet. To increase its efficiency and decrease its cost is claimed for an invention of Professor NERNST of Gottingen. He substitutes for carbon filaments such substances as chalk or magnesia, which are noted for the large proportion of visible rays in their radiation. He has to employ the alternating current in order to avoid electrolytic action on the incandescent substance. As yet his experiments have not progressed to the point of practical application in producing lamps for ordinary use, but if the difficulties still in the way can be overcome, it is said that the cost of incandescent lighting would be reduced two-thirds.

His worship should have his short and pithy rules regarding the aldermen printed and hung up for their convenience and edification. He has told them that if they are ten minutes late again at the council meeting that he might adjourn sine die. That is a dreadful threat and must have made the representatives of the people quake. They will probably look out for tardy marks in the future. But what is of greater importance to them is the edict that no alderman can speak more than once upon the same subject. What in the world will Alderman MACRAE say to this?

The speculator LEITER has been blamed for the rise in the price of wheat, but the fact is now apparent that the increased price is simply the result of the relation between supply and demand. The demand for wheat in the old country has not been greater, perhaps, than in previous years, but the world's supply of the cereal was insufficient. LEITER was acute enough to foresee this, hence his enormous profits. Flour is nearly \$2.50 a barrel higher this than it was last year.

Ald. McGOLDRICK } Stand together
Ald. McARTHUR } gentlemen.

BICYCLES AND OTHER THINGS.

Whoever suggested the holding of a bicycle carnival on the evening of the Queen's birthday must have had a peculiar idea of the use of wheelmen and wheel women made of the holiday. There were not many spare bicycles in town that day. Whoever could get anything fit to ride did so and every road out of town was well patronized by the users of the silent steed. There were break downs of course but no serious accidents such as are not infrequent when so many cyclists are out on the same day. The weather was all that could be desired—not too warm or yet too cold and the air that prevailed in the morning gave way in the later part of the afternoon to that pleasant calm so delightful to tired people pedalling home.

Surely the typography of the country about the city is becoming well known to very many people who never took any interest in the surroundings of St. John up to the time they learned to ride a wheel. Now there is not a cross road that has not been inspected a score of times by parties of wheelmen. True there are times when the roads are found to be impassable for the poorest or the best cycle in town, and the weary walk is substituted. At most that cannot last for more than two or three miles, until some passable road is reached, and then the rider forgets his troubles and hastens on to his goal.

Club houses which a year or so ago were not patronized to any great extent now team with life and bustle on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Yes, even Sundays are used by the cyclists and in fact it is the only day that many of them have or choose to use their wheels. The early

Sabbath morning will see many of them bound for the green fields of the country and who can say that the fresh country air and the change of scene, the refreshing quiet of the woods and fields does not bring thoughts and reflections as profitable as the sermon of any preacher in the city. Nature's sermon is sometimes the best and a good many people are inclined to give it the preference on fine Sundays.

There are many exceptions of course but the very people who do not ride a bicycle on Sundays will make a horse take them to some restful spot where they may enjoy the budding trees and first flowers of the forest.

One does not get an adequate idea of the number of bicycle riders until they go out on some holiday and watch the apparently endless procession of wheels that pass in and out of the various roads leading to and from the city. And the thought naturally arises what did all these people do for enjoyment before the bicycle was invented? No doubt many of them enjoyed a walk and a few sought the more comfortable method of driving.

But hiring horses costs money and only a small proportion of those who use the bicycle to day were patrons of the livery stable. Of course the proprietors of the hostleries say that the bicycle has injured their business greatly and they don't love the machine in consequence but the coachmen said that the street cars would put them out of business and yet they seem to get along in much the same way as ever.

Estimated roughly there are probably a thousand bicycles in the city of St. John and the owners of them are certainly a very representative lot of people. They are clamoring for better roads and no doubt their assistance was of much benefit toward the formation of the Good Road's Association. It is doubtful if such men as Geo. E. Fairweather and J. J. McGaffigan would have interested themselves to such an extent as they did in this project had they not become acquainted with the condition of the roads when wheeling about the country side. Both of them regard the wheel from the stand point of health and recreation and when they mount it they naturally want to enjoy the exercise as much as possible. Hence their interest in the agitation. But the cyclists of St. John must make up their minds in the near future that if they want better and special roads for their pleasure they must contribute toward a fund for that purpose. There is not a bicycle rider who would not willingly pay a license of one dollar, provided it went into a special fund to provide better bicycle riding in the city and vicinity. PROGRESS puts this forward as a suggestion, and if the local association of cyclists take the matter up they will meet, no doubt, with hearty cooperation on the part of the authorities. In other cities there is such a tax and it is not considered burdensome, but it is because they enjoy the special privileges provided by the fund raised in this way.

Two Popular Houses.

The Loyalist House, of which Mr. Treadwell is the proprietor, and the Ben Lomond House, conducted by Mr. S. H. Barker, did a rushing business on the day preceding and on the holiday itself. It is not necessary to speak of the attractions of the Ben Lomond House and the beautiful lake and opportunities for sailing presented to visitors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Barker do their best to please their guests and no kindly service is too much trouble for them. The same may be said of Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell who for so many years have conducted the Loyalist house with that home like comfort so appreciated by all who visit them. The situation of the house could hardly be improved. In approaching it a splendid array of noble trees almost conceal the house and grounds before the turn is made into them. Lovers of quiet pitching can always find grounds and quitoes in the rear of the house, while those who delight in boating or fishing have a splendid chance to pursue those pastimes. Fishing is something new in this lake but a few years ago a number of small trout were placed in its waters and they must have thrived exceedingly well for good sized fish can be seen "breaking" almost constantly in the lake. They have not, up to this time, proved eager for fly or bait, and the angler who strikes the right "cast" will no doubt have good sport.

A Generous and Thoughtful Act.

A well known North end man died a few days ago, and left many friends who felt the greatest sympathy for his widow. Everybody likes such genuine good feeling to prevail, but the gentleman who sent the bereaved lady a check for \$125 and then directed the undertaker to look to him for the funeral expenses, will, no doubt, have the kindest thanks. It was a generous act, and moreover a thoughtful one.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Summer Song.

This evening while the twilight glows,
In blended past and gold;
The gay glad earth such as in days of yore,
As words have never told,
She sings her sweetest coming song,
Across the charmed blue sea;
Oh haste and come, for thee I long,
My love come forth to me;

Haste and come.
Sweet spring has passed beyond the hills,
I hear her fond farewells;
Now silence veils the silver rills,
And all the fragrant dells,
Down the calm river's shining face,
I hear a red breast sing;
I'm walking at the trysting place,
And summer comes a-wing;

Haste and come.
By spangled fields and balmy woods,
By meadows fresh and green;
By lofty hills and glistening floods,
A well known guest is seen.
She brings a thousand precious things,
From many a balmy shore;
O haste and come thy presence bring,
A sweeter summer store;

Haste and come.
A world of leaves and roses red,
Mars' his blossoms fair;
A thousand lilies scent her bed,
There's glory in the air.
The kyng trees their boughs adorn,
In garlands pink and white;
O haste and come soon breaks the morn,
How lovely is the sight,

Haste and come.
The sun dipped down a summer sea,
O diamonds and ruby gems;
Where many white winged angels be,
In sapphire diadems.
The garden in the lilted sky,
Blush like a damask rose,
O haste and come the sweet stars cry
Our tryst they ne'er disclose,

Haste and come.
CYRUS GOLDEN.

Tess.

See that I metly mound up yonder,
Where the day bends its head,
Just as if it kept a vigil,
O'er the silence of the dead,
That's the place where Tess is sleeping—
Sleeping there beside the sea,
Where she once so loved to wander,
Up and down the sands with me.
She would come at fall of evening,
When the work of day was done,
And the waves were softly singing
To the fast departing sun;
And look in my face in silence,
With her big eyes soft and blue,
Though they told the same old story,
It was ever, ever new.

There is now no hand to guide me,
There is now no song to cheer;
Shadows seem to line my pathways,
With a darkness lone and drear.
Life is like the vine in autumn,
Robbed of foliage and bare;
And I often wonder, Stranger,
If my love is buried there?

Buried where the ocean breezes,
Kiss the place where she's asleep;
And to me they bring a message,
From beyond the restless deep.
Sad, I listen in the gloaming,
For what token they may bear,
And a voice from out the silence,
Says "My love is there."

WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMPSON

Sonnet.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. GLADSTONE.
But yesterday exulting in the pride
Of noble motherhood Britannia's smile,
Its radiance shedding o'er fair Albion's isle,
Proclaimed her joy in England's aged guide.
Now, Melancholy's pale and gloomy bride,
Her shrouded head draped with a somber pile
Of dark funeral weeds and trimmings vile,
Britannia writhes like still, while at her side
Wife, ghost like, fiercely plucking at her breast,
Weeps from her lips bereavement's bitter cry,
"Alas, alas, my son, that thou should'st die!"
And wailing thus the noblest and the best
Of all her noble sons, Britannia weeps,
And o'er his corpse a mournful vigil keeps.
JEAN TAILLEFER.

A Ranch Girl's Choice.

Folks chuck their heads an' whispered 'round,
In rather of a sneerin' way,
That I was crazy, when they found
Me goin' to marry Tommy Gray.
They hinted that I'd best be dead
Than hitched for life to such a he,
But I jes' let 'em talk an' said
They didn't know him well as me
For though he might be wild at times,
He never did no ser'us crimes.
When I declined young Silas Pope,
Who slung at me his ranch and herd,
An' put the rowels to his hope
Without a super-due word,
An' offered Tom encouragement—
A co-boy working for his hire—
The neighbors found us nearly went
In spasms, an' they used to tire
Me half to death a-sayin' I
Would take a tumble by an' by.

An' pa an' ma, both of 'em roared
Like Texan bulls, they got so wild,
An' said they wint the blessed Lord
Had tak me when I was a child.
They said it would marry Si
'd make a big folks of all of us,
But as for Tom, they knowed 'as I
Would had be was a worthless cuss.
I told 'em plain as A B C
My heart was doin' it, not me.
An' all the same I married Tom,
An' 'on jes' on to seed 'em sure
To see him settle down an' come
Right to the front, an' every dare
I ever had jes' count away
Like smoke before the prairie breeze,
An' we're as happy as the day
's long, an' also, if you please,
There ain't a neighbor left or right
Who thinks my Tom is out o' sight.

An' sometimes when I set an' peep
At that baby lyn' there
Orled in its little crib along
Resemblin' Tom right to a hair,
An' hear its pa in the corral
A-singin' 'em in his delight,
An' whistlin' dancin' music—well,
I think I hit it mighty right,
An' as for Si, I shoo no more—
He's gone to jail for stealin' steers.

Old clothes dyed to look like new,
Hosiery mended free to you,
Curtains 25c per pair,
And you quickly ask me, Where?
At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28
to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 53.



LEARNING THROUGH PAIN

Why the Traveller Excited Here & Among his Native Friends.

Some good men are naturally such teachers, and so full of benevolence, especially toward the young, that they cannot help spreading wisdom wherever they go. Nevertheless, a certain amount of preparatory instruction is necessary to make it possible for some of the wisdom thus scattered abroad to take root. That seed may fall on stony ground is proved by a story which a gentleman, who went hunting far into the interior of Nova Scotia, tells in a letter to the Country Gentleman.

The hunter carried sixteen miles at night by a boy sixteen years old and a horse fifteen years old. The ride was tedious, and the boy-driver was inclined to fall asleep. The hunter therefore thought to interest him in something—

"I see we are going 'one west,' he remarked.
"How do you know that?" asked the boy. "Were you ever here before?"
"No, but there is the North Star over there."

"How do you know it's the North Star?"
"Why, there are the Pointers' pointing to it."

"What Pointers?"
The hunter explained, and told the boy how to find the North Star. Then he pointed out two of the planets. The boy seemed wide-awake now, and the hunter went on to give him his first lesson in astronomy, telling him how Jupiter was thirteen hundred times as large as the earth, and how Mars showed changes of seasons—how it had had canals and so forth, and how it was supposed by many to have intelligent inhabitants. He discoursed a long time on the wonders of astronomy.

When, after his hunting, the stranger returned to the town where he had hired the conveyance and the boy, he found that the people seemed to have a certain humorous interest in him. It was so evident that he was the object of some curiosity, of joke that he made inquiries, and finally found a man who could tell him.

"Why," said this informant, "you've made a great reputation for yourself around here."

"In what way?"
"Oh, the kid that drove you over to—the other night came back the next day and told all the 'setters' at the hotel that of all the liars he ever heard, you were the slick-est."

"What lie did I tell him?"
"The boy said that you pretended to know the number of miles to the sun, and that you pointed to a star that you said was called Juniper, and that you said it was thirteen hundred times bigger than this world, and that you pointed to another star that you said was one whose folks lived like we do."

"Oh," says that boy, "you just ought to hear him! He's a peach! Old Haskins aint in it with that feller for lyin'." I tell you, he's the biggest liar in Nova Scotia. I'll point him out to you when he comes back."
The boy had pointed him out, and he was at that moment enjoying the reputation of the champion of all the liars who had ever come to Nova Scotia.

His Own Work.

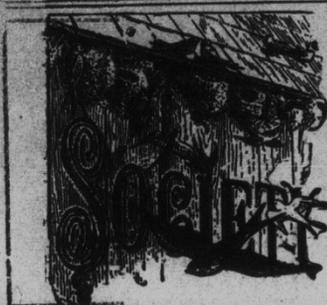
The vanity of a certain well-known painter is ridiculed in a story told of him. It relates that the painter was travelling in a train through the mountains, and as the weather was warm and the painter had not had enough sleep the night before, he dozed in his sleep. He had a travelling companion who insisted upon talking to him, nevertheless, and as the train passed a fine prospect, exclaimed:
"Look! look! What a beautiful landscape!"
"Yep," granted the painter, dreaming, and hearing a "shop" phrase, "I painted it myself!"

He was Experienced.

"Have you a son?" asked the man who was looking at the vacant room.
"No," replied the landlady. "What made you ask that?"
"Because," he explained, "I want to find a boarding house, this time, where I may occasionally have a chance to get the tender piece of the porterhouse."

Brush the hair daily through to the scalp, and occasionally apply Hall's Hair Renewer, and a luxuriant growth of hair will be maintained of a natural hue.

A woman's character never changes; it only ripens.—Life.



Behind a few pines on the holiday in the early part of the week there has been very little going on in social circles the smart set contenting itself with an evening at the theatre, or a jaunt on its wheel these fine nights, Miss Mabel Thomson saw an especially enjoyable picnic party recently the party going to Millidgeville on the "Magpie" which left from the city at 10 o'clock on their wheels and the "Magpie" returned to the city on the day after, very pleasantly spent and the party returned to the city late in the afternoon.

The musical club held its last meeting at Mr. Fox Fraser's and the evening was made especially enjoyable by the presence of Mr. Knowles who has created quite a furore in musical circles. Although every evening last week some little social event was given in his honor and at all of them he sang. I hear he was particularly good natured in this respect and why should he not be, with the magnificent baritone he possesses. At Mrs. Fraser's he sang several songs among which were a Rosemary by Grenier, A Crocus Love Song, Elsie's Lullaby, and Mona. Mr. Ritchie also sang, Mr. Bowden gave a violin selection and Miss Godard and Miss Allison Jones added to the pleasure of the guests by their delightful piano selections; refreshments were served during the evening to the guests, among whom were the following Mrs. Bowden, Mr. W. Bowden, Miss Godard, Miss Alison Jones, Miss Furlong, Mrs. Marie Furlong, Mrs. Ford, Mr. Harry de Forest, Mrs. de Forest, Miss Mathews, Miss Seely, Miss Clinch, Miss Hos, Mrs. Knowles, Mr. Shaw, Messrs. Hall, Mr. Chip Ritchie, Miss Markham, Mr. Ralph Markham, Miss Jessie Walker, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Hancock and Mr. and Mrs. Owen Campbell.

Mrs. Boyle Travers returned a few days ago from Lakewood N. B., whether she had taken her young daughter, Mrs. Louisa Travers in hopes that a change might benefit the latter's health. It is deeply regretted that the trip did not effect the desired result and when the party returned Miss Travers was looking very frail and weak. Miss Frances Travers who has been pursuing her musical studies in New York under Madame Katherine Evans von Kienner returned with her mother and sister as did also Dr. Harry Travers who had gone to escort the party home.

Miss Jennie Holder of Westfield spent part of this week in the city. Miss Mabel Smith of Greenwick arrived in the city this week and will take a course in stenography at one of the business colleges. Miss Tina Brown left this week on a visit to Miss Bailey of the Ohio Western University. Before returning Miss Brown will also attend the Elocutionists Annual Convention at Cincinnati. Hon. W. E. Penley of Sanbury was the guest last week of his niece Mrs. C. B. Lockhart West end.

Miss Kelly of Mangerville was the guest of North end friends for a few days during the week. Mr. H. J. Eldridge is very ill with inflammation of the lungs. Miss G. W. Manning who spent the winter in the United States returned home on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. (Capt.) C. J. Hargreaves is here to spend the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Courtney of Douglas Avenue, after an absence of two years.

Mrs. Robert Thomson and Mrs. Henry Austin returned Tuesday from Ottawa where they had been attending the Annual Convention of the National Council of Women. Says the London Canadian Gazette of May 12th: Mr. G. Robertson, ex-mayor of St. John, N. B., is here on a visit and is staying at the Grand Hotel. Mr. Robertson, we need hardly say, will not fail to make better known the exceptional advantages of St. John as a winter port.

Mrs. John L. Thorne of North end has gone to Ottawa on a visit. Miss Nellie G. Wright who taught music successfully here for a long time has returned to Fenfield, N. B., where she has quite a large number of pupils. The marriage took place at the Cathedral at six o'clock Wednesday morning of Mr. Edward Haney, assistant engineer in the Post Office, and Miss Sherry, formerly of this city, but now of Fredericton. Rev. Fr. McMurray performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends of the contracting parties. The bride was attired in a pretty travelling gown, and was attended by Miss Christie of Fredericton, while the groom was supported by Mr. W. J. Mahoney. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Haney left on the early train for a brief honeymoon trip.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Perry of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hillman of New York were a party of Americans who spent this week in St. John. Miss Mand Moore of Manchester, N. H. is here for a visit of several weeks to her friend Miss Mamie Boyd. Miss W. J. Shannon spent the Queen's birthday in the city. He returned to Annapolis later in the week. Capt. A. O. Kent, Mrs. and Miss Kent left this week for San Francisco where they will make their future home. Mr. George Deyo who has been here for several seasons with W. S. Harkins joined the company on Tuesday of this week. Dr. Lewis M. P., for Albert was in the city this week on his way to Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Heston of Sussex spent the holiday with friends here. Mrs. Wilford of Salisbury spent a day or two this week with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Elliott of German street. Mr. A. H. Chipman is paying a visit to Halifax and other parts of Nova Scotia. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Russell of New York spent part of this week in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer of St. Stephen entertained a party of friends one evening this week in honor of their guests Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin of this city, who have been spending a week or two in that city. Mr. Augustus Cameron came from St. Stephen last week to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. A. Cameron. Mrs. Odgers Hannah who was the guest for a few days of Mrs. (Rev.) Deinstadt of St. Stephen has returned home. Mr. Leonard Tilley paid a visit to the St. Croix this week, and during his stay was a guest of Capt. Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith were among those who spent the holiday with friends in the border town. Miss Kate Worden is paying a visit to friends in Westfield. Mr. E. H. Stinson of Halifax spent a few days in the city this week. Mrs. Wm. O'Neill of St. Martin's spent Wednesday with city friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Mitchell of Sussex were in the city for a day or two the middle of the week. The young ladies of the Victoria street baptist church are hard at work preparing a military drill which will form part of an entertainment to be given later and in which the E. and A. club orchestra will take part. The drill is a very pretty one and is under the supervision of Mr. E. McIntosh.

The Vancouver World of May 13, says that "Col. Downville has received a telegram from Isaac Burpee at St. John stating that he would reach here this day week. Mr. Burpee will engage extensively in the northern trade."

The death occurred Wednesday of Mrs. Margaret Holstead, who has for some time been in poor health, though her condition was not so serious as to excite any anxiety among her friends until a day or two before her death. Mrs. Holstead was a native of Halifax but came here two years ago to live with her sister Mrs. W. C. Dunham of Waterloo street. The funeral took place from the latter's residence on Friday afternoon.

Large and well pleased audiences have been the rule at the Opera house this week, W. S. Harkins and his company of clever people being the attraction. Mr. Harkins is now playing his twenty-first yearly engagement in this city, and though it is a long time for any one person to hold a place in the estimation of the fickle public, Mr. Harkins grows more popular, socially and professionally, with every visit. He has always brought his good friends of the public, so that no matter what companies come there is always much pleasant anticipation regarding Mr. Harkins' visit. This year he has some exceedingly clever people and the plays have all been given with the strictest attention to detail, and good conscientious work on the part of the company. The costumes, stage setting, and general attention to the thousand and one things that go to round out a finished performance have been duly observed, and the result is most pleasing. "What Happened to Jones," "The Crust of Society," "A Bachelors Honeymoon" were the plays given this week, and next week no doubt the programme will be quite as attractive.

Mr. Harold N. Stevens formerly traveller for T. McAvity & Sons but now a partner in the firm of Stevens & Douglas of Amherst was here for a short time this week and was greeted by many old friends during his stay.

Mr. J. D. Finlay of Fredericton was in the city for a little while this week. Mrs. [Dr.] Freeman of Bridgetown N. S. paid a brief visit to the city this week.

The marriage of Miss Jennie Seely, and Mr. Charles Van Horne was solemnized May 24th, at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seely of Durham Street. The bride was prettily and appropriately gowned in blue with satin trimmings, and was attended by her two sisters the Misses Margaret and Gertrude Seely, both of whom looked charming in their bridesmaid's gowns. The groom was supported by his friend Mr. Harry McCutcheon of Fredericton Junction.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Gordon in the presence of the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents from her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Van Horne will make their future home in Yarmouth.

Mr. Alex. McRae spent several days very pleasantly at the Capital during the week. Miss Emma Todd spent the holiday here the first of the week, returning to Fredericton in the evening.

Among those who spent Tuesday in Fredericton, were Mr. and Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Harrison and others.

Mrs. L. W. Johnson has returned from a short stay at her home in the Capital, and is again with her daughter, Mrs. Charles Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Finley and children have been in Fredericton lately visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Edgewood.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Whitherspoon and Mrs. S. W. W. Pickup, came from Granville Ferry for a few days visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee have been spending a few days in Truro, and were guests at the Learmonth house during their stay.

Miss Blanche K. Dibble of Woodstock spent Tuesday with friends in the city. Miss Maud McLeod of Fredericton is visiting her sister Mrs. McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. J. V. McLellan were in Petitoctic Wednesday guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Keith. Mr. and Mrs. Willis spent a day or two in Fredericton the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Taylor of Boston, made a short stay in the city during the early part of the week.

Miss M. Bradley of Holly street, left the first of the week to visit friends in St. Stephen. The Oratorio society had a rehearsal on Thursday evening which was well attended. The following choruses were taken up: "O Great is the Depth," "Rise up, Arise," "The Lord He is Good," "No only unto Him, but to all them;" and "O be Gracious ye Immortals."

Miss Marietta LaDell of Toronto, a very talented elocutionist is in the city and will give an entertainment during her stay here.

Mr. Wm. Cleaveland and Miss Cleaveland arrived this week from Boston and will spend some time in and around St. John.

Rev. G. S. Milligan son of Mr. Robert Milligan has resigned his church at Harbor Grace Nfld., and is taking a much needed rest at his home here.

Mr. John Sealy went to Da-houise last week and will visit Quebec before his return.

Rev. G. W. McDonald returned to Sandford, N. S. last Friday after a very pleasant stay with friends here.

Mr. E. G. Murray went to Ottawa last Saturday on a business trip. Miss Maud A. Thompson for some time employed with Messrs. Barnes & Skinner left on Tuesday for Albany N. Y., she is to enter one of the most prominent hospitals of that city to take a two years course of training for a nurse. Miss Thompson was considered one of the most popular young ladies of St. John and having a genial and most affable disposition will be very much missed by a large circle of friends who will wish her every success in her new work.

NEW GLASGOW.

MAY 28.—Mr. Jas. W. Carmichael and family arrived home from England where they have been spending the winter. Mrs. Murray of Truro is the guest of Mrs. W. H. Torry.

Miss Laura Smith has returned from Halifax Ladies' college. Miss Nancy McGregor gave a delightful dance to a large number of young friends on Monday evening.

Mrs. Robt. McIntosh and daughter arrived home on Monday from Truro where they have been spending the winter. Miss McIntosh has been attending Soci's Business College there.

Victoria Band played a number of selections in Riverside Park on Tuesday evening. A large number gathered at the Athletic grounds on the twenty-fourth to witness the foot-ball match between the famous Abegweit of Charlottetown and the New Glasgow team. The game resulted in a draw. A party of excursionists and the Charlottetown band accompanied the team.

Mrs. James Eastwood leaves on Thursday to attend the closing exercises at Sackville Ladies' college. Quite a number from town attended the performance of Godfrey's band at Truro last week.

Mr. Will McConnell of Halifax spent this week in town. Miss Libby Jeffrey of Toronto is the guest of Miss Jean Fraser.

Mrs. Dr. Murray and Miss Marion Hensley were the guests of Mrs. John McMillan this week. Mr. and Mrs. James Keith have returned from Fleton where they have been spending the past three weeks.

Rev. A. Bowman of St. Andrew's church left for Montreal on Thursday to occupy St. Andrew's church there for a month. The marriage of Miss Jean Fraser and Dr. John McKay takes place to day the twenty-fifth of which more will be said next week.

The friends of Mr. Archibald formerly Jeweler here will be sorry to hear that he is very ill at his home in Truro.

A party of students from McGill University are expected in town this week. They are taking a trip through the Maritime provinces, in the interest of science, and while here will visit the Nova Scotia Steel works, Coal mines, etc.

Misses Margaret and Laura McGregor are spending a few days in Tatmagouche with their sister Mrs. (Rev.) Sedgewick. Charles Nicholson, barrister, son of Rev. A. W. Nicholson, who has been spending a few days home returned to Boston Friday.

Another wedding on the tapis for the tenth of June. Supt. Yorston Campbell has moved into the house formerly occupied by Lawyer McLean, Little Harbor road. JUAN.

FRERICTON. MAY 25.—Mr. Percy Webster of Truro spent the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. Webster. Mr. and Mrs. J. V. McLellan of St. John spent Sunday in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Keith.

Miss Beatrice Simpson was in Moncton for a day this week. A number from here went down to Moncton last week to hear Godfrey's band and all were delighted with it.

Mrs. J. Cochrane and Miss Cochrane returned home Saturday from an extended visit to Mrs. A. Jones of Moncton. Mrs. Geo. Allen and Miss Norah of Moncton are in town visiting Mrs. H. Humphreys.

Mrs. (Dr.) Daly and Miss Della are in town for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Trites of Moncton were in town yesterday.

Miss Margaret Holstead and Mr. Leo Dickson rode up from Moncton yesterday and spent the day with Mr. M. B. Keith at "The Gleads". Mrs. H. H. Magee was in town for a few days last week.

Although the sky was overcast the rain held off and there was nothing to interfere with the outdoor celebrations of the holiday. A number of the towns folk, both young and old, drove over to Portage on a fishing expedition. Among those who enjoyed the outing were: Mrs. E. Sinclair Smith, Mrs. C. H. Gros, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Hanson, Miss Jones, Miss Sully, Miss Julia Keith, Miss Mamie Sully, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Ella Blaney, Miss Crandall, Mr. Raymond Baker, Mr. Ed. Cochrane, Descon Ryan, Mr. James Smith, Master Robert Sully, Mr. Fred Lawrence, and Master Jack Hanson.

FERRARO. [Progress is for sale at Ferraro Book Store.] MAY 25.—This afternoon has been saddened by two funerals. At 2 o'clock the interment of Miss Walsh of Halifax, who died at Rev. T. J. Butlers of consumption, took place and at 3 o'clock the bell tolled for the last solemn rites over Miss Marion Davidson; Miss Davidson died of pneumonia and was ill but a short time.

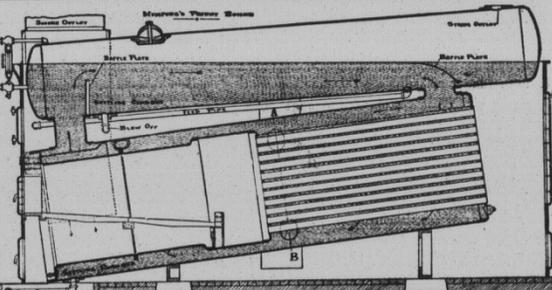
The town presented a festive appearance yesterday in honor of the 79th birthday of our most CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

West Indian Limes. In the West Indies the Lime is cultivated as no where else, for its fruit and juice. Thus West Indian Limes take precedence over all others for their richness and pungency. Stower's Lime Juice is made from them exclusively. It is concentrated—Has no musty flavor—Keeps in any climate. With a little water it makes a healthful and refreshing drink. Stowers' Lime Juice Progressive grocers sell it.

Have You Seen The Fine Bicycle Offered to the Users of Welcome Soap? For the Wrappers from Two (2) Boxes of "Welcome" Soap and \$35.50 Cash. No wonder so many people use the old reliable "Welcome" Soap and ride a Bicycle. The most stylish model and best wheel of the season guaranteed and up-to-date in every particular. The Greatest Premium Offer of The Year. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B.

Worry No More. HOME DYING is easy and sure, and pleasant with those English Dyes—Maypole Soap. The colors it yields are brilliant, even, fadeless. It washes and dyes at one operation. Silks, Satins, Cottons, or Woolens take the colors equally well. All colors of progressive druggists or grocers. Free Book and samples of the work by sending to the wholesale depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal. Maypole Soap Dyes.

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



Mumford's Improved Boiler. Internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes. Robb Engineering Co., Ltd. Amherst, N. S.

What Do You Think of it? A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents. We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to Progress for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces. Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

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FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFRETTE, Brunswick street
- MORSON & CO., Barrington street
- CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street
- CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
- J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
- QUEEN BOOKSTORE, 109 Hollis St.

The week's festivities have been chiefly dinners, Mrs. Montgomery Moore giving a large one on Monday night, followed by an evening party, with an unusually large number of guests. There was no dancing, games and music being the amusements of the evening. The Misses Colborne leave for England very shortly, sailing on the Dominion from Quebec.

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Jones gave a dinner for the Royal Artillery visitors from Quebec. Among other guests were Colonel and Mrs. Price-Lewis and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stairs.

Mrs. Bridson, for whom there were several farewell dinners given of late, sailed Thursday for England, to join her husband Captain Bridson, who has just returned from China with his ship.

Commander the Hon. M. Bourke, of H. M. S. Cordoba has just returned from Boston, where he paid a flying visit of a week. H. M. S. Partridge and Columbine leave shortly for Newfoundland and will be much missed, as their officers have given a succession of luncheons and tea parties during their stay here. Among the guests at one of the former this week were Mrs. and Miss Daly, and Miss Turton.

It is on the cards that a very large at home will be given just before the departure of General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore for England. They have been most popular in society generally, and during their reign at Bellevue the invitation list there has been almost doubled. General and Mrs. Montgomery Moore will reside in London for the future, where they have a large house and grounds.

The engagement is announced of Miss Wickwire and Mr. Elliott, R. A., who was stationed in Halifax for some time. The wedding will not take place until the coming autumn, when Mr. Elliott comes to Halifax on leave.

A very pleasant bicycle picnic took place on Friday afternoon, going to Bedford by the Dartmouth side. The weather was, unfortunately, marred by a shower of rain, but the affair was nevertheless very enjoyable and extremely smart, though the road was a trifle heavy.

There is every prospect of a revival of the Polo club this year, if a suitable field can be obtained. The Revue will probably be here some time in June, and her officers will bring their polo ponies with them from Bermuda.

The Golf club, too, is taking a fresh lease of life, and has added some members to its list. The game has never been the success here that it has been in other places. The outfit is an expensive one and the amusement, apparently, does not appeal to the frivolous; just why it is not easy to say. Among the old time to be revived this summer is a ladies' rowing club, which will practice all summer and then have a regatta, for members only. So far nothing has been decided on, but the club ribbon, which is to be blue and white. The last ladies' regatta, held on the Arm, was a very great success, and this one will be quite as interesting if not as large.

The report lately circulated of the breaking off of one of the marriages to take place this summer is anything but true. No alteration whatever has taken place in the arrangements, nor is likely to. Two of the future bridegrooms are shortly expected in Halifax and on the arrival of one of the ships an engagement will be announced. The lady concerned is very young and extremely pretty.

YARMOUTH.

Progress is for sale in Yarmouth by Thomson & Co., E. J. Vickery, and J. A. Craig.

May 24.—The jilliest event of the season was the large bicycle party given by Dr. and Mrs. Farish on Monday evening. Promptly at seven o'clock about twenty invited guests assembled with their iron steeds and soon the merry throng were speeding away for an eight mile spin on in the country. Some natty suits were noticed among the ladies, while the gentlemen wore the regulation knickerbockers and golf stockings. About half past nine the tired but merry crowd after doing the suburbs assembled at Dr. Farish's residence, where the hours were rendered pleasant in a charming way. All who could sing or play endeavored to add to the pleasure of the jolly crowd by rendering something in their respective line. Dr. and Mrs. Farish are excellent entertainers and at about eleven o'clock a delicious and elaborate supper was served in the drawing room, after which some indulged in the favorite waltz until all too soon the hour for leaving rolled around, and all expressed themselves on having had a most enjoyable time. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Spinney, Mrs. P. St. C. Hamilton, Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mrs. Sessie Lovitt, Miss Rita Ross, Miss Blanche Hudson, Miss Annie McGray, Miss Dora Cooker, Miss Suvie Bown, Miss Marion Murray, Miss Lydia Killam, Miss Belle Webster, Miss Eva Felton, Miss Alice Clements, Messrs. Prescott Baker, V. Baker, McKay, Munro, Felton, Stobney and Johns.

One afternoon last week, Mrs. Thomas Killam of Milton gave a very delightful tea "from four to six," the usual hour and as Mrs. Killam entertains in a charming manner to her beautiful home, the guests enjoyed this function very much. Miss Ross and Miss Jolly served the collation to the guests, it was decorated the rooms, and altogether it was a very dainty affair.

On Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, Miss McIwney gave quite a large reception to her girl friends. I believe that the chief topic of discussion was the "coming event" which came rumor whisper as taking place among the early June affairs of the same type, and also that the dearest treasure that ever bride possessed will be said to belong to this little lady, of course the girls enjoyed looking at the "sassy," and probably inwardly sighed that they were not "following suit."

As today is her Majesty's birthday many pleasure parties have been arranged by the different cliques



"ASLEEP"

Nothing so appeals to a mother's heart as the sweetest of her baby asleep. This is doubly true when the fevered brow, the blue lines beneath the eyes and the thin little hands that clutch the mother's breast, the pathetic story that baby is ill. To the child that comes into the world robust and healthy, the ordinary ills of childhood are not a serious menace; but to the weak, feeble baby, the seeds of disease implanted in its little body even before being they are a serious matter and frequently mean baby's death.

The woman who wants a strong, healthy baby must see to it that the danger of death from weakness and disease of the important and delicate organs concerned in motherhood. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on these organs, relieving inflammation, healing ulceration and soothing pain. It fits a woman for wifehood and motherhood. It banishes the discomforts of the period of anticipation and makes baby's entry to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the newcomer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. It rids maternity of its perils. It has caused many a childless home to ring with the happy laughter of healthy children. Over 90,000 women have testified to its marvelous merits. It is the discovery of an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting Physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. All medicine dealers sell it. Allowing women who write to Dr. Pierce will receive free his best advice.

Scores of women who have been cured of obstinate and dangerous diseases by Dr. Pierce's medicines have told their experiences in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. It contains 1008 pages, over 300 engravings and colored plates, and is free. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of postage and mailing only, for paper-covered copy; cloth binding 50 cents. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

of friends spending the day, nearly everybody who can do so will either drive, ride, or walk out of town, and I hear of some roving parties which will doubtless prove joyfully, as the weather seems so propitious.

Hos M. and Mrs. Ford of the U. S. Cavalry are spending the week in Boston. They will return on Thursday.

It is with pleasure that the friends of Mr. Sidon Pelton son of Mr. Bradford H. Pelton learn that he has been appointed first Lieutenant and Adjutant of Second Battalion, Third Regiment at Riverside California.

Invitations are out for a large euchre party to be given by Mrs. T. V. Bakke Bingsy this evening. The many friends of Mr. Hilbert express genuine regret at losing this year's gentleman from our society circles. Mr. Hilbert goes to another field of labor, and we wish him abundant success.

Mrs. Will Perry and little daughter Dora and Miss Conie Perry are spending a few days in Carleton.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.

May 25.—Yesterday, the Twenty-fourth, was observed here as a general holiday. The town was quiet, so many people being away for our trips. The Citizens Band discoursed a choice programme of music on Victoria square during the afternoon, delighting large crowds.

Mr. G. A. Hall returned the first of the week from a most successful fishing excursion with Acadia Mines' friends. Mr. Hall's catch was unusually large and of the best quality.

Miss Maud McDonald, Pictou, is in town the guest of her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McDonald.

Mr. O. A. Homby of the Merchants' Bank, spent yesterday in Halifax. Mr. Williams of the same bank spent the holiday with Acadia Mines' friends. Mr. J. T. Lithgow of the Civil Service, Halifax, spent Monday and Tuesday in town.

Mr. W. P. McKay returned this morning from a few days outing in Amherst.

Miss Nellie Marsters, who has been visiting friends here returned home to Kentville Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Smith, Halifax, are visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Black.

Mrs. Coleman, Halifax, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. S. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Magee, St. John, are guests at the Leamont. Mrs. Magee will remain for some time.

Miss Mabel McKenzie is home from New York, enjoying a visit with home friends.

Mrs. and Miss Vizard, Halifax, are guest at Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard's Park street. PEO.

SACKVILLE.

Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.

May 25.—The band concert in Moncton last Wednesday, was a regular festival to the good folks of Sackville, a large number of whom went up on both the noon and evening trains. According to all accounts the trip was more than satisfactory. Among the party were, Mrs. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Black, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Ryan, Mrs. Calkin, Mrs. James Ayer, Mrs. Horace Fawcett, the Misses Orden, Miss Cole, Messrs. W. H. Harrison, A. T. Fraser, E. T. Blunkhorn, G. B. Chandler, H. Wood, W. Black, A. Snowden, W. Martin, S. L. Blunkhorn, H. V. Stillker, A. Ayer, U. C. Campbell, Geo. Rogers, C. W. Ford.

Friday evening was given the last recital of the piano graduates by Miss Laura Newman of Moncton. From start to finish it was a most masterly performance and artistic to a degree. The player showed a fine interpretation and splendid technique; she has truly the hand of steel in a velvet glove. The beauty of her touch was especially noticeable in the Beethoven Sonata Op III, which by the way, is the last this great master composed and of surpassing difficulty. The notes fell from her fingers like strings of pearls; this quality was also conspicuous in the selections from the more modern composers, notably in Schubert-Liszt's Erl King, for which she brooded an enthusiastic encore. The numbers from Bach, Schumann and Brahms were all perfectly rendered. Miss Newman showed an intensity and emotional fervor that was surprising. If her playing has ever been the "fantastically brilliant, splendidly novel" type, as was thought by some, this approach was irrevocably swept away.

The audience was extremely appreciative. The

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larger number sat in the lower part of the hall, the music of Mr. Woodson and his pupils being of that powerful kind that you can best enjoy if you are, to put in Western phraseology "plumb liberal on disease." The platform was adorned with potted plants in bloom, conspicuous among which was a beautiful tea rose. The solo player was prettily attired in white muslin trimmed with white lace, the thin sleeves were finished with lace ruffles falling over the hands and a touch of color was given by a blue silk sash. Miss Mamie Nicol, looking bonnie in a dainty Dresden muslin smug three sections, from Quebec, Ontario and Massenet, very sweetly, but the music was too heavy for her and as she is not much more than a beginner the contrast with the pianist's finished technique placed her at a disadvantage.

Saturday afternoon a most agreeable five o'clock tea was given by Mrs. An'rows, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Alumnae, to the members of the society, the graduates, the ladies college and a few of her friends. Not all the guests were able to accept but among those present were, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Archibald, Mr. Humphrey, Mrs. Calkin, Mrs. McCord, Mrs. William Ogden, Mrs. Edgar Ayer, Mrs. Fred Dixon, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Frank Black, Mrs. Arthur Black, Mrs. Chas. Ford, Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Ryan, Miss Emma George, Miss Rita Ayer, Miss Ethel Ogden, the Misses Cogwell, Miss McCord, Miss Cook, Miss Borden, Miss S. Thompson, Miss Benedict, Miss Wall. A pleasant hour or so was spent in conversation with the aid of dainty refreshments.

Saturday evening a large number of Sackvillians took in "The Bunch of Keys" at the music hall and was in turn their selves taken in. The performance appeared very fresh and pretty, what there was of them; most of the material was apparently put into the pink silk train of the leading actress. It will probably be a satisfaction to the patrons of the Music hall to know that the stage has been swept at last as "Teddy" went through her graceful gyrations her long dress sweeping the boards raised the untraced dust of months in clouds. It settled all over her dainty gown and powdered the hair of the unfortunate pianist in the orchestra. A broom and a few tea leaves would have been a cheaper method of carrying out this much needed cleansing operation but if Teddy and the pianist did not object everyone else has reason to feel pleased that it has been done. It is a pity that the peers generally are not more explicit in their notices of these so that the people would know exactly what to expect. It has been a frequent complaint that it is difficult to secure a good house in every sense of the word for a play in Sackville but the reason is evident; the more refined ladies especially do not care to run the risk of seeing and hearing vulgarities and after being taken in a few times will cease to attend these performances at all.

The lady month of June is proverbially no bed for weddings and Sackville this year will no be altogether behind hand in this respect albeit the ministers all complain that as a rule marriage fees are scarce as hen's teeth. A well known bachelor of the place about the second week in June expects to enter into a life long partnership with a charming young lady who is not a resident. As this is supposed to be a profound secret it must hold its peace in secrecy and tell no further particulars till the happy event takes place.

The students of Mr. Allison are working through their "exams" and the first public exercise recital will be given Tuesday evening. A change in the regular course of events this year will be holding the young ladies closing exercises in the Methodist church instead of Linley hall. This is on account of Mr. Allison whose health continues very delicate and it is supposed she would hear too plainly the noise of the crowd and the clapping. Some object to a secular entertainment being given in a sacred building and think the music hall would have been the better choice but this can be bridged over by the fact that the last service will be held on Sunday and after the church is open to the public and tell no further particulars till the happy event takes place.

Among the guests for closing will be N. F. Davis and Mrs. Davis who will stay with Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Powell. It is confidently expected that this brilliant orator will speak during some of the exercises.

They expect to entertain the parents or near relatives of the graduates at the ladies college. Among them will be Miss Naa Thompson, Fredericton and her cousin Miss Sadie Dickson.

During the all important week Miss Marie Prescott and Miss Elsie Harper, Bale Verts will visit Miss McInnes and Miss Harris.

Miss Blanche Nelson, Truro is staying with her friend Miss Ogden.

Mr. Bonnyton, Moncton attended the recital of his daughter, Friday.

Miss Weir, Moncton is the guest of Miss Emmerson.

Mrs. Nathan Bulmer has been seriously ill.

Miss Sarah Pickard has gone to Halifax where she will shortly be joined by her mother. They expect to be absent for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Pickard are happily in the possession of a little son.

Miss Dibblee was in Sackville Monday the guest of Mrs. J. F. Allison.

Little Kathleen McDougall has a mild attack of scarlatina.

Miss May Hanford was in town Saturday.

Mrs. James Dickey and Miss Blits drove across the marsh to Sackville Monday.

LADY OF SHALOTTE.

MONCTON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Estlin Tweedie's Bookstore, M. E. Jones Bookstore, S. McInnes, and at Eastway News Depot.

May 25.—Moncton has been contributing her share to the multitude who are joining the gold seekers in the frozen wilds of Alaska, and last Wednesday Captain H. W. Derner and Messrs. S. W. Palmer, and J. H. Dunlop left for Boston, where they intended joining an expedition which left that city on Friday morning for the Alaskan gold fields. Mr. Palmer was presented with a very handsome revolver, by his fellow boarders at Mrs. Dunlop's night before his departure. The three old pioneers will take with them the very best wishes of their numerous Moncton friends, for their continued success. The expedition will be absent for eighteen months.

Mrs. George W. Chandler, Miss Constance Chandler, and Mr. Baron Chandler of Dorchester were amongst the visitors to Moncton to attend Godfrey's Banquet.

Mr. John Cameron of Charlottetown is spending a few days in town visiting his mother Mrs. Ellen Dunlop.

Miss Bruce left town on Saturday to spend a few days with friends in Chatham.

Miss Morse of Amherst is spending a few days



This is hard work,

most people think. But is it any harder for a man than the old-fashioned way of washing is for a woman? And yet how many women, apparently bright and intelligent, still persist in that clumsy, wearisome, expensive way of washing!

Why don't they get Pearline and save the hard work, the ruinous wear and tear, the needless rubbing and wrenching? Pearline can't hurt the clothes. It's the most economical thing to wash with. Why don't they use it, like millions of other women?

Millions NOW USE Pearline

in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. David White of Queen Street.

Mrs. J. F. Allison of Sackville spent a few days in town last week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith of Highfield Street.

Mrs. George O. Allen and little daughter are spending a week with friends in Petitcodiac.

Miss Alice Wetmore, daughter of Mr. J. H. Wetmore of this city, returned last week from Boston, where she has been prosecuting her vocal studies, to spend the summer holidays at her home in Moncton. Miss Wetmore was accorded a reception in the Girardin street baptist church by a number of her friends on her arrival in St. John, and those who had the pleasure of hearing the young vocalist speak of the improvement in her voice as being very marked, even since her last visit to the province. It is to be hoped that Moncton people will have an early opportunity of hearing Miss Wetmore.

Mr. Brydson Jack of Fredericton, who has been visiting her daughter-in-law, Mrs. R. B. Jack of this city, returned home last week.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Binney will hear with regret of the serious illness of their little boy. Mrs. Binney left town on Saturday for Boston where the little one will be placed under the care of a specialist. Mrs. Binney was accompanied by her sister Mrs. H. C. Ketchum of Fredericton.

Mrs. A. T. Parson of New York who has been visiting friends in town, returned on Monday to Sackville, where she is spending the summer.

Mrs. Stenhouse left town on Thursday to visit relatives in Halifax.

Mr. F. H. Blair left on Monday for his home in Chatham, where he intends spending a few days.

Miss Jack of Chatham, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. Edward Milliken.

Mrs. W. C. Miller of Sackville, spent a few days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Binney of Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith spent the holiday in Dorchester visiting Ledy Smith at "Woodlawn".

Mrs. McQuarrie of Highfield street returned on Friday from Montreal, where she has been spending some weeks visiting her daughter Mrs. B. A. McNab of that city.

Prof. W. H. Watts and Mrs. Watts returned on Saturday from a month's visit to Fredericton.

Dr. L. L. Hamilton of Dorchester who has been spending some months in the city visiting her son in Moncton, returned to School street, returned home last week. I am glad to say that Mrs. Hamilton has been quite an invalid lately, but has derived some benefit from her long stay in Moncton.

Mrs. R. A. Chapman is spending a few days in Dorchester, the guest of Judge and Madame Landry.

Mr. H. E. Arnold of Sussex is spending a few days in town visiting friends.

Mr. Robert Tweedie, who has been spending the winter in town with her daughter Miss Hattie Tweedie departed this morning for Woodstock, where she will spend the summer.

I understand that we are to have the pleasure of hearing Miss Wetmore sing on the third of next month at a concert to be given in the Oddfellows' hall under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. Moncton people will doubtless enjoy a musical treat.

Miss Beatrice Sutton, who is a student at the Sacred Heart Convent, Memramook, spent the Queen's birthday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Sutton of Bonaccord street. IVAN.

GREENWICH.

May 24.—The Misses Nese of Westfield spent Sunday here the guests of Mrs. E. H. McKiel.

Miss Ida Belves Miss Parker and Mr. Oliver Belves drove up from Westfield on Sunday.

Miss Mabel Smith went to St. John on Monday she intends taking a course in stenography at the business college.

Mrs. Wm Prince of St. John, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whelpley of Fredericton are the guests of their parents Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod.

Rev. H. A. Cody is in Fredericton this week. He will be ordained priest, on the 6th of June at Johnston Queen Co.

Mrs. Holder made a visit to Kars last week.

Mrs. W. B. Ganone of the "Odeon" expects to return to St. Stephen this week. She will be accompanied by her friend Mrs. Duval Whelpley.

Miss Gorham, Miss Edith Nutter and Mr. Shirley Nutter of Wolford were here on the 24th en route to Kingston and returned on Wednesday.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of

Tuttle's Elixir

to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. **SHOES WASHED IF NOT CURED** of Calves of all kinds, Colic, Croup, Spines, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Sores. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5.00 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 28th, 1897, Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallions "Special Blood," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufrere.

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New = York Hats!

Personally selected and bought from the manufacturers for spot cash at lowest possible prices. Advantage has been taken of

The War Scare

to secure New York Millinery at prices never before heard of in St. John.

GOODS OPENED YESTERDAY!

The Parisian.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using

Puttner's Emulsion.

the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effective remedies in this disease.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by

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

OYSTERS always on hand. **FISH AND GAME** in season!

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Baby's Own Soap

Like baby himself, though small it brings happiness, because it is so good for baby's skin, and makes him so fresh and nice.

SOAP'S OWN SOAP is made from purest vegetable oils, is delicately scented with flower extracts, and is pre-eminently THE nursery soap of Canada.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

(Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall & Co. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.)

MAY 26.—Both St. Stephen and Milltown were gay with flags yesterday, and Calais also displayed a goodly amount of bunting in honor of her majesty's birthday. The town was full of holiday seekers all day, supplemented by the large excursion from St. John, St. George and vicinity. There were sports of all kinds, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. at the Driving park, and the ladies of the Presbyterian church held a dinner and supper in the Y. M. C. A. hall. The Young People's association of Trinity church held an ice cream party which was liberally patronized. In the evening there was a military entertainment in the Carling rink, and the Artillery band from St. John gave a concert in the St. Croix hall. The town was very lively all day the streets were a moving panorama of pedestrians, bicyclists, and an endless variety of teams, business was suspended on both sides of the river with few exceptions and everyone seemed to enjoy the national holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murchie on Friday last entertained Mr. and Mrs. Fowler of Boston and several other friends. What was the amusement provided.

After a long and painful illness which finally ended in pneumonia Mrs. John Smith passed away on Sunday afternoon. The funeral services took place on Tuesday afternoon at the Rev. Thomas Marshall officiated. The pall bearers were Messrs. C. N. Vroom, John Vesie, Gilbert S. Wall and Frederick M. Murchie. Mrs. Smith was a most estimable woman, and the news of her sudden death was heard with sorrow by her friends. She leaves no children only her husband and brother Mr. William Dixon of the Rollingford, to mourn her loss.

Mr. and Mrs. John Black entertained at "Westwood" their handsome residence on Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newham, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer, and Rev. H. Montgomery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer are entertaining friends at tea this evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin of St. John.

Mrs. Frank F. Woods and her sister Miss Charlotte Young have issued cards of invitation to an "At Home" and five o'clock tea at "Thorncroft" their home in Calais for this afternoon. The invitations are very dainty being white cards ornamented with a five o'clock tea set ornamented in lavender, and something entirely new here.

Rev. Mr. Montgomery of Kingsclear was here for several days. On Sunday morning he preached in Trinity church, and on Sunday evening in Christchurch. During his stay he was the guest of Rev. O. S. Newham.

Judge Stevens returned from Madawaska on Friday.

Miss Florence Boardman has been visiting in Eastport her friend Mrs. Frank S. Faine.

Mrs. R. L. Sloggett of Boston accompanied by Mrs. Sloggett and their young son John Bolton Bloggitt, sail from Montreal tomorrow, Thursday, on the steamship Vancouver for England, where they will visit relatives for six weeks or more. Their many friends in St. Stephen wish them bon voyage.

Mrs. Charles G. McCully has returned from a visit in Augusta, Maine.

Miss Vanstone has gone to Boston to visit friends for a month.

Mrs. E. E. Armstrong of St. Andrews, has recently spent several days with friends in Calais. Mr. Augustus Cameron went to St. John on Friday to be present at the funeral services of his mother, Mrs. D. A. Cameron on Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Leavitt have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Curran recently.

Mrs. C. H. Norton and Miss Mary Newton have returned from Boston, and are at their home at Red Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torrance of Halifax, Mr. John M. Stevens, and Mr. Dayton of Edmundston are guests of Judge Stevens at Hawthorne Hall.

Mrs. Osborne Hannah of St. John who has been Mrs. Detstad's guest has returned home.

Rev. Thomas Marshall and Miss Hilda Marshall have returned from Prince Edward Island.

BUY



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

Miss Ada Halliday has returned from Boston. Mr. Percy Gillmor has been in town recently. Mrs. Gillmor is visiting her mother Mrs. Kelly in Washington, D. C., and is expected in Calais early in June.

Mr. Horace B. Murchie of Orange, New Jersey, is the guest of his father Mr. James Murchie of Milltown.

Mr. Edgar M. Robinson has returned from a visit to Boston and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Eaton have returned from Boston.

Mrs. Julia Laughlin is in Eastport visiting her daughter Mrs. Alden R. Bradford.

Mrs. G. Durell Grimmer of St. Andrews has been spending a day or two with her sister Mrs. Frederic E. Rose.

Miss Millie Sawyer's young friends welcomed her home this week. Miss Sawyer has been visiting in Boston and vicinity for some weeks.

Captain Chipman made a brief visit in Havelock during the past week.

Mrs. Jed F. Duren has returned from a delightful visit in Portland Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert W. Ganong arrived from Ottawa on Thursday. Mr. Ganong will return to the capital on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clarke Taylor, Mrs. A. E. Neill and Mr. Frank F. Fowler and Miss Fowler enjoyed a short visit to Grand Lake stream last week to indulge in the fine fishing the stream affords.

Mr. Leonard Tilley of St. John is in town today the guest of Captain Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McLaughlin of St. John are at the Windsor hotel the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt.

Masters Roy and Skiff Grimmer came up from St. Andrews to spend today in town, and are visiting their aunt Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Grimmer spent Sunday in town the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Rev. Mr. Manning was the guest of Mrs. John B. Robinson when in town this week.

Miss Gals of Richbuck, is the guest of Mrs. Edwin B. Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Smith of St. John were in town yesterday.

Mrs. C. M. Gove of St. Andrews is spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden has arrived from Boston and will make a short stay in Calais this week.

Rev. H. Montgomery left this afternoon for St. George.

Dr. Frank I. Blair is enjoying a few days fishing this week.

The No Name Club closed their meetings for this season with a picnic supper, at the residence of Mrs. Thomas Wharf, on Thursday afternoon and evening.

The rehearsal for the opera "The Idyl of the Mill" so on stage, and the opera will be given to the public at an early date. It is under the management of Mr. B. L. Leavitt, and will be given in aid of the Park Improvement Society of Calais.

A number of ladies enjoyed a delightful buck board ride to De Monts recently. Those who were in the party were Mrs. Harry Purinton, Mrs. Riverside, Mrs. S. E. Webber, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Fredric Phelan, Miss Julia McGilchroy, Miss Rideout, Miss Stevens, and Miss Annie Collins.

Mr. A. A. Bartlett of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island is registered at the Windsor.

FREDRINGTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredrington by Messrs W. H. Fensy and J. H. Hawthorne.)

MAY 25.—A very happy event was this morning consummated in the Methodist church at an early hour when Mr. Arthur C. Porter led to the altar Miss Alice Y. Wilson. The bride was given in marriage by her brother Mr. James Wilson and was attended by Miss Christina Richards as bridesmaid. Mr. Porter had the support of his brother Mr. Wayland Porter. The bride was very becomingly attired in a handsome travelling suit of fawn colored cloth and carried a magnificent bouquet of roses. The guests included the intimate friends of the bride and groom. The knot was cut by the Rev. Mr. Teasdale. The happy couple took the early train for Boston and will spend their honeymoon in the United States.

Mrs. F. B. Edgcomb has returned home from St. John after spending a few days in the city by the sea.

Mr. Wm. Cameron of London England, spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. Brooks of London England, nephew of Mrs. Clifton Tabor left for Montreal on Thursday after a pleasant visit of several weeks spent with his aunt here and will sail from Montreal for his English home. His many friends here join in wishing him bon voyage.

Miss Bull of Woodstock is visiting Mr. Geo. Clarke St. John St.

Mrs. Sherwood of Chicago is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Alex. McRae of St. John has been spending a few days most pleasantly in the Celestial.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Cummings of Boston are making a visit with friends here.

Miss Randolph is visiting with friends in Moncton.

Mr. J. Frank Beverly of New York City spent a few days here last week a guest at Grape Cottage.

Rev. and Mrs. Weddall have been here for a few days the guests of Mr. Weddall's brother, Mr. J. J. Weddall.

Miss Emma Crookshank gave a delightful evening at what on Monday night, four tables, when a most enjoyable time was spent. The guests included, Miss Ada Tabor, Mr. Brooks, London Eng. Dr. Steeve, Miss Bull, Woodstock, Mr. A. R. Tibbits, Miss Sherman, Mr. H. V. Edgcombe, Miss Frankie Tibbits, Mr. L. Bailey, Miss Whelpley, Mr. H. McLeod, Miss Powys, Mr. F. Sherman, Miss Nicholson, Mr. Barker.

Miss Harriet B. Windsor is home on a visit for a short time and intends to go abroad before returning to her duties in the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. John Edmonds of London, England are spending a few days in our charming little city.

Mr. Fred White of Montreal is among the visitors in town.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Glasgow of Montreal, on the arrival, this morning, in their home of a bouncing boy. Mrs. Glasgow will be remembered here as Miss Barber (Brownie).

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Jas. McNally leave on Friday for Wolfville and will be present at the annual exercises at the college commencement.

Miss Bess Johnston also goes to visit Miss Burgess at Wolfville.

Mr. Redmond of Glasgow, Scotland is doing the city for a few days.

Mrs. Guilford Finlaying of Hampton and daughter, Mrs. McKinnon of Fredericton leave tomorrow for Woodstock, where they will visit Rev. and Mrs. Watende.

Mr. and Mrs. Kattie Jones of St. John, Mr. and Mrs. Manchester, Mrs. Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Thorne all spent the holiday in the capital.

Miss Ada Mitchell has returned from Moncton where she has been spending the winter with friends.

Mrs. L. W. Johnston has returned to St. John and is visiting her daughter Mrs. Charles Hall.

Mr. Melville of New York is enjoying a few days in town.

Miss M. J. McLeod is visiting her sister Mrs. McIntosh at St. John.

Mr. Stevens has returned from visiting her parents at St. John.

Mr. L. Sherran of Toronto is among the strangers in town.

Miss Louise Pickard is here on a visit and will spend the summer as the guest of Mrs. Wm. Hagerman.

Mr. H. Armstrong came up from St. John for the college sports.

Mr. J. Wakefield of Montreal, is spending a few days here.

West. Webster of Kentville Nova Scotia is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker of Charlton were here for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis of St. John came up for the 24th.

Mr. Wm. Cameron of London England spent Sunday here.

Mr. W. Carvill has returned from Montreal after a month's visit spent there.

Judge Landry of Dorchester is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Finlay and children of St. John are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. Edgcombe.

Rev. Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Richard Earle of the University and Mr. R. L. Black accompanied the remains of the late Mr. Justin Earle to St. John last week.

Mr. Hugh McLean is in the city.

Mrs. Estelwood Wetmore, Mrs. Fitzgerald and child have returned to Mrs. Fitzgerald's home in Port Arthur.

Mrs. Fleming widow of the late John Fleming passed quietly to rest on Friday evening last. Mrs. Fleming was a most estimable lady and will be sorely missed by her many friends. Mrs. Fleming leaves three sons, Mr. John Fleming, Robert and Alexander and one daughter Mrs. John Harvey.

The funeral took place Monday afternoon, the services being conducted by the Rev. Willard McDonald. The floral tributes were very beautiful and consisted of: From her sons, a pillow, with "Mother", grandchildren, basket of roses.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Kitchen, basket of roses.

Mr. Hugh Calder, cresset.

Mr. John MacPherson, wreath.

Mr. John Hodge, wreath.

Mr. and Miss Harvey, bouquet.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry White, bouquet.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Mill r, panel of wheat with cresset roses.

Miss Cummings, cut flowers.

Miss Williamson, bouquet.

Mr. R. L. Tibbits, cut flowers.

Mr. Walter Broderick, bouquet.

WOODSTOCK.

(Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Lonsdale & Co.)

MAY 24.—Mrs. R. K. Jones entertained a number of friends most pleasantly on Saturday evening. Cookinole, and vocal and instrumental music were the entertainments with a number of selections from the Gramophone. Supper was served about half past ten.

Archdeacon Neales, Mrs. Neales, Miss Neales, left for Newport, N. I., on Monday where they will be the guests of Judge and Mrs. Baker for some weeks.

Miss M. Clarke, Miss C. Smith, and Miss L. Smith left for Fredericton Monday, where they will spend a few days the guests of Mrs. George H. Clarke.

Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mr. T. M. Jones and Miss Annie Raymond of Seattle are spending this week in Fredericton the guests of Mrs. Walter F. Fisher.

Mr. G. L. Tilley left for Fredericton on Saturday, where she will be the guest of her daughter Mrs. C. K. Palmer. Mr. C. K. Palmer is quite seriously ill with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. A. B. Connell, J. T. Allan Dibblee, M. P. P., and Mrs. Dibblee, Mr. J. C. Hartley, Mr. W. T. Drysdale, Mr. A. F. Birchall, are spending the holiday at Skiff Lake.

Mrs. Williamson Fisher and Mrs. George Bull left for Fredericton Saturday, to attend the funeral of their aunt.

Mr. Wendell Jones spent part of this week at Grand Falls.

Mrs. W. McLaughlin of St. John, is the guest of her sister Mrs. Julia Garden.

Mrs. Steven Peabody is spending a few days in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Isaac Peabody.

Mrs. Jarvis Bedell spent part of this week in Fredericton the guest of Mrs. Wm. Black.

Mr. Fred Ray son of Mayor Ray is very seriously ill with hemorrhage of the lungs. Mr. Arthur Hay returned from Wolfville on Monday called home by the dangerous illness of his brother.

Miss Gertrude Dibblee is spending some weeks at Lincoln the guest of her sister, Mrs. Lewis Bliss.

Mrs. Charles E. Ferguson died on Sunday night after a lingering illness of consumption. Mrs. Ferguson and family moved to Woodstock from St. John a year ago. Her funeral took place on Tuesday from her late residence Broadway, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. C. T. Phillips. Much sympathy is extended to the sorrowing husband and family in their loss.

Miss Blinche K. Dibblee spent the holiday in St. John N. B.

Capt. and Mrs. Duncan spent part of this week at Skiff Lake with a party of friends.

Miss Mary D. Clarke spent the 24th, at Andover.

Mr. A. B. Connell spent part of this week at Fredericton.

DORCHESTER.

(Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.)

MAY 25.—The holiday passed away quietly in Dorchester. The usual number of gentlemen went fishing, and quite a large number went out of town for the day.

Miss Gray of Yarmouth is spending two or three weeks with Rev. J. R. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell at the rectory.

Mrs. Swann of New York is visiting her daughter-in-law Mrs. George Swayne.

Quite a large party of Dorchester people attended the concert given by Dan Godfrey's Band in Moncton last Wednesday evening. Among the number were: Mrs. George W. Chandler, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. D. Seven, Mrs. A. E. Oulton, Miss Florence Palmer, Miss Blanche Hamilton and Miss Constance Chandler, Messrs S. E. Wilson, J. E. Payzant, A. L. McLeod, H. S. Murray, C. L. Hamilton, and Roy McGrath, everyone was delighted with the concert.

Miss LaDell of Toronto an excellent elocutionist is to give an entertainment in Hickman's hall this evening. Miss LaDell has very high recommendations, and is being brought here by the Rankin club. A farce "A Proposal under difficulties," by John Kendrick Bangs, will also be put on by local talent.

Mrs. D. L. Hamilton returned home for a few days, she has been much benefited by the change

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA advertisement. Text: IF YOU ARE FOND OF A GOOD CUP OF TEA give us your name and address on a post card and we will send you by return mail a sample packet of MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA the best and goes farthest. All grocers keep it in lead packets only. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per pound. THE MONSOON TEA CO., 7 Wellington St. W. Toronto.

to dryer climate of Moncton and Sussex, where she has been spending the last three months. Lady Smith and Mrs. Joshua Chandler went to Moncton today for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith accompanied by their little daughter Marjorie spent the holiday with Lady Smith at Woodlawn. The Revs. C. E. Wiggins, G. B. Hopper and Fullerton, were in town yesterday attending a meeting of the Rural Deanery of Shediac. Mr. J. F. Allison of Sackville and Mr. R. W. Hawson of Moncton, were also in town for the meeting. Miss H. Huntington of Moncton spent the holiday at her home here. Messrs. G. R. Payzant and A. L. McLeod rode to Moncton yesterday. Constance Chandler spent the holiday with friends in Sackville. Little Miss Kathleen Hewson, of Moncton is spending a few days with her grandmother, Mrs. George W. Chandler. Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Fairweather and little Miss Hazel went to Sussex on Saturday returning home last evening.

GRAND MANAN. MAY 22.—Dr. and Mrs. Jack have gone to St. Andrews for a week's visit. Mrs. G. P. Newton spent the past week in St. John and Lubec. Mr. Arthur P. Covert who is a student at the University of Toronto arrived home on Tuesday to spend the summer with his parents, Rev. W. S. and Mrs. Covert. Rev. H. Montgomery of Kingsclear N. B., spent a day on the Island last week. Miss Laura Chesney returned on Saturday from a pleasant visit in Lubec and Eastport. Miss Mabel Carson of the St. John Public Hospital is visiting her mother for a week. SEAWOOD.

Speech. Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woes. No path is wholly rough; Look for the places that are smooth and clear, And speak of those to rest the weary ear. Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain Of unkind discontent and grief and pain. Talk faith. The world is better off without your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, say so; it will push back upon the thief Of all those all your thoughts till faith shall come; No one will grieve because your lips are dumb. Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale Of mortal maladies is worn and stale, You cannot earn, or inherit, or please, By harping on that muffled, discordant, cease. Say you are well, or all is well with you, And God will hear your words and make them true. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FEELINGS OF VALUE. What we call forces are only God's methods, and they are as secret as he is. "No man hath seen force at any time." Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles and virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints. Houses, ships and men are not made for calm hours, sunny seas and freedom from trial, but to stand storms, tempests and temptation.

The Public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating oils of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious—relieving pain and stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints. We are reproached with forgetting others; we forget ourselves a thousand times more. Memory is the least egotistical of our faculties. One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you. If any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. Tack is a gift; it is likewise a grace. As a gift, it may or may not have fallen to our share; as a grace, we are bound either to possess or to acquire it. Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Use a bottle at once and be happy. The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow creature.

Chronic Derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Blood are speedily removed by the active principle of the ingredients entering into the composition of Farme's Pills. These Pills act specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Farme's Vegetable Pills. The desire to be physically perfect is almost universal. Love of the beautiful is an instinct of the human mind, as is mother's love. We are born with responsiveness to beauty in all things. Admiration of beauty in man or woman is an legitimate as admiration of a dew-drenched rose. Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are speedily cured by the use of Farme's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory system, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results. Excellent people sometimes regret that there are so many differences of opinion upon a single subject. If all were agreed, they say, how smoothly and harmoniously might all work together for the general good! They forget that, were this possible, there would be no consensus of truth, no gathering together of its many features, no comparison of its many aspects. The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Cruising Out., writes: "We have been using Farme's Pills and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For Debility and Debilitated Constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body giving tone and vigor. The fear that our kind acts may be received with ingratitude should never deter us from performing such acts.

PURE BLOODED HORSES. Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone his system up with DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. No other condition powder will be so effective as this well tried remedy. If your dealer does not sell it we will mail you a full size package, as sample, on receipt of price, 25c. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 624 ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

A NEW DRESS FOR 10 CENTS. A package of Magnetic Dyes will make a new dress of your old one. Quickly and easily done. All materials can be dyed soft and like new, and

MAGNETIC DYES. will do it. For sale at all stores, or full size packet as sample, any color, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10c. by HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

HOTELS. THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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. LAPOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

BELMONT HOTEL. ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern (improvements). Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMM, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL. FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. (First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Bushels of Soap. In my West Window, ranging in price from 3 CAKES FOR 5c.

CLEAVER'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c., six for 25; 7c., four for 25; and 10c., three for 25c. In my East Window

Cases of Toilet Paper. Special prices in dozen lots. Allan's Pharmacy. 35 King Street. Telephone 239. Everything marked at lowest prices.

Spring Lamb and Chickens, Cukes, Spinach and Tomatoes

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

LAGER BEER. On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case. Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE MACKEREL AND SHAD. Large Salt Mackerel, Large Salt Economy Shad, No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Gracious Majesty. The usual large crowd was at the race course in the afternoon to witness the horse races. About noon a special train arrived with a large number of people from Amherst, Springfield and intermediate places. The Literary club spent the day picnicking at Lakeland. Some people went to Fort Greville to see a vessel launched and others went fishing. Tables laid in St. George's hall and in the open air also were presided over by members of St. George's congregation who dispensed refreshments to the hungry and thirsty who flocked thick. The small boy "celebrated" until he had squandered his last cent in fire crackers, torpedoes and squeaking balloons of horrible sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Springfield were guests yesterday of Dr. and Mrs. Townsend. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Fairbanks of Springfield and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Smith of Amherst were among the excursionists on the 24th. Miss Mattie Woodworth has returned from Moncton where she has been spending several months. Mrs. Foster and Miss Rosch of Kingston are guests of Mrs. Howe. Mrs. D. S. Howard is in Halifax. Misses Agnes and Ellen Aikman have recently arrived home from Montreal and Boston respectively.

Mr. Gillmore returned to St. John today. Mrs. Gillmore and the children will remain for awhile. Mr. Blissett of North Sydney spent Sunday in town.

The Misses McAleer are at home from Boston on a visit to their parents. Mrs. Bors of Athol with her daughter is paying a visit to her sisters the Misses Cameron.

Strange Case of Obligation. I call this English one very strange language, remarked a young Frenchman dolefully to his friend roommate, an American. 'It is impossible that I shall ever learn to speak him with the correctness and no refuse.'

'What's your trouble today?' asked his friend. 'But only last afternoon,' said the Frenchman, 'when I presented you with the mail post which had come for you, you said to me, "I am much obliged;" and when I ask what is "obliged," you say it is "gratful," "thankful!"'

The friend nodded. 'But when the woman washer came with my clothes this evening,' pursued the Frenchman, 'she look so fatigued that I ask if she is not working too severely; and she say to me, "My husband is very lizy, and I am obliged, sir!"'

'I say it over and over to myself,' said the Frenchman, 'with a deprecatory smile. "Positivement I have the exact word; but with us in France it would not be proper to say one was grateful for a too lazy husband, and I cannot comprehend what she spoke, my friend."

Why He Blushed. Visitors at the World's Fair of 1893 will recall the Indian exhibit or encampment on the shore of the South Pond. One of the tents or wigwags was occupied by an athletic and fine-looking, but somewhat taciturn, specimen of young Indian manhood as his own particular home, and while it was open at all proper hours for the inspection of visitors, he resented any approach to impudent curiosity. A boy of young woman dropped into his tent one day, before his usual hour for opening it, and found him sewing a rent in a blanket. 'See how he blushes!' exclaimed one of the visitors. 'We have caught him doing squaw's work.'

'Why, that's his natural color!' giggled another. 'He always blushes.'

'Yes, young ladies,' said the Indian, in perfectly good English, 'he blushes for some of the civil and enlightened white Americans of the nineteenth century.'

The visitors joined him in blushing, and shortly afterward went out without further remarks.



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The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit—They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillinga and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

A "HOMELY" GENERAL.

Some Characteristics of General Grant by General Porter.

The simple, homely nature of General Grant is well revealed in General Horace Porter's book, 'Campaigning with Grant.' Perhaps the most striking picture is that which is presented of Grant at the Battle of the Wilderness, 'sitting on the ground in the centre of his staff, with his legs tucked under him like a tailor, wearing lisle-thread gloves instead of military gauntlets, and whittling sticks one after the other in endless succession; but the picture which will most closely touch the people is that of the victorious general after Vicksburg, when his great fame was freshly made, wrestling with his boys in his tent.

Mrs. Grant and the two elder boys Frederick and Ulysses, had come to visit him. The general and Mrs. Grant, General Porter says, were ardently devoted to each other, and used to spend the evenings in a dim corner of the general's quarters, holding each other's hands; and if accidentally interrupted by a staff officer, they would look as bashful as two young lovers. Mrs. Grant usually referred to her husband as 'Mr. Grant,' but in addressing him she called him 'Ulysses.'

The general was a real companion to his children. On one occasion during this visit, when despatches were brought him, he was found in his shirt-sleeves, engaged in a rough-and-tumble wrestling match with the boys. When the staff officer appeared the boys had just tripped up the general, so that he received the despatches on his knees.

General Porter's first meeting with Grant was in a little wooden building in Chattanooga, in which he had established his headquarters. A storm had been raging for two days, and a chilling rain was still falling. On my arrival I found that General Grant was in a room on the left side of the hall, with three members of his staff and several strange officers.

In an arm chair facing the fireplace was seated a general officer, slight in figure and of medium stature, whose face bore an expression of weariness. He was carelessly dressed, and his uniform coat was unbuttoned and thrown back from his chest. He held a lighted cigar in his mouth, and sat in a stooping posture, with his head bent slightly forward. His clothes were wet, and his trousers and top-boots were spattered with mud.

'General Thomas approached this officer and turning to me and mentioning me by name, said "I want to present you to General Grant." Thereupon the officer seated in the chair, without changing his position, glanced up, extended his arm to its full length, shook hands and said in a low voice and speaking slowly, "How do you do?"'

General Porter further describes Grant as a person of slim and slightly stooping figure, five feet eight inches in height, weighing only one hundred and thirty-five pounds, with a gentle, unassuming manner. His face was like a mask in that it gave no indication of his thoughts; and it was only from the expression of his small but eloquent eyes that those who spoke with him got any indication of his feeling. His mouth resembles Washington's, the contour of the lips forming a nearly horizontal line—in striking contrast to the bow-curved mouth of Napoleon.

An indication of strength and firmness, was found in his square-shaped jaws, which were covered by a full beard of a chestnut-brown color. His face lacked symmetry, the left eye being a little lower than the right. He had a high, broad brow crossed by several wrinkles, which gave him a somewhat care-worn look. Like Cromwell and Lincoln, he had a wart on his cheek.

It was noted that his voice was exceedingly musical, of remarkable clearness, and with a singular power of penetration, so that sentences spoken by him in an ordinary tone could be heard at a surprising

distance. His musical voice, however, did not denote a musical ear, and he had absolutely no sense of rhythm. He could never keep step to the music of the bands in marching.

A perfect horseman, his gait in walking was most unilitary, and this was emphasized by frequent departure from military correctness in costume.

WORK OF NEGRO NUNS.

The Only Order of its Kind in Louisiana is New Orleans.

In the old French quarter of New Orleans with its narrow streets, latticed windows and jealousy guarded courts, where the fig and orange tree grow, is a square of rather miscellaneous architecture. Its central building, 717 Orleans street, is several hundred years old. It has a stately entrance, with great pillars and old-fashioned, ornately carved doors. It was once the old Creols opera house and ball room of the early days. Now it is the home of the colored nuns.

The powdered and ringleted damsels with hoop-distended skirts who stepped daintily across that threshold to scenes of gayety in bygone years have given place to dark-robed figures whose white ruffled caps only bring into stronger relief the bronze and ebony of their skins. The very names of the streets here are rich in history and romance. There are Orleans and Bourbon, Chartres and—him of the iron hand and gentle heart—Tonty. Shades of the past are jostling one another, though in a gentle, shade-like way, at every street corner, and at nothing do they seem to be more astonished than at the sight of the colored nuns.

Yet, the order is not such a very modern one after all, for it was founded in New Orleans over half a century ago. Its members are now well-known figures on the streets of the Crescent City. The special object of its institution was the education and moral training of young colored girls and the care of orphans and aged infirm people of the race. It has had the cordial support of such eminent churchmen as Arch-bishops Blanc, Odin, Perche, Leroy and Janssens, who successively filled the archiepiscopal see of New Orleans. It was also a novice where young colored girls are trained for the work of the order with the view of extending that work to every parish in Louisiana, and, if possible into every Southern State.

One of the most interesting parts of the convent is the orphan asylum, where children ranging in age from the wee tots just beginning to walk to girls of 12 and 14 years are cared for. One of the sisters in charge of the babies was an ex slave. She is a real "mammy" still.

'But, reverend mother, you seem to have some white children here,' said the Northern visitor, commenting on the fair white skin of some of the children. 'Oh, no,' said the nun, smiling a bit wistfully at the ignorance of her visitor; 'they all have colored blood in their veins. Maybe they are only quadroons, octeroons; some of them, indeed, have only one-tenth colored blood, but that one-tenth black counts more than the nine-tenths white, and makes them belong forever to the colored people.'

One is reminded of some of Cable's stories, the pathos and the tragedy thereof.

In the orphan asylum 135 children are sheltered who would otherwise be thrown upon the State. These, as well as the sixty poor old colored men and women, and many of the women in the school, are dependent upon the sisters for their daily bread. Formerly the sisters obtained a fair revenue by going through the streets of New Orleans, from door to door, and into business houses and railroad offices, soliciting alms for their charges. So quietly did they labor that few outside the city were even aware of the existence of the order, the only colored sisterhood in the United States. But the yellow fever which broke out in the South, in August caused that section to be hemmed in by quarantine, and the wheels of commerce stopped. As a pathetic letter just received from one of the sisters says:

'Our friends have always been among the poor laboring classes, who seem to feel most for us, and since this class has suffered particularly through lack of employment for three months, and their distress at present is almost as great as ours, we cannot in conscience apply to them for aid. Even if we did, it would not be forthcoming, as they have not the means.'

Dubious Wish.

Mr. Badger always meant well, but he had an unfortunate talent for saying the right thing in the wrong way.

'Everybody must grow old,' remarked Mrs. Badger with a sigh, as her husband finished some remarks apropos of the sudden aging of one of her friends.

'Not everybody,' said Mr. Badger, who was nothing if not exact in his statements; 'you mean everybody who lives long enough; then with a fond smile he added, "I can't bear to think that my dear wife may possibly grow old."

Then Mrs. Badger, who was of a hysterical turn, burst into tears, and her husband was filled with amazement.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Not So Remarkable.—Da Sapple—I believe my dog knows as much as I do. She—I've seen smarter dogs than that.—Puck.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is the difference between firmness and obstinacy? Mr. Callipers—Merely a matter of sex, my son.—Puck.

'George, father has failed.' 'That's just like him! I told you all along, darling, that he was going to do all he could to keep us from marrying.'—Tit-Bits.

He (theatricaly)—You have refused me! To-morrow I will go to seek my fortune in the Klondike. She—May I have the refusal of you when you return? Puck.

'Are you the boss of the house?' inquired the man at the door. 'No; I'm only the boss of the understudy,' was the much married man's answer.—Yonkers Statesman.

'They say poor Clara consulted the stars before marrying him.' 'And what was the result?' 'They all gave him a good character, except one vaudeville star.'—Life.

'Doctor, who was that man that screeched and yowled so loud when you were pulling his tooth?' 'That was a Christian Science friend of mine.'—Chicago Tribune.

Laura—When Bob proposed last night, did you know what was coming? Lucretia—No; I didn't know papa was within hearing; neither did Bob. Poor Bob!—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Booser (to Mr. B.)—Why, you disgraceful creature, you're never sober! Mr. Booser—No? Mus' have been 'toxicated when I married you, an' not 'possible for actions!—Fun.

Misses (severely)—It such a thing occurs again, Norah, I shall have to get another servant. Norah—I wish yez wud—there's easily enough worruk for two av us.—Boston Traveler.

She—Here is such a pretty story in the paper about how Edison came to marry. He—I wish some of these bright journalists would explain how I came to marry.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Millyuns (briskly)—Want my daughter, eh? Well, how much are you worth? Money talks, you know. Bob Hardup (cheerfully)—Yes, I know; but I'd be willing to let her do most of the talking.—Punch.

Villainous-looking Character—Wot's ther time, guv'nor? Mr. Bluff (biting him over the head)—It's just struck one! Villainous-looking Character (groaningly)—I 'ope your watch ain't a repeater!—Tit-Bits.

A Misinterpretation.—Hair-cutter (to parent)—Shall I give your boy a bang on his forehead, sir? Patient (bustily)—Yes; and if that doesn't quite him, give him one in the neck. He's been warned not to fidget in the barber's chair.—Judge.

Fuddy—Do you really think that Baskers cares much for his wife? Dudley—Cares for her? He dotes on her. Scores of times I've known him to make faces for his wife when she had to take nasty-tasting medicine.—Boston Transcript.

'I observe in the public prints,' said the scientific boarder, 'that a whale's tongue sometimes yields a ton of oil.' 'It's a whale as is oily-tongued as that,' said the cheerful idiot, 'no wonder Jonah was taken in.'—Indianapolis Journal.

'Oh don't worry about such trifles,' said the New York girl. 'Just keep a stiff upper lip and you'll come out all right.' 'But' replied her Boston cousin, 'it is a physical impossibility for me to maintain a superior labial rigidity.'—Chicago News.

Still Has Faith.—Mrs Higgins is still wildly in love with her husband. 'Does she put the buttons on his shirts for him yet?' 'No, but he told her he sat up all night playing cards without any stakes—and she believes him.'—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Miss Wearwell—Who is that handsome gentleman across the room? He has been looking steadily at me almost all the evening. Miss De Cosh—That is Mr. Fear-some. They say he is so near-sighted that he can't see three inches beyond his nose.—Cleveland Leader.

'You shall be queen of my home,' said young Mr. Northside, enthusiastically, when Miss Perryville had given her promise to marry him. 'I'd rather be the chanceller of the exchequer, George, dear,' replied the practical maiden.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

'Now,' said the anxious mother, 'you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until 2 or 3 in the morning?' 'But,' said the shrinking maiden, 'aren't all husbands that way? Papa is not a reporter and—and yet—' 'But the anxious mother declined to listen.—Boston Traveler.

Lucky in Both.

She—You're lucky at cards? He—Very. 'Lucky at cards, unlucky at love!' 'I don't believe it. I've been retused three times.'—Yonkers Statesman.

The Lamb and the Fool.

The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, you know? 'Yes; that's where the shorn lamb has the advantage over the fool who takes off his heavy fannels too early in the spring.'

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



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DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

HIS JOKE AND HER FINGERS.

An Idol Shattered by a Mixture of Iodine Gully Conscience and Arsenic.

She is a new woman, or rather girl, for she is only 19. Her friends say that she has a dozen remarkable qualities. She is not only intellectually brave, but she has physical courage, too.

The other day a door shut on the first two fingers of her left hand. Another girl might have screamed loud enough to bring out the fire department, and then fainted away. She did nothing of the kind. She simply cried "Oh, gracious!" or something of that sort, and then went over to the window to see what damage had been done. She was a good deal annoyed at the accident, for that afternoon a party of her girl friends were billed to appear at the house. She hated to be even slightly incapacitated while they were there. They came and notwithstanding her injury, a very jolly time was had all around. They had the whole house to themselves and did about as they liked.

On that very evening her best young man called. The visit was rather unexpected. Still she was always glad to see him under any circumstances, although her friends said, and she agreed with them to some extent, that he was just a little to dignified. The fact was, he had thought of the ministry at one time, but had not been able to bring himself to a decision. At the present time he was so occupied with her that no ideas, not connected with her personality, made much progress.

When he came in on this particular evening, her aunt—she was living with her aunt—told him of the accident while he was waiting for his idol to appear. When she did come he thought that as an experiment he would not mention it, but would see how long she could refrain from speaking of it. He even determined to go further than this, and have a little joke on the subject. Consequently, after he had been speaking to her a little while, he said, suddenly: 'Why Grace Ethel, you've been smoking cigarettes!'

The girl was taken completely by surprise. She faltered, and then said: 'Why, how—how did you know?' It was now the young man's turn to be stunned. It was as if he had received a heavy blow. He was in no fit condition for conversation but in answer to her questions he assumed a faint smile, and mechanically went through the line of thought upon which he had based his joke.

'Why look at your fingers,' he said. And now she has taken a vow never to use arsenic and iodine again in her life.

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The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1898.

STORIES ABOUT CROOKS.

TOLD AT A RECENT GATHERING OF CHIEFS OF POLICE.

Steadman's Successful Break for Liberty by Way of a Flywheel Bolt—How a Squad of Police Averaged 30 Prisoners Per Man at One Hour.

It is one thing to catch a thief and it is another thing to hold him. During the meeting of the Chiefs of Police of all the larger cities of the United States and Canada, which occurred at New York the past week, there were reminiscences with-out number of remarkable captures and escapes which bordered closely upon the miraculous. Tones of criminal history were taken from the shelves of memory and opened in chapters of thrilling interest by the men who had been themselves the principal actors. History? Yes, that is the proper word, but most mould pronounced it romance.

"The most remarkable escape from prison that I can recall," said William A. Pinkerton to a group of Chiefs and Superintendents, "was that of Frank Steadman from the San Quentin prison. But I'll not tell you about it, for here is John Glas, who caught Steadman and sent him back to San Quentin."

Chief Glas straightened his six feet three inches, and pinched the brown imperial on his under lip reflectively for a moment before he responded to the looks of inquiry bent upon him by those not familiar with the story.

"The escape to which you refer, Pinkerton was, made after I sent Steadman to San Quentin, and not before. I was not the fortunate one to get him after that last wonderful break. And to tell the truth, I have never taken to myself much credit or taking him the time I did, for it was to a considerable degree a matter of good fortune. You see, we were just at that time keeping our eyes open for a bank robber by the name of Barnes, who had gone into one of the banks out there, covered the one man who happened to be alone in the place at the time, locked him up in the vault, and then coolly walked out of the bank and out of sight with all the funds he could get his hands on.

"One day a man answering closely the description we had of Barnes stepped off the train at Los Angeles. We took him in tow at once, but found we did not have the bird we were after. However, we managed to hold him long enough to find out that he was Frank Steadman, who had been notorious even at that time as a successful jail breaker. He had four or five escapes from southern Indiana credited to him, had got away from Joliet, and had still seven years to do at the Illinois prison, had also been at San Quentin, and had escaped from there with five years unfinished.

"Steadman was a machinist by profession, and a burglar by inclination. When he was sent back to San Quentin to finish his time he was put to work with other convicts in the engine room. It was here that an idea came into his brain that for absolute daring and fearlessness was typical of the man. He had noticed that every evening at the time the men working in the engine room were lined up to be marched away, the machinery was stopped at exactly the same moment. He had observed as well that a window leading to an adjacent roof was not far from the top of the big driving belt of the engine. From that roof it was possible to reach the outer wall of the prison. Beyond the wall was freedom. He had escaped so many times that his mind reverted again and again to the window high up on the wall of the engine room. Apparently it was beyond all possibility of being reached. No ladder was to be obtained. Had such a thing been even standing in place against the wall, to break from the line and scale it with catlike dexterity, although the work of but a few seconds, he well knew would be futile, possibly fatal. Bullets travel faster than legs, and the guards were not bad shots. But desperate deeds demand desperate means. Some minds may work with an ingenuity born of despair, but Steadman's was of a different calibre. His plans were the outgrowth of steadfast optimism. He never ceased to scheme, as he never ceased to hope for liberty.

"One day there came to him, as if by inspiration, the thought that the big belt might be the means of carrying him to his goal. He found that it was impossible to count the revolutions of the driving wheel, but there were lacings in the broad belt, which he was able to distinguish as a sort

of blur as it passed a given point. For days and days he counted, and in his cell at night he spent his time in calculations. He discovered the exact number of revolutions the wheel made per minute. He learned also, by constant observation, just how many times the belt went round after the engine was shut down.

"One evening, when the line had been formed as usual at the close of a day's work, and as the big wheel began to lose its momentum, suddenly a convict sprang from the line, leaped to the belt, with outstretched arms, snapping both edges of the broad lacings. He had calculated well the strength that would be required, for the terrific wrench did not loosen his grasp. Outward and upward he swung until he reached the topmost point of the circumference. The nicety of his calculation had reaped its reward. The belt stopped. He leaped to his feet, sprang through the window, and was gone before convicts or guards had recovered from their astonishment. He caught up a guard's coat and hat, dropped from the wall and got away in the dusk of the evening. I am inclined to believe that as a mathematical proposition that was about as perfect a piece of work as any man ever accomplished."

"And did he get away without recapture?" some one asked.

"No, I am almost sorry to say, he did not," answered the Los Angeles Chief, "for that ought by rights to be the denouement of such a story, which combines so much of daring and cleverness. Steadman was taken again in a short time and put to work at his old job. There are bars over that high window above the big drive belt now. Not long after this Steadman cut and nearly killed one of the other convicts and is now serving out an additional sentence, for attempted murder, at the Folsom prison which is situated some twenty-eight miles from Sacramento.

"Sometimes you hear of one man single-handed and alone arresting four or five people," said a Superintendent of an Eastern city, "but that slender man over there with the black mustache and bronzed face ought to hold the record, and I am inclined to believe that he does. That is W. G. Baldwin of Roanoke, Va., and he is chief of detectives for Norfolk and Western Railroad and chief of the iron and coal police of West Virginia. He took seven men with him at one time and brought back an average of thirty nine prisoners for each man. About two years ago there was established at Roanoke Va. a big gambling joint. Being situated just across the river from Washington, the plant waxed strong and the syndicate behind it grew so powerful as to laugh at all attempts at interference. Baldwin had made a reputation in his country, having been mixed up more or less with the celebrated Hatfield-McCoy feud. He had arrested five of the leaders in that trouble, one of whom was hanged and three were sent over the road for life. He heard of the Roanoke layout and declared that were he given the opportunity he would arrest the whole outfit and break up the gang. He was given the chance. But he went at it in a different way from that which any had anticipated. With seven men he deliberately attempted and successfully accomplished the arrest of over 300. He quietly stationed one detective at each entrance and exit. Then he walked to the centre of the big hall and with a gun in each hand announced to the astonished gamblers that every man within sound of his voice was under arrest. The majority of those present were bartenders and butchers, and they fell over each other and rolled and tumbled on the floor in their efforts to reach the doors. When they got to one and found two gun barrels barring the way they rushed for another exit. It was confusion worse confounded. There were irresponsible ones who wanted to fight. The detectives did not flinch. Two of the gamblers were shot and killed in the first impetuous rush to get away. The 312 remaining decided that they had really no desire to go across the Potomac in Pine boxes. The coup was a complete success. After Baldwin had arranged for the care of his small army of prisoners he and his detectives demolished over \$12,000 worth of gambling utensils."

"This is a progressive age, and the criminal classes are not falling behind the procession," said a Chief of a city whose inhabitants number several hundred thousand, and whose name is not given for obvious reasons. "The thief of to-day has more daring and will take greater chances than the man engaged in the same line of work would have dreamed of twenty years ago. The Police Departments have got too keen moving, and at a rapid rate, too,

in order to keep abreast of the multiplying methods of the criminal class. We have to hold just as many cards in the game as the other fellow, and if we want to be sure to win, it is a good plan to have one or two cards up our sleeve. I have in operation at present what I call my 'fly cell.' It is something I would not exploit the location of through the newspapers for the world, for that would kill the effectiveness. One of the great troubles every Police Department experiences is in getting men to talk. A holdup occurs in a certain section. We know just what characters were in the locality about the time the affair is reported to headquarters and officers are sent out to make the arrests the plunder had been stowed away somewhere out of reach. The men arrested refuse to talk. They say we have nothing for which we can hold them. We run the heaviest sort of bluffs as to the dead-sure case we have against them, but without success. I had racked my brain over the proposition as to how to get such men to give up, and without much success until I hit upon my 'fly cell' scheme. It is merely a small double cell of the most ordinary kind, and there is not one single thing in or about it that would arouse the suspicion of the most ordinary kind, and there is not one single thing in or about it that would arouse the suspicion of the most wily thief. The secret lies in the ceiling, and the cell is in reality nothing more than a gigantic telephone receiver. When two pals are arrested and we want to learn something about them they go to this cell. Then I can sit in a room on the fourth floor and hear every word that is spoken between them. I experimented with this cell for a long time, built and rebuilt it, and finally it works to a charm."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

HUNTING WILD HOGS.

A Dangerous Adventure in the San Joaquin River Bottom.

For years past a select lot of knowing hunters have been having exciting sport hunting wild hogs in certain sections of the San Joaquin River bottoms. It isn't every day, though, that the venturesome hunters are almost killed by the cornered hogs. That fate, however, nearly befell William Douglass recently. If Jim Pope, with a trusty Winchester, hadn't been standing near by, Douglass wouldn't be telling the exciting story he does about the old 'trucker' that had him down in a rush.

The country they hunted in is wild and densely covered with an almost impenetrable tangle of vines, low brush, and occasional trees. All old residents along the lower San Joaquin Valley know just such territory along the bottom lands, where the water overflows in the spring. Hundreds of wild hogs inhabit some of them. It was in just such a jungle, near Lathrop, where young Douglass went to bag some wild hogs, and it was in this same jungle that 'Old Man' Tyler hid after killing Deputy Sheriff Buzzell on Thanksgiving eve, 1895. To this wilderness of willows and underbrush Williams and Schlager fled last September after attempting to wreck and rob the south-bound New Orleans express.

Nearly every traveller in California knows of Lathrop, in the banner wheat county of this State, but very few of the passengers who dine at the station daily know that less than five miles away there is a wild spot where boar hunting can be followed that is every bit as exciting as the famous hunts in India. There can be no 'pig sticking,' to be sure, for the hunter who wishes to bag a wild porker in the San Joaquin underbrush must rely on his rifle and enough nerve and strength to carry him on his hands and knees beneath the network of vines and bushes.

The land thereabouts abounds in coons, and coon hunting is a favorite pastime with the sportsmen of San Joaquin county. Occasionally, when running down one of these ring-tailed despoilers of hen roosts, the hunters run across one of the droves of wild hogs that sometimes venture out into the thickets on the open places on the river bottom. The hunters, however, rarely venture into the thickets on the old Trebern ranch and in the underbrush, where the wild hogs root out a living. It is a dangerous venture unless one is prepared to meet a roving, vicious old "trucker." Williams, the train wrecker, now serving a life sentence in the Folsom State Prison, knew this wild section well, and told the authorities that he crawled all night long through this tract on the evening of the Morano hold-up. He was looking for a hiding place where it would take the officers weeks to find him, and he was in just the right kind of country to find such a place. He might still be at large had not hunger and curiosity forced him to leave the haunts of the wild hogs.

"Those robbers will have plenty of 'hog meat to keep them alive,' was what a number of old-timers said when they heard the

train wreckers had taken to the brush. This is what fired hunters with a desire to possess a pair of wild boar's tusks.

"Pope and I had heard," said Douglass, in telling his adventure, "that there were lots of wild hogs in the underbrush near the river. I heard this story when I first came to the country, but paid no attention to it, for whenever I had a chance to go hunting I was after ducks or doves. After newspapers printed so much about that Williams and Schlager affair and told of the wild country they were supposed to be in, I suggested to Jim—that's Pope—that we go down into it some day and see if we could get one of those wild boars. Jim is always ready for anything of that kind and has a fine Winchester to help him out. I had no gun, so I borrowed a single magazine shotgun. We fitted out for a three days' stay, and hired a skiff to go up as far as San Joaquin City. I did not know much about the country, but Jim had lived in the country all his life, and knew the lay of the land.

"When we reached San Joaquin City it was early in the afternoon, and Jim inquired if there were any woodchoppers' camps near by. Just as soon as we learned in what direction we could find one we started for it. Maybe you don't think it was work getting there. That's the toughest country I ever expect to travel through. There was nothing but tangled willows, blackberry vines, hazel bushes, and underbrush, and you have to crawl on the ground or climb over it or cut your way through. It was nearly night when we reached the clearing where the woodchopper's cabin is. No one would ever find it in ten years without proper directions.

"The woodchopper routed us out at 4 o'clock next morning to get outside of some coffee, bacon, and a teal duck apiece. The old chap made us eat a tremendous breakfast, for as he put it, 'If you don't feel full, you'll never have the sand to hunt long in that brush.' We were mighty glad afterward that we fed well, for when we struck the brush we found that it took nearly an hour to go a mile.

"It must have been fully three hours before we got a sign of a wild hog. Jim caught a glimpse of him in a bit of clearing. We crawled through the tangled blackberry vines in front and got a good view of him. He was an old boar, just like the pictures you have seen. Near him were a sow and three fairly grown pigs. They were too far off for a good dead shot, so we moved about to get a little nearer. I went to the left and Jim to the right.

"The old rascal must have scented us, for he lifted his snout and started for the brush directly in front of where I was standing. I stepped out, and in the excitement shot too soon, for he was over seventy-five yards off. The shot never touched him, and he made for me.

"I did not think there was any danger, for I knew all I had to do to get another and better shot was to pump another cartridge into the magazine. I tried to work the gun. The cartridge stuck. I pumped it for all I was worth but it would not budge.

"I was on one knee, using every muscle to dislodge the shell, and the boar was coming head on like a limited express.

"I saw he'd reach me before I could jump anywhere for safety, so I clubbed the gun

and made a smash at him. But I slipped on the soggy ground and he was at me, when I heard Jim's Winchester crack. The boar looked as big as an elephant to me for an instant. I'm sure his tusks looked larger than a mastodon's.

"He was right over me and one of his tusks grazed my duck coat, and Jim caught him between the shoulders. I lay flat on the ground, reaching for my knife as the boar toppled over.

"That's the closest shave I ever had. Catch me fooling with those magazine shot-guns any more! 'Trombone'—that's what the crack Reliance man calls himself—may break blue-rock with them, but I'll take a rifle and a 44 calibre Colt's besides when I go after wild hogs again.

"What we should have had was a lot of good dogs. Then there would have been a pretty fight. I'll bet that old boar would have made it warm for the best dogs in the country.

"When Jim fired the boar fell directly across my body and I couldn't get out from under him till Jim ran up and helped to roll the big brute over. He did not look quite so big when he was stretched out as he did when standing over me with his head ready for a gouge, but he was a vicious looking rascal just the same. We each have one of the big tusks as a souvenir.

"On the way home we bowled over another. An old sow and two pigs were rooting acorns under an oak. This time we had a 'cinch,' for we were right on them and while I put a load of buckshot into one of the pigs Jim caught the sow right under the left shoulder. Then our troubles began again. How to get them through the brush was the next question. We finally decided to take the pig and let the old woodchopper take the sow, if he wanted her.

"That night we had a feast in his cabin. He dressed the pig, did the cooking, and we did the rest. I tell you we were hungry."

A Trial of Noses.

Here is a description of a novel contest which is said to have taken place at a social 'function' in Hartford, Conn. The description is taken from the Times:

Twelve vials were filled with liquids of a uniform red color, but of different odors. The test was for each guest to name the odors and write the names on a card. The odors chosen were familiar, such as witch-hazel, cologne, wintergreen, penny-royal, rose, lemon, and the like, and it would be supposed that there would be little or no difficulty in identifying them; but the task was not so easy after all, for the reason that the stronger odors seemed to dull the sense of smell as to the more delicate ones.

Some of the mistakes were very amusing. The highest score, eleven out of twelve, was made by one of the gentlemen, and, as a rule, the scores of the gentlemen were better than those of the ladies. A curious fact was that a vial containing a liquid without any odor was wrongly guessed by all the ladies, and was identified as water by only two of the gentlemen.

A Convenient Custom.

In Holland bills are often paid through the medium of the Post office. It enables a man living, say in Rotterdam, to get a small bill collected in any provincial town without the often expensive and tedious interference of a banker or agent. For that purpose he hands his bill to the nearest postoffice. It is sent to the place where the money is to be collected. After the collection a draft is forwarded to the payee by the office where he deposited the bill duly receipted on payment of a small commission, which is payable in advance.—London Evening News.

A Custom-Made Joke.

Customs Office—"I told that woman she'd have to pay ten dollars duty on that dog or we'd confiscate him. She hasn't decided yet what to do."

Assistant—"Another case of love and duty, eh?"

Disease

can be driven in or driven out. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives disease out of the blood. Many medicines suppress disease—cover it but don't cure it. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases originating in impure blood by purifying the blood itself. Foul blood makes a foul body. Make the blood pure and the body will be sound. Through the blood Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, tetter, boils, eruptions, humors, rheumatism, and all scrofulous diseases.

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had risings or boils all over my body, but one bottle cured me. I consider Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine made."—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss.

Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla

* A TANGLED WEB. *

(CONTINUED.)
CHAPTER XIV.

Time passes, even in the gold fields, and the months glide by "taking with them things good and bad," among the latter may be reckoned the extreme heat. The cool season had set in now, and the weather and the temperature were delicious; it was neither too hot nor too cold, and Lorn Hope Camp became quite cheerful. The luck, as well as the weather, had improved, and Lorn Hope had become so important a place as to quite warrant an additional grog-store.

"If this were place don't look out, 'till grown into a town, and there'll have to be a mayor and a corporation," the Doc declared.

It had not only increased in size, but in morals and manners. The improvement in these two essentials was doubtless owing to the presence of a clergyman sent by one of the London societies.

Lorn Hope, on hearing of his arrival, was at first astounded, then indignant, and lastly amused. Perhaps the camp was induced to tolerate his presence by the fact that he had brought his wife and daughter with him, the latter a shy, pretty girl with fair hair and blue eyes.

Some of the other new-comers had also been accompanied by their women-folk, and Lorn Hope was in a fair way to civilization.

"Pears to me," said the Doc, "that I shall have to send home for my dressclothes. What with the parson prancing around in black togs and gloves—who says it's a lie? I saw him!—and tip-top ladies promenading about just as they do at Margate and other fashionable places at home, this yer camp is gettin' sp'iled."

Indeed, a change was palpably working, and was made manifest to the "boys" pretty obviously, when Macgregor stuck up a notice at the head of his tent; "Swearing not allowed," and followed it by a second notice that "Gentlemen is requested to keep their knives and shooting-tools in their pockets."

But though all these changes were taking place in the camp itself, they in themselves did not effect Neville and his household.

He had taken a new claim higher up the ravine and so, moved his hut and belongings near to it, so that he was still further from the camp than before, and he saw still less of it.

And yet an alteration had taken place in him. He was no longer homesick, for one thing, and had apparently exchanged his restless dislike for Lorn Hope for some thing very near content. He worked as Meth said "like a nigger," returning "home"—as he called the hut—of an evening tired out and just satisfied to eat his supper and sit and talk to Sylvia, or watch her as she read or worked.

The poet Pope remarked that the proper study of mankind is man; he should have said woman, for of all the fascinating studies to which man can apply himself, that of a young girl is the most entrancing and delicious.

In nine months Sylvia had grown tremendously. She was now a tall, exquisitely graceful girl—one might almost write "woman"—for her wandering life with her father and the peculiar education she had received, had "forced" her mind, so to speak, and hurried a development of intelligence, and though a delightful frankness and simplicity were conspicuous traits in her character, she was as cute, as sensitive and as fully developed in that shrewdness which belongs to her sex as any woman of two-and-twenty.

She had not only grown in height but in strength. When the cool weather came, Neville began to take long walks—tremendous tramps over the hills and through the valleys made musical by the streams which, now swollen to torrents, roared between and over the immense bowlder.

The first two Sundays Sylvia stayed in doors or wandered round the hut, counting the hours till he should return, and devoured by an awful sense of loneliness.

The third Sunday he remarked casually: "You wouldn't care for a walk, I suppose, Syl?"

She put down the plate she was washing and looked at him, the color coming into her face, a light flashing for a moment in her eyes.

But, woman-like, she suppressed these signs of hope and delight and shrugged her shoulders—a trick that always amused Neville.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, with a perfectly assumed indifference. "I suppose you would rather be alone." "Oh, if you don't care," he remarked, cheerfully, and took his hat and stick. "She glanced at him from under her lids. "Well, I'll go," she said.

"All right," he responded, filling his pipe. "Don't be an hour getting ready." "She joined him in less than five minutes, looking in her short dress and old straw hat, like a big school-girl.

But no school-girl ever walked as she walked, and Neville, who had "slowed down" at starting, insensibly quickened his pace, finding that she could keep up with him so well.

It was a delightful morning. Nature was reveling in the coolness of the atmosphere and seemed all alive, and, as Neville remarked, "kicking," and Sylvia's heart beat in harmony with the surroundings.

"It's a pity it isn't always Sunday, Jack," she said.

He laughed. "That's a lazy kind of sentiment, Syl. If it was always Sunday we should soon

run out of meat. How quiet it all is! It reminds me of an English Sunday, somehow. You know that in England everything seems to know that it's Sunday and ceases off. The birds don't sing so loud, and the wind drops, and the only thing that makes a row is the church bells."

He sighed involuntarily, and she glanced at him with the corner of her eyes.

"Do you wish you were in England, Jack?" she asked in a low voice.

"For some things—yes," he replied. "But if wishes were horses beggars would ride. I wouldn't go back to England unless I was rich, or, at any rate, had some money. But I expect you'll go there before I shall. I'm saving up, look here." He stopped and looked round, as if he feared spies and eavesdroppers even in that vast solitude.

"Look here, Syl," he unbuttoned a canvas bag fastened to his belt and opened it. "I'm saving up. It's slow work, and it will be some time before I can scrape together enough to send you over. But perhaps I may happen on a piece of luck all of a heap some day."

Sylvia glanced at the bag coldly. "I don't know that I'm dying to go to England," she said, curiously.

"Oh, you don't know what's good for you," he responded. "Young 'uns never do; and you're such a kid, you see."

She drew her graceful, supple form as high as she could, and nearly reached his shoulder; but she was too shrewd to retort, and instantly changed the subject.

"Meth says that there are ever so many new people at the camp, Jack."

"So I hear. I haven't been down lately—oh, for ever so long!"

"And there's a clergyman, Jack. You haven't seen him. He has brought his wife and daughter."

"I know, a pretty girl with fair hair," he said. "I met her on the plain the other morning—a very pretty girl."

Sylvia's lips grew close, and she tossed her head with its dark mane.

"It could not have been she," she said decidedly. "The girl I mean is a washed-out kind of girl, with no color in her eyes."

Neville laughed. "That's just like a grown-up woman," he said. "Catch one woman seeing anything in another, especially if her hair happens to be another color!"

"I don't know what you mean," she retorted, haughtily. "And what was she doing on the plain?"

"You said just now it could not have been her. I don't know what she was doing. I raised my hat and she said, 'Good-morning; and that's all I know about her.'"

"Oh! and there was a volume in the monosyllable. 'Do gentlemen in England always raise their hats and get into conversation with strange young ladies?'"

"Conversation! I like that. Besides this isn't England, and pretty girls are too rare in Lorn Hope for a fellow to miss the chance of a word with them."

"I wonder she doesn't stop at home and help her father," said Sylvia, with a snip. Neville didn't reply. The subject hadn't any attraction for him, and they walked on in silence for a time. Presently they looked across the river. Neville stopped and looked across it thoughtfully.

"I want to get over that hill," he said, nodding to the range on the other side of the torrent. "There's a valley there that I looked at from the hill-top last Sunday. It looks likely. Some of the boys tried it, but only in a casual kind of way, and since the rains a stream or two has started, and I shouldn't be surprised—he dropped his voice—"if there was gold there."

"Why not go, then?" she said.

He looked at the brawling torrent, then at her, and shook his head.

"I could get over the bowlders, but not you," he explained.

"I can go where you can go," she said, resolutely.

He laughed at her, just as he used, as a boy, to laugh at Audrey.

"You'd slip and be swept away," he said, like a straw.

She stepped back a pace and sprang in front of him onto the first bowlder and stood looking back at him with defiance beaming in her lovely eyes.

"Don't be an idiot, Syl!" he exclaimed, with brotherly candor. "Come back!"

"I will when I've got across," she retorted.

There was nothing for it but to follow her.

She sprang like a mountain goat from bowlder to bowlder wavering for a moment as her feet touched the stone, but maintaining her equilibrium in a manner that surprised him. Had he been, say, five years older, he would have been charmed by the grace of her movements and attitudes, but being a big boy, and regarding her as a sister, he was only annoyed at her hardihood and fearful lest she should fall. His tears increased as they proceeded and reached a space which looked formidable and impassable.

"There, what did I tell you!" he exclaimed. "We shall have to go back."

"Would you go back if you were alone?" she asked.

"No; I should wade," he replied. "But you can't because you are a girl, and girls aren't built for wading."

"It's not very deep," she said, looking down at the water, and she stepped down on the rock in a preparatory way.

"Here," he said, "don't be foolish!" and before she could prevent him or expostulate, he had got his arms around her. She resisted for a moment, until he said: "Be quiet, unless you want to put both of us on our backs in the water."

Then she grew passive. He had to make his way slowly and gingerly, and though her weight was as nothing to his

heroic strength, he was bothered by her hat, which blew across his face and wound itself round his neck.

But they reached land safely, and when he put her down he saw she was pale.

He laughed. "By George! what a funk you were in. It serves you right, young lady."

"I was not frightened. I was not!" she retorted, her face flushing, her eyes flashing.

"Oh, all right!" he said, refilling his pipe. "But I tell you it was a narrow squeak."

"It was with you, then who were frightened?" she said, with a scorn real or affected.

"I'm not made of sugar and likely to melt—like the parson's daughter."

Neville laughed again. "Is she made of sugar? She's sweet-looking enough," he said, carelessly.

They mounted the hill and Sylvia kept step by step with him, and they dropped down the other side and Neville looked about him, kicking at the rocky soil and staring at the holes which the prospecting party had made and quickly deserted.

"There's gold here!" he said in a low voice, as if he were afraid that the birds of the air should hear him and carry away the pregnant assertion. "I'm sure of it. I'll tell you what I'll do, Syl: I'll come here to-morrow with the tools and try it. If any one comes up to the claim of the hut, you can say I'm gone off shooting. They'll find me out in three or four days at most—gold's the one thing on earth you can't keep secret—but three days' start will be something."

"How eager you are about it!" she said, as they sat down and Neville took from his pocket the packet of bread and meat which he had brought for their dinner.

"Am I? Well, it's for your sake, little 'un," he said, simply. Her gray eyes grew moist.

"Forgive me, Jack," she murmured, "but—"

"Well?" he said, intent upon cutting his sandwich with his bowie-knife.

"Well, I'm in no hurry to go—to leave Lorn Hope and—Meth—"

He laughed. "I dare say. Only give you a chance of getting out of this hole and seeing England, my lady."

She said no more, and went on with her lunch; but his words had spoiled her appetite, notwithstanding their long walk, and in a very few moments she rose and wandered to the small stream which trickled down from the hill. She came back presently and stood beside him as he lay full length, smoking his pipe and dreaming diggers' dreams.

"Jack," she said.

"Look here," and she held out her open hand. It was full of gold dust and yellow fragments.

He was on his feet in a moment. "Where—where did you find it?" he demanded in an excited whisper.

"On the edge of the stream."

He ran off to the point indicated by her finger, and was down on his knees in a moment.

"Here?" He beckoned her. "Syl, I was right—the gold's here! This stuff has been washed down by the stream out of the hill. The place teems—just teems with gold! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" He looked eagerly, suspiciously. "Our fortunes are made. You shall go back to England, Syl! You shall be rich, and—and a lady, as you ought to be and are. Give me your handkerchief!"

There was no thought for himself; she noticed that it was all for her.

He collected a little heap of the dust, of the tiny particles, sitting them through her handkerchief, and put them in her canvas bag.

"We must go," he said. "It will not do to hang about here too long; some one may see us. Come along. To-morrow,

early, I shall be at work. Give me three clear days!"

He was excited, flushed, palpitating with sanguine hope; but she stood calm and cold and unresponsive, as she had been at the claim nine months ago.

"Let us go, then," she said, at last, and she shuddered slightly.

He looked up at her with astonishment. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing; only—don't laugh, Jack. I don't like this place. It is so still and solitary, and—"

She turned her head away. "Lord! isn't that like a girl!" he exclaimed, securely fastening the bag to his belt. "What's the matter with the place? It's a regular—what do you call it?—El Dorado!"

"It's—it's hateful!" she burst out, then quieted down. "Come, Jack, it will be late before we get back."

He obeyed at once, but all the way he talked in a suppressed voice of the wealth they had discovered—not they, but she.

"It's your find, Syl," he said. "Remember that when you are over in England. It's your own money, and there's heaps of it. It was n't Sunday—and he looked back wistfully.

"Sunday!" she echoed. "Jack, didn't you say that it's unlucky to find anything on Sunday? You did, I remember, and—and oh, there is going to be no luck in this!"

He laughed. "Well, for a first-rate, unadulterated croaker, commend me to you!" he retorted. "It's only unlucky when you work on Sunday, and you can't call just picking up a handful of gold dust work."

Sylvia said no more, and was very quiet indeed all the way home. When they came to the river she stood still and allowed him to take her in his arms. He felt that she was breathing rather hard, and with masculine stupidity put it down to fear.

"Just keep your hair out of my eyes, Syl," he said, laughing. "It's so thick that it blinds me. You've got wonderfully pretty hair, Syl."

He held it back with his hand, and her eyes lighted up at his praise.

"It's like a horse's mane," she said. "Yes, in quantity, but it is ever so much softer. There you are! Here, give me your hand. Hold hard!"

They walked homeward quickly; and Sylvia did not seem at all tired. As a matter of fact, she was in the most perfect health, and would have astonished a fine London lady.

As they came in sight of the hut, she stopped suddenly and caught his arm. Her quick eyes, trained by looking at the long distances in the clear air, had seen two figures seated outside the hut.

"There is some one there, Jack," she said.

Neville instinctively felt for his revolver; but as he drew nearer he saw that the persons were the clergyman and his daughter.

"Oh, it's Mary Brown and her father," he said.

"Mary? You have her name very pat, Jack," she said, rather sharply.

"It's an easy name to remember," he responded, indifferently.

The two visitors rose and met them, and Mr. Brown took off his soft hat.

"We are out for a stroll, Mr.—Mr.—"

He paused, as if wishing to hear Neville's name.

Neville flushed slightly. "I'm called Young 'Un," he said.

He had concealed his name too long to blurt it out to this stranger, mild and benevolent though he looked.

"Mr. Youngton," continued the parson, innocently, "and we came upon your house. We stayed to admire the view—"

you have chosen a beautiful spot for your labor—and my daughter suggested that it would be only courteous to wait your return and beg your acquaintance."

He waved his hand toward his daughter by way of introduction, and the girl raised her eyes and blushed as she bowed.

Neville took off his hat again. "Will you come in?" he said.

But Mr. Brown had been long enough in the camp to know that it was not always convenient for the diggers to receive visitors in-doors; for one thing, there was not, as a rule, seats enough.

"Thank you; it is very pleasant out here," he said. "This is—"

"My sister," said Neville.

Mr. Brown held out his hand and Sylvia put her little brown one in it. She did not offer to shake hands with Miss Brown, but stood eying her under her long, dark lashes.

Now, Miss Brown was not only pretty but very nicely dressed, and in her Sunday frock and natty hat, under which her light yellow locks were carefully and smoothly braided, she looked the pink and pattern of neatness.

And poor Sylvia, conscious of her old brown dress, with its rents and patches, with the bottom of the skirt hanging limp with water, of her battered old hat and flowing hair, felt the difference between the well got up young lady and herself very painfully. She did not know, being without vanity, that her loveliness was like that of a magnificent rose compared with Mary Brown's daisy-like prettiness. After the manner of her sex she only saw the difference in their clothes.

Miss Brown seemed rather afraid of this brilliant beauty, but she managed at last to murmur:

"You have been for a walk with your brother?"

"Yes, said Sylvia, with cold civility; 'with Jack,' she added. It jarred upon her to hear this soft voice calling Jack her brother."

Miss Brown glanced shyly at Neville. "It must be very lonely up here so far from the camp?"

"No, it isn't," said Sylvia, so abruptly as to bring the color to Miss Brown's face. "We are never lonely; we like it."

This sounded like a pretty plain hint that Miss Brown's company was no longer desired, and that young lady shrunk into her shell again and looked timidly at her father.

But Mr. Brown had got into conversation with Neville, and like a good man intent on doing his duty, was leading up to 'I hope we shall see you at the services in the church then, Mr. Youngton,' and was so engrossed with this splendid specimen of young manhood that he did not notice how badly the two girls were getting on.

At last he made a move, and they took their departure, and Neville, who had enjoyed his talk with a gentleman—the first he had met for many a long day—mechanically walked with them. Sylvia stopped behind and stood looking after them, then went into the hut, and, pinning down beside the table, hid her face in her hands.

Before Neville had gone very far he missed Sylvia, and stopped short.

"I must not leave my sister alone," he said.

"No, no," said Mr. Brown. "Then we shall hope to see you at the service next Sunday, you and your sister?"

"Oh, yes," murmured Miss Brown. I hope you will bring her; she is so beautiful!"

"Yes; isn't she?" assented Neville, just like a brother. "I'll bring her. Good-night, Miss Brown."

His strong hand clasped her small one, and she blushed and smiled timidly up at him.

"That young fellow is a gentleman," said the parson. "What singular characters one meets in these hills. Now, I wonder why he is here? He has a history, I am sure."

Miss Mary wondered too, quite as much and more than her father, and all the way home, and through some part of the night her head was running on the handsome young fellow who lived all alone up the ravine with his sister.

Neville ran back to the hut and burst in, but not so quickly that Sylvia had not time to spring up and hide traces of what looked suspiciously like tears.

"Nice people those, eh, Syl?" he said, cheerfully. "Lord! what a time it is since I shook hands with a gentleman. The girl seems quite pleasant, too; she'll be a companion for you, Syl. Quite an acquisition to Lorn Hope, by jingo! And I say, Syl, I've promised we'll go to church next Sunday. Fancy a parson and church at Lorn Hope!" he laughed.

"You can go, Jack," she said, softly. "But I—"

and she glanced down at her dress.

Neville caught the glance and understood it and his heart smote him. He had been so engrossed by his search for gold that he had forgotten such a trifling detail as Sylvia's wardrobe.

CHAPTER XV.

He said nothing at the moment, but the next morning he walked down to the camp and purchased some merino and a hat, as much like Mary Brown's as he could get, and carried them home.

"Look here, Syl," he said, putting the parcel rather shyly on the table. "Here's something for a new dress and a hat, I couldn't get a dress ready-made, you know, but I expect you'll be able to build one—you're clever enough for anything."

Now, she had never received the present stily enough, but the praise that accompanied it melted her.

"Oh, Jack!" she said in a low voice, and bent over the stuff. But that was all she said. She carried the precious parcel into her own room, and gave him his breakfast.

All through the meal Neville was in a state of suppressed excitement.

"I'm going over the hills," he said. "I shall go round by the wood and keep out of sight, and if any one comes, tell them I'm somewhere about and shall be back presently. I shall be back at dark, and you won't mind being left all the day-time, will you? That fellow Lavarick dare not show his face within two miles of the camp and the place is quieter since the parson came."

"I'm not afraid," she said. "Give me one of your revolvers and I'll take care of Meth and myself, too."

He loaded a revolver for her and gave it to her, with a laugh of approval at her pluck.

"You've got more grit than any woman I ever met, Syl," he said.

"More than Mary Brown, do you think?" she said; but she said it pleasantly enough. He laughed.

"Oh, she? She's more like a mouse. I don't expect she'd know what to do with a revolver if she had one."

"And I do," said Sylvia. "Look here," and slipping to the door, she sent a bullet smashing against a big stone which afforded a convenient target.

"Bravo!" said Neville. "But you needn't shut one eye when you take aim. But there, you're a woman, and women always do, excepting when they shut both."

He started soon after, and Sylvia was hard at work all day.

She had noticed and appreciated the beautiful simplicity of Miss Brown's dress, and without actually copying it, she contrived to produce something in the same style.

Meth helped and uttered little snorts and ejaculations of admiration at Sylvia's expertness.

"Lawk sakes! you might a-been a dress-maker!" she exclaimed.

Sylvia stopped in her singing, for she had sung during the whole time she was at work, and laughed.

"It isn't the first frock I've made, Meth," she said. "But I want this to be the best, because it's the first present Jack has given me."

"Lor' bless you!" said Meth. "He won't be much as notice it; men never do. Now, you see!"

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading.

What is it all when all is told. This ceaseless toiling for fame or gold. The fleeting joy or bitter tears? We are only here a few short years. Nothing our own but the silent past. Loving or hating, nothing can last. Each pathway leads to the silent sol. Oh! What is it all when all is told? What is it all? A grassy mound. Where day or night there is never a sound. Save the soft low mourn of the passing breeze. As it lovingly rustles the silent trees. Or a thoughtful friend with whispered prayer. May sometimes break the stillness there? Then hurry away from the gloom and cold. Oh! What is it all when all is told? What is it all?—Just passing through— A cross for me and a cross for you. Ours seem heavy while others light. But God in the end maketh all things right. He 'Tempers the wind' with such loving care. Knows the burden that each can bear. Then changes life's gray into heavenly gold. Ah! That is all when all is told. Catholic Record.

HUMBLE FAITHFULNESS.

"Thou hast been faithful over a few things." What a world this would be if we were all as faithful in the little things of life as this one, of whom Jean Ingelow tells the following tender story:

It was on one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland. On the coast of this island there stood out a rock called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night, long ago, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the winds and sea.

At last the morning came; and one boat which should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat, and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against the Lonely Rock.

That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body according to the custom of the people, till it was laid in the grave; then she laid down and slept. When the night came, she arose and set a candle in her casement, as a beacon to the fisherman, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

As many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread, she spun still, and one hank over for her night candle. And from that time, to the telling of this story—for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age—she has turned night into day. And in the snow-storms of winter, in the serene calm of summer, through driving mists descriptive moonlight and solemn darkness that northern harbor has never once been without the light of that small candle.

However far the fisherman might be standing out to sea, he had only to bear down straight for that lighted window and he was sure of a safe entrance into the harbor. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely, this was finding chance for service in a humble place; this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness: surely the smile of Heaven must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

A MOSAIC.

How we may make the most of a spare moment or two during the day.

Here is a pretty story, author and original publication unknown. We find it credited to the ever-mysterious "Exchange" in a New York paper.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quite little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful

little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. He brought it to light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?"

At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child with an artist soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

PERSEVERANCE.

How Two Old Stories May Teach us a Needful Virtue.

The old story of King Bruce and the spider and the older fable of the mouse that cut the cable are calculated to teach us the virtue of perseverance, for it is not simply one virtue, but many; no one ever became saintly without persevering in goodness; no one ever succeeded in acquiring vast knowledge, great wealth or anything else that may be acquired in this world without keeping unwaveringly to the line of action which leads to successful results.

Like cautiousness, perseverance is very distasteful to the young. In the impulsive age many things are begun without thinking and as thoughtlessly left unfinished. Anything worth beginning should be worth the trouble of completing. The old lines, "If you try and don't succeed, try, try again," are rendered by the modern advertiser into modern American-English thus, "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." The principle is precisely the same and dear old Try-try-again is much easier to remember.

"Beware of saying 'I can't,'" sings Eliza Cook. Perhaps the reason why so many young folks lack the virtues of perseverance is that it seems so easy to say 'I give up!' But is it so easy? Giving up implies discouragement, and if there is anything harder than discouragement the world has not yet found it out. It is only the very weak-brained or the very lazy who are easily discouraged. And the weak and the lazy do not have a very good time of it on this busy planet, mind you!

Now, dear young reader, writes somebody in the Catholic Standard and Times, what is easy about giving up beyond the ease of a moment? What do you give up? Sanctity, wisdom, knowledge, perhaps, every bit of help towards heaven, every bit of help upon earth. Is it easy to give up all these? The devil may whisper, Yes, but your angel will tell you, No. What is a little bit of indolence now to a life of hardship here and a possibility of an eternity of punishment hereafter? For just as surely as we are ignorant when we give up learning, so do we grow sinful when we give up trying to be good. There is no half-way plan.

"Not good" is bad, "not learned" is ignorant, "not wise" is foolish, "not happy" is miserable. And "not persevering" turns into every one of these undesirable conditions.

When the impulse to give up trying rises, trample upon it. If your object is good, determine to persevere in it to the end.

Had Columbus turned back from the Canary Islands he would not have discovered America. If Edison had not persevered in his studies he might still be selling newspapers. Persevere; be not ashamed because your efforts are small or because you think your work may not be great. It may be greater than you imagine.

"You admire this tower of granite, weathering the hurts of so many ages," writes Emerson. "Yet a little waving hand built this huge wall, and that which builds is better than that which is built." Persevere; build the wall of your life as strong and as beautiful as your efforts can make it. With Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," Look forward, persevering to the last From well to better, daily self-surpassed.

WHAT THEY MEAN.

Something About Three Long and Excellent Words.

There are three rather long words, which may be used as pegs on which to hang reflections of their own, or points round which ideas may cluster. One is development. If you cut an apple through the circumference, as you cut an orange, you will see in clear outline around the starlike center made by the seeds the shape of the blossom.

The fruit has grown from the flower, and the flower's shape is in the heart of the fruit. The fruit is developed little by little through summer days and winter days, but the flower gave it the start. Take the little thought and use it, and if you have a gift of grace,—a taste for housekeeping, cooking, sewing, painting or reading,—develop it by use and study and taking pains.

My next long word is responsibility. It means, as we all know, the answering when we are called, answering to our own names. The responsible person can be trusted. Not long ago, in New York city, a fire broke out in the upper stories of a great apartment house. Two young women, one a young lady visiting the family in a certain home on the sixth floor of the house; the other a maid in the same home, were confronted suddenly with black volumes of smoke red to tongues of flame, and no way of escape but by the iron ladder that hung along the side of the house. There were two little children there and some valuable papers, and though the young women could not save anything, they took the children and the papers down the fire-escape with calmness and courage. They were responsible.

My last word is consecration. It is a very sacred word, and I leave you to wind your own sweet fancies around it. We must be consecrated to the best possible ideal, we must fill every day with noble work.

A Lesson of Contentment.

She was just a poor old negro woman, so lame that she had to use a cane, and very shabbily dressed. Her shoes were full of holes, and were protected by rubbers in quite as bad a condition. A man's old crush hat covered her head and a forlorn and battered coat reached her heels. She entered one of the large stores just in front of me, and when she was roughly ordered out, though she was only admiring the pretty things and had not asked for help, went quietly and without a word. A few minutes after I came upon her looking into a big show window full of silver and cut glass.

"Lots of pretty things in the window, aren't there?" I said, coming up close to her. She turned her wrinkled old face to mine and said, in her low Southern tones: "Lots of pretty things, darlin'; but it costs a heap to buy 'em; but it don't cost nothin' to look at 'em, does it?"

With a bright smile and giving me a cheery nod, she limped slowly off.

Gems of Thought.

Personal appearance at first attracts the greater attention, but personal character produces the most lasting impression. While dress and manners are to be duly cultivated our chief concern should be to so feel and act that we may make the deepest, most vital, and most beneficial effect upon all with whom we come in contact.

Many wait until the hand of death is almost clasped upon them before they consider their duty to God. Salvation is the work of a lifetime and should not be allotted but a few moments in this life, as many are wont to give it. Riches and worldly gain are matters of but few years, while salvation is for eternity.

PROF. E. J. O'BRIEN, PHRENOLOGIST

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Him of Nervous Troubles and Sleeplessness—He Recommends Them to many of His Patrons.



There is no phrenologist in Ontario better known or more favorably spoken of by all classes of the community than E. J. O'Brien, Professor of Phrenology and Scientific Palmistry, 393 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont.

The Professor is no fortune teller, but an enthusiastic investigator, who has made a scientific study of phrenology and palmistry during the past 25 years, and stands today at the head of his profession with members of Parliament, doctors, lawyers, judges, etc., among his patrons.

The close confinement and severe strain on the nervous system which his profession necessarily entails could not help but make inroads even on a constitution as naturally robust as his.

His nervous system became undermined. He could not sleep at night, and was troubled with restlessness and twitchings of the muscles.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have completely cured him; he is in the best of health today, and wrote us the following letter, which he has kindly allowed to be published for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.: 'Gentlemen,—I have nothing but good words for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Never before have I publicly endorsed a medicine, and the only reason I do so now is because both my wife and myself have been cured of nervous troubles, and I think it only right that I should give my experience for the benefit of others.

"My business causes a great strain on the nerve forces; and for some time prior to February last I was so nervous that my muscles twitched, and I was so restless at night that I could hardly sleep. Two boxes

of these valuable pills cured me, removing every indication of nerve weakness—and, what is still more to the point, the cure has proved to be a lasting one!

"My wife, who has suffered with weak action of the heart, nervousness and lack of strength for some time, knowing that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills had cured me, started taking them also. The effect was remarkable! She has had no heart trouble since; they have strengthened her nerves, built up her system and made her strong and well again.

"I have frequently recommended these pills to my patrons who were suffering from heart and nerve troubles. Many have used them, and in all cases they have been entirely satisfactory.

"I remain yours truly, 'E. J. O'BRIEN.'"

We have proved it time and again through the published testimony of hundreds of reputable citizens of Canada, that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills not only cure such complaints as those with which Prof. O'Brien and his wife were afflicted, but, in addition, are indicated in such diseases as weak, palpitating, irregular beating hearts, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, spinal trouble, twitching, starting, etc. They positively cure faint spells and dizziness, dyspepsia, anaemia, female troubles, after effects of la grippe and general debility. They build up the health and strength after serious illness, enrich the blood and infuse new nerve energy into weak, worn-out systems.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are sold by all druggists at 50c. a box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, or sent by mail on receipt of price. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

God only looks to pure, and not to full hands.

In bringing up a child think of its old age.

When God puts a burden upon us. He puts His hand underneath so that the burden may not be too heavy.

Singers, Clergymen, Politicians.

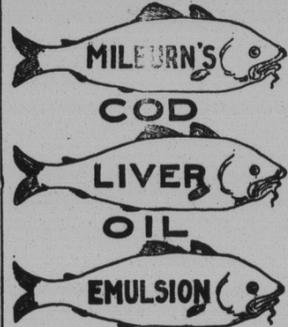
The well-known comedy singers, Fostell & Emmett, say: "Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the most wonderful medicine we have ever heard of or used, especially for people in our profession, who are troubled with sore throat, hoarseness, tonsillitis and catarrh. Myself and wife are troubled with tonsillitis and catarrh. We have tried everything we know of, but found nothing to equal Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for quick action and permanent cure." Fifty Members of Parliament and leading ministers of the Episcopal, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Roman Catholic Churches have testified over their own signatures to the effectiveness of this wonderful remedy.

A Circulating Library for the Blind.

What is perhaps the strangest library in the world is situated in a private house on one of the quietest thoroughfares of Hampstead. At No. 114 Balsiza road there is a lending library for the blind, the only institution of its kind, which caters for the entire sightless population of Great Britain and Ireland. Founded sixteen years ago by a blind lady, Miss Arnold, as a private library for the use of a few afflicted people, there rapidly grew up a demand for its benefits all over the country. It now numbers over 8,500 volumes, has a membership of 500 readers, and its books circulate as far as the north of Scotland in the one direction and the Channel Islands in the other. The shelves are piled with large folio volumes. Some idea of the space it requires may be gathered from the fact that the bible, translated into Dr. Moon's

system, fills no less than sixty-two volumes. The books which the sightless borrow do not differ materially from those which circulate among ordinary readers. They read mostly novels, but there is a steady call for Shakespeare, Carlyle, Green's "History of England" and the "History of Our Own Times." But, just as at any other library, there is a constant demand for the newest books. The latest additions are Nansen's "Farthest North" and "Sixty Years a Queen," and both are immensely popular.—London Mail.

There are three times as many muscles in the tail of the cat as there are in the human hands and wrists.



If you've tried other Emulsions and find they don't agree with you, just get a bottle of MILBURN'S. It is pleasant to take, and won't turn the weakest stomach. It has combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Manganese, and has wonderful restorative and flesh forming properties. For Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets and similar diseases it has no equal.

Price 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle at all dealers.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring 'PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES'. Includes an illustration of a woman and text describing their products and location in Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A.

Notches on The Stick

Leigh Hunt may not have been great, but he was certainly happy and influential in his poetry. The joyous ease, the perennial freshness, the light to glorify, essential to the man's nature, were not the elements to verify the species of poetry in which he was excellent. The heart leaps up with the "little vaulter in the sunny grass," and no wonder. Not strange was it if Keats followed his lead, and drank the spirit of "Rimini" when producing his "Isabella." "The graphic as well as dramatic power of Rimini," writes Howitt, "the landscape and scene-painting of that poem, are only exceeded by the force with which the progress of passion and evil is delineated. The scene in the gardens and the pavilion, where the lovers are reading Lancelot du Lac, is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the language. The sculptured scenes on the walls of this pavilion are all pictures living in every line:—

By girls and shepherds brought, with reverend eyes,
Of Sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and plumed feet.
The opening of the poem, beginning,—
The sun is up, and 'tis a mourn of May
'Round old Ravenna's clear shown towers and bay'
all life, elasticity, and sunshine;—and
the melancholy ending—
'The days were then at the close of Autumn—still,
A little rainy, and towards night fall chill:
There was a fulfilment all abroad;
And ever and anon over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,'
etc.

are passages of exquisite beauty, marking the change from joy to sorrow in one of the loveliest poems in the language. We have in it the genuine spirit of Chaucer, the rich nervous cadences of Dryden, with all the grace and life of modern English. But it is in vain here to attempt to speak of the poetic merits of Leigh Hunt. A host of fine compositions comes crowding on our consciousness. 'The Legend of Florence,' a noble tragedy; 'The Palfrey'; 'Hero and Leander'; 'The Feast of the Poets'; and 'The Violets'; numbers of delightful translations from the Italian, a literature in which Leigh Hunt has always revelled; and above all, 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen.' We would recommend everybody, just now that the war spirit is rising amongst us, to read that poem, and learn what horrors they are rejoicing over, and what the Christian spirit of the age demands of us. But we must praise the lyrics of the volume:—the pathos of the verses 'To T. L. H., Six years old, during a sickness,' and the playful humor of those 'To J. H., four years old,' call on us for notice; and then the fine blank verse poems, 'Our Cottage,' and 'Reflections of a Dead Body,' are equally important. If any one does not yet know what Leigh Hunt has done for the people and the age, let him get the pocket edition of his poems, and he will find himself growing in love with life, with his fellowmen, and with himself. The philosophy of Leigh Hunt is loving, cheerful, and confiding in the goodness that governs us all. And when we look back to what was the state of things when he began to write, and then look round and see what it is now, we must admit that he has a good foundation for so genial a faith."

Such was the appreciative view of one who wrote while the poet he praises was still living. But let it not be supposed that Hunt did not run the gauntlet of criticism. There were faults the sharp pens made the most of. His conceits, his archaisms, his foibles, his alleged cockneyisms, were laughed to scorn. They made these faults overshadow the virtues; the specs on the sun they made more prominent than its beams. His fanciful charm did not in-

HOW TO COOK A SHOE



Apply any ordinary shoe-dressing, once or twice a week, for a short time.
When the Shoe Cracks, It's Done.
N.B.—Avoid

PACKARD'S
SPECIAL COMBINATION
...Leather Dressing
IT WON'T COOK.
25 cents at all shoe stores. PACKARD makes IT PACKARD OF MONTREAL. L. H. PACKARD & CO.

No Gripe Hood's Pills

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists, 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

toxicate them. Yet, with all that can be fairly alleged, as to faults, that diminished more and more, the longer he wrote and thought, "I know of no more manly English, and chastely vigorous style than that of his poems in general." "Rimini" was rewritten, not to please himself, so much as the critics, who objected to the morale of the story; but it is not commonly allowed to have been improved, as to its artistic quality. The objection was not wisely taken, and the story as first told was so true to nature and reality that it could not easily have been recast without detriment.

We may pass from this consideration of Hunt's poetry by reference to Richard Garnett's not extravagant representation. Referring to the publication of "Rimini," he writes: "There is perhaps no other instance of a poem short of the highest excellence having produced so important and durable an effect in modifying the accepted standards of literary composition. The secret of Hunt's success consists less in superiority of genius than of taste. His refined critical perception had detected the superiority of Chaucer's versification, as adapted to the present state of our language by Dryden, over the sententious epigrammatic couplet of Pope which had superseded it. By a simple return to the old manner he affected, for English poetry in the comparatively restricted domain of metrical art what Wordsworth had already effected in the domain of nature; his is an achievement of the same class, though not of the same calibre. His poem is also a triumph in the art of pictorial narrative, abounds with verbal felicities, and is pervaded throughout by a free, cheerful, and animated spirit, notwithstanding the tragic nature of the subject. It has been remarked that it does not contain one hackneyed or conventional rhyme. Other characteristic traits are less commendable, and the writer's occasional flippancy and familiarity, not seldom degenerating into the ludicrous, made him a mark for ridicule and parody on the part of his opponents, whose animosity, however was rather political than literary. These faults were still more conspicuous in other pieces published by him about this date. Ere long, however, Keats's 'Lamia' and Shelley's 'Julian and Maddalo' manifested the deliverance which he had wrought for English narrative poetry.

Reference must be made to some localities with which Hunt was associated, both before and after his Italian visit. On his release from prison, he had gone to live in a house at Paddington, which narrowly escaped destruction by fire while he occupied it. In its book-walled study, over-looking fields stretching towards Wesbourne-green Byron sat one day, and, on another, Wordsworth Afterward his quarters were in Marylebone, at 8 York Buildings, New Road. Of "a very happy Twelch; Night spent there," Hunt gives "a very charming account." Here must have passed some days of delightful intercourse. Here in commemoration of the event mentioned above, he "planted some young plane trees within the rails by the garden gate." Under these trees, he lived to see people shelter themselves from the rain; but they were long ago cut down. Here he first looked into the congenial face of Keats, and here Toscolo visited him. After this, as Howitt says, "he lived in Lisson-grove," and "at Hampstead, in the Vale of Health, where Keats wrote 'Sleep and Poetry.'"

We have before us an old print of this cottage, which must have been snug and inviting, surrounded by its close and over lowered with trees. There is a broad walk from the gate up to the porticoed door. It is a quaint, old-fashioned, thoroughly English place. The fields look gray behind, in the picture, and in the distance behind the hills the tower of a church is seen. This was Hunt's last residence before his removal from England. A few years since S. C. Hall wrote an account of the place affirming that it still stood, and was but slightly altered. He speaks of another poet who afterward dwelt within these walls, to whom it was hallowed by his predecessor; we think it was Rossetti. Here Hazlitt, Lamb, Haydon, Keats, Proctor, Cowden Clarke, and all that charmed circle gathered about him. Here his friend Shelley used to visit him, "delighting in the natural broken ground, and in the fresh air of the

place, which used to give him an intoxication of animal spirits. Here he swam his paper boats in the pond, and played with children; and to that house Shelley brought at midnight a poor woman, a forlorn sister, whom he had found in a fit on the heath, and whom he thus saved from death." Ah, pleasant Hampstead! what an illustrious brotherhood thou couldst boast, and what congenial spirits, if any, must still hover about thee! Even now, while I look into the shady nook at the entrance to this cottage-close, and away into the distance of heathy hill and sky beyond, I seem to see "The choir invisible!"

After his return from Italy, with the light of the "sunny south" and the shadow of painful memory, he went to live in a cottage, near to that of Coleridge, at Highgate. "The sylvan scenery of the London suburb refreshed him; he luxuriated in the natural wealth of the open heath, the adjacent meadows and the neighboring woods. The walks across the fields from Highgate to Hampstead, with ponds on the one side and Crown wood on the other, used to be one of the prettiest in England; and he says of the fairest scenes in Italy, 'I would quit them all for a walk over the fields from Hampstead.' He had, indeed, long loved the locality." He lived at one time at Woodcote-green near Arstead park, Surrey; it is there that he is said to have laid the scene of his romance, 'Sir Ralph Eshber.'

The following friendly tribute may be pardoned for wishing to share with our readers:

To Rev. and Mrs. A. J. Lockhart on the 25th anniversary of their wedding, May 12th 1898.
The silent years how swiftly sped;
A passing dream they seem to be,
Since "Earth and air were all divine
In old Saint Andrews by the sea."
With gleams of sun and wreaths of shade,
With love and care allied of old,
And joys that gladden heart and home,
The half of fifty years are told:
Today what thronging memories rise—
This day of days henceforth to be;—
Beyond the bloom of bridal wreath
Lies fair Saint Andrews by the sea:
And though the soldier wears his blue,
And bride and groom in waiting stand,
You see the far horizon bend
Above Saint Andrews' rim of sand:
O joy of earth from Eden-land!
How barren all the world would be
If love held not in memory sweet
Its old Saint Andrews by the sea!
O Love that sat at Cana's feast
And poured His bounty manifold,
Thy blessing on their young hearts twain,
And make the new love like the old;—
O friends, who walk the winding path,
His presence greet, thy household throng,
And love and faith and duty cheer
And gladden all the way with song:
And when the fleeting years are done—
When care and pain and sorrow flee,
May that immortal land amidst
Glimpsed in Saint Andrews by the sea.
BENJAMIN F. LROBERT.
Ward, Del. Co., Pa.

The Rev. Elijah P. Brown, founder and editor of the "Ram's Horn," and the writer of its exceedingly spicy and pointed paragraphs, has withdrawn from that journal. He is preparing some of his writings for publication in book form, and will turn his attention to the lecture platform. We trust the Ram's Horn will not utter a less certain sound.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell, it is said, is collecting materials for a life of Jean Ingelow, or a memorial of her similar to that recently published concerning Christina Rossetti. PASTOR FELIX.

You Will Never Have Corns.
If you use Foot Elm your feet will not burn or chafe. It gives instant relief to sweaty tender feet and prevents corns. There are imitations. Beware of them. Send 25 cents. We pay the postage. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at druggists.

The Essence of the Virginia Pine

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE
Cures Coughs Promptly
25c per bottle
Children like it It likes them
Does not upset the stomach
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL

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IN
Prizes
ESSAY not to exceed 300 words. Subject: The most satisfactory way to use Surprise Soap for washing clothes.
POEM not to exceed 5 verses. Subject: Whiteness of white goods when washed with Surprise Soap.
ADVERTISEMENT 4 in. square, either plain wording or illustrated, drawing may be larger. Subject: Surprise Soap, best for washing clothes.

CONDITIONS.—Each poem, essay, or advertisement must be accompanied by 25 Surprise Soap wrappers. Everyone sending in the 25 wrappers will receive a picture, and the best essay, poem, or advertisement will receive the money prizes in addition. Prizes will be awarded September 1st, 1898. Send in at any time. It will be kept on file. Address THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N.B.

COULTY EXECUTIONS

Edam, in Holland, where the Dutch cheese comes from, has just opened a museum of local antiquities, and among the not least interesting of the exhibits are the accounts of the municipal executioners during the eighteenth century. One of these functionaries, by name, Vogel, presents a detailed bill, dated Dec. 19, 1713, in which he sets forth a claim for 6 florins for one decapitation and 3 florins each for a sword and winding sheet, with 3 florins, 14 cents for the coffin for the decapitated one. His charge for hanging a criminal was also 6 florins, with the further addition of 3 florins for "cutting down the impaling ditto." "Breaking a man on the wheel" was a costlier luxury and ran to 9 florins, while for supplying "nine new lashes for scourge" the charge was 27 florins.

On the whole, however, Mr. Vogel was a moderate man in his charges or the value of human life went up a good deal in the next fifty years, for in the not less circumstantial accounts of Johannes Ks, presented Aug. 1, 1764, we have a charge of 12 florins for 'going on board the Hans and preparing instruments of torture,' with a like charge for 'torturing one person.' But this must have been for the 'lesser torture' only, as on Aug. 30 the same Johannes sends in a bill for 'torturing three persons at 75 florins a head'—total, 225 florins, while a few days later not less than 600 florins is charged for 'hanging four persons at 150 florins each,' and for 'flogging two persons and burning a third' he exacts 150 florins. Clearly considerations of economy, if not of humanity, must have tended toward the reform of the criminal code in Holland.—London Chronicle.

Breaking in Shoes.
There is not much fun in breaking in new shoes. They make you feet ache, burn, and swell. This can be easily prevented by using Foot Elm. It cures tender, sweaty feet, and make new shoes comfortable. 25 cents. postage free. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, or at your druggist's.

INVENTOR OF LEAD PIPE.

The Interesting Life of Robert Seydell of Milton.
There was born in Milton, Pa., in 1809 a man of wonderful genius, it is said. His name was Robert, and he died in 1847. Mr. Seydell was a coppersmith and was almost continuously working out some device connected with the machinery in his factory. To him, it is related by some of the oldest citizens of this place, belongs the discovery of the process of making lead pipe, and like many other inventors, the idea of making the same was stolen from him and further developed to its present form of manufacture.

It was in the latter part of the thirties that the idea suggested itself to him, and the following is the way he wrought it out: At first took a slug, or casting of lead, placing it on a mandrel, or rod of steel, about sixteen feet long and one inch in diameter; the mandrel was highly polished and upon this he drew or rolled out the lead to the full strength of the rod, thus giving him an inch bore, and the material was rolled, it is said, to a one-fourth inch, making a total diameter of one and one-half inches for the pipe. After completing several sections of the length of the mandrel, he soldered them together, making the pipe of whatever length he desired. He put it to practical use by fastening it to pump heads and also running it from springs to connect watering troughs and spring houses in the country round about here. Being greatly pleased with his discovery, and receiving the most flattering comments from his friends and neighbors in this section, he concluded to make his invention more widely known, and hence made a visit to Philadelphia, taking his device with him. At the Franklin Institute in that city he gave his first exhibition to quite a number of inventors, artisans and mechanics. As it is now related, all who witnessed it were more than delighted, and so expressed themselves in his immediate presence. It was not long that he was allowed to remain in a condition of supreme happiness over his invention, for a short time

after he made a disclosure of his discovery, and while in Philadelphia, he found out that by the very persons to whom he had given an exhibition of the process of making lead pipe his idea had been used and improved upon.

THE HEALTH PINK

Of Perfect Skin—Dr. Agnew's Ointment Insures It.
A wonderful cure for all manner of skin sores and eruptions. Acts like magic on eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ringworm, scald head, itch and blind, bleeding or itching piles. This is to say that I was troubled for a long time with piles. On the recommendation of a friend I tried Dr. Agnew's Ointment. A few applications of this wonderful ointment cured me of the troublesome things. Adam Bryden, Chatham, Ont. One application always gives quick relief. 35 cents a box.

No Repentance in the Grave.
A Scotch divine entered the church-yard one day while the sexton was busily employed, neck deep in a grave, throwing up soil and bones to make room for a dead parishioner. "Well, Saunders," said the minister, "that is a work well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you do not repent of your evil ways and make resolves while so seriously occupied about another's grave to live a better life and prepare for your own." The old man, resting himself upon the edge of his spade, calmly replied, "I thought, sir, ye kent that there is no repentance in the grave."

He Tiptoes Now.
"What a quiet man your husband is, Mrs. Rizley, and it's surprising, too. Before he was married he was one of the noisiest young men I ever knew. How did you break him of it?" "I didn't break him of it. The baby did it. It didn't take him long to learn the value of silence after little Alfred came."

Giving Him a Strong Hint.
Visitor—"Is Miss Rose at home?"
Servant—"No, sir."
Visitor—"Why, she has just come in I saw her."
Servant—"Yes, sir; and she saw you, too."

Thrilling.
He—That must be a very interesting book you are reading.
She—Oh, it's awfully exciting! The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS
STAMPED
1847 ROGERS BROS.
ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE
Meriden Britannia Co.
THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Beauty without Health is impossible.
LAXA-LIVER PILLS
Bring Health, then Beauty follows. They clear the mucky complexion, chase away Sick Headaches and Bilious Spells, cure Dyspepsia and remove all poisonous matter from the System.
Mrs. Addie Therrill, 218 Franklin Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of Liver and Stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy natural action."

Woman and Her Work

"Statistics" as Lord Dundreary would say "statistics by jove, are wonderful things, don't you know! Without statistics, where would we be?" Certainly statistics are invaluable in their way though they are not always interesting, but sometimes they develop very interesting facts. One of the latest discoveries in this line is the fact that the uneducated factory girl has scarcely a thought beyond her own and her ability to attract the "fellows" once her day's work is over, is far more frequently married than the girl who has raised herself from such a position to a superior education, because she is capable of up-to-date stenographic clerical, or trusted, secretary in some business office who commands a much higher salary, and naturally is fitted for a higher plane in society than a factory girl could ever hope to reach. The reason is, of course, that she seeks. The factory girl associates only with those of her own class, and as she is never brought into frequent contact with people of wealth and position, as her better educated sister, she is quite ready to trust her future with some honest young mechanic who comes along and wants to "keep company" with her. She begins to save up a bit for her wedding outfit, and by and by leaves the factory gets married and contentedly settles down in some plain little home with the man of her choice, satisfied to do her own work and even her own washing, toiling along indoors for his comfort and the children, while he works for them out in the world. But the girl who has risen above such simple joys, who no longer "works" as working people understand the word, but who is a lady all the time, sitting in an office neatly dressed, and always able to keep her hands smooth and white, this girl could never contemplate such a life, for a moment. Day by day she is brought into contact with people who are above her socially and who naturally create in her a taste for things which are utterly out of her reach. She sees the richly clad ladies who come in and out of the office, and she notes the courtly manners of their husbands and sons, with a growing distaste for everything commoner, and a very full grown determination not to give up a life which, in spite of its many drawbacks is at least one of comparative refinement, and a salary which is all her own, for the sake of being loved by some man who could offer her at best only a change of work and who might not love her so well when household cares had dimmed her good looks, and poverty had sharpened her temper. So she stays on year after year finally growing old at her work and drifting away Heaven knows where, poor soul, to spend her old age. On the whole I think the factory girl has decidedly the best of it.

Of all the queer crazes that women ever took up surely the tattooing is the very oddest, and yet it is the very latest fancy with European women, and they cheerfully undergo the necessary torture in order to have themselves artistically decorated with griffins, dragons, serpents, and such cheerful designs. These figures are called tattoos, and there is quite a rivalry between the high born dames of the old world as to who shall have the most original and fantastic devices pictured upon her dainty outline. The Queen of Greece is said to have had some small figure tattooed on her ankle and a Parthian woman hearing of this, immediately beat her Grecian majesty one better by having a spider's web tattooed on her shoulder. She pretends to be highly delighted with the result of this savage decoration, and says that when she is in full dress the "tattoo" gives her an air of mystery and attracts people to her shoulder if not exactly to her side.

Apart from the very questionable taste of such skin pictures, the extreme folly of such a fad must be apparent to all who

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

Guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that my new vegetable medicine is taken for three days, all desire for liquor is removed, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
No. 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.



are blessed with ordinary common sense, and it is safe to say that in a few months these very women will be willing almost to part with the area of skin so embellished in order to get rid of them. I think we may safely make up our minds that so ridiculous and vulgar a fad will not cross the water and that it will be many a day before we see English or American women making sacrifices of themselves. By the way, since these fanciful ladies have taken to these extraordinary devices for their personal decoration, as serpents, griffins and spider's webs objects supposed to be most abhorrent to the feminine mind, perhaps some of them have proved their courage by adopting a mous rampant, as their chosen device. What strange creatures we women are!

The spring cape is a very important feature in the world of fashion this season. In fact, in spite of the small dimensions of the sleeves, the caps seems almost to have driven the jacket out of existence. I heard one lady say that she had endeavored in vain to find a jacket that she liked in the shops, all the spring and summer wraps being in cape style. This is rather a pity, as the cape has still to be designed which will not look dowdy over a shirt waist. But some of the new capes are distinctly pretty. Their rounded, outaway effect in front, and the decreased fulness around the shoulders are the distinguishing features. Many of them are befrilled from neck to edge, thus giving much the same full yoke as they had a year ago, but others are quite plain about the shoulders, and as prim and old-fashioned looking as if they had been resurrected from some "Early Victorian" chest which had lain in the attic for forty years. The very quaintest of these is shawl shaped, being pointed not only in the back and front, but at each side. In spite of its quaintness it is really very pretty, and when made of black peau de soie and trimmed with jet and plaited frills of black chiffon around the edge and shoulders below the high collar, it makes a most effective garment for a matron. There is a sufficient variety in these frivolous looking little summer wraps to suit every style of figure, and almost every purse.

The drooping style of shoulder is decidedly accentuated in the latest models, whether it is accomplished with a yoke, or by fitting in the circular shape. High collars are another feature, and a very wise one since a cape with a low collar can never be either stylish or becoming. One pretty model is in mauve silk with a yoke of closely gathered black mousseline de soie from which three plaited frills of the mousseline fall one over the other. Little wraps fitted into the figure and completed with deep epaulette sleeves are one of the novelties. A cape of black poult de soie cut with rounded corners and trimmed with innumerable ruches of black chiffon put on in wavy lines, is both stylish and pretty, the high collar forms little revers in front and is covered on the inside with gathered chiffon. Sometimes this finish is of white chiffon.

Chantilly lace over colored silk makes a lovely garment with narrow ruches of chiffon at intervals the entire length. Plaited frills of lace, net and grenadine all lavishly distributed over the majority of dressy capes and these frills are often supplemented with plaitings of colored silk underneath. Half transparent grenadines over silk form some of the prettiest French models. These capes are usually finished with one deep frill of lace or grenadine on the edge, over another frill of silk. Besides this fluffy little garments there are numerous pretty capes of fawn and gray cloth trimmed with bands of the cloth piped on each edge with white. A short triple cape of fawn cloth corded on the edge with white cloth makes a very trim tailor made little wrap, and a more dressy one is of silk grenadine over white silk finished with a frill of lace, and a ruche of grenadine edged with lace, scarf ends of lace finish the front.

Alternate rows of jet embroidered velvet, and lace insertion form another cape made on a white silk lining, and at the edge is a narrow frill of black Russian net edged with narrow black satin ribbon. A plaited frill of net and another of white silk finishes the neck. A black satin wrap trimmed with jet



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Priestley's Covert Suitings reach the ideal of perfection in style, fit, finish, wear. Cravenetted—hence rain and damp proof. The highest type of fashionable Dress Fabrics manufactured. Rich—firm—durable—original in design.

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are in a class by themselves, and are so recognized by particular buyers everywhere. "Priestley" stamped on the selvedge of every fifth yard.

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is caught in at the waist with a jetted belt and the sleeve portions are covered with lace, and trimmed with ruches of net. Very fanciful capes are made of light colored moire silks well covered with ruches of white chiffon and with both black and white chiffon frills on the edge. All of which goes to show that the cape is quite an important garment, and that one can easily make a choice of any style which happens to suit her, and still be certain of being up to date, since all varieties seem to be equally fashionable. Another style which bids fair to prevail almost indefinitely is the blouse effect which appears in nine dresses out of ten. The back is nearly always plain and close, or arranged in tiny plaits in the centre of the belt. This plain effect is represented in the lack of fulness, however, and not by any means in the lack of trimming, for the back of the fashionable gown is almost as lavishly trimmed as the front.

Many of the new bodices have seamless close fitted backs relieved by encircling rows of insertion, groups of tucks, and satin bands with gathered baby ribbon on each edge. Whatever the other decorations may be there is sure to be a lace yoke or vest of lace. Crochet trimmings in black silk insertions are revised again and used just like lace to set in between bands of the material on bodices and sleeves. Something quite new in the yoke effect is a decoration extending to the top of the sleeves and giving the long appearance to the shoulder that is so fashionable.

The princess gown really seems to be gaining ground, as numerous models are shown made up not only in thin silks, but in such light materials as veilings, organdies and lawns. These dresses are supplied with all the accessories of other two-piece gowns, and are trimmed with ruffles and insertions, and completed with the inevitable gumpes.

Occasionally a bodice with the sides of the front differing from each other, one tucked or laid in surplice folds, and the other covered with shirred net or chiffon, or heavy lace over a contrasting color. It is scarcely likely such a fashion will gain much hold on public favor, as it is apt to give the wearer a very one-sided appearance.

ASTRA.
She—"Yes, dearest, I made this cake all alone." He—"I can't believe that. Somebody must at least have helped you lift it out of the oven."—Chicago News.

Wear the D & A "CREST" CORSET



It cannot break.

SEE THAT THE D & A "CREST" CORSET is the Mother's' Idea. It cannot break at the hip. Lifting your child, stooping to dust, etc. ceases to remind you of your corset steels. The D & A "Crest" is yielding and unbreakable, and one trial is sure to make a permanent customer. Ask your dealer to show it.

KISSING AS MEDICINE.

An Eminent Scientist Prescribes Osculation For Dyspepsia.

When certain English bacteriologists announced that kissing was a dangerous pastime by which the bacteria of certain diseases might be communicated, the eminent Professor Bridger of London pointed out that health microbes as well as other bacilli may lurk in the ocularary apparatus, and it is believed that a failure to absorb a sufficient quantity of these hygienic germs into the system is the cause of old maids looking jaundiced and bachelors dying sooner than benedicts.

"Kisses, when selected with due care and taken on the installment plan," says an eminent authority, "will not only restore a misplaced appetite, but they banish that tired feeling, tone up the liver and invigorate the heart."

"I found by patient experiment that the health microbe becomes active at 15, reaches maturity at 20, begins to lose vigor at 40 and [afterward] becomes practically useless as a tonic."

"Thin bluish lips produce very few health germs, and those scarce worth the harvesting, but a full red, mouth with Cupid's curves at the corners will yield enormously if the crop is carefully cultivated."

"I have not yet discovered whether the blond or brunette variety is entitled to preference in medical science, but I incline to the opinion that a judicious admixture is most advisable from a therapeutical standpoint. Great care should be taken when collecting the germs not to crush them by violent collision, or blow them away with a loud explosion which sounds like a cow pulling her hind foot out of a mudhole, and jars the putty off the window panes."

"The best results can be obtained about the midnight hour, when the dew is on the garden rose and the mocking bird is trilling a last good night to his drowsy mate."

"Be patient. When she wants you to kiss her, she will find means to make it manifest, and a maid worth kissing despises a forward man. She looks very beautiful with her face upturned, and as she withdraws her eyes from the stars, slowly turning them dreamily upon yours, you notice that they are filled with astral fire. They roam idly over the horizon then close as beneath a weight of weariness."

"There is no human ill, unless it be hypocrisy, for which nature does not provide a remedy, and I recommend the health germ which builds its nest on lovely woman's lips as worth more than the whole materia medica."

A Great Advantage.

Hitherto it has been generally considered that when cancers or tumours were removed by knife or plaster, they were almost certain to return in an aggravated form, in from 5 to 6 years' time. When our painless home treatment is used, the cure is permanent. Send for particulars. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Birth Rates of Males and Females.

Nature seems to be able to regulate the births of males and females without the help of German savants. It may be remembered that Buckle found that the average birth rate the world over was 21 boys to 20 girls, thus giving every Jill a chance for a Jack, after allowing for the greater death rate among males. The Springfield Republican is authority for the assertion that in Massachusetts for forty years the male birth rate relative to the female has not noticeably changed the number of male births to each 1,000 female births in the last twenty years being 1,063 as compared with 1,059 for the pre-

ceding twenty years. In Europe observations covering ten years indicate an average of 1,060 males born to every 1,000 females, England being at one extreme, with 1,038, and It at the other, with 1,071.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Three Country Ladies.

Recently three ladies came to the city to do some shopping. By noon one of them was completely tired out. Her two friends felt none the worse for all the tramping they had done. The reason was that the two had placed Foot Elm in their shoes, and it always makes the feet comfortable. It prevents chafing, and instantly relieves sweaty, swollen, tender feet. 25 cents, or 5 boxes \$1, by mail. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

Saw a Train for the First Time.

A country boy who was brought up in a remote region of Scotland had occasion to accompany his father to a village near which a branch line of railway passes. The morning after his arrival, when sauntering in the garden behind the house in which they were staying, he beheld with wondering eyes a train go by. For a moment he remained staring at it with astonishment, and then running into the house, he said: "Father, father, come out! There's a blacksmithy shop ran off with a row of houses, and it's awa' doon by the back o' the town."

They Never Come Back.

There is great satisfaction in the hearts of those cured of cancer and tumour by our painless home treatment, for there is never any danger of a return of the trouble. It takes every trace of the disease out of the system. Send for particulars. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Age of Monuments.

Promoter—What shall we give the next benefit for?
Assistant—Let's announce it for contingent fund to secure the erection of a monument to the next citizen whom the public thinks merits monumental distinction.—Philadelphia North American.

It is not necessary to 'work' some people they 'work' themselves.

HOME Dress Cutting and Making.

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons.

This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address

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Wedding Invitations,
Programmes, etc.,
Printed in the very latest styles, by the
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THE STOKER A HERO.

On the heat of war there is no position more trying than that of the stoker.

Stripped to the waist, perspiring in the terrible heat of the furnaces, the stoker never knows how the battle is going.

Among the dangers on a battleship none more dangerous than the men who tend the furnaces and pass the coal.

The stoker-hole in a battleship is situated far below the water line at a point almost amidships.

In this room the stoker works, and works hard. The duties are so severe that he is rarely required to work a shift of more than three hours.

Each stoker has an allotted number of furnace doors to take care of, according to the size of the ship and the capacity of its boilers.

In spite of their hard duties the stokers are healthy, strong and vigorous men.

When the battle begins the men in the stoker-hole are able to tell only that the ship has gone into action.

As the battle goes on there are many who win praise for bravery in action, but to the stoker there is only to toil on in the furious heat, each one doing his small share.

Queer Fishing Custom.

A few years ago the fishermen of Preston, Lancashire, used to go fishing on Sunday, the same as on other days.

"OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS"



This is a title which Miss Canada didn't seem to care for, but it exactly fits our wash-lady who uss

Eclipse Soap

and turns out snowy-white goods.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

was heard to say: 'Times is that you might look in any flannel shirt and see scarce a flea, and then there ain't but a few herring; and times there are when my shirt's alive with 'em and then there's sartin to be a sight o' fish.'

NO WONDER THEY ARE SO POPULAR.

Ever increasing in popularity. Ever extending their name and benefits, TURKISH DYES are welcomed in every household in the land.

TURKISH DYES will never come out. They are the only dyes that stand the work. They are brilliant first, last and all the time.

Costly Bluff. 'Madam,' said the officer, 'I have a warrant for searching these premises for a valuable article of jewelry believed to be stolen by you.'

The bluff was a costly one. The officer was a woman in disguise, and found the pocket at the first dive.

HAPPY RELEASE

From a Trio of Afflictions.

Paine's Celery Compound Saves the Life of a Lady in Seamo, Man.

THE TERRORS OF RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA AND HEADACHES ARE BANISHED FOREVER.

Health and Happiness Bestowed on All Who Make Use of Paine's Celery Compound.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., GENTLEMEN:—I am very pleased to be able to tell you of the great good that I have derived from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound.

I was happily advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and after use of six bottles the rheumatism and neuralgia are banished, and I now eat rest and sleep well.

I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my neighbors to whom I have recommended Paine's Celery Compound have been greatly blessed.

Yours Truly, MRS. ANNIE E. COBB, Seamo, Man.

Received in an Encounter. Bachelor—'You spent most of your time at home since your marriage.'

THE HEART IS THE ELECTRIC MOTOR OF THE SYSTEM.

ITS CURRENT MUST NOT STOP.

THE DR. WARD CO., Toronto, GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to endorse Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills.

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell:—

If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet.

If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty.

If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth.

If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS the more quickly will your health return.

They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

Book that tells all about Doan's Kidney Pills sent free to any address.

The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

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A FAMOUS SIEGE.

The Most Interesting Bombardment in the History of Warfare.

Undoubtedly the most interesting story of siege and bombardment in the annals of warfare since cannons were first invented is that of the unsuccessful attempt of Spain to regain in 1779 the fortress of Gibraltar which England had taken by storm a few years before.

The most interesting and exciting episode during this long long siege was the ferocious attempt made by the Spaniards toward the close, when they strained every nerve to dismay and overcome the already exhausted but still unflinching garrison.

On the 8th of September, 1782, fire was opened on the fortress at a preconcerted signal by the entire strength of the Spanish artillery both on land and afloat.

Thus ended one of the most memorable sieges that can be found in the pages of history; remarkable for many reasons, but most of all for the small loss of life among the defenders, who, during the three years and a half that the investment lasted lost in all but 500 men, while they inflicted on the enemy a total loss of several thousand men.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure.

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

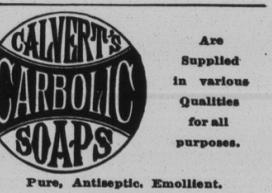
So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is par excellent.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.



Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

Spring Purification.

The clogged-up machinery of the system requires cleaning out after the wear and tear of the winter's work.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

It cures Constipation, Sick Headaches, Feeling of Tiredness, and all the evidences of Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood, which are so prevalent in the spring.



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(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

Neville came back at dusk. He was tired—well, tired is a poor word by which to describe it—but there was a glow on his sunburnt face and a subdued light in his eyes.

Sylvia was not in the outer room when he arrived, and he asked for her at once.

"Oh, she's all right," replied Meth. She'll be here presently."

He went outside and had a good wash, and came in, still rubbing his head with the towel. But the operation was suddenly suspended, and he stood staring at the vision which appeared in the tiny little room.

The dark merino revealed the graceful outlines which the old brown dress had done its best—without indeed quite succeeding—to hide and misrepresent; the soft silky hair no longer hung in an inky torrent over her shoulders, but was neatly braided in glossy coils.

It was Sylvia, but Sylvia transformed; or, rather, in her proper character for the first time.

Neville was astounded, and stared at the dress and hair, and at last at the face. It struck him for the first time—perhaps Miss Brown's remark helped to bring it home to him—that this "sister" of his was the most beautiful young creature he had ever seen.

"Good Lord, Syl," he said, "what—what a swell you are! And made it all in one day, too!"

"It's—its very plain," she said, rather tremulously. The approval and admiration in his eyes went straight to her heart, and set it beating in a way that she did not understand. "Do—do you like it, Jack?"

"Like it? Like it isn't the word," he responded. "It's—its scrumptious!"

"Not so nice as Mary Brown's though, Jack," with a sudden droop of the dark lashes.

"Mary Brown? Oh, well, you're so different, you see."

"Yes, with a faint sigh."

"Yes; you're the sun, and Mary Brown's the moon."

"Thank you, Jack; but—but some people prefer the moon."

"I like em both in their place," said the young man, with heartless stupidity. "Let me look you all around. Splendid! How on earth you managed it I can't tell. By George! what a sensation you'll create on Sunday. Yes, you're a clever little girl, Syl, and I'm proud of you."

The tears started to her eyes, and, seeing them, he bent to kiss her. She let his lips almost touch hers; then something—that divine maidenly instinct, that exquisite modesty which is the pearl, the great charm of her sex and age—awoke suddenly, and she drew her head back with a quick gesture, and putting her hands on his strong, broad chest kept him away.

"Oh, all right," she said, taking the repulse with brotherly good-nature. "And now let's have supper. Where are you going? Don't change your dress. I can't wait; I'm famishing."

She did not answer him, but ran into the inner room, but not to change the dress. She wanted to wear it, and feel his eyes resting on it with a look that had made her so glad. After she had pushed him from her she had put her hand to her bosom to still its beating, when she missed something. It was the little packet her father had given her just before he died.

It was lying on the bed, where she had left it in the excitement of the moment. With a little cry of remorse she seized it, kissed it, and put it in its accustomed hiding place. Then she went back and put the supper on the table.

"By George! it's like supping with the Queen of Sheba!" he said. "Where's Meth?" he asked, after he had taken the edge off his appetite.

"Run down to the camp."

"Right; then—"

He got up and barred the door, unfastened his coat, and placed the bag—lumped it—on the table.

"Look there!" he said in a whisper—"nearly full. And one day's work only! I tell you, Syl, I could scarcely tear myself away. And there's any amount of it there, I believe. My girl, we are rich—"

rich—rich! We shall both be able to go to England!"

"Oh, Jack!" Her face that had been cold enough even at the sight of the gold, flushed with relief and delight, and her eyes grew bright.

"Yes, and I shall be able to look after you over there as I have done here—better, I hope," for he remembered how late he had left the purchase of the dress.

"Not better, Jack," softly.

"And perhaps I'll be able to find some of your people and restore you, you know." She didn't look particularly delighted or grateful at this addition.

"But we mustn't be in too much of a hurry. I've been thinking it over, and I don't think I'll go there tomorrow. I'll walk down to the camp and hang about a bit, and then put in an hour or two at the old claim here. It won't do to rouse the boys' suspicions. We must go to work cautiously. How should you like a farm in England—Devonshire, Syl—a farm, with horses and cows, and ducks and—"

She clasped her hands and cooed with delight, and they sat up late that night, talking of all they would do with the riches he had discovered in the valley behind the hills.

In the morning Neville started down to the camp. It had grown considerably and improved in appearance. On the way he noticed a new shanty, rather neater in its appearance than the rest. There was a small patch of garden in front, inclosed by wooden rails, and Neville had fancied that he had seen a girl walking in it; but if there was one, she had disappeared before he got up to it, and after a curious glance at the cottage—for it almost deserved the name, with its white blinds and clean windows—passed on.

Macgregor's store was busy, as usual, and Neville was hailed by Locket and two or three others who were taking their morning drinks.

"Come down to kill anybody, Young 'Un?" said Locket. "No? Thanks—much relieved. Well, what do you think of the camp now, eh? Lorn Hope is rising, I believe—eh, boys?"

"That's so. Give us time and fair play and we'll lick London and Paris presently," responded the Doc. How's the luck with you, Young 'Un?"

Neville shook his head and looked as glum as he could.

"I've come down for a new pick," he said. "I suppose I can get one on truck for a few days?"

"Well, I don't know; I never tried," said the Doc, with self-directed sarcasm. "Yes, I reckon Lorn Hope is on the soar. We're getting respectable. See the notices, Young 'Un?" and he pointed to the two prohibitory placards on the tent.

"Mac's morals is better than his spelling, ain't they?"

Neville laughed.

And we ain't stopped there!" said Locket. "We're going to build a slap up church for the parson. Seen him? How's that for high? And we're going to rush in all the bad characters—"

"You'll want a big church," said Neville. Locket laughed.

"Not so big as we did," he said, with a certain significance, which caused Neville to look at him attentively. "No, we've been weeding out since you were down here last, Young 'Un. It was such a relief to get rid of that snaky old Lavarick that we tried it with half a dozen more, and turned 'em out, neck and crop."

"Which was about the foolishest thing we could do," remarked one of the by-standers, curtly.

"As how?" demanded Locket, who had been the prime mover in the expulsion.

"Why, because while we had 'em here we had 'em under our eyes, but now where are they? Just mooching around on the hills, waiting for a chance to rush us. One of the boys was shot down just outside the night before last. The bank agent was pretty high topped and unloaded last week. It's my belief our black sheep have joined the rangers, and that there'll be trouble before long."

Neville was not very much impressed. Youth in its strength, with a revolver in its belt, is seldom scared. He took a drink,—he was careful not to stand one—bought his pick, and set out for home.

On his way he passed the cottage, and there was Miss Mary Brown in a pretty morning frock—for all the world as if she were in England—playing at what girls call gardening.

Neville stopped and took off his hat, and she looked round with a pretty start and a prettier blush, as if she had not seen him go past, and had screwed up courage to venture out again on the chance of his stopping.

"Gardening, Miss Brown?" said Neville, almost as shy as herself.

"Big, strong men are always shy. It is your little man who can face any number of ladies without flinching."

"Yes," she said, with a timid little laugh; "but it's hard work—the ground is so hard. I've had to dig it up with this hoe," and she pointed to a small instrument with which it would have been difficult to kill a lady-bird.

Neville laughed, and she laughed also.

"That's no use," he said, with his usual bluntness. "This is the sort of thing you want," and he held up the pick.

"That great thing! Oh, dear me! I couldn't lift it!"

"Oh, it's light enough," he said. "I'll show you, if I may come in."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! How rude of me to keep you out there! and she blushed most charmingly as she opened the gate.

Neville went in, and in a very short time had made the tiny square of earth take to itself the likeness of a plowed field.

With many and repeated declarations that she really shouldn't permit him to work so hard, Miss Mary looked at the great fellow—looked with covert admiration and woman-worship from under her lashes.

Then she ran into the cottage and brought out a pitcher of lemonade—and lemons are eighteen pence a piece in Lorn

Hope!—and poured him out a glass and watched him drink it, and thought he did it as beautifully as he'd dug, and— Ah, well! of course Neville was persuaded to sit down and rest after his tremendous exertions, and as they sat and talked, Miss Mary's heart, which had been shaken and loosened in her bosom on her first meeting with the handsome young man, slowly but surely stole away from its mistress. Oh, what a faithless, ungrateful thing a girl's heart is! A look, a word, a sigh from some man, and lo! it deserts its legitimate owner, perhaps forever.

Neville tore himself away at last, feeling very cheerful and comfortable. He had enjoyed his chat with the pretty, fair-haired young lady with the shy smile and the ready blush; but his heart was still in its place, fast and firm enough.

"What a time you have been!" said Sylvia.

"Oh," he said, "I had a chat with the boys, and—" he hesitated for just half a moment, for he was not quite so stupid as not to know that Sylvia had not "taken to Miss Mary"—and on my way back I met Miss Brown—that is, I saw her in her garden. They've got the jolliest little cottage, all white blinds and—"

"Did you go in?" she broke in, with suspicious indifference.

"Yes, I went in. She was trying to dig up the ground with a pen-holder or something of the kind, and I—"

"Went and dug it up for her and— and spent the morning with her. I bate that girl!" and her eyes flashed.

Neville started.

"What on earth for?" he demanded.

"Why, you've only seen her once, and for five minutes; and it isn't fair, either, for she particularly wants to know you and be friendly; and upon my word, Syl, I think it would be a good thing if you made a friend of her; she would be company—"

"For you," she put in, quite calmly now, and smiling.

Always distrust a woman's smile on such occasions.

"Very well, I will. After all, she isn't so bad. But I wish she wasn't quite so washed-out looking. But she can't help that, can she?" and with this feminine shot she declined to talk any more on the subject of Miss Brown.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Domestic Felicity Maintained in Families Where Diamond Dyes are Used.

The happiest, best regulated and most economical families in the Dominion are regular users of the world famous Diamond Dyes. Domestic felicity is ever maintained, because the Diamond Dyes are true and unfailing in work, and money is saved by their use. No other Dyes can boast of such strong words of praise from users.

Mrs. T. Lavin, Newark, Ont., says: "Have used many other dyes, but find the Diamond Dyes ahead of all, as they give the best and fastest colors."

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Mrs. John Leslie, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "I have used Diamond Dyes in all the colors, and I can safely say they do all you claim for them."

Expensive Mirth.

"Cheery words cost nothing—"

"That's where you are way off. I said two cheery words yesterday and they cost me \$17."

"How did this happen?"

"Well, I slapped a big man on the back, and said, 'Hello, Fatty!'"

"That was all right."

"No, it wasn't; he turned out to be a man I didn't know, so we knocked each other down and got into court."

If you are ill you need a doctor in whom you have confidence.

If you need a remedy you want one that has been tested for years; not an obscure, untried thing that is urged upon you, or on which you save a few cents—that is no consideration as against health.

For wasting in children or adults, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites has been the recognized remedy for twenty-five years.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

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PURE BLOODED HORSES.

Your horse will look twice as well, feel twice as well, do twice as much work, sell for twice as much money, if you tone him up with — DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the result that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a full size package, as sample postpaid, for price 25cts.

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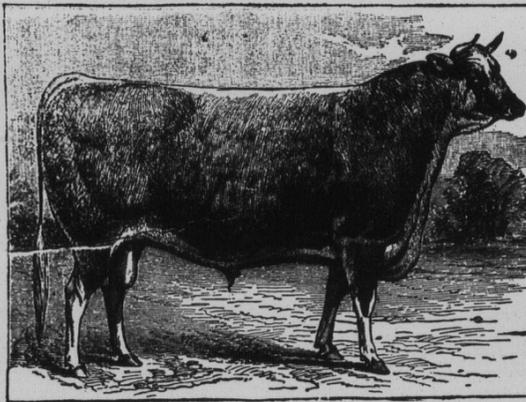
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A JAGUAR'S TRICK.

The Clever Way in Which he Fooled the Caymans and Crossed a River.

Robert Wilson Fenn contributes to the St. Nicholas an interesting story about "The Jaguar and the Caymans." Mr. Fenn was camping on the banks of the Upper Magdalena River, in Columbia, South America, and this is what he saw.

We had finished our evening meal, and I was enjoying my customary smoke under the taldilla, or netting, and chatting with my Indian companions, when, suddenly, the most awful series of catcalls that I had ever heard disturbed our peace and the night air. A prolonged yowl, like the united voices of all the cats on all the roofs of a large town, made the cold chills creep up and down my spine and goose-flesh to run all over me.

"What is it?" I asked one of the men.

"El tigre, señor!" (The tiger, sir!) he replied; "ra a pasar el río" (he is going to cross the river.) "Let him cross if he wants to," said I; "but what does he want to upset my supper and spoil my after-dinner smoke with his hideous noise?" Come and see, señor," he replied, and taking up his gun, motioned me to follow him. Softly we crept along the margin of the creek toward the river, and making our way through the spines of the overhanging bamboos, came out upon the narrow beach near the mouth of the creek.

Sure enough, by crawling cautiously along in the shadow of the bluff, we saw our musical friend squatting on his haunches with head thrown back and mouth open, emitting the most blood-curdling serenades one could expect to hear, and looking for all the world like a gigantic tabby cat. But what connection such a noise could have with his passage of the river I failed to see.

"Anastasio," I said in a whisper, "doesn't the foolish fellow know that he will draw all the alligators together, and

when he gets into the water he will swim off in sections? "Leave him alone," chuckled the Indian; "he knows how to get across." So, crouching down in the bushes on the bank of the river, we waited for his first move. I think we must have been there about twenty minutes or half an hour, and I was becoming almost worn out with the attacks of the mosquitoes, when the concert suddenly ceased. At the same moment the moon came out clear and bright from behind a cloud, and Anastasio, nudging my arm, pointed to the surface of the water in front of the jaguar. At first I thought there were a number of sticks in the water, but as the current was swift and they were motionless in their places, I was for a moment puzzled. "Caymanos" (alligators), whispered the Indian, and I saw that his eyes were better than mine. There were the ugly mounds of half a dozen of the big fellows, some well out of water, and some just showing their nostrils and the bumps over their eyes, but all ready for their expected prey.

But they were to be disappointed this time; for the jaguar, immediately upon the conclusion of his serenade started off upstream as hard as he could run along the bank of the river, and when he had gone about 500 yards dropped softly into the water and swam safely across, while his baffled enemies were unable to make fast enough time up-stream against the swift current to get him.

Twice Told Tales.

Writer—That is rather small pay, don't you think? There were over 3,000 words in that article.

Publisher—I know; but, then, there were so many of them that you used more than once.—Boston Transcript.

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CANCER

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution

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See you get Carter's,

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Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The Clown's Vengeance

That evening there was a great course of people on the Place de la Liberte. The Rossi Circus was giving its last performance, and the public of Toulon was flocking in crowds to this farewell representation. At the doors beneath the flickering gleam of the rows of gas-lights, there was a careless crush and movement; an endless line was slowly winding its way in, halting at every step and hammering the sounding plants with a confused clatter. All around, on the notice boards stuck in the ground, the colors of the flaming posters were displayed and, bathed in the garish light, dazzled the eye. In the crowd of spectators and idlers every one was reading aloud the placard which stood conspicuous in front:

Positively the Last Time this evening
Last Performances of
Frisco Icarus (The Flying Man)
Mlle. Rita and of Aesop (The Grandfather Clown.)

Within the circus the seats were already overflowing, and the same names repeated from mouth to mouth blended into a general murmur deadened by the canvas roof over the ring. Some of the circus-men were raking the sawdust on the track, and above the door to the stables, the musicians were languidly tuning their instruments, or, at times, addressing friends who passed beneath the gallery. "That you? Marius, how goes it?" etc. In the upper rows the audience was alive with impatience for the expected spectacle, and irritated by the passing of the young fashionable "first-nighters"—envied frequenters behind the scenes—who pressed in a crowd to the narrow entrance leading to the greenroom.

Officers in civilian dress, and students, ship-brokers and idle dandies all wished for the last time to get near the fair Mlle. Rita, the celebrated acrobatic, who, for a month, had been the subject of conversation in every mess-room and every club. They stepped along, the elbow and the flowers between the walls that were covered with sets of varnished harness, and begged pardon every time they jostled a groom. They stopped at the stalls of Blue Devil and Djinn, the two trick Arabians, and, under pretext of giving some sugar to the horses, flattered about the extemporized dressing-room where Rita, tranquil and smiling, was doing her attire. Then came the commonplace compliments to which the star of the circus, tubercled, scarcely deigned to give an answer, without seeming to note the ardent gaze of her admirers.

She was a handsome girl, a careless gypsy, with the sun in her eyes and her blood, accustomed to the atmosphere of admiration, and she finished her toilet without hurrying. At times, however, she gave her shoulders a shake and made the pearls of her necklace rattle. It was when the little clown Aesop, her husband, who, all befouled and painted, was walking before the room, his huge top-knot swaying at every step, drew near, and his sharp falsetto voice launched some taunt at the artist's courtiers. They laughed, they even applauded, but, more often, they lowered their eyes before the cutting, cold gaze of the dwarf, whose wan and grotesque face—in spite of the smile of his blood-red and too large lips—seemed at some moments to be fraught with evil.

This evening the manikin was in a worse humor than usual; his jaws were more biting and more bitter, and beneath the coat of four covering his seamed features he appeared not pale but livid. His eyes had a sharp and menacing flash in them, and never left Rita, who, gayly posed before her mirror, was having her bodice laced by the handsome gymnast Icarus.

In the circus the orchestra was finishing a waltz by Metra. The curious were gradually quitting the stable and returning to their places. The sharp cuts of the ring-master's whip was cracking in the arena; the show had begun. Icarus placed a last rose in the hair of the equestrienne and ran to chalk her shoes. He stumbled against his dwarfish comrade.

The clown seemed very busy in examining the gas-metre, and pushed him away with an oath. Then without more ado, the acrobat sent him reeling, and leaping on a ladder, cried, with a laugh, "Out of thy way, you pitiful pigmy!"

Aesop uttered a roar of rage and anger, then suddenly calming himself, returned to the metre, and after having followed with an eye of hatred the ascent of Icarus, began lumbering with the mechanism of the stop-cocks.

A great clapping of hands. A frantic ovation. Two hundred pretty women dropped their fans, and leveled their opera-glasses, and, a trifle pale, smiled with a delicious dread. Icarus was up there—high up at the top of the circus—hanging to the last trapeze, and turning over and over in it, slowly, and without an effort.

At times he paused, and his face was seen radiant in the foolish pride of triumph. Below, in the ring, the clowns were stretching a circular net, and in all the circus reigned deep silence broken only by a feminine whisper: "How graceful! What a handsome fellow!"

The gymnast then, finding his public sufficiently warmed up, raised himself at one pull, stiffening himself on his wrists.

The trapeze, violently thrown back, described a great arc, and letting go the bar, the man shot forward like an arrow into space.

There was a feeling of apprehension in the crowd, and an "Oh!" of fright uttered by a thousand hearts. The acrobat reached the second trapeze, and calmly

let himself swing in its decreasing oscillations.

Slowly he thus darted eleven times, calm and smiling as he made the tour of the circus, and rejoicing at feeling beneath him the immense paucity of the throng.

At the eleventh trapeze he passed to prolong this immolation—his glory—and his eyes sought out Rita. The equestrienne saw him, and with the handle of her whip threw him a kiss.

The elated Icarus, hanging by one hand, saluted her; then he brought his trapeze to rest. He was about to complete his task.

"Enough," said some voices.
"No! Bravo! Encore!" cried the ladies, eager to feel once more the perverse joy of an enticing pain.

For the twelfth time the handsome gymnast, stiffening his muscular arms essayed his terrible flight.

And an appalling cry of terror, a frantic shout arose.
In an instant, suddenly—like a candle put out by the flap of a bat's wing—the thousand glistening lights of the circus were extinguished all together, at the precise and fatal moment when the man was darting into space.

At the same instant there rose from the ring a laugh, terrible, vibrating with hate.

Then in the black and hideous obscurity, in the pitchy darkness that filled the circus lately so blazing, poignant shrieks rolled from row to row. Women fainted, and the spectators, with their hearts crushed in hopeless terror, shudderingly sat as if petrified in their places and peered into the night that filled the dome. The net was empty, the acrobat must be looked for in the gloom. In the search, lanterns were brought and carried toward the top of the circus. Five minutes—five centuries, elapsed. Some one cried, "Benegal lights!"

Then, while here and there people were trying to relight the burners, a blaze of violet and red, of green and azure, flashed out and with a powerful illumination lit up at one flash every corner of the circus with its fantastic and trembling gleams.
And suddenly, as in the flames of a transformation scene, was seen, rigid, clamped to the trapeze, Prince Icarus, hanging motionless.

An unheard of horror paralyzed him in a supernatural frenzy. His distorted face, whiter than that of a corpse, his haggard eyes, protruding from their sockets, rolled convulsively.

Soon his comrades were near him. With the handle of his knife Aesop struck the gymnast's hands, and with great difficulty detached from the bar the clenched hands of the miserable man.

The gas was relighted, and the crowd, silently and without a breath, watched, as it was slowly lowered down, the descent of the living corpse.

There is to-day near Marseilles, in the Asylum of Saint Pierre, a poor madman who stalks straight forward, his arms held in front and contracted in an irregular grip. It is a frightful sight. It is "Prince Icarus."

I do not know what jail holds Aesop. As to the fairy Rita, she is now a princess somewhere in Germany.

Gold was Found

In the discovery of so wonderful a remedy as Nerviline—nerve-pain cure. No remedy in the market affords such prompt relief for toothache, neuralgia, and rheumatism. Its action in cramps, colic, &c., is simply marvellous.

Early Writers on Smoking.

The fact has been discovered that Shakespeare never mentions smoking or makes the slightest allusion to the habit. This is the more curious, as most of his contemporaries Ben Jonson, Decker and others, discuss the then new fashion at length, and the humorist and satirist of the time lost no opportunity of deriding and making game of the votaries of the weed. The tobacco merchant was an important personage in the time of James I. The Elizabethan pipes were so small that when they are dug up in Ireland the poor call them fairy pipes. King James himself was one of the most virulent opponents of the habit, and in his ludicrous "Counterblaste" calls it a vile and sinking custom "borrowed from the beastly, slavish Indians—poor, wild, barbarous men—brought over from America and not introduced by any worthy or virtuous or great personage." He argues that tobacco is not dry and hot; that its smoke is timid like all other smoke, and is therefore bad for the brain, which is naturally wet and cold. He denies that smoking purges the head or stomach, and declares that many have smoked themselves to death.—Medical Record.

Book Buyers.

During a recent book sale in this city there were many calls for Henryk Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis." One girl appeared with a card bearing this: "Quodiz," by "Stinkwitz." Another reader asked for "Two Waders," by "Sinkers," while a third demanded "That book by the man whose name ends 'itch.'"

While the sale was going on, a woman asked a cash girl: "Can you find 'David Copperfield?'" "I'll see," said the girl, and disappeared. She presently returned, and said: "No, mum. He don't work here no more."

Another customer at the sale was a woman who drove up in her carriage. She explained to the clerk that she had just moved into her own house.

"The library," she said, "is 60 by 100 and the shelves run around the whole shootin' match." She looked at the stock of books, and sweeping her hand over a lot



of shelves containing about 1,500 volumes she said: "Send those books up." As the assortment contained broken sets, odd volumes, duplicates and paper-covered novels, her library will be a motley collection.—Chicago Chronicle.

No Map of the United States.

"The school children of the Bermudas know nothing of American history," says a New York woman who has just returned from Hamilton. One day I stopped and talked with a bright little colored boy on the street. The Bermuda negro, you know, is superior in intelligence to the Southern negro of this country. He has neither the thick lips nor the flat nose of our American negro. His superiority is accounted for by the fact that he has in his veins the blood of the Indians captured in King Philip's war and taken as slaves to the Bermudas. "Do you go to school?" I asked the boy. "Yes'm."

"Who owns these islands?" "England." "Who rules England?" "Queen Victoria." "Where are the United States?" "South of Canada."

"And do you know who is president of the United States?"

"Yes'm; George Washington." "When I had visited one of the little schools at Hamilton I did not wonder that Washington was the only American president the boys had heard of. On the walls were maps of every important country in the world but our own, and I found that the teachers said as little of the United States as they could."—New York Sun.

Cancer.

Cancer defies the surgeon but yields to our vegetable home treatment. Full particulars 6c. (stamps). Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Rice at Weddings.

A clergyman in the Eastern colonies has issued a request to his people not to throw rice at weddings, on the ground that the practice means a great deal of extra cleaning up from the church and church yard. "If you must shower something symbolic of blessings on their heads," he says, "let it be outside." If, when a bridegroom himself, he had had rice thrown in his eye he would have taken a more serious view of the matter. I have known the best part—that is, the first part—of a honeymoon passed with an oculist instead of a bride in consequence of this custom. If the rice must be thrown, let it be boiled first.—Illustrated London News.

Prisoners Refuse to Leave.

Abyssinia is likely to be conquered peacefully by Italy, as over 4,000 soldiers taken prisoners by Menelik are said to have settled in the country, refusing to go home. Meanwhile their families are petitioning the government either to get back the men who disappeared after Adau or declare them dead officially, so that affairs in Italy may be settled.



BORN.

Kentville, May 16, to the wife of Mr. Fred W. Hillis a son.
Truro, May 17, to the wife of Mr. C. A. Armstrong a son.
Halifax, May 18, to the wife of Mr. Enos Rafuse a daughter.
Truro, May 8, to the wife of Mr. M. M. McLearn a daughter.
Kentville, May 16, to the wife of Mr. C. S. Nixon a daughter.
Joggins Mines, May 16, to the wife of W. C. Dick a daughter.
Truro, May 4, to the wife of Mr. Wm. McDonald a daughter.
Scott's Bay, May 2, to the wife of Mr. George Parish a son.
Moore River, May 5, to the wife of Mr. Neil Fraser a daughter.
Hortonville, May 15, to the wife of Mr. W. D. Patterson a son.
Scott's Bay, May 7, to the wife of Mr. Norman Steele a son.
Chatham, May 19, to the wife of Mr. George R. Marquis a son.
Mink Cove, May 11, to the wife of Mr. E. A. Giddings a son.
Freepoint, May 11, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Campbell a daughter.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS VARNISH STAIN



is stain ground in varnish. It stains the wood and varnishes it in one operation. It is made in the following colors: cherry, oak, mahogany, rosewood, walnut, ebony. It is prepared ready for the brush and very easy to put on. We recommend it for furniture, and bric-a-brac and any of the woodwork about the house; also for floors.

It can be used over painted surfaces, if a suitable ground color is put on first. Sample cards and booklet sent free to any address.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS,
100 Canal St., Cleveland, 229 Stewart Avenue, Chicago, 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Beaver Harbor, May 4, to the wife of Mr. W. H. Eye a daughter.
Halifax, May 4, to the wife of Mr. Phillip A. Free a daughter.
Halifax, May 18, to the wife of Mr. George M. Whitman a son.
Avondale, April 29, to the wife of Mr. James Connors a daughter.
Ecum Secum, April 15, to the wife of Mr. George Publicover a son.
DeBert River, May 11, to the wife of Mr. Wm. Matthews a daughter.
Boulevard Centre, C. B., May 18, to the wife of Mr. A. Matheson a daughter.

MARRIED.

Turket, May 9, by Rev. A. W. Currie, William Andrews to Mary Gray.
Digby May 18, by Rev. Wm. Phillips, N. W. Hogg to Maggie Burnham.
Truro, April 7, by Rev. A. L. Goggin, Geo. Munroe to Fannie Hennessey.
St. James, May 11, by the Rev. S. H. Rice, Gilbert Irvine to Alma Cook.
New York, May 7, by Rev. Dr. Rainsford, E. H. Cimch to Bertha Hillon.
Halifax, May 18, by Rev. John McMillan Frank Moore to Maggie Burns.
Cognasgan, April 27, by Rev. G. A. Withers, Morris Ross to Sabra Sanford.
St. John, May 19, by Rev. O. S. Newnam, Capt. J. F. Martin to Lena Carter.
Fox River, May 18, by Rev. Robert Johnson Rev. John Reeks to Hattie Kerr.
Truro, May 7, by Rev. Edwin Rose, Andrew M. Centreville, May 8, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, Samuel F. Cogswell to Bertha M. Wilson.
Summersville May 5, by Rev. G. A. Withers, New- ton T. Dill to Mary A. Spearling.
Frederickton, May 21, by Rev. Geo. P. Payson, George Briggs to Margaret Lyons.
Baltimore, May 8, by Rev. Dr. Gibson, William B. Robertson to Mary E. Skerry-Groser.
Washington, April 27, by Rev. Dr. Hakley assisted by Rev. Dr. W. H. Young, Wm. H. Harrison to Lillian B. Young.

DIED.

Amherst, May 18, Hugh Tufis, 54.
Halifax, May 17, Mestalla Slade, 1.
Bentville, May 5, Sadie A. Bent, 28.
Norwood, May 18, Harry Pierce, 41.
St. John May 22, George B. Beacall.
St. John, May 21, Martha Morrison.
Roxbury, May 16, Phoebe Russell, 87.
Sydney, May 16, Christina Dumareq-Springshill, May 16, Ethel Proctor, 26.
St. John, May 24, George W. Tins, 63.
Maidland May 9, Mabel L. Fulman, 28.
Yarmouth, May 14, Matred Smith, 24.
St. John, May 24, Thomas C. Carle, 65.
St. John, May 23, Mrs. Alice Ruddick.
St. John, May 22, Margaret Lawton, 78.
Brown's Flats, May 23, Mary Burke, 16.
Elmsdale, May 11, Charles Richards, 78.
Tatamagouche, May 11, Miss Flo Wilson.
Shag Harbor, May 11, Mrs. Carrie Jones.
St. John, May 17, Mr. Robert M. Stevens, 62.
LaHave Islands, May 10, Henry Wolf, 85.
Cornwallis, May 7, Clarence O. Topper, 41.
Cheroggin, May 13, George McKinnon, 35.
Hastport, May 14, Catherine Reynolds, 47.
Windsor, May 14, William F. Chisholm, 40.
East Boston, May 17, Anna J. Robertson, 42.
Port Maitland, May 18, Capt. E. C. Burns, 69.
Georgetown, May 18, Mrs. Evan McQuarry, 95.
Old Barris, April 21, Elizabeth Tull Miller, 79.
New York, May 13, Richard Roe Grindley, 68.
Chelsea, Mass., May 20, Carrie May Hannah, 26.
Cambridge, Mass., May 9, Mr. John Savage, 76.
Halifax, May 16, John William Jackson, 18 mos.
Pt. Lepreau, May 18 Olive Knight Thomas, 6.
Beaver Harbor, Halifax Co., May 9, Nell Currie.
Middle Steviacko, May 13, William G. Winton, 76.
Black Rock, Kings Co., May 14, Elizabeth Algeo, 69.
Newcastle, Pennsylvania, Clarence E. Hamilton, 32.
Westworth, Hants Co., May 4, Mrs. Jane Cochran, 88.
Kent, Washington Territory, U. S., May 14 Mrs. Rinehart.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Company's Lines
.....TO THE.....
Klondike.

Present fares St. John to Vancouver or Victoria, B. C. \$26. First; \$23. second. From Vancouver or Victoria to Glenora via Wrangle \$46. First; \$36. second class. These rates include meals and berth on Steamers, excepting between Wrangle and Glenora. From Glenora contractors are putting teams on Teelin Trail.
Equally low rates from other points quoted on application.
Send for "Klondike and Yukon gold folder" and other advertising matter, and apply for reservations on Steamers to
A. H. NOTMAN,
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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—
Frederickton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Frederickton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Frederickton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for St. John.

While navigation permits, the Steamer Aberdeen will leave Frederickton for Woodstock on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Geo. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, the 16th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 6.30 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

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Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,
Lvo. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lvo. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday.

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Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvo. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvo. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.55 p. m. Tuss. and Fri.
Lvo. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvo. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lvo. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvo. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr Halifax 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lvo. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Digby 10.09 a. m. Lvo. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lvo. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 8.40 a. m. Lvo. Digby 8.50 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Business between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE
By far the finest and fastest steamship line out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth N. S., every Tuesday and Friday, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains and "Flying Business" Express, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Saturday and Wednesday at 4.30 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
State-rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with traffic at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamers from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....1.00
Express for Halifax.....12.10
Express for Sussex, Boston, every Express and Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 9.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....12.10
Express from Moncton(daily).....12.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....12.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.3

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. FORTINGHAM,
General Manager.
Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.