

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MAY 18, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENT

TALK OF JAIL REFORM.

County Councillors Express Their Opinion—Rev. Mr. Richardson's Action.

It is not Warden McGoldrick any longer but Warden White. The change took place Tuesday afternoon at what may be termed the annual meeting of the Municipal Council.

This body meets four times a year, but the first meeting after the election is considered the most important as the officers are elected and much business transacted.

Warden McGoldrick in his seventeen years of experience as a representative in civic affairs has passed through the chair of public safety and the wardenship of the county. There were many of his friends this year who thought that he should either be continued as head of the county board or given a chairmanship but the applicants were persistent and the alderman for Stanley was apparently opposed to competing for honors that bring much work and sometimes much criticism with them.

Ald. White will make an excellent warden. He is a strict but impartial chairman and is not inclined to allow much if any departure from the rules of debate. This is right and will have a great tendency to make the meetings shorter and more business like. He has been deputy mayor and is now warden but has never aspired to the work of a board chairman. He is freely recognized as one of the best men at the Council board and the duties of warden, especially in this year of the expected visit of the heir apparent and his wife, will no doubt be performed to the satisfaction and pleasure of every citizen.

The jail question provoked much discussion, though, perhaps it was not so much the condition of the jail as the attitude of those who condemned the council for its inaction. This is not the first time the council has been condemned for its indifference to the comfort and safety of the poor unfortunates who are placed in that institution. It is within the recollection of many of the present members that PROGRESS published a series of articles years ago which so aroused the people that some two or three thousand dollars were spent upon the improvement of the premises. What is unclear now was filthy and abhorrent then. The Councillors, when they saw the condition of the institution were shocked themselves and ordered immediate repairs. After they were made the interest in the sanitary condition of the jail lessened and for good reason but the overcrowding, and the continual occupancy of all the cells, the absence of employment for the prisoners, the impossibility of airing and cleaning the cells while empty for any length of time has brought about a condition that is naturally objected to by such wide awake gentlemen as Rev. Mr. Richardson. He has the courage of his opinions and is not afraid to speak out. PROGRESS knows from experience that this course is not relished by some of the aldermen or councillors and, even against their common sense, they will object to improvements that must meet with their approval, because an outsider has suggested them. The pulpit has taken a greater interest in civic reform of late than in days gone by and the assistance it has rendered the press cannot be estimated. The action of Rev. Mr. Dewdney and Father Gaynor in recording the efforts of PROGRESS towards effecting the evil resorts of Britain street had a happy result. The Home for the Incurables and the Wiggins institution no longer have to complain of the close proximity of houses of prostitution.

But this is somewhat a departure from council business. The session was long and to many became weary. The anxiety of one councillor to speak because another did was as apparent as it is in the council. To the credit of the county members let it be said that they listened and spoke when they thought necessary. There is no clearer and more convincing speaker than Ex Warden Lee who may always be relied upon to take a fair view of all topics.

There was an impression that the wardenship should go to the county this year and the statement was made that there was a sort of an agreement to that effect but, at any rate, no notice was taken of it and the city caucus decided in favor of a city man. Councillor Lowell was mentioned and had a fair support but his friends decided that

another year would be more a suitable time to nominate a county man. The main objection to a county man, though it can hardly apply to Councillor Lowell, is that he lives too far from the city and that he has to make too frequent trips for the purpose of signing his name etc. The same objection might require the governor of the province to reside in Fredericton, but the business seems to go on fairly well with him upon his Riverside farm.

Another matter that was given a hasty hearing, was the motion of Councillor Christie to declare the office of county treasurer vacant. The motion to adjourn instead of discussing the dismissal of a gentleman who has been so prominent in city and federal affairs, and who at one time was so successful a merchant, was at once carried, and showed that the hearts of the majority of the board are in the right place yet.

An Irate Father-in-Law.
James Rogan, a master carpenter of the North End was a very mad man this week on Wednesday night he went in search of the scalp of Thomas Burns of Lower Cove. Mr. Rogan's daughter Mirnie was the "steady company" of Thos. Burns. It is claimed that the young couple were secretly married last winter. This statement of fact did not meet with Mr. Rogan's approval, as a consequence he resolved to take matters in his own hands. The supposed clandestine marriage of his daughter to Burns came near being the undoing of that young gentleman. The timid son in law who had secured the daughter was evidently not very much in love with her father as the fact of his having a warrant issued for his arrest indicates. A knife and a revolver in the hands of a father who feels that he has been wronged are very bad weapons to toy with, hence Burn's cautioning in this matter. Just now family relations are a little strained. As PROGRESS goes to press it is not known what the police court upshot of the case may be.

The Serious Charge of Arson.
Provincial Constable King has had some special work to do these last few days, which resulted in the arrest of one William Brown, of Hammond, Kings County. The charge against Brown is a very serious one, that of arson and accuses him, it is understood, of setting fire to buildings owned by Messrs Kennedy, Crow, Grey and Charles M. Bostwick. The prompt action of the Attorney General, Hon. William Pagsley, in placing the detective upon the investigation and the good work of King himself resulted in the arrest of Brown on Thursday. The prisoner seemed to take the matter coolly, asked that the warrant be read to him and then accompanied the officer to the jail at Hampton.

The Colored Baby Question.
Considerable of a sensation has been caused in Moncton by the appearance of one or two colored babies. They seem to have appeared in the wrong place for it is generally understood that white women have no business with little colored strangers. No particular publicity has been given to the events, such as birth notices in the press or otherwise but such news will break out despite the professional secrecy of physicians or the efforts of those interested to keep it quiet.

A Warm Welcome to Him.
The many friends of Capt. Lockart of the steamer Prince Edward were glad to meet him upon his arrival Thursday night from Boston. The captain's popularity in this city and the favorable opinion all who have travelled on the Prince Edward entertained of that officer and his boat will no doubt induce many who want to go across the bay to travel by the water route. The steamer Prince Rupert will be repaired and renovated while the Edward is doing the work.

A Protest From Carleton.
A lady living in Carleton tells PROGRESS that the three colored boys arrested in Carleton for singing, a short time ago were no more faulty than their white companions, that they were respectable colored boys, had good voices and their songs were much enjoyed by those who

listened to them. Some indignation was felt that they should have been selected and fined in the face of the protests of a number of people who knew all the circumstances of the case.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE.

Liquor License Commissioners Who Make it Difficult for Restaurants Saturday Night.

Because a man keeps a restaurant as well as a bar, the liquor license board has held the last year or two that he must close his eating place as well as his bar at seven o'clock Saturday night—the best night in the week for that particular line of business. No matter how much separated the two places are, because the street entrance is the same, the commissioners have deprived them of a large portion of their week's business. They naturally consider this a hardship, and those who are thoroughly acquainted with the circumstances agree with them.

The board thinks that if the restaurant was open liquor would be carried in from the adjoining but cut off bar. The penalty for this is too heavy for any such risk to be taken and the two eating saloons particularly refused to be conducted by men whose word that nothing of the sort would be done should be readily accepted.

In these days when the commissioners are stretching the law to issue more licenses and thus making it harder for each man in the business to make a living and pay the heavy license fees exacted, some latitude should be permitted persons who have gone to great expense in getting up presentable restaurants and who wish to keep them open six nights in the week.

Boom on Baseball.

The baseball indications are that the season will be a better one. The Alerts new pitcher, Popp, arrived here on Thursday. Jope, the star backstop, is daily expected. The Rose's management has been hustling and have the promise of several good batteries with which to begin the season. Jark M. Lean, who is at present with the Boston American League team may play in the initial games on Victoria Day. The "ball fans" are assured of good ball from the start. Both teams have crack imported batteries and the best local players obtainable are bound to please their patrons. If a good clear sportsman-like article of baseball is given St. John people will not fail to show their approval of the energies of the players.

King's County Bridges.

The repairs to Perry Point Bridge have been completed, and that structure is now in good condition. The work was done under much difficulty, as the freshet was very high and the ice running freely, but Contractor Gilliland and his crew lost no time and had the draw completed and the bridge ready when navigation broke up. It was no sooner completed, however, than a bridge across the Hammond river went down, and called for the services of the contractor again.

PROGRESS

CONTENTS TODAY.

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- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings from all over the provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Baldwin's Arctic Trip—How the explorer proposes to reach the pole. Told to steal Millions—Famous case recalled by the death of a jester.
- PAGES 10 and 15.—Opening chapter of a new serial entitled "The Ace of Clubs."
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- PAGE 15.—Her Sister's Secret—a light story.
- PAGE 16.—Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

OFF TO THE BIG SHOW.

What the Province and the I. C. R. Are Doing to Make an Attractive Exhibit.

The Pan-American exposition is causing considerable interest among those citizens of St. John and the Province who have thought of taking a summer trip and a little recreation. Several ladies and gentlemen have already left the city for Buffalo with that idea in view. In documents held out by the Intercolonial Railway as well as the Canadian Pacific are such that the trip is not only pleasant but cheap. Of course in Buffalo the hotel rates and the boarding-house terms will be higher than usual but that is to be expected. Reports from that city, however, rather indicate that the exposition is not nearly ready for sight seeing. The railways will naturally wish to get all the travel they can early in the season, because during the months of July, August and September their rolling stock will no doubt be occupied to its utmost capacity.

New Brunswick, will be particularly interested in the exhibit of the Intercolonial railway, which has taken upon itself the task of giving an adequate idea of the game and fish to be had in this province. The revenue from this source of late years has been considerable, both from the standpoint of the provincial government and from that of the railway. Sportsmen who come here with the idea of salmon fishing or moose hunting or in fact looking for any kind of game are not as a rule particular as to the expense and the licenses they have to pay to the game wardens, the guides which they engage, the railway and the fares all amount to a considerable sum which they pay willingly for the sport they enjoy.

In order to give a better idea of the resources of the provinces in this direction, the government at Fredericton lent its remarkable collection of moose heads, etc., to the Intercolonial passenger department and they have gone forward by special car to the exhibit.

Mr. W. H. Carnall of the well known firm of taxidermists of this city has charge of the business of setting up the exhibit, hanging the many photographs of sporting resorts and scenes to advantage and generally to make it look as attractive as possible. During the absence of those heads of the department, who will probably visit Buffalo later, he is willing to give any and all information to those who seek it. It was found necessary when the representative of the Intercolonial went to Buffalo at first to build an annex to contain this splendid exhibit and under the supervision of the dominion architect a building 35 feet in length and of proportionate width was added to the agricultural department on the grounds. This will enable the exhibit to be displayed properly and no doubt much benefit will result to the province and to the Intercolonial from the show.

WANT A HARBOR BRIDGE.

A Merchant Lumberman Who Talks of St. John's Disadvantage From Lack of It.
Speaking of the Cantiliver Bridge the other day a well known lumber merchant talked quite freely of what he termed the disadvantages the charges of carriage on that structure were to St. John. It is well known that \$5 a car is charged on all freight brought from the west to this city over the iron bridge. Whether this charge is excessive or not PROGRESS is not prepared to say but in the opinion of this merchant with whom its representative talked there should be no change at all made but ordinary freight rate from the west. This lumber merchant did not hesitate to state that he could buy his supplies for his crews in the woods or on the streams cheaper in St. Stephen than he could in St. John and the reason of it was, he claimed the longer rail haul from St. John and the tolls to and fro on the bridge making both ways \$10 a car. He was very emphatic in urging that the government of the city should take some notice of this disadvantage and overcome it and the only way, in his opinion, with which it could be done was to construct a bridge across the harbor of St. John. This of course was much talked of at the last

election but no move seems to have been made since. A combined street railway and passenger bridge across the harbor at Navy Island would allow the Shore Line access to the eastern side of the harbor, would permit the Intercolonial to go to the western side, would give the street railway a chance to unite Carleton more closely with the city and at the same time to make the beautiful beaches at the west side and the advantages of the summer resorts much more popular with the people in general. He was of the opinion that proper representation should be made to the government in regard to matter and all its benefits discussed. The ferry is now a paying concern, but in a short time two new boats will be required for the service, the cost of which will be very considerable. The present boats would no doubt last until the bridge could be constructed, if the matter was taken up promptly and pushed energetically.

CHANGE IN THE LIQUOR BOARD.

Said to go into Effect on the First day of the Coming Month.

It is said quite openly that there will be a new liquor license commissioner on the first of June and that his name will be Dr. J. M. Smith. Mr. A. W. Adams has been mentioned in the same connection but it seems that Dr. Smith was first in the field and has very decided support for the position. Whoever gets it, however, will probably have to salute Mr. Commission Coll as Mr. Chairman and consequently being the last appointment made will be the last to retire from the present board. Mr. Peter Clinch is the other member of the board now and for some time he and the other gentlemen composing it. Messrs Coll and Knodell have been busy discussing who shall and shall not get the liquor licenses. It was somewhat surprising to a number of people who would have liked to see the number of licenses reduced to the original 75 to find that nearly everybody that applied received the coveted authority to sell from 6 o'clock in the morning until 10 o'clock at night for five days in the week, and until 7 o'clock at night on Saturday night.

For the first time in a good many years the old Central House, now thoroughly renovated and refurbished and renamed as Hotel Edward, has a license. It is under the management of Mr. James Driscoll, who formerly conducted Tammany Hall. Mr. Roop who used to conduct the Central House always furnished lots of work for the inspector and some excitement for the public upon occasions by his utter indifference to license restrictions. To his credit be it said he always applied for a license and the reason it was not granted to him is best known to the board and Mr. Roop himself.

Now that Mr. Chairman Knodell is about to retire the probabilities are that there may be some change in the attitude of the commissioners towards a me of those who think they have been hardly dealt with the last few years. However, this remains to be seen.

Changing Their Quarters.

The two tonsorial artists who for some time have been officiating in the barber shop at the Dufferin hotel will alter the 27th inst. be found in a place of business formerly occupied by Mr. McGinley, who for years has conducted the barbershop in connection with the Victoria hotel on King street. Mr. Myles Gibbs has purchased the business of Mr. McGinley and with Mr. Charles Hanlon, his capable assistant will conduct the new shop on King street.

A New Restaurant.

The restaurant opened by Mr. A. Nixon on the north side of King Square presents a fresh and attractive appearance, is nicely fitted up with new furniture, new dishes and table linen and gives much satisfaction to all those who have patronized it. The lunches quickly gotten up, the cooking is excellent and the attendance prompt.

Umbrillas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Ducal 17 Waterloo.

DIED.

- 1. Freda, 1.
- 1. Lisa A. Perry, 33.
- 1. John Hamish, 33.
- 1. Raymond Lee, 48.
- 1. James Norman, 48.
- 1. Isabel Simpson, 90.
- 1. Jessie Dawson, 90.
- 1. Donald Campbell, 92.
- 1. W. H. Harrison, 88.
- 1. Mrs. T. I. Corbett, 84.
- 1. Mrs. Ritchie Almon, 84.
- 1. Joseph McPhee, 84.
- 1. Samuel Gallant, 84.
- 1. Eliza Stevenson, 74.
- 1. Wm. McKenzie, 85.
- 1. Mrs. L. C. Bailey, 84.
- 1. Edith Emily, 21.
- 1. Mrs. N. I. McKay, 82.
- 1. Mrs. Eliza B. Tooker, 86.
- 1. Aliza MacKinnon, 82.
- 1. William J. Mann, 41.
- 1. Mrs. Florence Shaw, 68.
- 1. Mrs. Mary McCourt, 76.
- 1. Chester Mackay, 18.
- 1. Neil McDonald, 87.
- 1. Kenneth Mackay, 87.
- 1. George H. Luke, 87.
- 1. William Brown, 17.
- 1. Mrs. F. B. Campbell, 19.
- 1. Mrs. Drusilo Crosby, 37.
- 1. Walter McCormack, 41.
- 1. Mrs. Margaret J. Byer, 68.
- 1. Edie Steadman, 15.
- 1. Patrick Williams, 88.
- 1. David Ballentyne, 84.
- 1. Hugh MacKinnon, 84.
- 1. Mrs. James R. Boyer, 84.
- 1. Ernest Scott, 12.
- 1. May 2, Donald MacIntyre, 80.
- 1. Elsworth Finmore, one year.
- 1. Mrs. Christy McKay, 68.
- 1. Brenton Elderkin, 15.
- 1. Jane, widow of H. De- April 9, Annie, wife of Avard
- 1. Kathleen Mary Coughlan, 17.
- 1. Infant daughter of Martin
- 1. Widow of Donald Mc- April 21, Catherine Genevieve Mac-

RAILROADS.

DIAN PACIFIC

American POSITION

ALLO, N. Y.

November 1st.

the Round Trip.

one 30th, Return 15 days from

in the Maritime Provinces can

Station. Time Tables, Sleep-

A. J. BEATE,
D. F. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

C. MACKAY,
Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

AN SERVICE.

AND WELSFORD.

9th, there will be a greatly

between the above points,

ing train from Lingley at

at 7.30 a.m., Standard.

A. J. HEATH,
D. F. A., C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

ial Railway

AY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains

ys excepted), as follows:—

LEAVE ST. JOHN

u Chene, Campbellton 7.00

nd Elton 12.15

nd Point du Cap 13.30

Montreal 17.00

ifax and Sydney, 22.15

to be attached to the train

at 7.30 o'clock for Quebec and

transfer at Moncton.

to be attached to the train

at 7.30 o'clock for Halifax.

and sleeping cars on the

express.

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

9.30

and Montreal 12.45

Point du Cap 13.30

and Campbellton 17.00

Chene and M 22.15

Eastern Stand

on.

D. J. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager

th 5, 1901.

T OFFICE,
St. John, N. B.

entirely covered

months.

The Power of Music

The veteran circus bandmaster, William Merrick, has been in all sorts of trouble with all sorts of circus animals and folks all his life.

'Did you ever see the elephant Bolivar, who is now in the Philadelphia Zoo?' he asked. 'He was the worst devil of an elephant that ever looked innocent and boomed the peanut and ginger cake trade.'

'The only thing that anybody could do when he was in one of those playful moods was to yell 'Johnson. Here, he is Johnson.' Bolivar would take a quick look around and sneak back to the place where he had been chained and look as innocent as though he didn't know a lemonade can from a bushel of sawdust.'

'One day when we were in Westerly, R. I., Johnson, who had some friends in town, went out for an hour or so to see them. He told Bolivar to be good and he really thought from the way the animal acted that he was going to obey orders.'

'You know there is nothing an elephant likes so much as to throw dust on himself. Here was the finest dust he had ever found in all his travels. He was a white elephant in three minutes. He was a holy sight.'

'What met him was a snow white elephant with his head half through the window, who let out a cloud of flour at him. The parson fainted and Bolivar gave him three or four more trunkfuls of flour and then marched out into the front yard and began pulling out shrubbery and dusting himself off with it.'

'I am ready to swear that Bolivar just winked at them. He had heard Johnson say he would not be back for an hour and he was taking full time for himself. He was going to stay that hour out.'

'About this time one of the assistant elephant men came around to me and asked what we ought to do. Nobody knew where Johnson had gone. I thought hard and swift for a few minutes and then I called the band together. There were only eight men in a circus band in those days.'

'Now there was a tune that we had that we called the 'Bolivar March.' It was one I had written for the brute to do his tricks in the arena to. It was kind of slow and ponderous and it was the only thing we ever played while Bolivar was in the arena. We lined up just inside the gate of the

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario. MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success.

'Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital.'

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the number of shareholders in each. The operations of the Company will be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station of the Company. It is therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, so as to encourage the raising of first-class poultry, and, as it will year in and year out be selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese.

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before "cold storage" became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. PEARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits or dividends will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, President of the Company.

The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

yard and blew up the 'Bolivar March. Bolivar pricked up his ears and I could see just how his mind was working.

Don't tell me animals have no minds; I have been in the business to long. He knew that time had never been played before when Johnson was not around. Johnson being his boss he supposed naturally enough that Johnson bossed the whole show, including the band. The band, he reasoned, wouldn't be out there playing its tricks if Johnson was not around somewhere, too. You could see the injured innocence 'What was I doing, Mr. John-

son' look come over the big scoundrel's face as he reached his conclusions. He came out and fell right in behind the band and marched back to the tents as meek as Mary's lamb and we sat up there and played to the critter for two hours until Johnson came back. 'The minister took \$20 damages, \$5 for his garden sash and \$15 for his feelings. Bolivar cost so much in damages that Mr. Forepaugh gave him to the Philadelphia Zoo.'

Placing the Responsibility. The Baltimore Sun prints a story as told

by the wife of a member of the House of Representatives. Toward morning, not long ago, the lady was awakened by unusual noises below stairs, and tried to rouse her husband.

'Wake up! Wake up!' she said in a low voice. 'You must wake up and go downstairs; there are thieves in the house!'

'Oh, no, my dear,' rejoined the half-awake husband, reassuringly. 'There are no thieves in the House; they are all in the Senate.'

Like a Circus. Mr. Bingo, the junior member of the

firm, had a peculiarly irritating sneeze. It began with an elaborate and terrifying series of facial convulsions, and ended with a most lame and impotent paroxysm that always disappointed the expectant observer.

'Your sneeze,' said Mr. Gringo, the senior partner, after watching him through one of his stermutations, 'is a regular circus.'

'A circus?' said Mr. Bingo.

'Yes, sir,' was the rejoinder. 'The performance never comes up to the advance notices.'

Mus

On Thursday... Sextette club... Mechanics Insti... the sale of ser... everything poin... and profitable e...

Jean de Res... Litzfried in B... Paris next Febr...

Mrs. Patrick... English versio... for her by Jame...

Leslie Stuart... has has its two... tive performanc... and Sidney Jone... month at Daly's...

The London... plimentary term... singing in Lond... opera company... says: 'Mr. Cow... an... studied sing... one of the most... that we have be... his commandin... completes the ef... performance wh... whole musical v... many songs and... musician.'

According to... sian general Kr... new way to uti... army. All Rus... sing on the mar... hopes to cause... tune that they... tell in what part... is at a given mo... idea is capable... as now, orderi... Loyal West Dev... to the support... Royal Horse... could issue suc... Make Room f... There's Air, an... Missis Dries the... retreat of The E... ton with Two... Pretty Jane will... er-in-chief, and... gar can join Lon...

A correspond... Telegraph" open... avoid the opera... will never get o... cent return to... musicians receiv... tion of Messalin... solved itself, it... The correspond... position, howeve... complete success... dora de Lara, an... Renee Vidal, M... agno and Mr. M... ed forward again... encores and quit... the curtain. T... hisses, and, with... of Milan is sever... some critics, it... eulogistic articl... work at Monte... attaches much in... im in Italy, al... opera which re... at the hands of... Pagliacci to wit... tinue to do so... the real public... the advance bo... justify the man... twelve perform... its comment, se... certain to be the... poer in Italy, v... pared to fall in... country, a seme... satisfactory meth... proval.

TALK O... Commencing... comedy drama... boards at the Op... a matinee is b... witness the fin... popular piece.

Billy Van's... and orchestra... Institute on Th... of this week... matinee this at... time minstrelsy... furnish the bill...

Much intere... Edward Manse... Opera house o... Manson has the...

MONEY

object and the high made money out of ers—get high prices

Limited

ronto, Ontario.
n. Ontario.

meats and other farm produce that cannot be made one; its success the only company of its kind, and e, and then raise poultry, turkeys, an every farmer and every farmer's holder, and by beginning in a small acts from a story told by Professor ons:

Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the a farm laborer without capital. chicken-fattening business brought This man had begun life as a farm

with plants necessary to make the or the size of the Province and the Nova Scotia and Prince Edward ngland to get the very highest price

ill on the shareholders and arrange gation of the Company. It is shareholders and the lists will be

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ass poultry, and, as it will year in now sold on the Canadian market.

ound. As they weighed eleven ts for a pair of chickens in Eng- consigned wrote as follows about ens). On opening the cases the d out how long it would retain its nce looking as a fresh killed bird.

andle About Two

rpool, England, above described average price, as often he does not shareholder you will commence

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MANAGER, will direct its affairs. thing of the man who is to direct F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIM- ed bank of this Company, will be

ave had during that time con- ce. He is about fifty-five years, lilton. As to his personal char-

the Company, and the net profits

to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, ces for their birds. They will be of all the profits of the Company, y will be chosen from among the

e offered for public subscription, subscription at once, as the stock ON FORM given below, be care- ed it by registered letter to Mr. xpress order for the full amount

the granting of Letters Patent apital stock than named in their

ORONTO STREET,

. shares of ful- rish allotted to mpany, as de-

d a peculiarly irritating sneeze. with an elaborate and terrifying facial convulsions, and ended with me and impotent paroxysm that disappointed the expectant ob-

sneezes," said Mr. Gringo, the rner, after watching him through his stertutations, "is a regular

us" said Mr. Bingo. "is," was the rejoinder. "The per- never comes up to the advance

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERBONS.

On Thursday evening the Bostonia Sextette club gave a grand concert at the Mechanics Institute. At time of writing the sale of seats was encouraging and everything pointed to a highly successful and profitable entertainment.

Jean de Reszke will create the role of Litzfried in Richard Wagner's opera in Paris next February.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is cast for the English version of "Mariana," prepared for her by James Montuth Graham.

Leslie Stuart's comic opera, Florodora, has its two hundred and tenth consecutive performance at the New York Casino, and Sidney Jones's San Toy is in its fifth month at Daly's theater.

The London 'Era' speaks in very complimentary terms of Eugene Cowles, now singing in London with the Alice Nielson opera company in The Fortune Teller. It says: "Mr. Cowles is a Canadian by birth, an studied singing in Chicago. He has one of the most magnificent bass voices that we have heard for a long time, and his commanding appearance as Sandor completes the effect of a really remarkable performance which will be the talk of the whole musical world. He has composed many songs and ballads, and is a clever musician."

According to London 'Truth,' the Russian general Kriazowski has discovered a new way to utilize music in the Russian army. All Russian troops, it is declared, sing on the march, and the worthy general hopes to cause them to be known by the tune that they sing, in order that he may tell in what part of the field each regiment is at a given moment. 'Truth' adds: "The idea is capable of expansion. Instead of, as now, ordering the Twelfth Battalion Royal West Downshire Regiment to move to the support of the Fourteenth Battery Royal Horse Artillery, Lord Kitchener could issue such orders as tall 'Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle to assist There's Air, and march The Horse That Missis Dries the Clothes On to cover the retreat of The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington with Two Lovely Black Eyes. My Pretty Jean will remain with the commander-in-chief, and the Absent-Minded Beggar can join Lord Methuen!"

A correspondent of the London 'Daily Telegraph' censures English composers to avoid the opera houses of Italy, for they will never get either fair play or any decent return for the hospitality Italian musicians receive in England. The production of Messaline at the Milan Scala resolved itself, it seems, into a faction fight. The correspondent says: "In spite of opposition, however, the performance was a complete success. The composer, Mr. Isidoro de Lara, and the chief artists, Mme. Renee Vidal, Mme. Oshitino, Mr. Tamagno and Mr. Maggini-Colletti, were called forward again and again. There were encores and quite an ovation at the fall of the curtain. There were also yells and hisses, and, with few exceptions, the press of Milan is severely unfavorable. The very same critics, it may be added wrote highly eulogistic articles when they heard the work at Monte Carlo. However, nobody attaches much importance to hostile criticism in Italy, all the more so two of the operas which received the worst treatment at the hands of local critics, Cavalleria and Pagliacci to wit, have prospered and continue to do so. As regards the attitude of the real public, it will suffice to say that the advance booking for Messaline would justify the management in giving a series of twelve performances." The Telegraph, in its comment, says that critical abuse is certain to be the lot of the English composer in Italy, unless the stranger is prepared to fall in with the 'custom of the country,' a somewhat expensive and unsatisfactory method of winning expert approval.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Commencing Thursday evening the comedy drama Side Track held the boards at the Opera house. This afternoon a matinee is being held. Tonight will witness the final production of the ever popular piece.

Billy Van's minstrels with brass band and orchestra was the offering at the Institute on Thursday and Friday nights of this week. They perform again at a matinee this afternoon and tonight. Old-time minstrelsy and up-to-date fun makers furnish the bill of hilarity.

Much interest is felt in the coming of Edward Mason, who will open at the Opera house on Monday evening. Mr. Mason has the support of an excellent

company. This performance will no doubt be appreciated.

Edna Wallace Hopper will appear in 'Florodora' production next season.

Francis Wilson will revive 'The Little Corporal' next year.

Sarah Bernhardt may give Paris audience a French version of 'Mistress Neil.'

Mrs. Brown Potter is appearing in a new play, entitled 'Mrs. Willoughby's Kiss,' at Brighton, Eng., this week.

Dion Boucicault, son of a famous father of the same name, is to wed Miss Irene Vanbrugh, of John Hare's company.

Wilton Lackaye will play the part of the King in James K. Hackett's production of 'Don Caesar de Bazan' next season.

W. B. Yeats and George Moore have collaborated upon a play of Irish folklore called 'Dermott and Urania.' It will be acted in Dublin in the autumn.

During the past few weeks Ameliaingham has read upwards of 100 plays. She prefers 'American wares,' with opportunities for the whole cast.

The American Girl was the attraction at the Opera House during the early part of the week and drew splendid houses. The company is an excellent one in every respect.

Phyllis Rankin, daughter of McKee Rankin, was married in London last week to Harry Davenport, of Edna May's company, a brother of the late Fanny Davenport.

By finding her brother, Mme. Nordica, the well-known operatic singer, is enabled to divide with him a fortune of \$200,000, left by their mother, who died recently in Mexico.

Rival productions of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be presented in Chicago, beginning next Monday. They will be under the management of W. A. Brady and Jay Rial respectively.

The 'White Rats' are showing their gratitude to George Fuller Golden for generalizing their cause. Over \$5,000 has been realized in benefits for him, and more is to follow.

D'Oyley Carte's will show him to have been worth \$240,817. One of his bequests is £1,000 which goes to Rosina Brandram, who created all the contralto parts in the opera sung at the Savoy.

James O'Neill has played the part of Edmund Dantes in 'Monte Cristo,' about 4,000 times. "I have promised myself, however, that upon the eight thousandth performance I forswear Dantes," says he.

The Earl of Yarmouth, a titled actor, is suing a New York newspaper for \$25,000 damages for alleged libel. The jurors had first to swear that they would not be prejudiced against the Earl on account of his title.

Hardy, the American Blondin, whose home is in Toronto, has been engaged for a long 'season' at the Crystal Palace, London. He has made his home at Catford, in Kent, where he has built a house and called it, Niagara Villa.

'Le Roi de Paris' an opera in three acts by Henry Baubert, and score by George Hue, was given a first production at the Grand Opera House, Paris, on Friday night. The opera won the Prix de Rome, but had to wait two years for its turn.

Mme Helen Odillon closed her star engagement at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, on Wednesday night, in the three act comedy 'Untrus.' She is billed to appear in the same play at the Deutsche Volkstheater, in Vienna on May 18.

Young Stephen Murphy, known to the theatrical world as Stephen Grattan, who became an actor against the wishes of his father some years ago, has by the latter's will, which was filed for probate in New York on Tuesday, been cut off without a cent.

Mr. Mansfield is evidently a believer in realism, for in his company are a number of players, brought over from France, who converse in broken English in the comedy scenes in "King Henry V.," with Englishmen, who try to make themselves understood in imperfect French.

In certain quarters, especially where no love is entertained for the theatrical trust, Morrison Grey Fiske's leasing of the Manhattan Theatre, New York, is heartily approved of. "The existence of even one theatre wholly independent of syndicate influences will be welcome," says the New York Evening Post.

Maurice Barrymore, [the well known actor, who recently became hopelessly insane, once appeared as Orlando in a performance of As You Like It for a charity benefit on the grounds of a society woman's summer home near Hoboken. As the sky looked threatening his hostess proposed that the performance be postponed. "No, madam," said Barrymore, "it will not rain today; God will not permit a charity

like this to be ruined by rain." It rained however, and everybody was drenched. After the performance, when Orlando was shaking the water from his cloak, he exclaimed, plaintively: "And it is thus that infidels are created!"

Says the London Era:—Madame Sada Yacco and M. Kawakam have returned to Japan with £40,000 earned in Europe and America. Madame Yacco purposes devoting her share to a theatre in Tokio for the performance of plays by Japanese writers or translations from the European. The site for this house has been given by the Emperor.

Chauncey Olcott says that when he has finished his present engagement at the Fourteenth street he will not visit New York professionally again within a year. 'Sweet Inisears,' the latest and last of his several revivals, will be continued for the rest of his stay, two weeks. He will use Garrett O'Magh, on his tour which will start so early as July 22, in San Francisco, where he has not appeared recently.

The cast of 'Diplomacy' will supply the leaders for no less than three companies next season. William Faversham will be a star in 'The Second in Command' here, and Jessie Milward equally prominent in 'In the Palace of the King' in England. Margaret Anglin and Charles Richman will head the Empire company for which a play has not yet been selected. 'Diplomacy' will stay a few weeks more at the Empire.

Philip Hale evident y does not believe in Cycles for voice or piano. He asks in a late Musical Courier:

How many of us have suffered from some infuriated singer with 'Die Schone Mullerin?' Vernon Blackburn had the courage to say: "Such interminable sets of songs written by one composer are not always among the best examples of art." And did not Mr. Blackburn say the true word about a piano piece played by Emil Sauer, "the Rider Hargard of the piano?" "His pertinacity is the most extraordinary of all the qualities which he possesses. He played, among other things, Schumann's 'Carnaval'—a work which, when it is half finished seems interminable.

A pretty game might be played at a musical club by each member naming the cycle that is the stupidest and seems the longest. There are the cycles by Schubert; the one by Beethoven is a black draught, a very dose; there is one by Von Fieldt that is admirably adapted for the better ventilation of a hall; but my vote would be Brahms's 'Magelone,' which, if I may use the colloquial language of the day, is the limit. I once heard a singer lecture on this same cycle. If she had sung the lecture and spoken the music—but she was a faithful soul with a new England conscience, and highly developed nasal enthusiasm.

Francis Wilson's costumes in The Monks of Malabar are attracting a good deal of laughable attention because of their general grotesqueness and quantity.

"If they'd all do business that way," said the man in charge of the long distance telephone as a young man laid down the fee and went out, "this wouldn't be a bad job to hang on to, but he is an exception."

In what respect? "Why, he called up Bensonhurst, asked a girl to marry him, got the marble heart and went out without a kick. Some fellows would have laid around here for an hour after to shake themselves together and then make a big row at having to pay regular rates."

Burning Feet.

Many persons suffer from a peculiar sensitiveness of the feet shown by distressing burning, smarting or itching, or sometimes by increased perspiration or throbbing, especially at night or after any unusual amount of standing or walking. Toward evening the sufferer begins to be disagreeably or even painfully conscious of his feet, which feel hot and tired, and seem to have grown too large for the shoes.

Inspection of the bare feet may reveal nothing particularly noticeable, beyond perhaps a slight redness of the skin; or it may show a more or less general eruption, either moist or dry and scaly, resembling salt-rheum. But this eruption is another affection altogether from the one now under consideration; it is a true eczema, and the distress caused by it is continuous and only moderately increased at night. In the cases of which we are speaking the sufferer is usually fairly comfortable in the morning, and it is only as the day wears on that his torment becomes unendurable.

The cause of the trouble may be external or internal; it may be found in a lack of proper attention to the feet, or in the wearing of unsuitable shoes, or it may be the result of some constitutional trouble—the so-called dietic acid diathesis.

When the trouble is constitutional, appropriate dietetic and hygienic measures must be carefully followed; but usually

relief is to be sought in local measures.

To some persons with sensitive skin, dyed stockings are very irritating, while others are tormented by woolen socks. In such cases the remedy is obvious. The shoes should be roomy and not made of patent or enameled leather, and rubbers should be worn as little as possible and always removed in the house, even if one stays there but five minutes.

In the evening the sufferer should immerse his feet in cold water for a few minutes, and then after drying with a soft towel without friction, put on clean stockings and a different pair of shoes from those worn during the day. This will always give more or less relief, and usually will bring comfort for the rest of the evening.

Changing the shoes is better than putting on slippers, and has the advantage of not exposing one to catch cold when the floor is drafty. There will be little danger of that, however, after the daily cold foot-bath has become an established habit, for this will not only relieve the local discomfort, but will also tend to strengthen the entire system and render it more resistant in noxious influences of all kinds.

Choices and Outlets Cats.

The plastic charm of the household cat, in infancy and maturity, has made it a favorite with sculpturers and artists. With the possible exception of young kids, who 'compose' perfectly, no animal is so graceful, whether in action or repose. Small wonder, then, that with beautiful forms, exquisite freedom of movement, such as only light-stepping little women can rival, and an alluring, piquant individuality, the cat is prized as a pet now, and was worshiped as an oracle in ancient Egypt.

The true cat lover may be an art connoisseur, also, and seek far and wide for curio pussies. Such is that delightful essayist, Miss Agnes Repplier, who has at her home in Philadelphia an interesting and valuable collection of carved cats.

Chief among her treasures, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin, is the goddess 'Pasht.' This is a rare antiquity, carved in green metal, unearthed in the ruins of Cairo. Pasht has the head and arms of a cat, and the body of a woman; she sits in a chair, and although her ears are 'cocked,' she is the perfection of repose.

A bronze model of a cat made by Fremiet may be seen near Pasht. This is one of the most delightful of this great French sculptor's small figures of animals; all the imperturbable composure of the cat is in it.

The Vienna models are nearly all characterized by playfulness rather than fine modeling, and some are only an inch long. Mephistopheles rides on the back of one of them. The sedate and thoughtful German carver is carved in the shape of a jug; its head may be lifted, and the blue corn-flower of the empire is painted on its back.

Holland is represented by a stolid specimen in blue and grey stone. A carved wooden cat, with sapphire eyes, comes from Switzerland. The Chinese cat is yellow—the imperial color, which no one is entitled to wear except members of the highest class, unless decorated by the emperor,—and its head is as smooth and as round as the ball with which it is playing.

One of the most remarkable pieces is a group of three Japanese kittens carved from one block of grayish white sandstone, stained in a few brown blotches. Their bald, round heads have white eyes and pink noses, and each cat has twelve whiskers. They wear the conventional fall dress for cats in Japan—a ruffle round the neck.

But the gem of the collection is 'Lucky Merrick'—coal black and alive! No curio cat even if made of fine gold with eyes of precious stones, could be handsomer than this living, breathing, purring beauty. Nor is Lucky Merrick's superiority wholly esthetic; in an emergency his royal highness could catch mice.

Golden Rules for Cops.

Chief of Police Murphy of Jersey City has written a sermon to policemen, and the city police board has been so greatly impressed that it has printed the sermon in its manual of departmental regulations as a sort of extended golden rule for perusal by the cops whenever they are in need of good advice.

Chief Murphy believed in young policemen. He has been criticised for encouraging mere boys to aspire to the blue and brass buttons, but he sticks to his belief in them. His little sermon is entitled 'A Word to Young Policemen.' This is the principal part of it.

"You are about to assume responsibilities and duties that are very much more

E. H. Lipp
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day!

varied, difficult and important to the public of this community than is understood by any one but a policeman of long service. You must never forget that you are in the service of Jersey City, that your whole time, day and night, belongs to the service; that unless sick or absent with leave you are liable to be called upon for duty at any time, that you are expected to act whenever you may see the service of a policeman required.

"You will not get many service stripes on your sleeve if you drink liquor while on duty or neglect to get your proper sleep when you are relieved from your tour of duty. In these days of electrical appliances for watching policemen in the discharge of their duty no man can avoid detection very long who shirks his duty. These are some of the hard things of your official life.

"There can be a sunny side to the policeman's life if he will take the following advice: Be polite at all times to citizens, without regard to their social standing; never disobey an order; never abuse a prisoner except in self defense; never forget that you are the servant of the people of Jersey City and that it is an honor to serve them as a policeman."

New York cops have to get along without any sermon in their manual, but Chief Murphy will send a few copies to any who feel the need of them. He believes that any young policeman who will observe the few little rules given will become a good cop and a credit to any city that employs him.

For the Horseless Age.

As times and fashions change, proverbs may be expected to change with them.

"Done your Christmas shopping yet?" asked Jones.

"None of any consequence to do," answered Brown. "My family is travelling in Europe."

"Well," rejoined Jones, shrugging his shoulders, "a short automobile is soon dusted."

Laureate Nonsense.

Tennyson is said to have been fond of foolish fun, that ever delightful sort of fun which is not wit, but no sense.

One day at Burlington House he asked the guests a conundrum which he had just made:

"Who are the greatest women in the world?"

The answer was:
Miss Ours, the Missis Ippi Sara Gossa.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
"The Universal Perfume."
For the Handkerchief
Toilet and Bath.
Refuse all substitutes.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13

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

THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT.

The first Parliament of the new Commonwealth of Australia has been opened with special pomp and ceremony.

The tariff question was the chief issue in the elections, which took place late in March. Should duties be levied with a view to protecting home industries; or for revenue chiefly, with some regard to protection; or for revenue solely, without regard to other considerations? This was the question upon which the parties divided, and they were known respectfully as High Tariffists, Low Tariffists, or Free Traders, according to the principle for which they stood.

There are thirty six senators in the parliament—six for each of the states forming the federation, little Tasmania having as large a representation in the Senate as New South Wales or Victoria, just as with us Nevada has as many senators as New York. There are seventy five members of the House of Representatives, apportioned by population. Senators and representatives were chosen by the same electors, and on the same days, but the senators on a general ticket, while the representatives in most instances were elected by districts.

The result of the elections was to give a free trade or low tariff majority of six in the Senate and a protection or high tariff majority of five in the House of Representatives. This close division, with the margin in the Senate on one side and in the House on the other side, of the most important question which the parliament will have to consider, suggests a possibility of such conflicts of policy as have occurred in this country, when the Senate and House were controlled by different political parties. The Australian premier, Mr. Barton, and all his colleagues are protectionists.

Next to the tariff, labor questions are likely to be prominent. The Labor party, which secured eight seats in the Senate and sixteen in the House, knows what it wants, and will be an aggressive force.

TWO SIDES OF ATHLETICS.

Much that was said by the teachers of physical culture at their recent convention in New York deserves a wider audience than the gathering of specialists to whom it was addressed.

The mere statistics are interesting. Physical training in some form or other is now provided in two hundred and seventy American colleges, by the public schools of three hundred cities and in about five hundred Young Men's Christian Association gymnasiums. The North American Turnerbund has three hundred gymnasiums and there are several hundred others in army and navy posts, police stations, missions, fire engine houses and industrial schools; while thousands of clubs foster such special interests as bicycling, boating, golf, tennis, baseball and football.

Of the effect of this awkward interest in athletics, the most eminent of the instructors present spoke with cordial praise; but he also uttered a word of warning.

'Bicycling, lawn-tennis and golf,' he said, 'have been especially valuable to our women. They have done more to overcome the evils of tight clothing than a whole century of preaching and lecturing on the subject. For men, boxing, football, and other antagonistic games have done a great deal to lessen the evils of refinement and sentimentality, and they

may be so conducted as to develop a fine character and manly spirit.'

On the other hand, the tendency to allow fashion rather than sense to dictate the choice of outdoor exercise, the encouragement of professionalism, and the enthusiasm which overrides good manners at public contests are some of the evils on which stress was laid.

The last point is not only an evil in itself, but it breeds a worse one—unfitness and brutality on the part of the players. When college girls hiss the attempt of a visiting basket-ball team to make a goal, and when college men enrage their players by cries of 'Down him!' 'Kill him!' and fair spectators along the side lines applaud the sentiment, the spirit of antagonism has passed bounds.

The honor and wholesomeness of public athletic sports are as much in keeping of the spectators as that of the players.

Doctor NAGUSNA, the Japanese bacteriologist, has made a formal proposition that all civilized nations unite in an organized effort to rid the world of rats. His own government, he declares, stands ready to bear its part and the suggestion has called forth a remarkably unanimous verdict of approval from the doctors of many lands. Ways and plans have not yet been formulated, and it is in that direction, of course, that the greatest difficulty lies. Whether or not rats can be exterminated, or anywhere near exterminated, is a question yet to be determined. But in any event their numbers can be enormously reduced, and the certainty with which the spread of the bionic plague in India and in Hawaii has been traced to rats makes even a reduction in numbers worth the effort it requires.

The eclectic street railroad is little more than ten years old, and yet a man whose business it was to investigate all the lines which were first put in, says that almost nothing of what he then found is in use to day. Practically all the appliances of eclectic railroading of that time have gone to the scrap heap, so rapid have been the improvements in this new field. There is always an experimental stage in new inventions, during which changes take place rapidly. Then experience sits out the best, the forms of machinery become established, and after that improvements are comparatively rare.

THE NEXT EDWARD.

Will Probably Come to Canada to Meet His Royal Father and Mother.

Little Prince Edward of Cornwall promises to begin his travels earlier than his father or grandfather did. If reports be true, he may accompany his aunt, the Princess Victoria, to Canada, to meet his parents returning from their worthy trip.

The king's personal popularity appears to have descended to the presumptive heir who is familiarly dubbed 'King David.' Stories of his child prattle are eagerly read, while the doings of his parents, even while they are visiting distant parts of the empire only excite perfunctory interest.

It will be next to impossible for the present generation to speak of the Duchesses of Cornwall as Princesses of Wales. The globe circling tour may eradicate this feeling, but it is impossible to deny its existence. The king's wisdom in insisting on the Australian trip in face of the opposition of the queen and duke and duchess becomes daily more apparent.

The Canadian Pacific Railway company is building a train of luxuriously-equipped cars for the purpose of conveying the Duke and Duchess of York and party.

One Exception.

'I have a stupid lot of students this year,' said the professor of chemistry, gloomily.

'Here's a paper which shows plainly that the boy who wrote it doesn't understand that expansion and contraction are contradictory terms.'

'They aren't always,' said the professor of economics, quietly. 'Now in my classes I find it necessary to state explicitly the fact that the constant cost action of debts is sure to result in their expansion.'

Holiday Excursion.

The Canadian Pacific Railway are offering great inducements in the way of excursions for Victoria Day. On that day special trains will run from the city to suburban points as far as Weyford, while the charge will be but one fare for the round trip. This affords a pleasant outing at some of our popular resorts.

Hoax—Wigwag is crazy on the subject of golf, and his wife is equally insane over auction sales.

Joax—Yes; and the funny part of it is they both talk in their sleep. The other night Wigwag shouted, 'Fore!' and his wife immediately yelled: 'Four and a quarter!'

Wouldn't you like to be an author? Oh, it takes too long to become an author; but, say, I wouldn't mind being a literary lad for awhile.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Men who Shift the Scenes, Ye cruel men who shift the scenes, Does mercy play no part In your hard lives, have ye no means Of grace, no soul, no heart? Ye wink at crime and murder's woe, And laugh at shameful wrongs; Knee deep in blood your ways ye go, And whistle rag time songs!

Beneath the dread oppressor's feet The leading man of the theatre, And vainly for his life he frets While you stand idly by, Should you but rush upon the stage And boldly interfere, The brave would follow forth his rage And vanish from the scene.

The heroine, most fair to see, Is in the villain's power, But did you come to set her free And hand the villain over? Not you. Devoted to his love, You see her bashed in tears, For all your help, she cries, she would be In that man's grip for years.

You see a man, on murder bent, Sneak up behind his friend, You're well aware of his intent, A word from you would send The smooth detective on his track, And hand him to the jail, You only smile and urge your back, Nor grow so much as pale.

When tyrants fight the brave and true, As you have seen them do, From your commanding point of view In your rousing loquacity, You let the brave go, When you see his slight stem By simply stooping down to throw A sup r down on them.

Stage villains of the deepest dye Are 'round you all about, And you've 'em in a hand to try To put the rascals out. You look like honest farmers in Your jammers and blue jeans, But ah! I know you're men of sin, 'Tis rogues who shift the scenes.

From the Frog Ponds.

I like to walk at dusk along the meadow road, and hear The hyas from the chilly ponds a-singing loud and clear To see the moon a shining down upon the sodden bog, And send the musky odor that the waking rootlets yield, The dank 'ol hemlock by the brook a-dreamin' of the day When Wilson 's'ra-hes sitting in their branches singin' low, An' dartin' o'er the butterscup the meadow lark shall catch The chirrin' insects of the grass that dew an' sun unite to hatch The brook is laughing to itself, devoid of any sleep An' r'usin' off the mistle snow to pool so dark an' deep You wonder where the trout can be that played in them last year.

I listen as I walk along and seems to me I hear The whirr'ing of the growing things a coming about so clear, Along the darkened meadows where the icy pools lie chill, And silent save for coo-coo of the hyas clear and shrill, I hear the daisies asking if this time to look about The buttercup are a spring and their shoots are lookin' out The meadow rue is pushing up a blade of slender green And down among the brown old grass the lily sprout is seen; The dead brown grass that yesterday was frozen still and dead Will plant itself tomorrow for the young blades growing bold.

For all of nature seems to wake and stir as soon as spring is heralded where hyas in the ponds so loudly sing.—J. Ols Swift.

Miscellaneous.

It was winter in all the world, The meadows in winter, When I leaned my ear to a south hillside And heard the rootlets stir; All earth was thrilling and murmuring Like the shuffling of the sea, And I heard the breathing and whispering Of things beginning to be.

And the million voices of the grass Saying: 'We, too, shall be coming to pass.' So the soil to the elm-tree's bole, Lo, the sap was about to within, And the tree a tremble 'er an' root to soul Of each tip with the coming green; And listening low to the garden bed, Up through the sufficed mold And buds were dreaming aloud in red And purple and clove of gold; With the soft little snowdrop's maiden dress Weaving itself out of earthliness.

Then down I knelt by a frost-bound stream As still as a dead bird's wings, And the water was laughing under the ice A million musical things, And I remember murmurings I And when in the graveyard a face ice-set I sought, where dead faces be, Lo, the soil and the soil wet The lips were smiling in violet And the eyes in amethyst, Where the mortal dust was victoriously Putting on immortality.

Last, I came to a frozen face, Where the city-cold faces are, The ice of its eye, as I shivered by, Thawed into a sudden tear, And the chill mask quivered beneath that beat Till the cold lips broke apart; Even so thought I: 'Spring even here, At work in the frozen heart!'

Grace Eilery Channing.

In an Old Book 'till, Here for a song you may command Old books well thumbed and hoary; Along the grimy walls they stand, Some of immortal story, And out of reach, on loftier shelves beyond our small ambitions, They stand, as if by themselves, The costlier 'tis editions.

There let them rest till Christ comes; We really do not need them, Content to ha'quet on the crumbs, We buy our souls—and read them! The one that bears the marks of use, Back broken, worn and shattered, And never that its leaves are looser, Its poor frame rent and tattered.

This grim old keeper of the stall Finds these dead things in leather And strep and cloth and parchment—all Close packed together; And now, alas! beside ourselves Who prout about the portals, Send us into these immortal, The names of these immortals.

Here where the city's life goes by, Where wheel and woeo rumble, Wrapped in their cement they lie, The loveliest and the truest, Dust into dust—but from their sleep Come bright, immortal flashes; Their spirits into being leap From out their crumbling ashes.

They are not dead, these silent tomes; They die not, save in seeming; Far from these bookish catcombs They lie the world with dreaming, And each that some small message gives, Or makes or high endeavor, Put off mortality, but lives! And works its will forever!

Joseph Dana Miller.

Do you believe Hamlet was mad? No; but I think he would be if he could see the way some men play him.

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

COL. HUGHES IN ACTION.

What He did at the Battle of Faber's Pit—Commended Officially.

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Warren, in his report of the battle of Faber's Pit, Griguland West, on May 30, 1900, says: 'Section 16, Lieut. Col. Hughes, who was at the main farmhouse with the scouts, on hearing the firing, and seeing the horses stampede, got together a few of his men and rushed into the kraal, opening a brisk fire on the ridge where the Boers were in the diamond washings, until they were obliged to cease fire by the Yeomanry advancing out in front of them. At the same time Captain Parkin and a troop of 23rd Yeomanry, took possession of the south end of the same kraal, and acted under the orders of Col. Hughes. By holding this kraal, they prevented the rebels getting hold of it from the direction of the cemetery. At this time the rebels began to run away from the south side of the garden, and were in doing so exposed to our fire, but Col. Hughes supposing them to be our own men, ordered Capt. Parkin and party to cease fire, and they thus escaped. Col. Hughes then decided to outflank the enemy, and with some of the Yeomanry and some good shots of various corps, he drove the enemy up beyond the direction of the cemetery, thus getting in line with Col. Crowley, and bringing his right shoulder up he took Vanter's men on their flank, and drove them away to the south.'

In section 23, Lieut.-Col. Hughes, A. A. G. Intelligence Officer, Major Ogilvie, 'E' Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery, and Capt. Mackie, Warren's Scouts, are named 'as being particularly worthy of mention for the excellent services they performed in their respective spheres during the day.'

NEW FORT AT HALIFAX.

War Office Plans to 'make the Harbor Impregnable.

Extensive improvements in the fortifications of Halifax are planned by the Imperial authorities, although the officers of the garrison are, as usual, extremely reticent. It transpires that the war department will construct at the very mouth of Halifax harbor one of the strongest forts in the world. The new fort will exceed in proportions York redoubt, which is second only to the one at Gibraltar. The new fortress will be armed with 12-inch disappearing, quick-firing guns of the latest type. It is stated that it will be located at or near Sambro, at the point where all vessels entering Halifax harbor must take their bearings. This fortress will be of the utmost strategic value, for no hostile fleet could pass it without being disabled. Sergeant Westwood, Royal Engineers an expert fortress contractor, who arrived recently from England, was ordered by the Imperial authorities to superintend the construction of the work. The Imperial authorities have decided to erect new barracks and to construct other important works in Halifax this summer. Plans were sent to Halifax contractors. The plans prepared by the military authorities call for married soldiers, quarters for officers of the Royal Engineers and Royal Artillery, quarters for ward master and a gymnasium. The gymnasium building will be the finest in Canada. It will cover a large area of ground and will be constructed on the citadel slope. It will contain swimming baths, shower baths, dressing room, etc.

Little Stories of the Queen.

Since the queen's death the English papers have been full of incidents illustrative of her character. While her husband lived she was extremely jealous of his precedence on all occasions of ceremony, where it was sometimes contested by court officials. Raiko's Journal quotes the Duke of Wellington as giving an instance of her persistence in this matter:

When the sister of the present Duke of Cambridge was married the royal guests went into the vestry to sign the register. The King of Hanover was resolved to sign next to the queen and before Prince Albert; but the queen saw him crowding up behind her, and suddenly ran to the other side of the table, wrote her name, and put the pen into her husband's hand with a smile of girlish triumph. Her memory of name and face was wonderful.

The Globe tells of a young lieutenant who had performed a gallant act which passed without official notice. When the naval brigade was reviewed by the queen a year ago at Osborne, and the officers of this man's ship passed her, she asked if he were present; and to his amazement she beckoned him to come to her side, and thanked him for the example he had set his men and the service he had rendered to her.

Her eye was as keen to detect acts of injustice as acts of bravery, and she never suffered them to pass without rebuke. The bandmaster at Windsor once ordered two hours of Sunday practice. Two members of the band, being strict Methodists, protested that Sunday work was against their conscience, whereupon they were discharged. The story was told to the queen, who, when the band played that evening, sent for the master and asked for the two missing men. He replied that he had discharged them, and gave the reason.

'Reappoint them at once,' said the queen. 'I will have no persecution for religion's sake at Windsor, and I will have no more Sunday practicing, either.'

Strange Inventions.

'I never look into the newspaper but what I see something that's perfectly ridiculous,' chuckled Aunt Maria Holley as she laid down the evening sheet and addressed her constant companion Lucy, the tortoise she sat.

Lucy blinked encouragingly, but made no intelligent comment. 'Here's a man, Lucy,' continued the mistress of the house, 'who's invented a talking doll, and toy critics that'll make all sorts of noise suitable to their shape and kind. I read a long piece about him in a magazine a while ago.'

'Well, there's a long article in this paper that I can't read the first print of till I get my specs back from being mended, but the heading's in good big type, and what do you suppose it is, Lucy?'

Lucy hazarded no opinion, and her owner was obliged to proceed without reply. 'Brown's Patent Invalid,' said Mrs. Holley, shaking with laughter as she bent over her single listener. Did you ever hear anything like that, Lucy Holley? Isn't that the best-! A patent invalid, when here's folks in this very town that's spent all their substance trying to get over being sick.

'I should like to know the expense of one of those patent invalids, I declare!' said Aunt Maria, with a final gasp of amusement; for if they've got cough attachments inside, and maybe groans, and fits that swell, and so on, 't would be real diverting to me when I have my rheumaticky spells, and I could lend it around among others, too. Well, well, what will they be inventing next, I wonder? It's a world of changes, Lucy, and no mistake!'

And Lucy, poor thing, was unable to tell her mistress the difference between a person who was an invalid and a patent that is invalid.

Hymns Up to Date.

An old gentleman of eighty-two whose occasionally cynical speeches are always tinged with good humor, was asked his opinion of modern church music.

'It's all very fine,' he said dryly, 'and I like to hear it; but there's one thing I've noticed. It may be just chance, but I've noticed it a good many times.'

'When I was a boy the people went to two services a day and sometimes three and they sat on hard seats with straight backs, and they sang with all their hearts.'

My God, the Spring of all my joys. 'Now the congregation lean comfortably back in softly cushioned pews and listen to the choir singing.'

Art thou weary, art thou languid? I may be mistaken, but it comes home to me every now and then that hymnology is changing to suit the times.'

Mistress—I wouldn't hold the baby so near the tiger's cage, Nora. Nora (the nurse)—There's no risk, mum. The tiger is a manester, and the child is a gur-ur.

Doctor—His circulation is abnormally sluggish. Mother—Well, you see, doctor, he will forever be readin' them blood-curdin' dime novels!

BAKING POWDER and wholesome

The Globe tells of a young man who had performed a gallant deed... passed without official notice... a naval brigade was reviewed by a year ago at Osborne, and the man's ship passed her, she was present; and to his amazement he came to her and thanked him for the example he had set...



The coming of the Duke and Duchess of York is already being considerably discussed throughout the city. It will, in all probability be very late in fall before the Royal party reaches this city, as it has now been definitely decided that they will arrive at Quebec about Sept 15th. This decision is a severe blow to Halifax people, who were planning elaborate preparations for the landing at the garison city.

If we can place any reliance in the rumors at present floating around, the coming month of roses will break the record of previous years in matrimony at Wednesdays. We have already heard of three—four—five weddings for that month. And Dame Rumor also has it that Buffalo and the Pan-American will be the destination in the honeymoon trips of at least three of the happy couples.

The splendid concert given by the Boston Sixty-two club at the Mechanics Institute on Thursday evening was very much enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated by those fortunate enough to be present. A local quartette also appeared to good advantage and received considerable well merited applause. Miss Ellsberg, the soprano, possesses a very sweet flexible voice and she was forced to respond to several encores.

A very pleasant function and in fact the only event of the week worthy of note was the At Home given by Miss Stenhouse on Thursday afternoon, at the residence of Dr. Christie, Wellington Row. The reception was from 4 until 6 o'clock and during that time fully two hundred friends called to pay their respects to the hostess and her charming niece, Miss Alice Christie. The reception room parlors and dining room were artistically decorated with ferns, potted plants and crimson flowers. Miss Christie was becomingly adorned in white and blue and ably assisted her aunt in receiving and entertaining the guests. The dainty refreshments were served by several young lady friends all prettily gowned for the occasion. The tea and coffee was dispensed by Mrs. P. B. Inches and Mrs. Lucien Allison. Mrs. Mortimer and Miss Kay escorted the guests to the dining room and also assisted in serving. The function was indeed most successful and considered one of the very pleasant events of the season.

In the evening a pleasant dance was given for the young friends of Miss Christie. The guests numbered nearly one hundred and it is almost needless to say that they thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment provided for them and merrily tripped the light fantastic to the music of Harrison's Orchestra. Supper was served and the dance brought to a close at quite a late hour.

Miss Jessie Walker leaves here on Monday for Boston to attend the wedding of her brother, Mr. Deane Walker, the date of which has been fixed for May 29th. Miss Walker, Dr. T. D. Walker, and Mr. Edward Walker will probably leave on the following week to be present on this auspicious occasion. A pleasant party left this week for New York, en route to the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. J. Russell, Miss Russell and Mrs. B. Barnes. They will be absent several weeks and will probably return by way of Niagara Falls and Montreal.

Mrs. Frank Lee of St. Stephen who has been here for the past week has returned home. Miss Clarke, also of St. Stephen was visiting friends here last week. Miss Dodge has returned to her home in Moncton after spending several weeks in a very pleasant manner with friends both here and in Fredericton. Miss May Burton of Halifax is visiting friends in the north end. Mrs. Dewdney, wife of the Rev. A. D. Dewdney, Rector of St. James church is still slowly recovering from her recent illness. Her many friends will be grieved to hear this. Miss Geraldine Sears, daughter of Mr. Edward Sears who has been very ill is improving somewhat but has not as yet regained her usual good health. It is to be hoped that the summer months in the country will benefit her. Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry who are erecting a new house on Leinster street, are boarding at Carville Hall until the completion of their new home. Mr. Simon Jones came from New York this week and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Keltie Jones of Caverhill Hall. Among the St. John people who left recently for Buffalo were Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Barnhill and Mrs. John E. Moore, who were passengers on Tuesday's train for that city. Mrs. W. B. Ganong of St. Stephen was in town for a few days this week. She left again on Thursday for her summer home at the Cedars.

On Wednesday Mr. Robert Thompson arrived from New York with his new yacht, which he has purchased for the pleasure of his family and friends. The yacht was visited yesterday by many admiring friends. Mr. Thompson had several guests on this cruise from New York. They were Mayor Daniel, Ald. Armstrong, Messrs W. B. Edwards, W. Watson Allan and A. W. Adams. The trip down was much enjoyed.

Mrs. M. Barnes is home from a two weeks visit to New York and other American cities. Mrs. Hunter who has been spending the winter with relatives at Yarmouth arrived here on Monday and was for several days the guest of her nieces, Misses Beatty, West end. She left for her home in Fredericton on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rogers have returned from a short trip to Amherst. Mrs. Percy Albott [see Miss Beattie Rogers] received her friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at her pretty new home on Gormain street. She was assisted by her mother and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Harry Rogers.

Mrs. Wm. McLaughlin has been suffering from a severe cold during the week. She intended going out to her summer cottage at Woodman's Point but was thus prevented from doing so. Mrs. J. Varner McLellan is entertaining her sister Mrs. A. J. Webster of Shediac. Miss Dorothy Matthews, who has been studying music in Germany for the past couple of years has returned. She came by way of New York and was accompanied from that city by Miss Parker, daughter of Rev. Lindsay Parker, who will spend the summer with Miss Matthews at Goudala Point.

Westfield, one of our favorite summer resorts, is already assuming quite an air of gaiety. Many city families being comfortably settled at the many pretty cottages, all bent on enjoying to the full extent the pleasures of suburban life. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bullock have recently left town, and are occupying their very pretty cottage at Westfield Beach. Mrs. P. R. Inches and family will go to their summer residence on the river about the first week in June. Lady Tilley and her niece Isabelle Howland are visiting in Toronto, where they are being quite extensively entertained. They return to St. John in about ten days, remaining here for a few weeks before proceeding to St. Andrews where they intend spending the summer. Miss Laura MacLaughlin has returned from a most delightful trip to Bermuda. She was absent about six weeks. Miss Helen Sinclair spent part of last week here with friends. She was enroute to her home at Newcastle, returning from Boston where she has been pursuing her musical studies for the past year. Mrs. (Judge) King and daughters Miss Roma and Mrs. Reynolds and little Master Reynolds returned to Ottawa on Monday. Mrs. King's sister, Mrs. H. A. Austin accompanied them and will remain in Ottawa for a few weeks.

On Wednesday a pleasant event took place at Springfield which was of especial interest to St. John people, in as much as the gentleman in the case was from this city. On that day at the home of Mr. W. E. Case, his daughter Miss Julia Case was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur B. Vail, one of the popular proprietors of the Globe Laundry. The bride was attired in a trailing suit of navy blue with hat to match and was attended by Miss Magie Vail, sister of the groom. Mr. Charles Sprague of Sydney, ably supported Mr. Vail. The ceremony was performed about 2 o'clock in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties. At its conclusion a dainty wedding luncheon was served and the happy couple left for the city. They drove at once to their home at 85 Sydney street, where an informal reception was held in the evening, many of Mr. Vail's friends calling to meet his bride and to extend congratulations and good wishes for the future happiness of both.

Mrs. Carter who spent several months with her daughter, Miss May Carter at St. Stephen and with relatives in the city, returned on Wednesday to her home at Kingston, King's county. Mr. Jack Fauley of the Thomas E. Shea company arrived in the city on Monday and for the summer months will remain with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fauley of the South End. Mrs. Mulcahey, wife of Capt. Mulcahey is here from Ireland and will spend the summer with her mother Mrs. J. M. Driscoll at Lancaster Heights. Mrs. W. Hatfield has gone to St. Marins, where she purposes spending the summer months. Mr. J. Bass and two children of Halifax are paying a visit to friends in the west end. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Archers of Boston, Mass. spent the week here enjoying the beauties of our city. They were guests at the Victoria. Miss Burns left this week for Boston to pay a visit to her sister in that city. Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Martin and child of Houlton are here for a few days. They were accompanied by Mrs. Eaton also of the town. Mrs. J. Neale, Master Neale, Miss Pierce and Mrs. Harding came down from the capital on Wednesday and spent the rest of the week here. Miss Hattie Tweedie of Moncton was in town this week. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hamlin of Boston who are

touring through the provinces were here the greater part of this week, guests at the Royal. Miss McAvity is in Toronto the guest of Miss MacLeod. Mrs. J. Gardner Taylor is also spending a few weeks in Toronto, the guest of relatives. Mr. James Dillon who has been studying medicine at McGill arrived home on Wednesday and will spend the vacation with his parents in the North end.

MAY 15.—Hosts of people called last week on Mrs. Will Yorton. The bride's mother-in-law Mr. Yorton, presided at the tea-table, and Mrs. Fred Yorton and Miss Yorton assisted. The bride looked very charming in her wedding gown of white silk with mousseline de sole and pearl trimmings. Mrs. Fred Yorton was in blue silk and Miss Yorton wore an exceedingly becoming gown of Henrietta cloth in a lovely grey shade. This week Mrs. Davies is receiving her visits assisted by Mrs. Kaulbach, her sister Miss Nora Black and Miss Ethel Robbins. Within the week we have had two very successful evenings in the Opera house. On Friday evening last The Boston Sixty-two, gave one of their ever charming and high class musical concerts. The audience was large and thoroughly appreciative of the splendid rendering, of a choice programme and the generous response to encores for every number. Theatre-goers and lovers of the Drama, turned out on mass last night to see W. S. Hawkins' Comedy, put on the "Little Minister," which they did to everyone's satisfaction. Miss Bonstelle and her support are strong favorites here and the return of Mr. Hawkins' company for a longer engagement next month is eagerly anticipated. M. M. Dickie and a party of friends, left early this morning for the fishing quarters at Economy Lake, P. E. I.

MONCTON. Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mahon of Havelock are here guests at the Brunswick hotel. Mrs. J. A. Flett of Campbellton was in town for a few hours on Monday. She was enroute to Amherst. Many Moncton people went to Sackville on Monday to be present at the concert given that evening by the Russian Pianist Godowsky. They report a very pleasant and successful entertainment. Mrs. John Sargent and children of Sydney, C. B. are here spending a few weeks with friends. Miss Marie Wood is in Sackville visiting Mrs. Clifford Anon. Miss Winnie Barbare of Campbellton is here visiting relatives. Many are grieved to hear of the very serious illness of Miss Ethel Ogden. A splendid entertainment was given in the vestry of the Central Methodist church on Friday evening last. The programme consisted of a lecture by Mr. J. F. Hawke, on the Land and Legend of William Tell, and several solos by Mrs. Lyman and other well known artists. The Baptist Mission Band concert held at Mrs. J. E. Price's residence last evening was a decided success. The programme was greatly enjoyed. Miss Dayton sang, Misses Tracie Crandall and Bessie Doyle were a piano solo, Misses Boyd and Greta Rogers gave readings and Geo. Tingley played a cornet solo. Miss M. LeBlanc has just returned from a pleasant visit to Boston and New York. Mr. Fred Lockhart, son of Mr. W. J. Lockhart, I. C. B. instructor, is home from Texas where he has spent the last three years railroading. He is accompanied by his sister, Miss Jessie Lockhart, who went to Mexico last summer for her health which is much improved. Miss Gertrude O'Neill of Boston, is spending a few weeks with friends in town. Misses Margie and Katie Callahan of Boston are in the city for a short time guests at the Mint Hotel. Mr. J. Goodwin and Miss Goodwin have returned from a short trip to New York and Buffalo. Mr. and Mrs. J. Glendon are receiving congratulations on the birth of a young son. Miss Lucy Lafarey was a passenger from Moncton Saturday on a visit to her home in Summerside.

NEWCASTLE. May 18.—Miss Helen Sinclair has returned from Boston. Rev. Mr. Goldsmith of Bathurst, was in town on Thursday. Rev. Mr. Pickles preached at Tabubilac on Sunday last. Mrs. W. J. DeBlais of Halifax, who has been visiting Montreal is spending a few days with friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Robertson of St. John spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Witherell. Mrs. Robertson will remain a few days. Mr. Thibbets, of Fredericton, one of the members of the 2nd Canadian Contingent, is visiting friends in town. We are pleased to state that Edward Sinclair Esq. was very much improved in health yesterday. Dr. Sinclair, wife and family of California are expected home here this week.

WOODSTOCK. May 18.—Mrs. G. Gentle and A. B. Monson, Houlton were at the Aberdeen Wednesday. Mr. G. B. Ketchum's family who were living with their grandmother at Upper Woodstock, have moved to Ashland, where Mr. Ketchum now lives. Mrs. Livingstone Dibble of Woodstock, is in the city at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Ingram, King street east. Mrs. Ingram is dangerously ill. Mr. and Mrs. Tappan Adney are visiting Mrs. Adney's old home in Woodstock. Rev. J. Murray, Bath, was in Woodstock last Friday.

ST. GEORGE. May 18.—Rev. Mr. Lavers returned from Yarmouth on Friday. Miss Sara Baldwin who has spent a few days with relatives returned to Boston on Wednesday. Rev. Mr. Lynds was inducted rector of St. Mark's and Christ church Fenfield on Sunday morning. Bishop Kingdon performing the ceremony. Mrs. and Miss Watson of Boston are among last arrivals. Rev. Mr. Fraser has taken the house recently occupied by Mr. J. Sutton Clark. Miss Julia Lynch and Mr. McCartney were married in the R. C. Church on Wednesday afternoon. The bride was unattended and wore a handsome blue suit. After the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Father Lavers, luncheon was served at home of the bride's father, Manor road. The death of Mrs. John O'Brien which took place [Continued on EIGHT PAGE.]

"Crest" CORSET will not break at the waist. Bones will not wear through the cloth. Absolutely rust proof, and not only a corset of strength—but a corset shape of grace and comfort. No other corset to compare with it. TRY IT \$1.25 to 1.50 a pair, drab and white.

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E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Agustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street. FOR ARTISTS.

Winsor & Newton's Oil Colors, Water Colors, Canvas, etc., etc. Pulp Wood Wanted. WANTED—Underland saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. E. MOONEY.

Fry's Cocoa. Rich, delicate, healthful, nourishing. Absolutely pure Cocoa in its most concentrated form. Called "the household Cocoa" because the most economical to use at the table—a very little of it going a great ways. Dissolves easily—a quarter pound tin of it costing but 25 cents makes fifty cups. Awarded gold medals for its superiority over all other makes. Best Because Purest. Sold everywhere.

MISS ADDIE NA... SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is made in Halifax by the... and at the following news stands and cent.

MAY 16.—Mrs J W Ritcher and two children are spending several weeks with friends in different parts of Ontario.

The residence on Franklyn street of Rev. John Currie, D D Professor at Pine Hill college, was the scene of one of the prettiest of home weddings on Wednesday last, when his daughter Miss Edith Gertrude Currie was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr Charles J Burchell, barrister of Sydney, C B.

The house was beautifully and artistically adorned with palms and other plants. A number of guests were present and witnessed the interesting ceremony which was performed by the bride's father, assisted by Rev Dr. Falconer and Rev Dr Gordon.

The bride was accompanied by her sister, Miss Anna Currie and Mr Harry Jost of Sydney acted in the capacity of groomsmen.

The bride was attired in a becoming creation of white satin with lawn and pearl trimmings. She wore a veil and real orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple with their guests sat down to a sumptuous wedding repast, after which they left on their honeymoon, amid showers of congratulations, Mr and Mrs Burchell will visit all the principal Canadian and American cities before going to Sydney where they will reside.

Mrs Wm Taylor and her daughter Miss Berta, who have been spending the winter in the Southern States are now in Atlanta, Ga, and will leave for Halifax on 24th of May.

Miss Henrietta Cutler, Master Robert McKeenzie and Mr George W Murray of Halifax and Miss Rose Holmes of Dartmouth went to Windsor on Monday afternoon to be present at the marriage of Mr E M Cutler, Halifax, and Miss Rose M Oasley Windsor.

Dr N Darrell Harvey, of Providence, R I, son of Mr John H Harvey who with his wife, has been spending a week with his parents in Halifax returning via Yarmouth on Saturday last his urgent professional duties prevented his making a longer stay in his native city, much to the regret of his numerous friends.

Miss Stephens and Miss Monamy leave on the Loyalist for a trip to the old country. They expect to be absent about a year.

Mr and Mrs Sydney Smith leave for New York on a few days' trip.

Mrs C Thompson and three children left last week for Boston where they will probably remain for some time.

Mrs G Graves is visiting friends in Boston and vicinity.

A wedding to which many people are looking forward with pleasurable expectation is that of Mr Robert Bauld and Miss Mary Evangeline Holmes, which will take place at St Matthew's church on the evening of May 23rd. The contracting parties are both great favorites in Halifax, and their host of friends wish them every happiness.

The marriage of Mr John Dingle and Miss Beattie Cruse, niece of Mr John H Emmet, Gottings St., will take place at St George's church on the evening of June 8th. Miss Cruse is one of the fairest of our North end young ladies, and both she and the groom elect are very popular.

The marriage of Mr Percy Brown and Miss Marjorie Payson, is coming off at an early date.

Hon J W Leagley and Mrs Longley returned from England on Saturday last. Their many friends are glad to welcome them home again.

Mrs Bauldock, wife of Mr Bauldock, of the Direct Cable Company, accompanied by her daughter Olive, was also a passenger on the Loyalist. They will remain in England for about six months.

Miss Edith Smith, who has been spending the winter in New York, returned home on Tuesday. She was accompanied by her brother, Mr Lewis Smith, who has been taking a course at the 'School of Art and Design' in Boston.

Miss May Meyer is visiting friends in New York. Miss Florence Twining came back from a few weeks sojourn in Montreal last week.

Miss Elizabeth White is at present visiting friends at the Hub.

Mr and Mrs Willoughby Anderson returned a few days ago from a short trip to Washington. Dr. Weaver leaves on Monday for the Pan-Amer. can expedition at Buffalo.

R L Courtney, wife and son, are visiting Halifax from New York. They are at the Acadia.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Taylor left for Wolfville yesterday on a fishing trip.

Premier and Mrs. Murray will return from New York tonight.

It is understood that Miss Evelyn Smith, daughter of the late W. H. Smith, R N R, is engaged to be married to a young officer in the imperial service. Owing to her father's unexpected death the marriage will not take place for some time.

Miss Isabel Cartwright, daughter of Sir Richard Cartwright has gone to England to visit her brother, Captain George Cartwright.

YARMOUTH.

MAY 15.—Frank Lovitt, who spent five weeks in Virginia, was a passenger from Boston per Prince George on Wednesday.

Mrs George Cann left for St John yesterday to join her husband, who is master of the Usher.

Mr S Denmore, representing the International Bureau of Mines, Boston, arrived on Wednesday per the Prince George and proceeded to Digby on important mining business in that country.

D J Murphy, D A E train despatcher at Kentville, left per Prince George on Wednesday, on his way to the Southern States for a month's vacation.

Miss Crosby, daughter of Oscar Crosby, is seriously ill.

Mr F Davis is in Boston undergoing medical treatment.

The entertainment in Holy Trinity Sunday school house on Tuesday evening was largely attended. The marches, songs, and recitations by the little one solicited generous applause.

The marriage of Mr Charles Clarke and Miss Jean L Cann took place at the home of the bride at Brenton on Tuesday evening last. The groom is a native of Scotland, and is one of the employees of the staff of the Grand hotel. The bride is a daughter of Mr Hugh Cann. The ceremony was performed by Rev J P Athony in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends of the young couple.

The rooms were especially decorated for the occasion in a most tasteful manner. The bride received many tokens of esteem from her friends.

Miss Nellie and Mary Alder, who have been visiting friends in England during the winter, arrived home per steamer Boston on Wednesday.

Two Dalhousie pupils—Ross Millar and Louis Fuller—are on a short visit to Yarmouth.

Misses Margaret Hopkins, Jennie Hopkins and Muriel Crowell, of Barrington, were passengers to Boston on the Yarmouth Saturday.

Mrs Bates went to Boston Saturday last. Among the passengers to Boston per steamer Yarmouth on Saturday were: Mrs John Phillips, Jr, Mrs Willard Jeffrey and Mrs E D Miller; Miss Alice Pittman, Brooklyns, Asa Wyman, Thomas Carter, John Higby and Murray Wyman, Brooklyn.

Hon G H Murray and Mrs Murray were passengers from Boston per steamer Yarmouth on Saturday.

Mrs W D Killam who has been visiting her mother in Marshfield Hills, Mass, arrived from Boston per steamer Yarmouth on Saturday.

Among the Yarmouth passengers from Boston on Saturday morning were: Geo M Ewan, R H Crosby and Mrs Crosby, Norman C Crowell, Miss Eakins, A J Nickerson, Arthur Rowe and F. Hillon.

Hon M E Goudge and Mrs Goudge arrived in Yarmouth per Prince George on Saturday morning and left by train for Windsor.

Mrs George A Hawkesworth of Annapolis, is registered at the Grand.

Mr Clifford McGraw leaves for Boston tomorrow to spend the summer.

Mr and Mrs J Boy Campbell and child, of St John, were at the Grand over Sunday.

TENEMENT IDEA OF COMFORT.

Two Illustrations Showing That People Like to Be Crowded Together.

The people of the tenements may be shy on a good many things, but they allow themselves one luxury. They permit themselves to know what they want.

They have their own ideas about things and they don't always take kindly to the exotic notions which philanthropy tries to introduce among them.

It seems that the taste for many of these things has to be acquired. Bathrooms come under this head, as they are finding out down at the new Jacob Riis House which the King's Daughters recently opened in Henry street.

The small boys who come to the house were suspicious of the bath room. They don't take up innovations heedlessly. But one youngster, braver or more curious than the rest, finally offered himself up for the good of the cause. He took his life and a bath towel in his hands and the bathroom door closed upon him.

After a period of anxious suspense on the part of his waiting friends he reappeared. He seemed proud, as befitted a boy who had tackled unknown terrors and come out victorious. But he wasn't enthusiastic.

This was a distinct disappointment to the young women in charge. She tried to draw him out.

'Well how did you like it?' she cheerfully demanded.

'Oh, I danno,' with evident reserve.

'Why, yes, you do. Didn't you enjoy it?'

'A pause; then throwing concealment to the winds: 'None.'

'You didn't? Why not?'

'It's too lonesome.'

'People are forever pitying the tenement house folk because they live in a perpetual swarm. Philanthropy is always trying to take them off somewhere and give them quiet and room and peace. Whereupon the people thus transplanted are so lonely that they positively fall ill of homesickness. They are like people who wrap themselves up extravagantly in the winter and half freeze if their allowance of coats and shawls and mufflers is reduced to a proper number.'

In the tenements people are wrapped up with humanity until it seems to outsiders as if they must be fairly smothered. But they are so accustomed to it that they like it, and when you take them away they shiver with a sort of spiritual chill. Of course it's all unhealthful, just as it's unhealthful to wrap oneself up to the eyes in winter. But when people are used to it they don't like a change.

A well-meaning alderman got an ordinance passed not long ago setting aside West street from the Battery to Gansevoort market as a Sunday afternoon playground for children. The marginal street here, running in front of the pier, is about 80 feet wide and most of it is paved with asphalt. The alderman had a notion that it would make a lovely playground.

And so it would. It is roomy, clean, smooth and abounds in piles of timbers, groups of idle trucks having a Sunday rest, mountain ranges of barrels and other attractive possibilities in the line of play.

A reporter went along West street last Sunday for the purpose of seeing the happy tenement children enjoying the playground which the kind alderman had provided for them.

Well, if anybody wants a convenient spot for solitary meditation on Sunday afternoons, the marginal street on the West Side is hereby recommended. It comes about as near being absolutely deserted as any place in town. And yet only a few hundred feet away there were narrow, dirty smelly streets which swarmed with children who laughed and shouted and played to all appearances perfectly satisfied with their particular nook in the rabbit warren.

It was simply another instance of the way people think and choose for themselves.

A Dog Hero.

'The world is full of dog heroes,' says a friend admirer of our canine pets; 'but few of their brave deeds ever come to light for they cannot tell their own stories. The New York Sun relates the exploit of a St. Bernard. The incident occurred recently at Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Bruno is a splendid specimen of his kind and his behavior in an emergency has endeared him more than ever to his owners heart.

The dog is deeply attached to a fine pair of horses one of whom is his special friend. The dog has often led the animals to water carrying the end of the rope in his mouth. His air of pride and proprietorship on these occasions has been the source of no small amusement to observers.

A few nights ago a fire broke out in the Baldwin stable. Bruno was sleeping outside on the veranda. The family were awakened in the ' wee wee ' hours by the barking and scratching of Bruno at the

'The pitcher that goes often to the well is broken at last.' There's a world of wisdom in that familiar proverb, and a sound application of it to disease, especially to such familiar forms of disease as coughs and colds. Singularly enough the very thing that ought to cause alarm is given as excuse for a feeling of safety.

'It's nothing; only a cough. I've had it before.' The fact that a cough recurs periodically should be warning enough to take it in time, for the most serious and disastrous of all maladies begins with a cough.

The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery not only stops the cough but cures the cause. It cures obstinate, deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, weak lungs, hemorrhages, diseases which if neglected or unskillfully treated find a fatal termination in consumption.

Accept no substitute for 'Golden Medical Discovery.' There is no other medicine 'just as good' for weak lungs.

'I was very sick indeed,' writes Mrs. Nellie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, 'and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon for I felt so bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, was very short of breath, in fact could hardly get my breath at all some times. I had pains in my chest and right lung, also had dyspepsia. Before I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' I was so weak I could not sweep a room, and now I can do a small washing. I worked in the canning factory this fall, and I feel like a new person. I believe that the Lord and your medicine have saved my life. I was sick over two years. I took thirteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets.'

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

house door.

When Mr. Baldwin appeared the dog seemed beside himself with excitement. He dashed ahead to the stable door, and the instant it was opened rushed inside.

Mr Baldwin released one of the horses, and after some difficulty succeeded in leading it out of the stable. Then he hurried back for the other horse. As he was forcing his way into the midst of the smoke and flames Bruno appeared leading the horse the end of the halter-rope dangling between his teeth.

Investigation showed that the St. Bernard had chewed off the rope. It was his friend his favorite horse, whose life he had saved. Mr Baldwin doubts if he himself could have reached the animal's stall so fiercely was the fire raging.

Save the Pennies

and the dollars will take care of themselves. You can save many pennies by using that new English Home Dye of highest quality that washes and dyes at one operation—Maypole Soap.

Use Maypole Soap Home Dyes.

10 cents (14 for black) of druggists and grocers.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Eugene Field's Poem Book. A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, E a d- somely illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest Artists.

to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Poem Book a \$7.00 Souvenir Poem Book. Subscriptions at a low rate of \$1.00 will entitle donor to this dandy artistic volume.

FIELD FLOWERS (dosh bound, \$2.11) as a certificate of subscription to read. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and is ready for delivery.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$1.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

NOTICE.

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

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

2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S 'Tommy and Grisel' (serial).

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

'HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO,' by Senator Hoar.

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

Pavis de Chayannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELLETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. BILMENN-DORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

TO OBTAIN A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. See the picture and the money if it fails to cure. Dr. W. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund...

Baby's Own Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a baby and the text 'He ran a mile, and so would many a young lady...'.

water, while the students occupy the building on the east. The Bowling Club met on Monday evening last in Mr Robson's studio...

COUGHING ALL NIGHT. It's this night coughing that breaks us down, keeping us awake most of the time, and annoying everybody in the house...

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK. RICHARD A. McCURDY, President. STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.

NOTICE. efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickson Commissioner, who has died for some months past, it is in the coming spring...

ibner's R 1900 INCLUDES

WALTER A. WY... of "The Workers".

ARTICLES... Exposition.

WARD FIFTY... by Sena-

Illustrative schemes (in black and white) by APPLETON CLARK, HENRY MONTGOMERY, and others.

WINDSOR. Colonel Charles Stewart and Mrs Stewart, of Halifax, are in town, guests at the Victoria hotel.

Mr and Mrs Frank Burnett having spent the winter in the United States, will return to Gaspé River this spring.

Mr and Mrs E B Marshall have the sympathy of the community in the loss of their bright little six year old daughter Vivian, whose death occurred after a very short illness of Monday morning.

ANNAPOLIS. MAY 15.—An excellent concert will be given by the band on Victoria day, May 24th. Local talent will assist the young musicians.

BRIDGE TOWN. May 16.—Miss George Bath returned on Saturday from New York.

NEW GLASGOW. MAY 14.—Miss Harriet Ballie has been very ill with typhoid fever.

WOLFVILLE. May 14.—The residence on the east side of the campus lately occupied by Academy students, has been taken by Mr W S Gibbons, of Bridge-

Life's opening voyage, Lord. Thou didst safely keep O'er childhood's sheltered bays; As now the tides of age around me creep, Protect my shortening days,

THINGS OF VALUE. Stubbs—I hear that Falcon is going to stop writing poetry.

For Nine Years.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Theford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with rheumatoid sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 on physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough becomes a chronic consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles.

Visitor (from beyond the suburbs)—What's one of them automobiles worth? Salesman—I can sell you this one at a bargain. It's only \$975.

Impurities in the Blood.—When the action of the kidneys becomes impaired impurities in the blood are almost sure to follow, and general derangement of the system ensues. Farnelle's Vegetable Pills will regulate the kidneys, so that they will maintain healthy action and prevent the complications which constantly come where there is derangement of the delicate organs. As a restorative these Pills are in the first rank.

Wanted.—SALESMEN to travel with most complete line of Paints, Colors and Varnishes on the market. Javel Refining Co., Paint Department, Cleveland, Ohio. 2-18-01.

HUSTLING.—A YOUNG MAN can make \$50.00 per month and expenses, learn secret position, experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars, Clark & Co., 4th & Locust streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 3-18-01.

Reaching a tree, the men found one of their comrades with rifle cocked, peering into the darkness, trying to discover the whereabouts of the animals, which could be plainly heard walking among the leaves.

How He Did It. A series of petty thefts from the oom merrisy tents of the Kandahar field force had baffled the officers so completely that it was deemed advisable to substitute Gookas for the English sentries.

Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP. Cures and prevents Insect and Mosquito bites. The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BRANDIES! Landing ex "Corean." 100 Cc. Vrieland XXX Quarts 100 " Tobitt & Co. or Pints 100 " Morris, Furze. 10 Octaves. For sale low in load or duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE 26 WATER STREET. CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 25 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOCOLATE WINES, ALBS and LIQUORS.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

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.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

After late home on Tuesday evening. The deceased lady was over sixty years of age and very highly esteemed...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Procession in for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of O. S. Webb, T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom and in Calais at O. F. Tremaine's.]

May 15.—Mrs C. A. Short of West Superior, Wis., with her two daughters, arrived here on Friday for an extended visit with her parents...

Mrs A. L. Clapp is visiting friends in Waltham, Mass., before going to the western states. Mrs. Henry B. Eaton and Mrs. Henry G. Pike have joined a party to visit Europe this summer...

Miss W. M. McAllister has entered upon her duties as bookkeeper at the Holmes sardine factory office in Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dowd, Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton are among the number who are enjoying the fine fishing at Grand Lake.

Hon. Judge Stevens and Miss Grace Stevens have recently visited Mrs. J. Baskin Brown at her home in Weststock.

Mrs. G. A. Carran and Miss Marion Curran have returned from Boston.

Major and Mrs. J. D. Chipman have returned from Montreal. They were accompanied home by their daughter, Miss Constance Chipman.

Colonel Toller of Ottawa is the guest of Madame Chipman this week.

O. H. Clarke and his daughter, Mrs. Frank V. Lee visited St. John last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry P. Dowd returned from Grand Lake on Saturday.

Mrs. Worcester has returned to her home in Calais after an extended visit in Eastport.

Mrs. F. P. Woods and Mrs. W. L. Eaton have arrived home from Grand Lake.

Mrs. Sarah Buddoch has returned from Digby, N. B., and is residing with Mrs. F. I. Blair.

Mrs. W. Colby accompanied by Mrs. Jordan left on Monday for a visit in Portland. Mr. Gordon is a guest of Mr. Colby during their absence.

Edward Hanson and Mrs. Wm. McAlon went to Houlton last week to attend the funeral of their brother, Dr. Hanson.

A trusted employe in one of our leading manufacturing concerns is an estimable young lady whose home is in Duke's ward and soon to be the principals in an interesting event.

Miss Minnie Hatfield and Mr. T. C. Dykman of Queen's county are to be principals in a happy event which will be solemnized at the home of J. Harvey in this town on June 12th.

Miss Castle Quaid of Bailie has entered the St. Stephen business college for the stenographic course.

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

ST. ANDREWS.

Miss Hanson, of Lepreau, has been elected secretary of the King's Daughters.

Mrs. J. H. Malsed, the Massachusetts lady who built a beautiful summer home at Bocobell Cove, is now occupying it.

W. Lamb, medical student at McGill college, Montreal, is home for the recess.

Capt. and Mrs. Melville N. Clark and child are occupying the Hart cottage.

Rev. Thomas D. McLean, of Milltown, N. B., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Union church Ludlow, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Milne, of St. George, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Hibbard, on Sunday.

Miss Annie Thompson, of St. Stephen, is visiting her brother, Albert Thompson.

Mrs. Theobald and Mrs. Theobald have returned home from Montpelier, Vt.

Capt. Richard Keny, his wife and child are visiting friends in St. Andrews.

Resurrection.

Gray alders swing above the shelving sand their drooping tassels brown;

The banks of willow copes on either hand flame out with crimson crown;

Down from the tufted mossy ledges green, where sunlight is all day,

Long ice banks toward the sparkling water lean, and break, and float away.

The russet meadow-lands are silent still, with lingers of snow;

No bluebird sings by pasture fence or hill, his strain of long ago.

But hidden pulses thrill and quiver deep beneath the sun-warmed sod,

Where life, half-wakened, rises from wintry sleep to meet the smile of God.

—Mabel Earle.

Toads in Bermuda.

Bermuda is remarkable for the scarcity of land vertebrate animals. It possesses only one species of reptile, a lizard, and until 15 or 20 years ago there was no amphibian.

At that time some of the hugh Guiana toads were imported from Demarara by the owner of a Bermuda garden, who thought these animals would clear his plants of insects.

The toads thrived on the insects and spread over the islands, and now they are regarded with disfavor because they get into the cisterns which hold the rain-water that is universally used for drinking purposes in Bermuda.

The Eclipse Cyclone.

The remarkable discovery that a total eclipse of the sun develops a cold-air cyclone as the shadow sweeps across the earth has been made by H. C. Clayton through a study of the meteorological phenomena observed during the eclipse of May, 1900.

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful.

After a cold—"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured."

L. P. Verot, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

They were practically reversed in direction, as the umbra moved from one side of the continent to the other, and there was an outflow of air from the shadow to a distance 1,500 miles.

How Old is the Human Race? This question receives an interesting answer in the latest edition of De Martel's 'Origin and Antiquity of Man.'

The Largest Photographic Camera. A camera capable of making a photograph eight by ten feet in area is owned by the Chicago & Alton Railway Company.

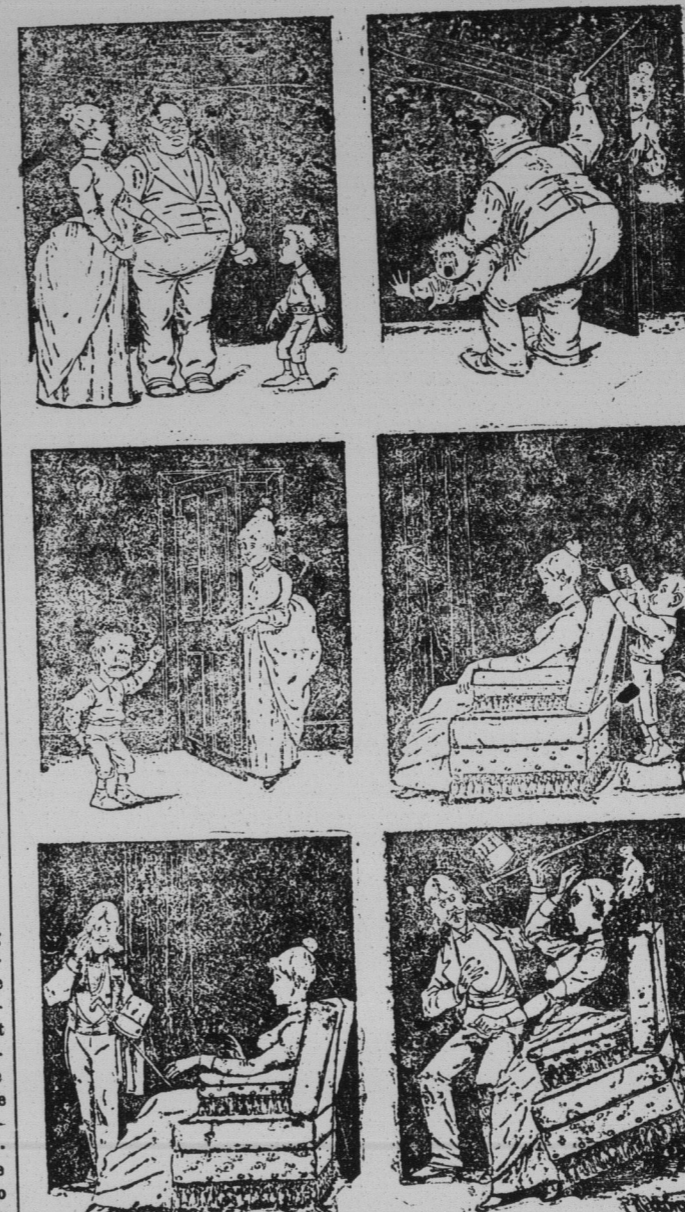
The Nineteenth Century's Comets. During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered, as against 62 in the eighteenth century.

Recent experiments by Professors Dewar and Laveing have demonstrated the existence in the atmosphere of a sensible proportion of free hydrogen.

The Mule in Hypnotism. Max Carnaveux who gives exhibitions of his power in hypnotism, has declared that in future he will be more careful in the selection of his subjects for experiment.

Wireless Telegraphy at 200 Miles. M. Marconi recently established improved apparatus for wireless telegraphy at St. Catherine's on the Isle of Wight and at the Lizard in Cornwall.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.



Mr. Carnaveux, feeling unusually sprightly and jovial, presumed a little too far on the good nature and geniality of the mule...

He Attended the Wedding. A gentleman, meeting an old Irish friend the unhappy possessor of a fearful back eye, and with his arm in a sling, asked him the cause of his misfortune.

His Aim in Life. People bother little boys so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: 'What are you going to be, boy?'

Tourists. WHERE THEY WILL FIND Humphrey's Specifics. PARIS, 32 rue Etienne-Marcel, and all Pharmacies.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to: JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Keep your Hands White. SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes...

Time and Energy ARE WORTH SOMETHING. Chickering's Furniture Polish. Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY! VICTORIA DAY. Excursion Return Tickets will be issued on MAY 23rd and 24th...

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. From all parts of the Globe ladies & their shopping by post...

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Patterns of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free.

All preparations to the Arctic expedition with the polar leave New York year. This on the Baldwin-Z direction of W \$1,000,000 in float the Star North Pole. The route one never tra large territory between the E trian Sound, inter-channel chartered. I north and no dolph Land. to cross this geographical his dash for ern point. Mr Baldwin pedition of with the the race for the believer in Lieut Perry polar explor of the fewest sickness mig The your fight his wa unal snow an in bounds th In pursuit Zeigler par transport tra age. For atus there dogs and fide to indicate tort of the to be look fifty tons of included In the ex be some th and other eluded the enty-five p ever, allow hardest m understand rough wou that the jo any sens significant accompan cans of er This in made w America, party an Scotland and 19 fo formerly Arctic ring vess driving g construct would t ice pack This Mr. B Swedish Greenle the Americ to seas Fritjof carrying north a Baldwin operati The comm inspired in the post. comp boy m over l the U first v stone Arctic been

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1901.

Baldwin's Arctic Trip.

All preparations for previous expeditions to the Arctic seem insignificant in comparison with the plans for the party that will leave New York city in June of the present year.

The route selected by Mr Baldwin is one never traversed before. There is a large territory in Franz Josef Land, lying between the British Channel and the Austrian Sound, called by Mr Baldwin the inter-channel route, which has never been chartered.

Mr Baldwin accompanied the Peary expedition of 1893 and is therefore familiar with the theories of his chief rival in his race for the pole. He is by no means a believer in many of them.

In pursuance of this policy the Baldwin Zeigler party will have the most extensive transport train ever carried on such a voyage. For moving the supplies an apparatus there will be employed 400 Esquimaux dogs and fifteen Siberian ponies, and, just to indicate the matter in which the comfort of the beasts as well as of the men is to be looked after, it may be noted that fifty tons of special prepared dog food are included in the list of equipment.

In the exploring party proper there will be some thirty men, although if the sailors and other men aboard the vessels be included the total will probably exceed seventy-five persons. The explorer will, however, allow to accompany him only the hardest men. Each member of the party understands that he will be expected to do rough work from beginning to end and that the journey is not to be regarded as in any sense a pleasure excursion. It is significant that almost all the men who will accompany Mr. Baldwin are young Americans of exceptional energy.

This invasion of the frozen north will be made with two vessels. The steamer America, which is to carry the exploring party and is now being refitted at Dundee, Scotland, is 157 feet in length, 29 feet beam and 19 feet in depth. The America was formerly the crack whaler of the Dundee fleet and has been exciting service in the Arctic regions. She is a three masted sailing vessel, with auxiliary steam power, driving a single screw, and it is of wooden construction, since no experienced explorer would think of taking a steel craft into the ice pack.

This vessel, lately remained in honor of Mr. Baldwin's native land, carried the Swedish expedition under Prof. Koltoff to Greenland last year, and it may be asserted the Arctic better constructed than the America to withstand the perils peculiar to seas of ice. The Norwegian sealer, the Fritjof, will accompany the America, carrying supplies and provisions as far north as Franz Josef Land, where Mr. Baldwin proposes to establish his base of operations.

The personality of the man who is in command of the expedition is such as to inspire confidence, and his achievements in the past would seem to fit him for the post. Mr. Baldwin was born in a federal camp during the Civil War and when a boy made a trip on foot and by bicycle all over Europe and over the greater part of the United States, winding up with the first wheel trip ever made through Yellowstone Park. He was with Peary in the Arctic in 1893, and arrangements had been made for him to join the ill-fated An-

dre in the latter's balloon expedition, but at the last moment he was forced to remain behind, it being found that there was less room in the car than has been expected.

Pushing northward after this disappointment, Mr. Baldwin spent the season studying Arctic conditions, and in 1898-99 he went to Franz Josef Land as a member of the Wellman Arctic expedition. He spent three or four months last year in Europe making investigations bearing up on his present project, and probably no other expedition has had plans so carefully mapped out to the minutest detail in advance.

Mr. Baldwin's chief concern now is to beat out Lieut. Peary and Capt. Sverdrup, who are in command of two separate expeditions which are making for the Pole by what is known as the Greenerud route. Mr. Baldwin's plans contemplate a voyage to the Antarctic should the northern goal be reached by another before his party has taken up the race, and with this contingency in view the equipment of the two ships has been made ample for a most extended voyage.

There will be stored in the holds of the Baldwin vessels more than 72,000 crystallized eggs and fully 400,000 rations of coffee. This coffee is of a new brand, a Japanese preparation known as the tablet form. A tablet no larger than a cough lozenge affords a delicious cup of coffee. Practically all the food taken will be of the concentrated variety, and immense quantities of condensed milk will also be stored away in the floating larders.

Mr. Baldwin expects that his men will shoot enough seals, bears and birds to provide a fair proportion of fresh meat, but he is not relying upon this source of supply to any considerable extent. Dried and tinned meat is to be carried in large quantities, and the new form of ration which the United States War Department recently made experiments will be employed to some extent. Dedicated potatoes and a great variety of canned fruits will serve to ward off scurvy.

The immense pack of dogs which will accompany the Baldwin Zeigler party constitutes one of its most novel features. The 400 animals—a dozen times as many as Nansen had—all picked for their qualifications of beasts of burden, have already been purchased in Siberia and will be ready to join the expedition when the America reaches the Norwegian rendezvous. That these dogs can be utilized to immense advantage may be inferred from the fact that a good dog team will travel from fifty to sixty miles a day, a team of five dogs frequently moving from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds. The load is strapped to a sled perhaps seven or eight feet in length.

The scientific side of the expedition is likely to prove very important. Although the projectors have been somewhat reticent regarding this part of their plans, it is understood that several scientists will accompany the party. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been expended for an equipment of instruments of the most modern and most expensive character, and how complete will be this phrase of the enterprise may be imagined from the fact that arrangements have been made to employ telephones and electric searchlights in signaling operations.

The astronomical programme which has been mapped out includes the determination of latitude and longitude by many methods, as well as investigations along lines not usually taken up. Magnetic and hydrographic work will of course have considerable attention, and Mr. Baldwin expects that his experience of several years in Weather Bureau work will enable him to secure meteorological data of value. A specialty will be made of photographic work. A photographer is to accompany the party, and it is the intention to have the camera record Arctic conditions and phenomena much more completely than on any previous occasion.

Explorer Baldwin has one hobby which he will carry out if possible during the present voyage. This is to erect and live in the northernmost house in the world. With this end in view, the equipment of

the party includes a portable house somewhat of the order of the structure which Count von Waldsee carried with him to China. The structure has been elaborately planned with reference to the exclusion of cold. Great quantities of the material which formed the roofs of the buildings at the Omaha Exposition are also being put aboard the vessel in order to provide sheds and windbreaks for the dogs and to shelter the men when making observation of various kinds.

The same precautions which distinguish other phases of the enterprise characterize the preparation of clothing for the men. Furs will be used, Mr. Baldwin believing that nature's bestowal of this covering on animals indicates the best defence against extreme cold. Furs will be supplemented in all cases by woolen underwear and all the fur, whether designed for clothing or sleeping bags, has been especially selected and treated with exceptional care.

SHE INVENTS DANCES.

Original Ideas That Bring Pin Money to a Slender Young Woman.

The slender young woman balanced herself and gyrated gracefully before the mirror. Presently she stopped short and kicked spitefully at the cretonne-covered shoe box.

'It's no use,' she said. 'I can't test it by myself. I'll have to get the girl's to come in and see how it looks when it's done right.'

'When what is done right?' asked the visitor.

'Why, that new dance,' said the slim woman. 'It is possible that you don't know what I've been trying to do?'

The visitor confessed her ignorance.

'How stupid!' said the slim woman.

'Whom do you mean?' retorted the visitor. 'Me or yourself?'

'Well,' laughed the slim one, 'I don't just know who is to blame, but wherever the fault lies the result is deplorable. Here I've spent three solid weeks studying out that step, yet after all the thought and physical strength expended upon it you admit that you didn't even recognize it as a terpsichorean stunt. This is my first step of the year and judging by the inauspicious beginning I'll have to put it in my vacation figuring out new measures, if I expect to be ready for the dancing masters in the fall.'

The visitor looked at the slim woman with a wrinkle of perplexity on her brow. The slim woman hastened to explain.

'I'm an inventor,' she said, 'an inventor of dances. I devote three or four months of each year to the production of new steps. You wouldn't believe, unless you were in a position to know, how very obtuse the masters themselves are in the matter of invention. The majority of them haven't a spark of originality, yet for the sake of his reputation each feels his bounden duty to suggest several new dances at their annual conventions. Not being able to devise these new measures for himself, where do you suppose he gets them?'

'From you?' hazarded the visitor.

'From me to be sure,' said the slim woman. 'So few new dances are accepted by the public that the layman, no matter how light-footed, has no idea of the great number of dances introduced at all of these conventions. Very few of them ever see the festive light of the ballroom but die an ignominious death right there on the convention floor. Most of these corpses are the children of my own fertile brain and twinkling toe.'

'But where do you get all your ideas?' asked the visitor. 'Do you work them up out of your imagination?'

'Some of them, but not all. I travel a good deal and make a study of the folk dances in different countries. Many of my own steps are a composite of the best parts of several dances, with perhaps the addition of an original touch of my own. There isn't much money in studying out the ordinary ballroom dance. A person who has any originality to figure out novelties for the stage is an alchemist who can turn his brain into all kinds of money. Fortunately, I am qualified to give some valuable hints to the professors of that form of the art, so all told I make at least pin money out of my inventive genius.'

Teacher—Of course you understand the difference between liking and loving? Pupil—Yes, Miss. I like my father and mother, but I love apple pie.

A Plot to Steal Millions.

Another chapter is added by A. L. Drummond to the history of the gang of criminals concerned in the theft of Gainsborough's portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire in London. It relates to the secret which was the price of freedom for Little Joe Elliot, the forger. This secret was a plot to rob the United States Sub-Treasury at Baltimore. It has not been made public before in full. There was a slight reference to it in Mr. Drummond's annual report as chief of the Secret Service in 1892, but no particulars were given, as Elliot was at the time being used to discover another crime.

In 1886 Elliot was sentenced to the State prison at Auburn for fifteen years for uttering a forged check on the Flour City National Bank of Rochester. Six years later in 1892, the story of the plot to rob the Baltimore Sub-Treasury begins. Mr. Drummond says:

'At that time I was chief of the Secret Service of the United States Government. One day a prominent attorney of New York city called on me and stated that he had a client who had some valuable information for the Government which would be given if in turn I would assist in having his client pardoned. Upon inquiry I discovered that the client was none other than Little John Elliot who was still in Auburn Prison under his fifteen years, sentence for forgery.'

'I was induced to visit Elliot in Auburn Prison where he turned over to me information that enabled me to secure certain wax impressions of a counterfeit five-dollar national bank note, and the identical fifty-dollar plate for which the notes had been printed that George Wilkes and other forgers of the gang circulated in 1878 in Europe to the extent of one or two hundred thousand dollars. He also put me in the way of discovering information that uncovered a scheme for one of the most gigantic robberies that I had ever heard of, and said his counsel would give me details, if I would promise to help him.'

'The scheme was this, I afterward learned: The United States Sub-Treasury in Baltimore was to be looted. The idea was to get from nine to a dozen tried, true thieves of courage, who were to go to Baltimore on a Saturday evening. The Sub-Treasury and the Custom House in Baltimore were in a building known as the Old Exchange Hotel. The building occupied nearly a whole block: in fact it was surrounded on all sides either by streets or alleys.'

'The Old Exchange Hotel was a place used during the days when slaves were brought to Baltimore city to be sold at public auction. The basement of this building was almost entirely unoccupied save for two or three small offices that were used by some of the customs officials in two of the corners. The rest of the cellar basement was taken up entirely by cells about ten feet square. These cells had been used long years before for the purpose of keeping the slaves in until they were taken out on the large platform or block, as it was called, and sold. There were tiers of these cells, and passageways running from the centre to the four different side walls; possibly there were twenty or more corridors, a row of cells on each side.'

'The information further stated there were quite a number of windows and quite a number of doors going from each of the alleys and from the streets into the basement that the basement was about two steps down from the sidewalk; that the doors were the old fashioned swinging doors, two coming together in the centre with a large wooden pole on the inside to hold them, that these bars fitted staples on either side; that the hinges and fastenings of the doors were almost entirely rotted away.'

'The scheme was to have these men go down one of the alleys to one of these doors, and with a very slight pressure the door would give way. They were to enter the basement, and from the basement they were to go upstairs where they would find an ordinary door, half glass, between them and the part of the building that was occupied by the Custom house, but that door would not be locked because of the fact that one of the watchmen inside was in the

conspiracy, and he would render such assistance as he could, and at the same time keeping himself from being discovered by his associates.

While this appeared to me a preposterous story, I believed it to be my duty to investigate it, and I did investigate. I went to Baltimore and introduced myself to the Collector of the Port. The assistant Treasurer at that time was named Wellington, the present United States Senator from the State of Maryland; but he was absent from the city and I did not meet him, and as the collector was in charge I made my business known to him, and together we went through the door that had been described to me, down the stairs and into the basement of the building. I found that the bottoms of many doors were rotted away, so much so that a dog could have easily gone under them. In two places I took hold of the door at the bottom to pull it open, and pieces twice as large as my hand gave away from the wall, and the doors swung back without my using more strength than a child of 5 years would have used.

'In fact I found the rows of cells, the unoccupied basement, covering, as I said, almost an entire square, the windows and the doors in even a worse condition than had been described to me by the prisoner. It was a revelation to the collector. No one else at that time was taken into the secret. He asked me the name of the watchman. I told him, and he said: 'Thank God, he was removed a month ago!'

'I asked him to keep the matter quiet, but to be extra vigilant until such time as I could make a report to the secretary of the treasury the condition that I found things in, and was directed by him to make my recommendation. I thereupon recommended that the secretary appoint a committee of disinterested persons in the department to go to Baltimore to examine the building and to report what should be done, in order to guarantee the safety of the money then stored in the sub-treasury, which I learned was about \$25,000,000 in currency and about \$15,000,000 in gold.'

'The plan of the robbers was after getting into the Custom House, to seize the two watchmen from that side, then to seize either side of the grating around the windows where the cash was paid out from the Sub-Treasury, pull that out and go through that opening where the vaults were. It was not their intention to kill anyone unless they had to, but every man was to be heavily armed and the watchmen on the Treasury side were to be covered with from two to three guns and kept with hands until the men could get, rough, and all were to be tied up with ropes, gagged and kept quiet.'

'They intended to have from midnight on Saturday until midnight on Sunday to do their work in. During that time they no doubt would have been able to get into the currency vault and take everything they could haul away. Of course, they had figured on a relief coming at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning and they had provided for that. They would have opened the door, and as each man entered he would have been pounced upon and tied up as the others were, and so would any one else who visited the building. It was known that sometime the assistant-treasurer or the cashier or even the collector visited the office on Sunday.'

'After looking the ground over I was fairly convinced that the scheme was a feasible one, and that Elliott had done a great service in giving the information. The committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury went to Baltimore, examined the condition of things and reported that nearly all of the doors, if not all—I don't remember exactly which now—should be walled up with solid masonry and where it was necessary to have a window or a door it should be made of the most improved steel bars, etc. I think, in fact I know that it cost the government thousands of dollars to make the repairs, but when they got through there was no chance for Elliott or any other thief to get into the building, no matter how many there were of them.'

'In view of these facts and of the further facts that Elliott had served seven years on his term and was in feeble health, Mr. Drummond applied for a pardon for him and one was granted by Gov. Flower about Oct. 15. Elliott came to New York and died two months later at St. Luke's hospital of an overdose of Chloral-

Advertisement for soap, mentioning 'White' and 'Soap Mfg. Co. N.B.'.

Advertisement for 'Energy' furniture polish, mentioning 'Furniture Polish' and 'Energy'.

Advertisement for 'Railway' tickets, mentioning 'Railway' and 'Tickets'.

Advertisement for 'Model 1492' clothing, mentioning 'Model 1492' and 'Clothing'.

Advertisement for 'John Noble' clothing, mentioning 'John Noble' and 'Clothing'.

The Ace of Clubs.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

CHAPTER I.

'My friend, Mr. O'Hea, Miss Desmond,' Eileen Desmond looked up from the contemplation of her programme, and bowed.

'May I have the pleasure?' O'Hea murmured, taking the card from her hand. 'I believe, especially as he lives alone—I believe, with only a few servants to speak to on one day to a other.'

'Where did you meet him?' 'Oh, up in Cork, at the Fitzjames's. I asked him to come over tonight, and he said he'd be very glad. Seems a nice sort of chap; but you won't be flirting with him, will you, Eily?' he pleaded.

'Oh, indeed, I won't promise,' she answered saucily. 'Is this, Captain Daly? Yes, of course. An revoir, Murtagh.'

'Begor,' muttered Murtagh to himself, as he was left alone, 'if that man tries to cross my way where Eily's concerned, I'll let him feel the weight of my opinion, or know the reason why.'

'What's the matter with you, Murtagh?' said a heavy voice behind him, while a broad hand was laid on his shoulder, and turning his flushed, handsome face, he met the gaze of a pair of laughing blue eyes—eyes which could belong to no one in the world but his dearest friend and neighbor, Dennis Fitzgerald.

'Matter enough, Den,' he replied sadly; 'were you ever in love yourself? But I needn't ask that of an Irishman.'

'Faith, you needn't!' said Fitzgerald, laughing. 'I fancy I know something about the business; but who's the lady, Murtagh? Tell me, and maybe I'll be able to put in a good word for you. I've a wonderful lot of influence with the ladies.'

'You have my boy, I'm not denying it; but if I'm any judge of faces, there's someone here tonight who has more—or will have soon.'

'And who's that?' 'A new chap, from near Dunwhorley. He's some distant relation of the O'Heas; yet I can't quite make out who he is, or where he originally comes from. But, de dad, my boy, he's got a pair of eyes that would turn the head of any girl if he only used them the right way, and I'll bet he knows how to do that.'

'Sounds dangerous, I'll admit,' Fitzgerald remarked coolly; 'but never fear; you've got a very respectable pair of eyes yourself and there's certainly no doubt about your knowing how to use them. Turn them on tonight when you've got the girl in a comfortable corner. Mind there's a dim religious light about the place; it makes things easier. Then squeeze her hand a bit, and finally, when you've led up to the subject prettily, propose. She'll have you.'

'But say, hang it! I can't propose to-night! What about my prospects?' 'Hang the prospects, man! If she's worth anything she'll say "Yes" first, and think about the prospects afterwards. There's plenty of time: you're only five-and-twenty and she's—'

'Eighteen.'

'A very good age. Wait three years—or two if you like; you'll both be all the what's this?' 'Doctor Magrath wanted at once, please your honour,' said a man in the costume of a waiter—he was in reality, the doctor's groom. 'And what'll I do at all? Sure I can't saddle Croppy in this, wid a paste-board down me chest an' me hands in sausage-skins.'

Murtagh muttered an impatient ejaculation.

'Is it to go far?' he asked.

'Over to Harbor View, sorr. There's a man that's had his leg cut off by mistake, an' he wants it put on again immediate Will I take off these clothes, sorr?' 'No, no; I'll saddle Croppy myself. Just my luck,' he went on, turning to Fitzgerald. 'I shan't be back before this is over, and I shall miss my opportunity of proposing to—the lady I was speaking of. Ah! never mind her name. I'm off, old man. Good-night,' and Murtagh hurried off to the stables to saddle his sturdy little bay cob.

He had not been practising very long, and was anxious to make himself agreeable to his patients by hurrying as much as possible to obey their at present, too infrequent calls.

In another year or so he would not trouble himself quite so much.

As he passed the staircase he saw Eileen Desmond and O'Hea sitting together in a corner of the landing, talking earnestly.

The sight did not serve to improve his temper, and as he rode swiftly along through the damp air, he hurried down an-athemas on O'Hea's luckless head.

'Why did I introduce them?' he growled. 'But he asked me, so it wasn't my fault. Bad cess to him, though!'

Meanwhile Eileen in the foreground corner was enjoying herself very much.

Her companion was comparatively young and decidedly handsome. Moreover, he had travelled a great deal, and was an excellent talker, and, above all this there was an element of mystery about him very fascinating to a girl of her age.

So she sat beside him, quite entranced, and forgetting the existence of her other partners, who were searching for her in the dancing-room and hall below.

'So you have come to live at Dunwhorley,' she said. 'Do you like it so much?' 'That I can scarcely tell at present,' he replied, 'but I think it will suit me. I want a place that is out of the world, but at the same time near it and I think Dunwhorley answers that description pretty well.'

'As to being out of the world, that it certainly is; I don't know that it's very near it, though. You see, Cork is more than thirty miles away and the little country towns round about here can scarcely be called "the world," can they?' 'Well, I shall be near you, at any rate, I hope,' he said softly, and she tried desperately, but most unsuccessfully, not to blush as she answered 'Yes.'

'How near?' he pursued.

'Oh! about twelve or fourteen miles, she replied carelessly. 'That's not much in Ireland.'

'You may be sure it won't be much to me,' he said gallantly. 'May I call and see you sometimes?' 'Well, I don't know, she returned. 'You see, you can't have known me long enough yet to make up your mind whether you like me or not, so you'd better wait a bit before you ask such questions.'

'But I assure you,' he said, 'that I don't take all that time to make up my mind. I'm quite sure I like you; in fact, I was sure of that before I was introduced to you. By the way, do you know Magrath well?' 'Yes,' she said briefly.

She was sensitive on the subject, knowing that she had not treated Murtagh very well—and was not going to treat him any better in future.

It was all very well to let him make love to her in a mild, boyish sort of way; but it was quite another thing to marry him.

'Then I may come?' he urged her partner, as they parted in the hall at the end of the evening.

'I wonder if I ought to say "Not at home to gentlemen"?' she pondered. 'It would be rather a bit, and—no, I think I won't. Yes, if you like,' she added aloud.

Dennis Fitzgerald passed them at this moment, and recognizing O'Hea from Magrath's description, he paused on the pretext of saying good night to Eileen.

'Enjoyed yourself?' he asked.

'Immensely, thanks,' was her reply, and she glanced, half unconsciously, at O'Hea.

Ha! ha! Fitzgerald circled about all for my girl. Too bad of him to go in for my girl!

Eileen was remarkably pretty, and she possessed numerous admirers, among them Fitzgerald, though he had never declared himself in any way.

Although a thorough Irishman and a considerable flirt, there was little sentimentality about him, and he never spoke of his feelings to anyone.

Magrath, too, though more emotional, felt a little shy about mentioning Eileen's name, so that these two friends went on blindly loving the same girl, when, had either known the other's sentiments, he would immediately have retired from the field, for both possessed a fine sense of courtesy; and, besides, they were really fond of one another.

As for Eileen, young and susceptible as she was, she had inherited from an English mother a wonderful power of self-control, and she would never have thought of falling seriously in love with a man who had not the means to support her in comfort.

Fitzgerald was certainly fairly well off; but, so far, he had evinced no desire for matrimony, and, besides, they did not often meet.

'At any rate,' she told herself, 'there's heaps of time, and I'm not sure that I'll be married at all.'

But somehow, in spite of all her self-control and judgment, O'Hea's face seemed to haunt her dreams that night, and when she woke next morning her first thought was: 'Will he call today?' She entered the breakfast-room with a radiant face, and her family, who were accustomed to see a rather cross, gloomy Eileen the morning after a dance, looked up in surprise.

'Has he proposed yet?' sang out her eldest brother, his voice rendered somewhat inarticulate by muffs.

Eileen surveyed him with a lofty look, and sat down.

'Any letters, mother?' 'A note from Miss Benn, asking us to tea this afternoon.'

'Oh, bother!' sighed Eileen. 'Must we go?' 'Of course, my dear. Why, I'm sure Miss Benn is a very nice woman, and so kind to the poor. Mr. Harris says—'

'Oh! yes, I know she's very worthy. She has the look of a person with a mission; you can always tell them. I don't

know exactly where the expression lies, but it's always there.'

'What's her mission?' inquired one of the boys. 'Making flannel petticoats for youthful negroes?'

'Or breeches for their little brothers,' suggested another.

'Or slippers for the curate?' put in Mr. Desmond flippantly.

Mrs. Desmond looked at them reproachfully but refrained from answering.

At this moment the door opened abruptly, and a dark curly head was thrust into the room.

'Anybody in?' asked a voice.

'Why, it's Jimmie!' exclaimed everyone in delight, and the door was opened a few inches wider to admit the new comer, a girl of about Eileen's age, and a favorite cousin of hers, who lived about two miles from the Desmond house.

'I've come to ask you to walk over to Ballymartin with me,' she announced, turning to Eileen. 'Will you?' Eileen considered.

Ballymartin lay in the direction of Dunwhorley, and it was just possible—

'I'll come,' she said.

As the two girls set off together down the street, many heads were turned to look after them.

They were almost equally pretty, although, perhaps, Eileen was the more striking.

She was taller and straighter, and her coloring was more vivid—deep blue eyes and hair of a rich dark Auburn, with that delicate complexion which so often accompanies it—these and a very radiant, flashing smile made her unusually attractive even in a country so noted for its beauties as is Ireland.

Her cousin, whose real name, by the way, was Beatrice Donovan, though she was never called anything but Jimmie was smaller and slighter, though very well made.

Her hair was of a rich brown color, and fell in disordered curls about her face: her eyes were dark, too, and wonderfully soft and expressive.

Her complexion was a delicate olive, giving her rather a foreign look, though anyone more totally Irish it would have been hard to find.

As they went, Jimmie begged her cousin to give her a full and graphic account of the dance, and Eileen did so, dwelling somewhat suspiciously on O'Hea's name.

'And was Dennis Fitzgerald there?' asked Jimmie anxiously.

Now Jimmie, being a smart young damsel, had for some time been well aware of two facts; firstly, that her elf was by no means indifferent to Fitzgerald; secondly, that Fitzgerald did not care a rap for her, but was decidedly partial to Eileen.

The first of these facts she contemplated resignedly enough—Jimmie was well used to taking the second place; but the other did occasionally worry her.

Why Fitzgerald did not speak and make an end of his suspense she could not tell—indeed, he could hardly have told the reason himself; but probably the proverbial carelessness and procrastination of his race had more to do with the matter than any thing else.

Singularly enough the two girls rarely spoke of him to one another, so that Eileen remained quite in ignorance of his sentiments.

'Yes, he was there,' she said, in answer to her cousin's question; 'I danced only twice with him.'

'And how many times with the others?' 'Well, let me see. Is six dances rather a lot to have with a man you've only just met?' 'Well, rather; who on earth did you have six dances with?' 'With Mr. O'Hea. Of course we weren't dancing all the time.'

Knowing you, my dear, I've no difficulty in believing that. What did you talk about?' 'Oh different things! Travels and dancing, and missionaries, and actors.'

'A sort of penny jumble; it must have been very stimulating to the mind. And what of his life?' 'At Dunwhorley. Why, I do believe that's his!' exclaimed Eileen, regardless of grammar.

Sure enough a horseman was approaching them from the Dunwhorley direction, and, as he drew near, she saw that it unquestionably was O'Hea.

Jimmie looked about her for some secluded nook whither she could retire, leaving them to their inevitable conversation and flirtation; but seeing nothing on either side but low turf walls and level fields, she submitted gracefully to her fate.

'After all,' she ruminated, 'I'm used to playing gooseberry, and it can't hurt me to play it once more.'

O'Hea looked very handsome as he trotted up on his fine chestnut hunter.

He wore a light cap set rather far back on his wavy black hair, and as he drew near, his dark eyes were lit up by a flashing smile.

'Eh, presentable, decidedly,' thought Jimmie.

'Good-morning, Miss Desmond!' he cried gaily. 'Have you quite recovered from the dissipation of last night?' 'Yes, thank you,' laughed Eileen. 'I'm hardened.'

'You look as fresh as a daisy,' he pursued gallantly.

'And you must feel as fresh as one, for you're out early Mr. O'Hea.'

'Oh, I'm always an early rider;' he replied, laughing.

'Yes, you're out this way in the afternoon,' said Eileen, 'you might call and have a cup of tea.'

'Thanks. I shall be delighted,' he answered, and they parted.

The girls walked on in silence for a little while, a silence which Eileen broke by exclaiming suddenly—

'He waltzes divinely!'

Jimmie, whose thoughts were elsewhere, stared absently at a rheumatic old peasant who was hobbling along in front of them, and asked—

'Who?' 'Why, Mr. O'Hea, of course, stupid! Where are your wits? I said he waltzed divinely, and you look vacantly at old O'Leary, and say "Who?" I must give Dennis a hint,' thought her cousin. 'He'd better make haste, or he'll be too late.'

CHAPTER II.

Jimmie was as good as her word.

The next day, with a delicate tact which did her credit, she hinted to Fitzgerald that matters were likely to become serious between Eileen and O'Hea, and he was roused from his usual carelessness to decide what was best to be done.

That very afternoon he brushed his best coat, struck a fever in his buttonhole, trimmed his moustache, and went to call on the Desmonds.

As he ascended the stairs a sound of music was wafted to him from the drawing room.

Good bye to hope, good bye, good bye!

'I'm a cheerful omen for me,' he thought as he opened the door.

It was, as he had supposed, Eileen who was expressing these doleful sentiments.

She rose from the piano and came to meet him, looking unusually beautiful in a pale blue tea gown with graceful lace ruffles about the neck and wrists.

'Mother is out,' she announced, 'so you'll have to put up with me. I'm so sorry.'

'I'm not,' he remarked calmly, as he took a chair.

'Isn't that a little rude?' she suggested sweetly.

'Is it?' he said. 'I'm not going to retract it. I came to talk to you.'

'How very nice of you!'

'Yes, and you are going to be very nice and listen,' he responded coolly.

'Oh!' she said. 'Will you have tea?' 'No, thanks, it would only interrupt me. May I begin, please? Don't play with the cat—it's rude and inattentive.'

'Well?' she said, trying to look serious, but seized with an hysterical desire to giggle. 'I'm ready.'

He drew his chair nearer to her, and looked steadily into her face.

'The fact is,' he said, 'I want to be married, and I want to marry you.'

Eileen had received proposals before; but the utter prosaicism of this one, the entire absence of any sentimentality, took her somewhat aback.

For a few moments she was silent.

'Will you say "Yes"?' he asked, a little more pleadingly, and a faint look of anxiety crept into his merry, blue eyes.

She hesitated, looked at him, then blushed crimson from brow to chin, and finally answered nervously—

'I'm very sorry, but—but I can't.'

The words came like a thunderclap to Fitzgerald.

Surely he was not too late!

Oh, why had he been so backward a suitor!

'Are you sure?' he said. 'That was all. He was too proud and too sensitive to plead his cause once he saw that he was not loved.'

She shook her head.

'I'm very, very sorry, but it's not my fault. I never knew,' she faltered.

'No,' he assented; 'it's not your fault. Tell me, at least, if it's not a rude question, is there someone else?'

She grew crimson again, but said nothing.

'I see,' he said. 'Well, I hope you will be happy, dear Miss Eileen. Of course, if I'd known, it isn't Dennis Fitzgerald that would have said anything of this. Forget it now, and I'll try to do the same, though it's hard work I'll be, I'm afraid. Anyway, thank you for being so nice about it. The lucky man'll have a treasure, whoever it is. You'll forgive me for saying so much, won't you? Good-bye, Miss Eileen, and, if ever you want a friend, you'll let me know of it first! Promise me that, now. Thank you.'

He raised her hand to his lips, bowed, and quickly left the room.

As he passed out into the chill grey of a November evening, the words of Tosti's song rang in his ears like the curse of some malignant spirit—

Good-bye to hope, good-bye, good-bye.

He paused on the little wooden bridge that crossed the river at the bank of the town, and as he stood there two lovers passed him arm-in-arm, whispering tenderly to one another under cover of the twilight.

'Yes,' he said bitterly. 'They're happy enough, and I might be too, if I wasn't a fool; but it's just my luck! I was born a fool, and I suppose I'll live and die one. Ah, Eileen, Eileen! Why couldn't you love me, darling? Though why should you for the matter of that? You're a thousand times too good for me, and may the man you love prove worthy of you!'

He turned away and repressed the Desmonds' house on his homeward road.

Eileen was again at the piano, and the words of her song floated down to him, as he stood for a moment outside.

Good-bye to ever, good-bye, good-bye!

'Ay, for ever,' he murmured hopelessly.

CHAPTER III.

At thirty, Jimmie's father had spent his own fortune left him by his father, that belonging to his mother, and the smaller one brought him by his wife.

Why he had chosen to do this no one could understand; but so it was, and there was a choice left him of two evils—to work or to die.

He accepted the latter, and blew out his brains, leaving his wife and children to take care of themselves as best they might.

Mrs. Donovan was a clever woman, and, before her marriage, she had been a somewhat well-known authoress, so she took up her pen again and wrote to keep the wolf from the door.

Driscoll, her son, was the image of his father, both in face and in character, and

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therefore adored by his mother.

This may seem singular, but such are the ways of women.

Beatrice, or Jimmie, was like no one in particular, unless it might be a faint resemblance to a sister of Mrs. Donovan's, of whom she was not over fond.

So Jimmie was smothered and put in the back-ground while Driscoll was petted and supplied with all that he required, and though his sister felt this to be unfair—knowing Driscoll pretty intimately—she never murmured, but took things as they came.

Her cousin Eileen was her only real friend.

The boys, too, she liked; but they were only boys, and younger.

To Eileen she confided a few of her troubles—not many though, for she was extremely reticent, and she took far more interest in Eileen's affairs than she did in her own.

In spite of all the snubbing she received she was a merry, dauntless little soul, and 'almost as good as a boy,' Driscoll had told her.

Driscoll was not bad natured, and was fond of her in a way; but he was thoroughly selfish and a regular never-do-well.

At school he was always at the bottom of his class, though he possessed considerable abilities; and when he grew up into manhood, and was articled as a solicitor, he very rarely did anything but hang about the town, smoke cigars, play billiards, and make love to the girls.

Meanwhile, his sister had begun to earn a little money as a music teacher, and they were somewhat better off than they had been at the time of Mr. Donovan's death.

One morning Jimmie, on entering a breakfast room, was greeted somewhat to her surprise, with radiant smiles from her mother and brother.

The former handed her a letter, exclaiming joyfully as she did so—

'What luck, dear! Only think; Mr. O'Sullivan has proposed for you! Three thousand a year, Beatrice.'

The girl read the letter through in silence, while a frown began to pucker her pretty brows.

Then she looked at her mother reproachfully.

'You want me to accept him?' she said.

Mrs. Donovan looked at her much as one regards a glibbering idiot.

Surprise, contemptuous pity, and disgust were written plainly on her countenance.

'Accept him?' she exclaimed. 'Of course! Three thousand a year! Think what we could do for Driscoll; he has done you a great honour.'

Jimmie's lip curled.

'Oh, a great honour!' she said drily. 'Do you know his reputation, mother?' 'Mrs. Donovan flushed; this was annoying.'

'Of course, I know that he has been a trifle wild,' she admitted, 'but all young men are alike; they must have their fling—here she gazed fondly at her son—and what is so likely to reform them as the love of a good woman? My dear, you are very young, and know nothing of the world; you must allow me to judge for you in these matters.'

'Humph!' said her daughter. 'Faith, I'm aware that Jerry O'Sullivan is well known as the fastest man in the county Cork! Of course, if that is an advantage in a husband, I do not know the world. All I do know is, that nothing on this earth will induce me to marry him. If Driscoll wants money, he'd better make love to a girl who has some. I'll not accept this man's offer for anyone!'

If Jimmie had a temper, so had her mother, and it blazed up in a moment.

'So you defy me?' she cried.

'I do,' said Jimmie proudly.

'Get out of my sight, then!' her mother almost screamed in her wrath. 'Go to your room, you selfish, disobedient, wicked, unfeeling—'

But the door had shut on the girl's retreating figure.

'Come now, mother,' put in Driscoll soothingly, 'you must let Jim please herself—she's old enough, you know, and she is right about the fellow.'

He was disappointed, but unruined.

His mother, however, was not to be so easily beguiled.

'Oh, yes. Take her part!' she cried mockingly. 'A nice pair of children I have! A son who'll do no work, and a daughter who won't obey me. There, go your own way, and never think of the mother who's worked so hard for you,' and she rose in her wounded dignity and swept out of the room.

'Pshaw!' whistled her son. 'What a wax she's in! Poor old Jim; it's a bit hard on her—still, I wish she'd have this man. As the mater says, she might reform him, and it would be denoted useful for me. However, there's no use crying over spilt milk.'

But Mrs. Donovan could hardly be in-

CANCER

And Tumors cured in 5 days

or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 130-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON MEDICINE Co., 277 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

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Sunday Reading.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

Augusta Dane married a man who turned out to be a drunkard and a gambler. One day he left her, taking with him their little boy, 5 years old.

The next day found Augusta in New York. Two days were spent in a fruitless search. All her husband's haunts were visited. In Philadelphia Augusta was again baffled in her search. Still she despaired not but went on her way to Baltimore. Arriving there she resumed her weary, weary search.

As she turned away from a place where her inquiries had again been unsuccessful her hope and courage, for the first time since her loss, began to fail her. As she walked slowly along, uncertain where next to direct her steps, a gentleman passed and looked earnestly at her. Augusta, oppressed with her sad and anxious thoughts, had not noticed him. All at once a voice saying: "Mrs. Dane, you surely do not intend to pass me without recognition, do you?" caused her to start and raise her eyes. It was a friend of her husband who was speaking to her.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Davis. I was thinking and passed without seeing you," answered Augusta.

"You are on your way, I suppose, to join your husband and child. What a fine little fellow that boy of yours is! You must be very proud of him," Davis remarked.

Augusta's heart gave a mighty throb, and in a voice which she vainly endeavored to steady she replied:

"Yes; I have been detained at home and did not join them at the time appointed. Where did you leave Mr. Dane—and—my son?"

"Ah, how her voice trembled as she asked the question!"

"I left them in Washington," replied Davis. "I met Fred at M—'s last night (naming a gaming house in that city). I only arrived in Baltimore an hour ago."

Augusta scarcely heard any further words that were spoken. She had room for but one thought. She aroused herself sufficiently at length to utter a few words of leave-taking, and the next train to Washington bore Augusta on her way thither.

At length she reached her destination. Stepping into a carriage she gave the order to drive to M—'s.

The carriage stopped. "Wait here for me. Keep your carriage door open. I shall not be long away," and she ascended the steps of the house.

A negro opened the door in answer to her ring, and refused her admittance, but Augusta was prepared. Holding up a \$10 bill she said: "This is yours if you permit me to pass. Sambo found it impossible to resist, and the door was opened to admit her."

"Which way must I go?" inquired Augusta, when she was fairly inside the hall. "Do you mean right among all the gentlemen, ma'am?" asked Sambo, with open eyes and mouth.

"Which way must I go?" repeated she. "Right at the top of the stairs, Ma'am where you see the bright light from under the door."

As she placed her hand upon the knob she breathed a silent prayer, and then she opened the door noiselessly and entered. Her eyes were dazzled for a moment, then her quick glance took in all at once. Seated at the table near the centre of the large room and with his back toward the door was her husband, and by his side stood a little child. Yes, there was her boy, standing like an angel of light amid that crowd of desperate men.

No one had seen her enter. All were intent on the game then in progress. Another moment, and owing to some turn of fortune, a fearful oath burst from Frederick Dane's lips.

Augusta took a step forward just then. Her boy turned and saw her. "My mother, oh, my mother!" screamed the child and sprang into her arms.

With her child clasped to her heart Augusta felt a power within her strong enough to defy the world. Her husband had risen from his seat, round by the childish exclamation, and stood gazing at her in speechless amazement. The room was crowded with men, who were looking on in speechless wonder at the strange scene enacted before their eyes. Augusta was the first to speak.

"Frederick, let me depart in peace with my child."

"Never!" interrupted he. "Put down the child! And he made a movement toward her. Augusta turned white to the lips.

"Frederick," she again pleaded, "think of your child's future. You surely would not doom our boy to live a life such as yours has been!"

"Cease your talking and give me the boy!" shouted Dane, and again he made a movement toward her.

Quick as thought Augusta raised her hand and leveled a small revolver at him which she had concealed in the folds of her dress.

She clasped the child still closer to her breast as she spoke.

"Frederick Dane I am a desperate woman! Take heed. Do not defy me further. For God's sake leave me and do not force me to desperate deeds! Stop! Advance one step and the consequences be on your own head!"

While Augusta was speaking she had moved nearer the door. Her husband stood as if petrified. With one last look Augusta turned and left the room.

Augusta Dane's days now passed peacefully and quietly. Her son grew up into a true, noble, honorable man and became one of the most distinguished members of the bar in his native city.

RELIGIOUS NEWS IN BRIEF.

The German Missionary Societies in the United States report an aggregate of 16,212 baptisms in twelve months.

The Bible used by Milton, author of "Paradise Lost," was sold recently for \$1,125. It bears the poet's signature on the fly-leaf.

The membership of the Presbyterian Church of England has during the past year risen from 74,541 to 76,098, an increase of 1,557.

The recent additions to the Vatican, the palace of the Pope in Rome, bring the number of rooms under its roof up to twelve thousand.

English congregationalists have contributed to the Twentieth Century Fund £212,704; Welsh Congregationalists, £38,000, and Irish, £10,000.

Among the degrees conferred at St. Andrews University recently was that of doctor of law upon Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs. M. D. Gibson, Cambridge.

The important town living of St. Nicholas, Newbury, England, formerly held by the Rev. James Leslie Randall, now Bishop-Suffragan of Reading, will become vacant in June.

The Rev. Charles Bigg, D. D., rector of Fenny Compton, succeeds the late Dr. Bright as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical history in the University of Oxford, and canon of Christ church.

An exciting contest is expected at St. Augustine's, Kilburn, where Mr. John Kemist has been proposed for the post of people's churchwarden. He was defeated on a show of hands, and has demanded a poll.

Within the past month the presbytery in London has been called upon to lease by death two of its best known laymen, Mr. R. T. Turnbull of Regent Square church, and Mr. John Paton of Marylebone church.

At one of the vestry meetings at Terquay the vicar complained of the number of public house tokens and silvered farthings placed in the offertory bags. He described such contributions as on the verge of blasphemy.

The forty-seven members of the Board of Education for London hold a prayer meeting every week before the regular meeting, to beseech special guidance in their labours. Lord Reay, the chairman of the Board, presides at the prayer meeting.

A curious old custom was revived at Great Oakley vestry, when the parish lands were let by "pin and candle." The local clergyman presided. A pin is inserted in a burning candle, and so long as it remains in its tallow resting-place bids are taken. The last bidder before the pin drops is declared the tenant for the year.

The owner of the factory at Washington, Ind., has engaged the pastor of the Episcopalian church of the town to visit his factory each morning and give a fifteen minutes' sermon to the operatives, the

preacher being on the pay-roll of the factory and the men receiving pay for the time taken to listen to the sermonette.

In reference to the Rev. Grimshaw Brown's decision that ladies have no votes at vestry meetings, a correspondent of the London Daily Mail points out that 1 and 2 of William IV., 1831, regarding vestries, states, "No person shall be entitled to vote at vestry unless he or she have duly paid their rates to within a certain specified period."

An interesting pioneer of missionary work is at present on a visit to England in the person of the Rev. John McDougall, who is here on the invitation of Lord Strathcona, acting for the Canadian Government. Mr. McDougall was born in a log cabin and has spent his life ministering to the Indian tribes in Manitoba and the North-West province.

A novel departure from the prosaic rule applicable to the election of churchwardens has been made at the Easter vestry in the parish of Penn, Buckinghamshire, where the vicar (the Rev. E. J. S. Kerby) has nominated a lady, Mrs. Larkin, as his warden for the ensuing twelve months. The announcement was received with evident pleasure and appreciation.

An excellent story of the late Archbishop Magee was told at the Norwich Diocesan conference. Complaints were made of the exorbitant fees exacted from the clergy upon their induction to their benefices. The Rev. Canon Thomson remarked that when Dr. Magee took office as Archbishop of York, and was presented to her late Majesty, he said, "Madam, you are the only official who has not asked me for £50."

The Rev. A. C. Tomkins, of Great Oakley, Northampton, has declined to leave his rectory, although offered a pension by Sir Arthur Brooks, the patron of the living. A photograph of the house was shown at a meeting of the Kettering Rural council yesterday. Several breaches were to be seen in the walls. It is stated that there was a hole in the roof, and that Mr. Tomkins slept in his great coat with an umbrella over his head.

Closely following on the appointment of a retired Australian bishop to a post of importance in the diocese of Manchester comes the selection by the Bishop of Bath and Wells of another retired Colonial bishop for a dignity in the western diocese, and it naturally seems a hardship to the diocesan clergy that the local posts of importance and responsibility should go to men who have had their chance elsewhere.

It is the Bishop of Carlisle who declares that the church must now "collect the poor man's penny as well as the rich man's pound." For in the diocese of Carlisle things ecclesiastical are impoverished indeed there are not 800 livings all told in the diocese, but 150 of these have less than £200 a year and not a few of them are under £100 a year. And the poor man will gladly give his penny to help his poor church, but he may perhaps ask first why the Bishop of Carlisle has £4,500 a year and a "castle" to live in.

Miss Jones Voice Greatly Improved.

The many admirers of Miss Jones singing have been greatly pleased at the improved clearness and richness of tone, so noticeable in her late renderings. Miss Jones attributes this improvement to the recent use of Catarhoxone. It gives clearness and brilliancy of tone, and prevents hoarseness and huskiness. Prominent singers, ministers, actors and public speakers use Catarhoxone for the voice, and find it of inestimable value. You breathe the medicated air from the inhaler into the throat and lungs, where it kills disease, prevents and absolutely cures Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh. Catarhoxone never fails; never harms; pleasant to use and always successful. Sold with a guarantee on every \$1.00 package, to cure these diseases, or your money back. Small size 25c. Druggists Pelsen & Co., Kingston, Ont.

The Breton Feast.

If there is a country where the tradition of hatred of "the Englishman" as a hereditary enemy still holds it is in Catholic Brittany. In the eyes of the Breton peasants and fishermen the Englishman is the enemy with whom they have fought battles and will fight them again.

That is to say, the Englishman stands for the typical sailor of a man of war or torpedo boat, whom they will fight when the time comes for the attack, but no one thinks of him as a man. The enemy is a unit of war, something outside ordinary life, a being in uniform which is glorious to kill: He is "the enemy"—something which will do great mischief to France if one does not take care, something which must be much more terrible and dangerous than they can imagine, since all the men of France lose the best years of their youth in learning to kill this eventual adversary.

If ever the peasants come clearly to realize that the only use of war is to kill people like themselves; if ever each soldier

becomes capable of imagining what the shock of two armies is and by what complicated series of lies and intrigues peoples are brought to the point of killing each other, the work of peace congresses will be wonderfully simplified.

VERY EXPLOSIVE WOOD, THIS.

Difficulty in Disposing of Casks that Have had Nitroglycerine.

"One of the most puzzling of the many difficult problems that confront our trade is how to get rid of the empty casks that have contained nitroglycerine," said a manufacturer of explosives. "The wood of the casks becomes so saturated with nitroglycerine that in explosiveness it equals the nitroglycerine itself."

"It does not pay, or is it safe, to refill the casks. To burn them is out of the question. If left around they are a constant menace, for while all men are prone to show their respect for a dangerous explosive, there are few that think that harm can come of a kick at an empty barrel. There is nothing to do but explode the casks."

"This is generally done by placing them on an open ground and firing a rifle bullet at them from a safe distance. The concussion produced by the bullet is more than enough to bring about an explosion, and there is one good thing about those casks when they go off—there are no fragments to pick up."

"When I said that the shock of the bullet was more than sufficient, I meant every word of it. To prove this, I'll just tell you what happened at our factory not so very long ago. Two empty nitroglycerine casks were to be blown up. Three men with a team of horses, a wagon and a rifle set about the business. They reached the spot selected for the explosion in safety, and lifted the casks to the ground.

"One of the casks was carried to a proper distance. The other was left standing near the wagon. The man who was to do the shooting then conceived the idea of leaning his rifle against the top of the second cask to get a better aim. He thought this was safe because he knew that the recoil of the rifle was almost unnoticeable.

"Well, when he fired, there were two simultaneous explosions. His bullet hit its mark and did its work. At the same time the other cask was exploded by the slight jar produced by the firing of the shot. The three men, the two horses and the wagon were literally swept off the earth, and when a few moments later you passed the spot where they had stood, it was hard to believe that they had ever existed. The largest fragment recovered after them was a harness buckle."

Reading as a Cure.

The practice of reading aloud at regular intervals is of great benefit to any one afflicted with a chest complaint. In all cases of lung trouble it is important to indulge in those exercises by which the chest is in part filled or emptied of air, and reading aloud, singing and whistling are three of those exercises.

There are many who cannot sing, and we do not expect the fair sex to whistle, but reading aloud can be practised by all. Care must be taken not to overdo it, of course, and the body should be in such a position as to allow the chest to have free play.

Reading aloud, if we pay attention to what we are doing, will not only be beneficial from the standpoint of health, but will also have the effect of making us better speakers by teaching us proper modulations of the voice and by increasing our knowledge.


This is where it has the advantage over whistling and singing.

A Disappearing Town.

From Northwich, the centre of the salt industry of Great Britain, 1,200,000 tons of salt are shipped annually. When the industry was started it was considered that only one stratum of salt existed, and that was only a few feet below the surface. Fresh water found its way to this extensive salt deposit, with the result that the salt dissolved like snow. A huge subterranean lake of water, charged with 20 per cent of salt, was thus formed. Pumping engines were then installed to convey this brine to the surface to large evaporating pans, in which a heavy deposit of salt was left after the water had evaporated.

The result of this extensive pumping is that Northwich now rests, as it were, upon a shell of earth, which at times proves insufficient to support the weight of the houses, with the inevitable consequence that the buildings are constantly sliding and collapsing in every direction.

There is scarcely a perpendicular wall to be seen; in numerous cases the doors and window frames of the houses are awry; the roads are entirely unuseful, and are often closed owing to the falling in of portions. Houses are being continually condemned as unsafe for human habitation and demol-



With these
three things you can wash. Just so you can do many other things that are tiresome, unhealthy, unpleasant and wasteful. If it's necessary, well and good; but it isn't with PEARLINE washing. PEARLINE'S way is best, easiest, quickest, most economical—no soap, no washboard, no rubbing, little work—best results. 635

ished. The depreciation of public property is enormous. No matter how substantially a house may be built, or how great the care observe to obviate the subsidence, the building is bound to sink, sooner or later. In one instance a house that cost \$30,000 to erect was shortly afterwards sold for \$7,500, it had been so injured by subsiding. In some cases the sinking is very gradual, while in others it is unexpected and instantaneous.

Yawning chasms are constantly appearing in the streets, and in some instances the cavities are so extensive as to necessitate the closing of the thoroughfare.

The area in which these subsidences occur covers about two square miles. A few years ago the matter was brought before the attention of the British Parliament, and the result of their investigations showed that damage had been inflicted upon 892 buildings, of which total 636 comprised houses and cottages. Some idea of the extent of the excavations in this area may be gathered from the fact that as a ton of salt represents one cubic yard, and 1,200,000 tons of salt are produced every year, therefore 1,200,000 cubic yards of solid material underlying the town are removed annually.

Notwithstanding the frequency of these subsidences and that they are often unexpected, strange to say not a single life has been lost. Havoc has been wrought among cattle, however, several animals having been completely engulfed.

Pain in the Back.

makes life miserable. Can it be cured? Yes, in one night. Posen's Nerviline gives a complete knockout to pain in the back, for it penetrates through the tissues, takes out the soreness and pain, invigorates tired muscles, and makes you feel like a new man. Nerviline cures quickly because it is stronger, more penetrating, more highly pain-subduing than any other remedy. Don't suffer another minute, get Nerviline quick, and rub it in, for sure as you were born it will cure you. 35c.

A Paper Found.

An English paper offers a practical illustration of Trollope's saying, "It's dogged as does it."

Jack Sullivan was a soldier, and a good one, but suddenly he began to act like a crazy man. When on duty or at drill he would break from the ranks and run after an imaginary scrap of paper, visible to no one but himself, shouting as he ran:

"There it goes! There's the paper!" This occurrence became so frequent that officers and men alike agreed that Jack was insane, and the matter was brought before the medical authorities. After some scientific research he was declared to be suffering from mania, and in consequence he was given his discharge.

But it was mania with a method, for when Jack quitted the service and his comrades, he flourished his discharge, saying:

"Faith, boys, sure I've got the bit of paper I've been runnin' after this long time!"

Engagement Condensed.

"You trust me thoroughly, don't you, Ethel?"

"Of course, Edgar; but, tell me, are the installments on this diamond ring all paid off?"

"You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark, for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results."

"That child is going to make a great golf player," said the proud young father.

"How can you tell?"

"I was teaching him to walk this morning and the first thing he did was to toe-in as if he were about to make a drive."

Twiddle—I read last night of a man who was buried alive so that he might know what the sensation is like.

Twiddle—Don't you think that was a grave thing to do?

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See the illustration in the daily press and ask your neighbor what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if it does not cure you a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, 25c. Sold by all Druggists or Messengers, Bann & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Dr. Chase's Pills
and them for Biliousness, Constipation, all Complaints. They rid of all impurities from the system. Of great benefit to all. One pill is a dose. A bottle enclosed in six bottles, \$1.00. Sold at post-paid.
BANN & CO., Boston, Mass.

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t might be a faint re-
of Mrs. Donovan's,
over fond.
rubbed and put in the
Driscoll was petted
that he required, and
felt this to be
Driscoll pretty in-
murmured, but took
on was her only real
he liked; but they were
nger.
confided a few of her
though, for she was
and she took far more
affairs than she did in
scrubbing she received
nameless little son, and
a boy," Driscoll had
bad natured, and was
; but he was thorough-
lar ne'er-do-well.
always at the bottom
he possessed consider-
when he grew up into
articled as a solicitor,
anything but hang about
gaw, play billiards, and
s.
mister had begun to earn
music teacher, and they
ter off than they had
Mr. Donovan's death.
himmie, on entering a
s greeted somewhat to
adiant smiles from her
ded her a letter, ex-
she did so—
ar! Only think, Mr.
osed for you! Three
atrice."
letter through in sil-
began to pucker her
at her mother reproach-
accept him?" she said.
looked at her much as
spering idiot.
sperous pity, and dis-
plainly on her counten-
she exclaimed. "Of
ousand a year! Think
or Driscoll; he has done
ed.
avour?" she said drily.
eputation, mother?"
ashed; this was annoy-
ow that he has been a
mitted, "but all young
y must have their fling"
only at her son—and
reform them as the love
? My dear, you are
know nothing of the
flow me to judge for you
her daughter. "Faith,
erry O'Sullivan is well
est man in the county
if that is an advantage
not know the world.
e, that nothing on this
me to marry him. If
oney, he'd better make
has some. I'll not ac-
er anyone!"
a temper, no had her
zed up in a moment.
?" she cried.
is proudly.
eight, then?" her mother
in her wrath "Go to
fish, disobedient, wicked,
ad shut on the girl's re-
mother," put in Driscoll
must let Jim please her-
gung, you know, and she
fellow."
determined, but unruined.
wavered, was not to be so
ke her part!" she cried
e pair of children I have
o work, and a daughter
e. There, go your own
ink of the mother who's
er you," and she rose in
a faintly and swept out of the
d her son. "What a wax
id Jim; it's a bit hard on
she'd have this man. As
he might reform him, and
ed useful for me. How-
o use crying over spilt
ovan could hardly be in-
ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

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The Alchemist of Seville

'But one more change, my child, and the precious secret will be mine; then your father's name shall be sounded through every kingdom as the greatest benefactor of mankind. Gold! gold! That which will buy you silks and jewels; the universal remedy for the poor man's sufferings; the unfailing panacea for the sick man's misery; the source of every blessing. Gold, I say, shall be mine.'

'But, father, there is not a pistole in the house with which to buy our morning's meal; the last went to your crucible for this evening's transmutation.'

'And is not this the evening, child, when, by the dreams and omens of these two seven nights, the secret is to be revealed? Has a life spent in the glorious pursuit been all in vain? No! Something tells me that this night I shall attain the happiness I long have striven for. Then the king upon his throne might envy the poor alchemist, and the queen wish she had been his daughter.'

The alchemist rose hastily, as though rather ashamed of having expressed himself so freely on his favorite science, gathered his long robe about him, and passed into his laboratory.

It was a low, dark room, lighted by a small window just under the eaves of the dwelling, furnished only with the requisites for carrying on the pursuits of the occupant.

Along one side, on a rude shelf, stood a variety of jars, retorts, test tubes, connecting cylinders, etc., while under them, on a mahogany table with feet of the pattern of bird's claws grasping a ball, were placed the more ponderous utensils of the alchemist's profession.

A charcoal furnace was just kindling on the hearth, throwing out golden sparks like the bright dreams that were glowing in the breast of the man, while near it stood the crucible, the alloy, vials of fluid, tubes of prepared metal, and other articles awaiting their use in the evening's experiments.

Slowly burned the coals on the hearth, mournfully howled the wind down the square chimney.

The old man gazed moodily out of the window into the gathering darkness then, as though out of patience, seized an old pair of asthmatic bellows, and soon fanned the hesitating embers into a lively flame.

'How glad some it burns!' he exclaimed. 'Never let me harbor the thought of abandoning the object of my life, especially just as my labors shall have their reward. Tonight at twelve o'clock, said the dream, I am to reap the fruit of all my years of toil; to learn the one secret that shall glad den the remnant of my days.'

'How ruddy lights the flame up now! Aye, burn, simmer, consuming human woe! Peace shall arise like the Phoenix from these ashes; prosperity dawn on the world of woe.'

'Ah! I have but little more of the transmuting elixir. How clear and golden its color is. I can get no more. That was purchased from an eastern magician, who told wonderful tales of its mystic powers. My daughter's diamond locket went to satisfy his greedy lust for gain; but what an insignificant sacrifice, a paltry price, to pay for such a treasure as this night will make known to me.'

'Now a few grains more of the pure bullion—there! the mass is complete in all its essentials. Already it assumes the colour and consistence indicated in the formula. While it simmers and fuses, I will seat myself in the old easy-chair and watch the glowing embers. Eleven o'clock rings out the convent bell; in an hour the secret will be revealed, and the thinkers world, slumbering so quietly while I watch, be aroused by the momentous discovery.'

The old alchemist flung him back in his chair, drew his robe closer about him as a protection against the chillness of the night, and watched the embers.

The steady roar from the furnace varied in volume in his ears, and as he gazed at the glowing metal, the fire seemed to be speaking to him. 'Zitella! Zitella!' he cried. 'Awake! there is but one thing lacking to crown my life labors with success; in that your aid is needed, but it may be a dangerous experiment for you.'

'Has the revelation been declared?'

the sterling metal.

Yet that little was an immense cloud over the alchemist's hopes.

Despair was overwhelming his spirit.

The toil of years lay before him as a vain pursuit after the elixir vitae when the fiery blast of the furnace was obscured by a puff of thick smoke, and from out the ascending vapour came a sepulchral voice, starting the still night air with—

'Thy maiden's heart must drop its life blood into the crucible ere the change be made.'

The old alchemist started.

The neighbouring convent bell tolled out the hour.

In breathless silence the old man counted ten, eleven, twelve?

The perspiration gathered on his wrinkled brow.

This, then, was the long expected, long-desired secret; this the revelation he had prayed for!

The blood of a maiden's heart—his own child—the only element which could be the means of bringing happiness to mankind; the only substitute for the gold mines!

'Be it so,' said the father; 'Abraham spared not his only son; Jephtha fulfilled his vow at the sacrifice of his daughter; shall I deny a suffering world my child? Zitella is no schoolgirl to whimper at the sacrifice.'

Slowly, reluctantly, he sought his daughter's room.

More than once he thought of returning; more than once he felt his spirit die within him, as the old stairs to the gable chamber creaked beneath his stealthy tread.

He would go back—he would set fire to the laboratory, and the temptation should perish in the flames.

Yes, and with it the hopes of mankind, the ripening fruit of threescore years of toil, the glorious result of all his studious and costly experiments.

No! he would be indeed a craven did he grudge any sacrifice for the cherished rejuvenation of humanity.

As he entered the chamber the moon shone clear and calm into the face of the sleeping maiden.

Often had he watched her innocent slumber as he nightly returned from his nocturnal toil, but surely not often had she looked so beautiful as now.

The graceful arm was thrown carelessly over her head, the snowy bosom was freed from the drapery of the couch, while it gently rose and fell; the long eyelashes rested on the fair cheek with the pure slumber of girlish innocence.

He gazed but a moment on the fair vision, lest its beauty should move his heart to begrudge the sacrifice.

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'Has the revelation been declared?'

asked the alchemist's daughter, seeming to overlook the last sentence entirely.

'It has, and at the hour of twelve precisely. It is in obedience to it that I have called you. Have you strength to undertake this experiment? Its end will be glorious, but its accomplishment may hazard your very being.'

'I should be no Spanish maiden did the question of a few more hours of living influence my actions,' answered the girl, with the air of haughty pride.

'Spoken like my child! I cried the alchemist. 'Come below with me.'

With nervous haste the old man led the way to the laboratory.

In her loose negligé garments, her long hair bound carelessly up over her shoulders, with an air of conscious heroism the Spanish maiden followed him.

Arriving there, the old man paused. A deadly sickness came over him as he made the preparations for the sacrifice.

'Why do you tarry, father?' impatiently cried the daughter.

The alchemist rallied.

'Now, my child, lean over the crucible and blow through this tube; your breath shall thus impregnate the mass.'

The girl boldly took the tube.

Her father watched her eagerly.

The moment her fair bosom was over the crucible was his moment to strike.

He could see the rising charms of youth heave with her respiration.

Should he plunge into her heart the hidden knife?

He must; else where were the hopes of humanity?

He raised his arm, and—

A terrific explosion rent the laboratory.

He looked—his daughter was gone; no trace of that young, fair form which had gladdened the gloomy studio remained.

In despair he burst open the door and ran to her room.

Was it a dream, or was it his living daughter that lay before him, on the self-same couch, in the self-same position, where he had found her, it seemed, years ago?

That was no dream, that fair virgin face, that long dark hair which lay dishevelled over the snowy pillow and the scarcely less snowy breast.

The old man's heart leaped for joy; his daughter was yet alive.

From the bewildering explosion of the laboratory, like the phoenix from its ashes, had the fair presence arisen which was now in the slumber of pure maidenhood before him.

The selfishness of the many years he had secluded himself from the only being who loved him, the paltry worth of the yellow dross as compared with the pure gold of her priceless love, across in self-condemnation before him, and he gaped out—

'My daughter! oh, my daughter!'

'Then all was dark, and he saw nothing more.'

On the hills behind Seville was a rustic cottage, where the olive displayed its glossy fruit, the grape its luxuriant clusters, and the myrtle ran over the decaying stumps of the superannuated orange trees.

A fair girl sat singing in the cottage doorway, and an old man moved mildly about the homestead, and watched her every motion.

'I am so happy, father!'

'Indeed my child!'

'Yes the pleasure of seeing you well from that feverish fever, the joy of having you near me, and loving me in the place of your laboratory, is almost too much bliss, leaving out of my thoughts the smiles of Jose, whom I hear whistling as he comes up the path.'

'You love him, then my daughter?' said the old man.

'Well I only thought we three might live together here, and it might gladden your declining years to know that you would leave me with one who loved me when you went to your home beyond the stars.'

'Always loving some one more than you love yourself, dear Zitella,' said the old man with playful affection as he passed into the cottage.

This is no other than our friend the Alchemist of Seville.

Whether he has found the philosopher's stone whether love alone could supply the place of gold we leave the reader to judge.

Saved by an Eyeglass.

The London Daily Mail tells a story about a traveller, recently returned from the Gold Coast, who had an experience which was not only startling but, in the retrospect, amusing.

Mr. Bennett, the returned traveller, is a land-surveyor by profession, and was at a town not far from the boundary of Ashanti. The only white man near him was a young mining prospector at a mining camp some distance away.

These two Englishmen, far apart, and yet feeling themselves to be neighbors, learned of the Ashanti rising by the wholesale desertion of the black men. The mining prospector went to a native chief for protection. It was promised him, and he was given a dinner. When he had eaten, the villagers rushed upon him and killed him.

Mr. Bennett heard this terrible story as he was about to move. He was powerless, and feared a similar fate. On the advice of an educated native he went to the head village and made a dash for the chief's hut. He was well received and promised protection. But so had been the other Englishman.

While the situation was still critical Mr. Bennett put his eyeglass in. The 'glass eye' highly amused a shiny little black boy, one of the chief's sons. He roared with laughter. Mr. Bennett grinned at him and let the monocle drop. The effect was great. The natives made a circle round the Englishman, greatly mystified by and delighted with his extra eye.

'I had to do some monkey tricks with that eyeglass,' says Mr. Bennett, 'and I completed the conquest by managing to sew it in the eye of one of the chief's wives, who strutted around proud of her distinction.'

Mr. Bennett was saved by his eyeglass. It became a sort of fetish. The chief entertained him as an honored guest. He was given an escort, and after many days of privation, arrived safely at the coast.

Obliged O. deers.

General Harney was an officer of the old school, a strict disciplinarian who took no excuses for hesitation in obeying orders. When he was on his way to Mexico, when the United States was at war with that

country, he engaged teams to transport the baggage, and placed in charge of them a Texan named Carter. The streams were all up, and Carter had much trouble, but whenever he tried to modify the general's requirements he was cut short with the admonition, 'All you've got to do is to obey orders.'

Says Noah Smithwick, in his recollections called 'The Evolution of a State':

They camped one night near the Nueces River, which Carter found to be impassable. He said nothing about it to the general, and the next morning the order was given to move on. Carter started with the wagon train and halted at the river, which was absolutely impassable. Harney came blustering up.

'Didn't you know that river was up?' he demanded.

'Yes, sir,' meekly replied the wagon-master.

'Why didn't you tell me?'

'You didn't ask me, sir. You said my business was to obey orders. You ordered me to hitch up and move on, and I did it.'

'You did quite right, sir. Turn round and drive back to the camp.'

If the general had been 'done' he was not going to show it.

The Hint Courteous.

The author of 'Life and Sport on the Pacific Slope' says that in assemblages where a little patience and good humor temper what is disagreeable, the people of the Pacific slope are at their best.

Once, at a performance of some play several youths were giving the principal character, to the annoyance of everybody else. Suddenly a gentleman said to them, very politely:

'That lady on the stage is making so much noise that we cannot hear what you are saying. But I hope we shall have the pleasure of listening to you citizens later, when the actor is over.' Silence followed the remark.

At times something more forcible is needed. A certain lady had, one day, been rudely treated by a minor railway official. She was very indignant, and quite at a loss for words; but she had a saving sense of humor, and turned to a stranger at her elbow.

'Sir,' said she, 'will you tell this man what I think of him?'

The stranger, without betraying the least excitement, said in a melancholy drawl:

'Sir, this lady thinks you are an under-estraper, clothed with a little brief authority, whose only qualification for the position you occupy is your extraordinary impudence.'

Anticipatory Action.

'Hiram, I am considering a proposal of marriage, and, as you have been coming to see me for nearly six years, I thought it would be no more than right to tell you of it.'

'Why, Bella, I—I have always wanted to ask you myself!'

'Why haven't you done it?'

'I—I haven't dared to. Will you marry me Bella?'

'Yes.'

'You dear girl! (Pause, properly filled up.) 'Till me, now, Bella whose proposal of marriage you were considering.'

'Yours, Hiram.'

Chat of

Every season there is a new fashion in dress, and the mode which is coming into vogue is the one which is continually reproposing its prominence above every other. This year it is the skirt gown, usually dark blue, pale grey, tucked and strapped, hardly a plain space.

Such a costume as on account of its becoming qualities—and that she will appear in the morning in a silk gown which is a dressy frock and a costume and it is elegance about it which for women of all peculiarly attractive mysteriousness.

Gowns especially are exceptional in that not determined by matter of dress, and dowagers have almost the field of modes. so to speak, cumulated years by dress is not at all vanity and will nevertheless now that the subtle lightness and generosities does not force a woman her time, and if she her own fault. She taffeta gown, and is precise it.

It is both youthful mention which will almost any reasonable morning and afternoon or driving, it is a second travelling gear European trip there.

There are all grades of these silk gowns which dressy as the occasion of them are made of with bands of velvet model of this order is with a narrow flat fringed bands of velvet the front, with a loop and extend all around.

The skirt is in the long baroque laid in over the hips and has of velvet ribbon with ment the tucks, butts of the coat, which is only, and the collar with lace and gold embroidery.

This is an extreme grand exception are jackets so generally position to study the means of giving a new in some of the tentacles for the coat which is ing mode, the bolero ally as the part of the.

Among the garments as strictly for outdoor long and three-quarter addition, besides some-escapes. And newer loose bolero of taffeta and a hood effect shoulders. To wear made of gray taffeta, one of Worth's fancies shown in one of the around the edge with silk fringed on the tucked down to the fullness forms the floor.

Some of the new of esocque effect, made into a yoke. Graduated taffeta trim this killing above the waist. Jackets are cut straight scalloped or cut in. This sort of jacket throat, only rounding outer line, and broad embroidered sleeves and a little bit of wing collar, and a straight sleeve, with a narrow band. Another loose bolero the upper part lapel not covering it. The hands, all the edge squares and stripes, even lawn or best broad collar and occasional jacket shows taffeta, which is a form of longer coats facing down either side or an entire lining, if



A COSY CORNER.

POOR COPY

Chat of the Boudoir.

Every season there is some distinguishing feature of dress, some dominating mode which is continually employed until its continual reproduction gives it a prominence above everything else in sight.

Such a costume appeals to every woman on account of its usefulness as well as its becoming qualities and because of the fact that she will appear equally well dressed in it in the morning and afternoon.

Gowns especially designed for matrons are exceptional in these days when age is not determined by any such trifle as a matter of dress, and young women and dowagers have almost equal chances in the field of modes.

It is both youthful and suitable, a commendation which will assure the success of almost any reasonable fashion, and for morning and afternoon wear, either walking or driving, it is most useful, while for a second travelling gown in the outfit for a European trip there is nothing like it.

There are all grades and conditions in these silk gowns which are more or less dressy as the occasion demands, and some of them are made of peau de soie trimmed with bands of velvet ribbon.

The skirt is in the Louis XV style with a long barque laid in groups of flat pleats over the hips and back. Little cross bands of velvet ribbon with small buckles ornament the tucks, buttons decorate the front of the coat, which is short at the waist line only, and the collar and revers are faced with lace and gold embroidery.

This is an extreme style and as yet the grand exception among all the short jackets so generally worn. But the disposition to study the old fashions as a means of giving a new text is very evident in some of the tentative models shown.

Among the garments which are classified as strictly for outdoor wear there are the long and three-quarter length coats in addition, besides some very fancy shoulder capes. And newer than all others is a loose bolero of taffeta with flowing sleeves and a hood effect draped around the shoulders.

Usually there is a finish of white pearl buttons and the sleeves are flowing in shape, showing the shr. sleeves below. Faience blue is one of the new and most attractive colors for this sort of coat, and we see it again among the linen costumes for morning wear.

These, by the way, are a conspicuous element of the new outfit for summer, and blue, dull pink, gray, beige, and white are the fashionable colors. Embroidery tucked batiste and heavy lace are used for trimming them, and yet there are many plain gowns with only tucks or stitched bands for decoration.

White gowns, always popular, will be seen more than ever this summer, and while there is a great variety of both silk and wool materials which can be used in their construction, we see again the pure white batistes and Parisian laces made up with flounces of open work embroidery, the kind which resembles the old-fashioned work. As for the lace gowns they are legion, and varied beyond all precedent by

This short loose paletot is decidedly the latest thing in jackets and while it does not define the figure like those which are more closely fitted, it is extremely attractive on a slender woman since it is short enough to show the belt.

For summer wear with thin gowns, these coats are made of flowered taffeta with a white, gray or beige ground, and trimmed around the edge with three rows of black velvet ribbon, and it must be remembered that they can be plaited into a yoke, shirred around the shoulders to form a yoke and the fulness all in one, or cut straight and plain without any yoke at all.

One little model in flowered taffeta shows the shirred yoke, three rows of velvet ribbon on the edge, a narrow lace collar around the low-cut neck and a rosette bow of black velvet ribbon with ends at one side. The straight plain jackets are sometimes finished with a velvet edged ruff of the silk.

The striking feature of the long, and three-quarter length coats, is the collarless neck, which gives them something of the effect of a Japanese garment. Of course the wide shoulder collar of lace or embroidered ery is the finish, but this does not fill the place of the high standing collars to which we have become so accustomed. It will require some time for women to become fond of the drooping shoulder effect which these garments give, but all the same they have a certain chicness which is very attractive.

Some of them have an Empire yoke, with vertical tucks below, others are almost straight loose sacques trimmed liberally with stitched bands, and one dressy model shown in the illustration is striped up and down with cream lace insertion, the silk being cut out underneath. Another fancy in this style of coat is closely tucked up and down all round, and the Empire yoke is formed with bands of black velvet ribbon sewn on in a trellis design, fastening on the bust with a bow and long ends. The lace turn down collar and revers are the finish.

The lace coats are the most elaborate wraps in sight, either in black over white, all black or ecru lace over a color. One novel shape in ecru over a soft dull rose-colored silk fits the figure in Empire style, falling a little below the waist at the back, and with long tab ends in front. It is apparently made of a series of lace flounces and chiffon rosettes with ends at the finish in front. All over lace in a heavier quality forms other lace coats with a frill of plaited chiffon for a finish.

White petticoats of sheer fine lawn have resumed their rightful sway in the world of fashion this season, and developed great possibilities in the way of decoration. Exquisite flounces of fine embroidery are edged with lace; lace insertions and motifs are inset in all sorts of designs, and lace frills fall over each other quite as generously as if the garment were to be worn on the outside. In fact, these fancy skirts are very pretty indeed to wear with wash gowns, and then there are dainty petticoats of thin wash silk trimmed prettily with lace.

Gilt crinoline very gauzy in texture makes a charming toque with a few green leaves and a black velvet bow for trimming. The stylish bow of black velvet ribbon is the crowning touch on many of the light fancy straws, even though flowers are used, and nothing else sets them off so prettily. The simple hat is the one which gains distinction just at present, as millinery in general is a bewildering confusion of materials, blossoms and feathers. Plaited hats of mousseline with a straw facing and a wreath of flowers for trimming are charming.

One of the fancies of the day is fastening the belt at one side, instead of directly in front. Buckles are used in the usual way at this point or if the belt is wide it may be laced up at both sides.

The white linen or pique skirt is a necessary article in the summer wardrobe, and the pure white silk waist is the correct thing to wear with it. It may be plain, tucked or embroidered, but it should be white and worn with a white belt and a white stock. White waists are also worn with the beige colored linen skirts, and some of them have the embroidered ecru batiste collar.

A black velvet band fastened with a loop and some odd ornaments is worn around the waist. Fanciful quilts are very modish for outdoor late tramping through a bow in front, giving the breast, not the high effect. Parasols of mirror silk with inch wide

tan tucks around the edge are very chic with carved handles of ivory.

A great variety of combinations can be found in the robe dresses, the skirts being made all ready to hang, and with material enough for the bodices and sleeves. Silk Bruges lace in designs faintly colored and arranged in a pale ecru net is one of the novelties, and less expensive are the nets variously trimmed with ruffles of narrow gauze ribbon and little plaited frills of the same material.

Renaissance lace robes show more net than formerly, and yet there is no rule about them, for anything and everything in lace is worn, both in black and white. Nets with dots and tiny rings are very much used, especially our old friend, point d'esprit dots of all kinds and in all materials, are favored, a fact which brings the old time dotted swisses into vogue again.

Pretty simple gowns of white point d'esprit are trimmed with stitched bands of thin, white silk, a combination which is both novel and effective. The bands may encircle at rather wide intervals below the knee, a skirt which is tucked vertically above thus forming the flounce effect below. Of course, the bands may be arranged in any form which taste can suggest, but the simpler the design the more suitable it is to the material.

Other swell gowns are shirred into two-inch puffs from the bust to the knee, and finished at the hem with one, two, or three tiny ruffles. A scarf of chiffon covers the joining of the lace yoke and puffed bodice and also finishes the elbow sleeves arranged with a small gold slide and one soft end falling at the back. It is well to remember that all-over lace used for yokes, sleeves, and entire gowns, is always made over chiffon or mousseline de soie to soften the effect.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Lace motifs are here again, but their renewed popularity is something to be measured later on. They are in lovely Chantilly, are made with a thumb piece and are run through at the top with velvet ribbon which ties just below the elbow.

Very quiet and pretty are the lace fichus and berthes to wear with thin gowns as a shoulder wrap, and a befitting accompaniment to the becoming picture hats.

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tan tucks around the edge are very chic with carved handles of ivory.

White silk roses with black velvet leave make a lovely trimming on a white straw hat faced with black.

Gray suede gloves have greater favor than any other one kind, and they certainly are as all around suitable with all gowns as any one color can be.

The linen batiste collar with lace applications is favored especially by Parisian dress designers. It is large, drooping well over the shoulder and appears on almost all the gowns.

The vogue for large Gainsborough hats is expected on account of the recovery of lost Daches of Devonshire, but large hats very similar in shape have never really gone out of fashion.

THE HOUSEMAIDS UNION.

Organized at Cincinnati—What are Constitutions and by laws are. E. L. H. A few months ago a number of servant girls of Cincinnati held a meeting for the purpose of considering how they could best improve their conditions and protect their interests in a general way.

At a recent meeting the girls adopted the following constitutions and by laws.

CONSTITUTION.

The motive of this housemaids' Union is to better the condition of girls employed at housework. The word 'servant' shall not be used, as each member has a distinct line of work, and shall be known as cook, housemaid, waitress, laundress, etc.

The qualifications necessary to join the union are ability to do your work, good character, and the payment of \$1 annually. Every infraction of the rules is punishable by a fine of 50 cents.

Members when sick or out of work shall receive \$2 a week for not more than six weeks. Election of officers shall take place annually upon the first of January.

WHAT THE BY LAWS ARE.

1. Members of this union, when hired for one kind of work, shall confine themselves to the duties for which they are paid. A girl employed as housemaid, found doing a cook's work, or vice versa, shall be warned the first time, fined \$1.00 for the second offence, and expelled from the union on the third offence.

2. Members of this union shall, under no condition, submit to impertinent or irrelevant questions from employers when seeking employment.

3. Members shall ask all needful questions in a business-like way before taking a position, and satisfactorily settle all points of difference with their employers.

4. Members shall look at the rooms they are to occupy before taking new places, and are forbidden to accept a situation unless they are provided with a room fit for a human being to sleep in.

5. Members shall not ask unreasonable favors or give reasons for leaving their places that are not true, nor obtain holidays under false pretences.

6. Members must have an agreement with their employers about receiving company. Every girl is entitled to a beau, else she will never get married, and she owes it to her self respect not to meet him on the corner.

7. Members shall keep themselves clean and suitably dressed for their duties. When the union is stronger it will insist on employers doing likewise.

8. Members shall insist on having proper food and that to eat it without endangering their lives by strengthening alcohol to befall.

9. Members shall not work for less than \$2.00 a week, nor take old clothes instead of their wages. (A scale of wages covering all grades of domestic labor will be agreed on as soon as possible.)

10. Members are forbidden to work in any place where the lady of the house goes.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nason's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his friends, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Dispensary, 788 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

sips about her employes' affairs, or enters their rooms without their knowledge to pry into their private belongings.

A Telling Motto.

Sippery Sam—Have you heard the motto of the Pickpockets union? Slick Fingered Fail—No; what is it? Slippery Sam—Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well.

One Short Puff Clears the Head.—Does your head ache? Have you pains over your eyes? Is the breath offensive? These are certain symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure most stubborn cases in a marvelously short time. If you've had Catarrh a week it's a sure cure. If it's of fifty years' standing it's just as effective. 50 cents.—57

'I have come,' said the Old Subscriber, 'to complain about your report of my daughter's wedding.'

'What was the matter with it?' demanded the editor. 'Well, her name is Gratis, but you printed it 'Grati.' 'That's not so bad. She was given away, wasn't she.'

Bed-ridden 15 years.—'If anybody wants a written guarantee from me personally as to my wonderful cure from Rheumatism by South American Rheumatic Cure I will be the gladdest woman in the world to give it,' says Mrs. John Beaumont, of Elora. 'I had despaired of recovery up to the time of taking this wonderful remedy. It cured completely.'—33

Don't you kinder hanker after respectability now an' den?' asked Ploddington Pete.

'Oj, I dunno,' answered Meandering Mike. 'Sometimes I think dat respectability ain' much more den permission to work hard for what us people gits for nothin.'

Fossil Pills.—The demand is proof of their worth. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are beating out many fossil formulas at a quarter a box. They're better medicine, easier doses, and 10 cents a vial. A thousand ailments may arise from a disordered liver. Keep the liver right and you'll not have Sick Headache, Biliousness, Nausea, Constipation and Sallow Skin.—61

Magnetic Pabulum.—Tramp—I ast one of these yere Christian Science wimmen for a cup o' hot coffee. 'T other Tramp—What'd she say? 'Tramp—She said her fist was out; but I'd set down off in th' yard under a tree she'd ginn treatment.'

Like Tearing the Heart Strings.—'It is not within the conception of man to measure my great sufferings from heart disease. For years I endured almost constant cutting and tearing pains about my heart, and many a time would have welcomed death. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart has worked a veritable miracle.'—Thos. Hicks, Perth, Ont.—59

'Why are statutes generally placed on such high pedestals?' 'For the reason, maybe, that they are supposed to represent people who should be looked up to.'

Where Doctors do agree!—Physicians no longer consider it catering to 'quackery' in recommending in practice so meritorious a remedy for Indigestion, Dyspepsia and Nervousness as South American Nervine. They realize that it is a step in advance in medical science and a sure and permanent cure for diseases of the stomach. It will cure you.—60

Glady's Gotrox.—Since I refused Tom Poorly he has said he will never love again. Edith Wayupp—Well, he won't have to! He has just inherited a million!

Kidney Experiment.—There's no time for experimenting when you've discovered that you are a victim of some one form or another of kidney disease. Lay hold of the treatment that thousands have pinned their faith to and has cured quickly and permanently. South American Kidney Cure stands pre-eminent in the world of medicine as the kidney sufferer's true friend.—62

'Jones, next door, is getting old.' 'What do you go by?' 'He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden.'

Dr. Agnew's Ointment Cures Piles.—Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles. Comfort in one application. It cures in three to six nights. It cures all skin diseases in young and old. A remedy beyond compare, and it never fails. 35 cents.—63

'Don't you think a man has to be well bred to have respect of himself?' 'No; being born lazy will do just as well.'

A Casket of Pearls.—Dr. Von Sars's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the disheartened dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health 'pearls' in a box, and they cost 35 cents. Recommended by most eminent physicians.—64

The Last Days of an Empress.

Every now and then one sees in the morning papers a telegram, dated from Berlin or from Frankfort-on-Main, announcing the speedily approaching death of the Dowager Empress of Germany. For many months the wife of Frederick the Noble, and the mother of the present Kaiser, has been given up periodically by the doctors. Cancer is slowly destroying her. She is as much under sentence of death as a condemned murderer, but she has one resource that the murderer has not. She can, and does, stave off death by the exercise of her indomitable resolution. An English doctor who recently assisted for a brief period her regular physician, said the other day at a medical congress in Paris:

'The Dowager Empress ought to have died months ago; but even death cannot pierce at one stroke through the defence of her granite will; he has to bore slowly to get at the citadel of that life.'

This Empress with the formidable will is one of the most unhappy women in the world. She clings desperately to life, but her heart was broken long ago, and her last days are steeped in bitterness. Her whole career has been a brilliant misery. Now that she is dying slowly—a widow, an abandoned mother and an ex-sovereign detested by the people she tried faithfully to serve—she may well have said, as is reported:

'I mean to live as long as I can; but when I die, no one will be sorry, least of all myself.'

This iron will, which keeps her alive now, has been directly and indirectly the cause of all her misery. No doubt it came to her from her mother, the late queen of England. Anyhow, it is certain that very early in life the present Empress Frederick of Germany, then Princess Victoria of England, came often into conflict with her mother. When she was only six she dared to oppose the will of her queen mother.

Queen Victoria, the Prince-Consort Albert, the princess royal and the present king of England were present in state at a review at Aldershot. A brilliant cavalcade of officers galloped by the side of the coach as royal guards. The little princess dropped her handkerchief to the ground for the pride of seeing field marshals and generals pulling up their horses and dismounting to restore the object. The queen observed the incident and motioned to the officers not to gratify her caprice. Then she stopped the carriage and turned to the princess:

'Get out, my child, and pick up your handkerchief.' The little girl refused.

'Mamma, I can't; I'd be ashamed,' she said.

The Queen insisted, the Prince-Consort entreated, but the princess pouted, blushed and refused this time flatly:

'I won't.'

Her Majesty had to let the carriage drive ahead, leaving the handkerchief on the ground.

In 1855 Princess Victoria was married at the age of 17 to the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick, the son and heir of King Wilhelm. It was a brilliant marriage. But happy though it was for the Princess in the unflinching love between herself and her Fritz, it was made bitter by the intense hatred she excited in Bismarck.

From beginning to end the Iron Chancellor sought to thwart 'the English woman,' as he called her. It was a bitter blow to him that the heir of the house of Hohenzollern should have made a marital alliance with a Princess of his enemy's country.

'She has poisoned,' said he, 'the Hohenzollern blood at its source.'

And through the press he stirred the whole people of Prussia against the Crown Princess. She was represented as a traitor on the steps of the throne, an interloping foreigner bent on destroying the Prussian nation by insidiously Anglicizing it. This was the more readily believed in that the Crown Princess was really trying to introduce into Prussia many liberal ideas prevalent in England.

Herself a woman of strong intellect and remarkably educated, she sought to procure for women in Prussia an enlightened system of education and some considerable degree of political influence. She had set her face against many survivals of feudal privileges still lingering in Prussia and practically proclaimed herself a democrat.

'The English woman,' said Bismarck, 'is not only a rights-of-man woman; she is also a rights-of-woman woman, which is worse. It is red revolution enthroned at Berlin.'

She was hissed in the streets of Berlin, stones were thrown at her carriage, she could not appear at a public function, even by the side of the Crown Prince whom the people adored without risk of insult. A curious complaint of hers had been recorded. From an early age she had been a diligent student of the works of John Stuart Mill, the great English republican publisher and advocate of woman's rights. One year in the height of her unpopularity at Berlin she wrote to him and invited him to pay a visit to herself and the Crown Prince. Mill declined. In a respectful letter he explained that such a meeting would do harm both to him and to her; people would charge him with selling his republican principles for royal smiles and would say of her that she allowed philosophical faddisms to lower the royal dignity.

'Unhappy woman that I am,' she cried to her secretary; 'the Chancellor and my future subjects hate me because they think me a democrat; and the democrats will have nothing to do with me because I may one day be a queen.'

It is said that she wrote a letter to the English philosopher which he would never show to anyone and of which he did not like to speak; probably it was not gentle. In all her struggles with the autocratic Chancellor and with the malevolence of the people she was morally sustained by Frederick. The Crown Prince, though obliged for state reasons to keep on saying nothing was much more liberal in his ideas than either Bismarck or old Wilhelm and as far as possible he defended his wife's ideas.

It is a curious fact that it was her energy, determination and astuteness that made him Emperor for three months. All the world remembers that when the old Emperor Wilhelm lay on his deathbed the Crown Prince was already afflicted with the virulent throat disease which was to kill him. This was Bismarck's chance of gratifying his hate of the English woman, and preventing her from mounting the Imperial throne with power practically to govern the Empire in the place of her sick husband. It was the law in Germany that no Prince can become King if afflicted with an incurable disease. The Chancellor sought to have the Crown Prince declared to be suffering from cancer, so that on the old Emperor's death the crown might fall to the present Kaiser, instead of his father.

All the court physicians were Bismarck's tools; if they could but get to see the sufferer and utter the word 'cancer,' the Chancellor would deprive his enemy of her chance of grasping the helm. But the Crown Princess resisted every persuasion, every artifice, every menace; she brought the English physician, Morell Mackenzie, over from England to treat her husband, and rigorously barred every German doctor from the sickroom. It was like an international war, waged in the passage outside the sick chamber, an imperial crown being the stake at issue. She won; Dr. Mackenzie said that the Crown Prince's malady was not such as to deprive him of his right; and on the old Emperor's death, the Princess Victoria became Empress of Germany. It must not be thought that she had been fighting merely for that title. Her deep love for her husband was amply proved by her devotion to him all through that time of deadly political intrigue. And she gave, incidentally at the same time, proof of her remarkable intellectual powers. For during the three months of her husband's reign she made a profound study of the medical principles involved in his case, for the sole purpose of hastening the recovery which never came. Sir Morell Mackenzie afterward wrote that the Empress became so proficient in the matter that a doctor might have talked with her about it for an hour at a time without suspecting that she was a mere outsider. No wonder that King Edward VII when asked who was the cleverest woman he had known answered without hesitation:

'My sister, the Dowager Empress of Germany.'

When after ninety-nine days of tenure of the imperial throne Frederick died there began the last dismal stage of the Empress's career. As Crown Princess and as Empress she had had trouble, unpopularity, the persistent absence of the all-powerful Iron Chancellor, all sorts of intrigues to fight against; but she had had power and high place. Now she was to know the misery of obscurity.

Few mothers have suffered more from their children than this unhappy Empress

from the Kaiser. I have heard a German officer relate a favorite device of William's to humiliate his mother during his grandfather's reign. The first Emperor Wilhelm though not an unkind old fellow in his way was an autocratic ruler of his household and even his strong-willed daughter-in-law never dreamed of resisting him. He would sometimes send an order to the Crown Princess by her son, young Wilhelm. The boy would rudely enter his mother's presence and, as if in his own name, bid her do the thing—perhaps to preside at some function, perhaps to leave for a brief visit to Potsdam.

Naturally resenting the young man's insolent manners, the unhappy mother would refuse to do as he desired. He would let her commit herself definitely to the refusal, often before other people, then would ask her with a triumphant sneer whether he was to bring the emperor word that the Crown Princess despised the command of her sovereign. The brutality of the mother to the quick; violent scenes constantly took place, and the haughty woman, who never feared to confront the stormy rage of the chancellor, would cry and wring her hands in despair over the conduct of her son.

Long after the masterful young man had become emperor in his turn and had broken Bismarck, her lifelong enemy, he still took a strange pleasure, if report be true, in wounding and slighting his mother in her lonely widowhood. Even now he scarcely ever sees her; when he does it is only for a formal visit of a few minutes, a concession to the outward decency. After the death of her mother, Queen Victoria, he paid such a visit in company with his uncle, the new king, and probably at his urgent request. That formal call of condolence will very likely be the last until he is summoned to the death scene that may any day take place.

For it is not cheerful at Cronsberg-on-the-Main, where the most miserable of royal ladies is fighting with death. The house, though called a schloss or castle, is a dismal, ugly building in the worst modern German style. The great cheerless rooms are almost bare; there is no sign of the domestic comfort one would expect to find in the home of an English Princess living in Germany, the land of good housewifely order. Except in the graver crises of her incurable malady, the Empress spends most of her time seated at a window in the big, bare salon, gazing listlessly at the chimneys that make her view. They say she is often found in tears, though she does not like to have it noticed. She reads little, but 'The imitation of Christ' is always within reach of her hand. Twice a week she has a visit from her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, who comes over from Frankfort to pass the afternoon at the mournful schloss. It is a pitiful evening to a life which dawned so brightly.

NEBRASKA'S COWBOY GOVERNOR.

'Dashboard' Savage and How He Gained Two Titles at Once.

Extra P. Savage, cowboy and ranchman by profession, is now Governor of Nebraska having succeeded Charles H. Dietrich, who resigned on May 1 to accept the office of United States Senator. Gov. Savage, bluff, broad shouldered, shrewd, bronzed by the winds and sun of the plains, is one of the most noteworthy pictures that ever filled the gubernatorial chair in any State.

In the fall of 1900 the Republicans in their eagerness to regain control of the State put up an exceptionally strong ticket. In order to please the Western cattlemen Mr. Savage was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. His popularity among ranchmen added thousands of voters to the republican ticket. The election of Gov. Dietrich to the United States Senate suddenly elevated Mr. Savage to the Governorship.

'Dashboard' Savage is the nickname he bears among politicians. He got his name by an act performed just before the last ballot of the Senatorial contest by which he probably saved several people from serious injury.

As Lieutenant-Governor he presided over the assembly of the Legislature. Although he knew nothing of parliamentary law the subject had no terrors for him. When he thought a ruling was right and facilitated business he made it; otherwise, not. His vocabulary smacked largely of the plains.

As the hour drew nigh for the last Senatorial ballot the excitement was intense. The Republicans were in caucus; the Fusionists were in their seats waiting the majority to arrive. A large crowd pressed into Representative Hall. Soon the galleries were so full that the people were pushed to the edge, where they were only a railing a foot high.

The news of the nomination of Gov. Dietrich and J. H. Millard was for Senators was received with great enthusiasm. Suddenly the crowd began to arrive from

Skin Torture Cured by Dr. Chase.

The Frightful Agony of Itching and Disfiguring Skin Diseases Compelled to Yield to the Extraordinary Antiseptic and Healing Influence of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

You will search the world in vain for a more effective treatment for itching skin diseases than is Dr. Chase's Ointment. For children and grown people alike it acts like magic on every sore or eruption, promptly stopping the itching and stinging, and gradually healing the patches of raw, flaring flesh. Every claim made for Dr. Chase's Ointment is substantiated by the evidence of scores of hundreds of grateful people who have tested its unusual healing qualities.

This is a copy of the letter from Mrs. James Brady, Amberley, Huron county, Ont.: 'I was afflicted with eczema for over six months, and it was so bad that my head was a solid mass of sores, and would ulcerate when scratched. The itching was intense. I could not stand it. I had doctored for four months, and it did not do me any good. I had to give up my housework and go home to my mother. I tried nearly everything, but could get no relief. Seeing your advertisement in one of the Toronto papers, I decided to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. 'I got relief from the first application, and it only required one box and part of

another to cure me. I am sure that Dr. Chase's Ointment is worth its weight in gold.'

Mr. James Scott, 135 Wright avenue, Toronto, states: 'My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly, and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Doctor Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly.'

It is a waste of time and money to experiment with cheap imitations. You can be certain that Dr. Chase's Ointment will cure every case of eczema, salt rheum or other itching skin disease. If your druggist does not have it, send the amount, 50 cents a box, to these offices, and the ointment will be sent postpaid. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AUTHOR OF THE BREADWINNERS?

Chicago Woman Says It Was Ida Harris Aged 33—some Who Know Won't Tell.

The Chicago Tribune has published a story on the authority of Mrs. John G. Aldrich of 792 Monroe street it says, declaring on the word of Mrs. Aldrich that 'The Breadwinners,' which created a sensation in the early '80s, was written by Miss Ida Harris of Champaign, Ill., who died a fortnight ago. The Tribune says that Miss Harris confided the secret of the authorship to Mrs. Aldrich and bade her not to tell it until after Miss Harris's death. According to the story, only Miss Harris's doctor and her lawyer (both unnamed) knew that she was the author of the book. The facts were to be revealed in her will, which appears not yet to have been opened.

'The Breadwinners' aroused interest and a great deal of feeling everywhere when it was published in the Century and later in book form. Few works given to the public anonymously have elicited greater interest or attention or have had the secret of their authorship so long and so well preserved. The belief has been so persistent and pervasive that John Hay, the present Secretary of State, wrote the book as to have come to be accepted as fact. But Col Hay has never acknowledged the authorship.

Richard Watson Gilder said when the Chicago Tribune story was shown to him that as the authorship had always been a secret he did not feel that it would be proper to say anything on the subject now particularly as, although the story had first been published in his magazine, the book was published by the Harpers.

'It was the work of a friend of ours, Mr. Gilder said; but we think we know who wrote it. I should not care, however, even to deny this story now, as I do not feel that it would be proper to say anything about the matter.'

Col. G. B. M. Harvey of Harper & Bros. said when the story was shown him that there was nothing to be said about it.

If Miss Harris wrote the story it was the work of a girl about 22 years old, which most readers of the story would be loath to believe. The story called out a production intended to present the other side of the problem, entitled 'The Money-maker,' a much less vigorous work, which never had the attention that was accorded the first book.

STOP THAT HEAD COLD.

In 10 Minutes

Or it will develop into Chronic Catarrh Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder stops cold in the head in 10 minutes, and relieves most acute and deep seated Catarrh after one application. Cures quickly and permanently. 'I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder with best results. It is a great remedy, and I never cease recommending it.'—John E. Dell, Paulding, O.

OR AGAIN, OR AGAIN.

Very well, said she in a huff, all is over between us. I will thank you to return my letters.

All right, said he. 'I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning.'

'Oh, there is no killing hurry! Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call tomorrow evening.'

'When a lady says 'No' she means 'Yes' observed the philosopher of the boarding house, and when her papa throws you down the front steps and swears at you until you have disappeared in the gloom there seems to be something contrary about him, too.

ONE TEASPOONFUL OF PAIN-KILLER

in hot water, sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-killer, Perry Davis', 30c. and 50c.

(Continued)

duced to see thin Jimmie remained. She spoke of save Eileen; thou Gerald what he t. His answer wa. 'He's a cur' P added as an after to do with him. She was doubt refused his offer. Eileen had been thought of such. 'The old beast him wanting to. 'Is that mean? quired her consin. 'You know who laughing. 'He's I know he's not off forty and you. You must have Jimmie dear. 'Yes. 'Would you like to have a cause.' 'No, I would ly.

CH

'Mr. O'Hea was to you plaza. Eileen was w quickly at the su. Her father utt. 'What, again? he isn't a per. What's it all abo. You're blushing. away and see y. him that it he. pediate his prop. revolver, which. 'O'Hea, in an. standing by the. whip tapping im. He came from. tender smile on. 'It's ages sinc. gaily. 'And I'm. As a matter of. eight hours sinc. he was looking p. one is in love. details. 'I've brought. wanting. 'He wen. from his side-p. yesterday. 'Oh, how g. Eileen. 'Not at all. know I'd do mu. Eileen—may I. drawing near. 'Yes, yes, if y. suppose so. 'And what will. again. 'I don't know. ly. To herself she. 'Oh, I wish. embarrassing. quicker. But O'Hea w. He obliged her. and to let the p. 'Will you call. ed, taking her. 'Oh—I—it's. gasped Eileen. 'What a fool. never been like. 'Of course. promptly. do you care for. He drew her. and she did not. minded silent. 'Do you care. She looked up. their lips met in. 'Now, then. good girl, and. 'Terence dear. She repeated. ticularly, it is. collar was the. for her face wa. They sat som. then O'Hea rose. 'We are now. and must be c. Hand-in-han. dining-room, w. assembled, exp. perhaps for the. engrossed in th. So saying he. the next room. 'I'm so gla. Desmond fond. daughter; 'such. so handsome I. sure; I noticed. coat last time. 'Well done. from the depth. thought you ha. 'O'Hea'll be. ing and fishing. excitedly. 'He. 'Fool!' said. boys can't sho. decent hunters. 'He's got a l. marked Harol. the family. 'E. might see it so. shall. Hurray! The three b. war dance rou. which was cut. Desmond and. 'Come and b. served. 'You. thing—wanting. ye undulging. be foolish, and. be no worse th. give my consen. and if you. O'Hea into the. well. He won. come and shak.

Chase.

Diseases Com-
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worth its weight in
Wright avenue,
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BRADWINNERS

It was Ida Harris
Know Won't Tell.
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Mrs. Aldrich that
which created a sen-
ampaign, Ill., who
The Tribune says
ted the secret of the
rich and bade her
Miss Harris's death.
only Miss Harris's
(both unnamed)
author of the book.
vealed in her will,
to have been opened.
rounced interest and
from his side-pocket. "I got it in Cork
yesterday."

"Oh, how good of you!" exclaimed
Eileen.
"Not at all," he replied. "Sure, you
know I'd do much more for you than that,
Eileen—may I call you Eileen?" he added,
drawing nearer to her.
"Yes, if you like," she faltered. "I
suppose so."
"And what will you call me?" he asked
again.
"I don't know," she murmured confused-
ly.
To herself she soliloquized—
"Oh, I wish he'd make haste; this is so
embarrassing. The last one was much
quicker."
But O'Hea was clearly in no hurry.
He wished to do the business in style,
and to let the pleasure be long drawn out.
"Will you call me Terence?" he whis-
pered, taking her hand gently in his.
"Oh—I—it's not quite proper, is it?"
gasped Eileen.
"What a fool I am!" she thought. "I've
never been like this before."
"Of course it's proper," said O'Hea
promptly. "And tell me now, Eileen dear,
do you care for me a little bit?"
He drew her toward him as he spoke,
and she did not resist him, though she re-
mained silent.
"Do you care a little?" he repeated.
She looked up at him with a smile, and
their lips met in a first kiss.
"Now, then," he said, "you must be a
good girl, and do as you're told. Say
"Terence dear, I love you."
She repeated the words, somewhat in-
tentionally, it is true, but no doubt his coat-
collar was the wiser, if he himself was not,
for her face was hidden on his shoulder.
They sat some time alone in the twilight;
then O'Hea rose and took her hand in his.
"We are now engaged," he announced,
"and must be congratulated."
Hand-in-hand, they proceeded to the
dining-room, where the whole family were
assembled, expectant and excited, except,
perhaps for the younger boys, who were
engrossed in their tea.
So saying he rose, and led the way into
the next room.
"I'm so glad, dear," murmured Mrs.
Desmond fondly, as she embraced her
daughter; "such a nice young fellow, and
so handsome! He wants a wife, too, I'm
sure; I noticed there was a button off his
coat last time he came."
"Well done, Eileen!" remarked Charlie,
from the depths of his tea-cup. "I never
thought you had so much sense."
O'Hea'll be able to give us lots of shoot-
ing and fishing," cried the youngest boy
excitedly. "How jolly!"
"Pooh!" said his elder brother. "Little
boys can't shoot. Say, Eily, has he many
decent hunters, d'ye know?"
"He's got a huge, great telescope," re-
marked Harold, the scientific member of
the family. "He told George and me we
might see it some day p'raps, and now we
shall. Hurrah!"
The three boys proceeded to execute a
war dance round the table, a performance
which was out short by the entrance of Mr.
Desmond and his prospective son-in-law.
"Come and be blessed, Eileen!" he ob-
served. "You ought really to get the other
thing—wanting to go away and leave us
ye undutiful girl! Still, young people will
be foolish, and as this young man seems to
be no worse than most, I suppose I must
give my consent. Ah! don't be strangling
me! If you feel so affectionate, take
O'Hea into the other room and hug him
well. He won't mind, I'm sure. Boys,
come and shake hands with your brother-

AT
D COLD.

minutes
Chronic Catarrh
Powder stops cold
minutes, and relieves
stated Catarrh after
quickly and per-
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o' she means 'Yes'
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something contrary

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

duced to see things in this light, and poor
Jimmie remained in deep disgrace.
She spoke of this incident to no one
save Eileen; though once she asked Fitz-
Gerald what he thought of O'Sullivan.
His answer was brief, but to the point.
"He's a cur!" he said quietly. Then he
added as an after thought; "Have nothing
to do with him, Miss Donovan."
She was doubly glad then that she had
refused his offer.
Eileen had been indignant at the very
thought of such a thing.
"The old beast!" she exclaimed. "Fancy
him wanting to marry you, dear."
"Is that meant for a compliment?" in-
quired her cousin.
"You know what I mean," said Eileen,
laughing. "He's a horrid old brute! Well
I know he's not very old; still, he's not far
off forty and you're nineteen. The idea!
You must have someone very, very nice,
Jimmie dear."
"Yes."
"Would you—inamating—would you
like to have Murtagh Magrath? Be-
cause—"
"No, I would not," replied Jimmie firm-
ly.

CHAPTER IV.

"Mr. O'Hea to see you, Miss Eileen, if
you please."
Eileen was writing letters, but she rose
quickly at the summons.
Her father uttered an exclamation.
"What, again? Well, I'm hanged if
he isn't a persistent young villain!
What's it all about, Eily, girl? Ha, ha!
You're blushing, are you? There, run
away and see your sweet-heart, and tell
him that if he doesn't make haste I'll ex-
pediate his proposal with a shillelagh or a
revolver, whichever he likes best."
O'Hea, in an immaculate riding suit, was
standing by the window as she entered, his
whip tapping impatiently on his boot.
He came forward to meet her with a
tender smile on his face.
"It's ages since I saw you," he cried
gaily. "And I'm half worn to a shadow."
As a matter of fact it was exactly forty-
eight hours since their last meeting, and
he was looking particularly well; but when
one is in love one is not exact as to
details.
"I've brought you that book you were
wanting," he went on, producing a package
from his side-pocket. "I got it in Cork
yesterday."
"Oh, how good of you!" exclaimed
Eileen.
"Not at all," he replied. "Sure, you
know I'd do much more for you than that,
Eileen—may I call you Eileen?" he added,
drawing nearer to her.
"Yes, if you like," she faltered. "I
suppose so."
"And what will you call me?" he asked
again.
"I don't know," she murmured confused-
ly.
To herself she soliloquized—
"Oh, I wish he'd make haste; this is so
embarrassing. The last one was much
quicker."
But O'Hea was clearly in no hurry.
He wished to do the business in style,
and to let the pleasure be long drawn out.
"Will you call me Terence?" he whis-
pered, taking her hand gently in his.
"Oh—I—it's not quite proper, is it?"
gasped Eileen.
"What a fool I am!" she thought. "I've
never been like this before."
"Of course it's proper," said O'Hea
promptly. "And tell me now, Eileen dear,
do you care for me a little bit?"
He drew her toward him as he spoke,
and she did not resist him, though she re-
mained silent.
"Do you care a little?" he repeated.
She looked up at him with a smile, and
their lips met in a first kiss.
"Now, then," he said, "you must be a
good girl, and do as you're told. Say
"Terence dear, I love you."
She repeated the words, somewhat in-
tentionally, it is true, but no doubt his coat-
collar was the wiser, if he himself was not,
for her face was hidden on his shoulder.
They sat some time alone in the twilight;
then O'Hea rose and took her hand in his.
"We are now engaged," he announced,
"and must be congratulated."
Hand-in-hand, they proceeded to the
dining-room, where the whole family were
assembled, expectant and excited, except,
perhaps for the younger boys, who were
engrossed in their tea.
So saying he rose, and led the way into
the next room.
"I'm so glad, dear," murmured Mrs.
Desmond fondly, as she embraced her
daughter; "such a nice young fellow, and
so handsome! He wants a wife, too, I'm
sure; I noticed there was a button off his
coat last time he came."
"Well done, Eileen!" remarked Charlie,
from the depths of his tea-cup. "I never
thought you had so much sense."
O'Hea'll be able to give us lots of shoot-
ing and fishing," cried the youngest boy
excitedly. "How jolly!"
"Pooh!" said his elder brother. "Little
boys can't shoot. Say, Eily, has he many
decent hunters, d'ye know?"
"He's got a huge, great telescope," re-
marked Harold, the scientific member of
the family. "He told George and me we
might see it some day p'raps, and now we
shall. Hurrah!"
The three boys proceeded to execute a
war dance round the table, a performance
which was out short by the entrance of Mr.
Desmond and his prospective son-in-law.
"Come and be blessed, Eileen!" he ob-
served. "You ought really to get the other
thing—wanting to go away and leave us
ye undutiful girl! Still, young people will
be foolish, and as this young man seems to
be no worse than most, I suppose I must
give my consent. Ah! don't be strangling
me! If you feel so affectionate, take
O'Hea into the other room and hug him
well. He won't mind, I'm sure. Boys,
come and shake hands with your brother-

in-law, like gentlemen. Mary, my dear,
ring for glasses and the hot water!"

CHAPTER V.

It was agreed that Eileen's wedding was
to be soon.
Her parents held out for midsummer,
but the young people themselves declared
that Easter was quite long enough to wait
for, and finally their elders' objections were
over-ruled.
The engagement caused quite a stir in
the place, and congratulations poured in
daily upon the half-distracted Desmonds.
Murtagh Magrath took the news badly.
"Bad luck to that black fellow!" he ex-
claimed savagely. "Couldn't he leave her
alone? Haven't I known her these three
years, and so have the first claim on her?"
His rage and disappointment were too
great to be confined even to FitzGerald,
and he went off for a two mo' the' voyage
to the East, giving out among his patients
that his health required it.
FitzGerald said very little, but his
friends observed among themselves that his
laugh was hardly as jolly and careless as it
was wont to be, and, though his gaiety
was, perhaps, more reckless than it had
been formerly, yet it was a trifle forced
and strained.
He took to later hours, seldom turning
in before two or three o'clock in the morn-
ing, and he sometimes drank rather more
than was good for him.
Eileen very rarely saw him, for he took
special care to avoid her, though she
scarcely noticed the fact, so absorbed was
she in the preparations for her approach-
ing marriage.
Jimmie was glad that her cousin was so
happy, but she was not altogether satisfied
with the bridegroom elect.
"It's not anything I know about him I
don't like," she explained to FitzGerald;
"it's what I don't know about him. He
seems to have come suddenly from out of
the sea or somewhere, and, though the
Desmonds pretend to know all about him,
they don't really. He is undoubtedly a
gentleman, he's undeniably handsome, he's
extremely fascinating, but there's an air of
mystery about him that I don't somehow
like."
CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A Farmer's Trials.

A SUFFERER FOR YEARS, THE RE-
SULTS OF A FALL.

In His Weakened Condition La Grippe
Fastened Itself Upon Him, and Brought
Him Near the Grave.

Mr. William Silver is a well known
farmer living near Hemford, N. S.
During his life he has passed through much
sickness, but now, thanks to Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills, he is again enjoying vigorous
health. To a reporter who recently in-
terviewed him Mr. Silver said:—"I am
now in my 52nd year, and I may date the
beginning of my trouble to my six-
teenth year when I was thrown from
a horse's back and had my spine
somewhat injured. This was always
a weak spot and it seemed to leave
me more susceptible to the other
troubles, as it grew worse as I advanced
in years. As a farmer I always had to
work hard, and often to expose myself to
inclement weather. My back trouble was
finally aggravated by indigestion, and as
this affected my appetite, I was very much
run down! Finally a few years ago I was
attacked with the grippe, which developed
into pneumonia. My family doctor suc-
ceeded in conquering this trouble, but for
six months I was not able to leave the
house, and all that he could do for me did
not bring back my strength. Finally I
consulted another doctor, but with no
better result. In fact before I stop-
ped doctoring I had tried four dif-
ferent physicians and all the time in-
stead of getting better I was growing
weaker. Some eighteen months had now
elapsed since my attack of la grippe, and
during that time I was not able to do any
work. My whole system seemed exhaust-
ed, and my nerves shattered. On fine days
I would go out for a while, but often I
would become so weak and dizzy that I
could scarcely get back to the house. One
day a neighbor asked me why I did not try
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought the
advice might be worth taking and I sent
for a half dozen boxes of the pills. Before
they were gone there was no doubt
I had found a medicine that was
helping me, and I got a further sup-
ply. I continued taking the pills for about
three months, and before I quit using
them I was feeling better and stronger
than I had done for years. Every symp-
tom of the weakness that had followed la
grippe was gone, and my back which had
bothered me for so many years was al-
most as strong as in boyhood. I have
since done many a hard day's work, and
been exposed to bad weather, but without
any evil effects, and I can truly say, Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to
vigorous manhood."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases
as the one noted above because they create
new, rich, red blood, thus strengthening
weak and shattered nerves. They do not
purge and weaken like other medicines,
but strengthen from the first dose to the
last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or
sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six
boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

As Good As Her Word.

"I never saw a woman as angry as Rhoda
Flyppe was at Harry Skymore. He took
a snap shot of her once when her bangs
were all out of curl. She said she'd get
even with him if it took her a hundred
years."
"I guess she must have meant it. She
married him last week."

DEATH ALWAYS PAINLESS.

Notre Peace of Body and Mind, Says a Phy-
sician of Wide Observation.

More material than was the Psalmist,
who asked, "O Death, where is thy sting?"
the physician of day not only asks the
same question, but answers it.
"It has none," says Dr. C. Fryn String-
field, who has made extended observations
of the phenomena of death in its many
forms. "In his last supreme moments man
has no need for spiritual or physical com-
fort. The peace of mind and body are his
without the aid of priest or physician,
either." Dr. Stringfield holds that dissolu-
tion not only is painless, but that the dying—if
conscious at all—become reconciled to the
approach of it. Thus welcome to the des-
troyer may be extended only a minute be-
fore life goes out, or the patient may have
been awaiting his coming for weeks and
months.

"I have found that most persons under
35 years of age make a fight for life to almost
the almost moments," said Dr. Stringfield.
"Beyond 26 and 40 years, something in the
contemplation of death reconciles them to
it, or else they welcome it as a release
from cares and responsibilities. The strong
young nature, making its instinctive fight
against death, may in mental protest al-
most to the last moment, whereas a man of
50 years probably would realize his posi-
tion and await the end calmly, perhaps
for hours. But in that supreme moment of
passing, each would find the peace of leav-
ing life."

"Right there is one of the great myster-
ies of death. Even when the mind has
become completely reconciled to death we
find the whole physical framework fighting
it. There is the muscular struggle for
breath, sometimes to the last. Even when
a man has been dead for hours his muscles
will twitch and react from the irritation of
electrical currents. Yet the mind of the
dying one may have welcomed death as a
boon. Long sickness and intense suffer-
ings may have much to do with reconcil-
ing a person to death long before it comes.
Then many persons in normal health tire
of living. Not for any one reason, but
because they have figured that life isn't
worth the trouble. Two remarkable cases
of the kind are under my observation now.
They are a widow and her daughter-in-law.
They are not morbid. They would never
commit suicide, but they would not care if
death should come tomorrow. There is
every reason for their living too. They
are wealthy, move in good society and are
unusually intelligent. Take these two
women, and other conditions being equal
they will die much more easily than one
who has never thought of death. No acute
disease, either, could shake them in their
desire for death. The mind is dominant
over the body."

Dr. Stringfield believes that a person
may die in full possession of his faculties
up to within one minute or less of final dis-
solution.
"In the case of the man Rigby who died
in the Grand Pacific hotel a short time ago,
he talked of Yorkshire, of his wife and of
half a dozen other things. He could have
been asked a question concerning any
period of his life and he would have been
able to answer it five minutes before he
died. He was no unusual example, either.
Sometimes it looks as if there was a clear-
ing up of the brain of a man until his facul-
ties are keener than normal when he is on
the threshold of life."

"No doubt there are visions and hallu-
cinations just at the point of death. Things
get far away. They see trees and streams
and meadows. I recall the case of a woman
who was dying. Her husband was at the
foot of the bed, crying, when I spoke to
him, telling him if he wished to have a min-
ister present he would better send for one.
"But the woman heard me. She started
up in fright, exclaiming that she was not
going to die, that I had not right to fright-
en her so. She was shaking with the fright
of the suggestion. I tried to soothe her,
but she kept crying out that she was not
going to die—that she did not want to die.
But suddenly she lay back with closing
eyes, sighing that she had found such
peace. Only she was uneasy that Alphonse,
at the foot of the bed, was getting so far
away. She saw beautiful meadows and
flowers and birds, but she was uneasy that
Alphonse would not come. 'So far—away,'
she complained with her last breath, and
was dead at the instant."

Free of Honorable Intentions.
An old gentleman walked into the prosecu-
tor's office yesterday with an air of se-
rious importance and consulted Assistant
Prosecutor Kelly about a young man who
pretended in making love to his daughter.
"That's no crime," said Mr. Kelly.
"Well, maybe not. But isn't there some
law to keep him from making love to her?"
"None that I ever heard of," said Mr.
Kelly. "Are his intentions honorable?"
"Yes, sir," was the answer. "He is so
anxious to marry her that he's been trying

Seal Brand Coffee
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IS PICKED PURITY
Strong in Purity. Fragrant in Strength.
IMITATORS ARE MANIPULATED.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

THE SEAT OF SEASICKNESS.

The Ear, Not the Stomach, is Responsible for the Misery.

Seasickness, that woful malady which
first makes the sufferer afraid he is going
to die, and later inspires him with terror
for fear he won't die, is an annoyance
which brings a shudder to the man or wo-
man who contemplates going anywhere by
water. Nearly everybody knows what sea-
sickness is. It is no respecter of persons
but attacks the high and the lowly the
rich and the poor.

All kinds of ameliorating agents are
sought and restored to with religious fer-
vency to quell the qualms in the epigastrium
but without avail. Lemons, limes, and all
kinds of acids are used to still the cyclone
going on in the stomach. In the agony
which follows an attack of seasickness any
promise can be enacted of a victim in re-
turn for immediate relief. And yet the
stomach is not to blame. Nine out of ten
people will declare the seat of seasickness
to be the stomach. If one should tell a
man who had been through the ordeal
that the seat of the trouble is not in the
stomach, but in the ear, the integrity of
his mental processes would be seriously
questioned. The ex-victim would prob-
ably regard himself as a past grand mas-
ter in all that appertains to seasickness,
and would in all probability indignantly
refuse to listen to a learned dissertation on
the ear as having anything to do with sea-
sickness. And yet it is true that the ear
is the part which first kicks up the distur-
bance which manifests itself in the stomach
convulsions.

The ear is not only built to hear with,
but also the apparatus which gives to us
the sense of balance is laid in the ear. Be-
fore we can know whether we are standing
up or lying down we must learn it from the
ear. The apparatus of balance is as fol-
lows: It is located in the temporal bone.
This bone forms part of the skull wall in
the region of the temple, and another por-
tion of it, which projects at right angles to
that part which forms part of the skull
cavity where the brain is. The latter por-
tion is known as the "petrus" portion of the
temporal bone and it is in this portion that
the balance machinery lies. In the petrus
portion are three semi-circular canals unit-
ing at their base. These canals lie in three
different planes, and the man, no matter in
what position he may be, is always in one
of these planes. If he falls, he will fall in
one of these planes.

These canals have a common base and
are hollow. They are lined on the inside
with a membrane in which the filaments of
the nerve which controls our balance are
distributed, or in other words, the nerve
which tells whether we are erect or lying
down, whether we are falling, &c. There
is a fluid in these canals which only scanti-
ly fills them. When we are standing erect
this fluid lies at the common base of the
canals, and by its weight on the nerve fila-
ments, upon which the fluid lies at the
common base of the canals, and by its
weight on the nerve filaments, upon which
the fluid lies, irritates them, and they send
a nerve impulse to the seat of origin of
their nerve in the brain and we are inform-
ed that we are in the erect posture.

If, however, we change our posture, for
instance, lie down, the fluid in the canals
run into that canal which is in the same
plane in which we are lying. Gravity
moves the fluid. Here a new set of nerve
filaments are agitated by the fluid and an
impulse is again sent to their seat of origin
in the brain, and the brain tells us we are
lying down. Now when a person is on
board a boat, he is pitched about by the
various motions of the vessel and instinc-
tively gets up a different motion of his own
in his attempts to keep his balance. This
sets that fluid in the semi-circular canals
splashing around from one plane to an-
other, or in other words from one canal to
another. No sooner does one set of nerve
filaments send warning to the seat of origin
in the brain, telling of the direction in

which the man is falling than another set
sends out a nerve impulse of a conflicting
report. The result is a strange confusion
of nerve impulses taking place in that part
of the brain where the nerve of balance
takes its origin.

Now if this were all there would be no
sense of seasickness. But it is not all.
There is a large nerve which has its seat
of origin so closely interwoven with that of
the nerve of balance that when that seat is
in the throes of confusion this large nerve
becomes agitated and disturbed. This is
called the "pneumo-gastric" nerve and pass-
ing down the neck from the brain gives off
some of its filaments to the lungs and heart
and what is left is distributed to the walls
of the stomach.

The peculiar confusion which takes place
in the brain as the result of the tossing
about of the body from one plane to
another in quick succession inspires the
pneumo-gastric nerve to send down an im-
pulse along its nerve trunk which causes
nausea and the stomachic convulsions which
are associated with seasickness.
The victim of seasickness invariably en-
hances his own discomfort by interposing
a motion of his own, intended, of course,
to obviate the motion of the boat and keep
himself from falling, but as a rule, this
effort on his part only adds to the distur-
bing causes and renders the confusion in the
ear and brain more intense. A sufferer
from seasickness is always better if he lies
down on his back and gives himself up to
the motion of the boat. By so doing,
while he will be still seasick, it will not be
so severe, because he offers no opposing
motion of his body to that of the boat, and
is just that much better off. Barrels of
lemons, limes and other acids will not help
him much. Instinctively he will accom-
modate himself to the boat's motion and
the confusion in both ear and brain will
quiet down and he will crawl out on deck
again, wan and drawn, perhaps, and begin
to take an interest in his surroundings.

A Certain Remedy for Gorn.
And one always to be relied upon, is Put-
nam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure
and always painless. Nearly fifty imita-
tions prove its value. Beware of such.
Get Putnam's at druggists, or if you cannot
get it we will send it to you by mail upon
receipt of 25 cents, post paid, to Canada
or United States. N. C. Polson & Co.,
Kingston, Ont.

Recent discovery in Jerusalem proves
that the ancient aqueduct which brought
water from Bethlehem through the Hinnah
valley, thought to be the work of Herod,
was built by Emperor Severus, 195 A. D.
Inscriptions to that effect have been
found.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Carter's
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Her Sister's Secret

I had vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again but when they sent word that Maisie was dying I went there as fast as a hansom could carry me. We had always been such friends, the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine, and kissed her cheek.

'I was sure you would come,' she said in a faint, pleased voice.

'Of course,' I answered, 'of course, my dear child.' She was only 14. 'There's no quarrel between you and me.' We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me dead.

'We never have quarrels,' she said, holding my hand tightly. 'There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't will you, Fred?' I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. 'Promise me before I tell you something.'

'My poor little Maisie!' I cried brokenly. 'I promise.' She had been a pet of mine since she was toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

'It is very secret,' she said in a slow, soft voice. 'My dear, it is only for Fred.' Her mother shook up the pillow and seemed unable to speak.

'You know I would do anything for you, little girl!' I said soothingly. Her bright eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

'Turn me over a little,' she entreated, 'and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me.' So I turned her very gently, but she still said nothing.

'Well, May?' I asked.

'You used to be fond of me?'

'I am fond of you. I shall never have anyone to replace you dear.'

'Suppose I had done something dreadful—something that hurt you?'

'I should know that you could not help it.'

'Something mean?' her voice almost broke.

'You couldn't.'

'Ah, but suppose I had?'

'Then, I said firmly, 'I should know that it was just a slip, like we all make—like I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one.' I stroked her long silky hair and thought how I should miss her I had never fully realized before how fond I was of my fanciful little friend.

'Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?' she asked pleadingly.

'There is anything to forgive.'

'It is this.'

'Then, whatever it is I forgive you. So you need not tell me now.'

'I must,' she said resolutely. 'It is about you and Lucy—when you—'

'Yes?' Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

'You wrote her an explanation—a satisfactory explanation.'

'Apparently she did not think so, she never answered the letter that I have you to deliver.'

'She never had it,' said Maisie with a sob.

'Maisie!'

'I—I kept it.' She buried her face in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair. 'I read it first. Then I burned it.'

'But—why?'

'Because I was a coward,' she sobbed—'because I—oh, Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help.' A light flashed into my mind. I bent over and kissed her cheek.

'My little Maisie!' I said tenderly. 'My poor, loving, little girl.' You cared as much as that for me?

'I thought perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now! I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

'If you get well, May,' I said, 'and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody.' She laughed faintly. 'I believe I always did I wiped her eyes.

'I shan't,' she said. 'So—you will like her again, now, won't you?'

'I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never been very deep. Neither, I fancied, had hers for me.

'Time will prove,' I said slowly. 'I doubt if she—'

'She does,' said Maisie.

'Has she told you so?'

'Yes.'

'I frowned. 'You have not told her—about the letter?' She shook her head.

'Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so.'

'I do not ask you to. I am not brave enough.' She buried her face. 'I want them to think well of me,' she cried piteously, 'when—when I—'

'Oh, Maisie, don't! The tears were in my eyes.

'But you will be good to her? You will make it up, won't you? You need not tell her about me—only say that you are sorry and want to be friends. Then you can be engaged again, and—and—some day—her lips quivered.

'Marry her?' She nodded. 'But if I no longer care for her? If I know that I can never love her as I could love? My dear little playfellow and friend I am not half so fond of Lucy as I am of you.'

'Ah!' She looked at me with big, deep eyes. 'I am only a child. There are different kinds of fondness, dear Fred.' The wistful affection in the child's face touched me to the heart and I kissed her frail hands.

'Get better little, one and see,' I said brokenly. Then we sat in silence for a long time holding hands.

'I am getting sleepy, Fred,' she murmured. 'Kiss me.' I kissed her several times, and she went smilingly to sleep,

with her cheek against my arm and her hand in my hand. Mrs. Dormer came in, but I sat motionless for an hour, until the child's grasp relaxed, and I could draw myself away without waking her.

'I shall come tomorrow morning,' I whispered. He mother nodded constrainedly, and I went out on tiptoes. Lucy met me at the bottom of the stairs.

'I have something to tell you,' she said. 'If you will spare me a minute.' I bowed and followed her into the empty dining room. She sank into an arm chair by the fire-side, and I stood by the mantelpiece, looking down upon her. It seemed strange to me to be so near her and so indifferent to the fact. For one thing was clear to me—I had ever really loved Lucy Dormer. I did so no longer. We were quite unacquainted to one another, and if I married her it would merely be a useless sacrifice of two lives.

'I treated you badly,' she said abruptly. I raised my eyebrows. After Maisie's confession there seemed to be no reason for the admission.

'There were things,' I said, 'that needed explanation.'

'Some things are beyond explanation.'

'Perhaps they are better left so.'

'One can ask forgiveness.' There was a faint note of entreaty in her voice. I fidgeted impatiently with a little ornament on the mantel-shelf. If I asked her forgiveness she would give more.

'If one desires forgiveness,' I said at length. It sounded brutal, but it might avoid worse things.

'Oh!' she cried, 'I do.'

'You?' I said with astonishment. 'You? What have I to forgive you?' She toyed with her handkerchief.

'I thought Maisie would tell you. The child always was so fond of you,' she knew.

'Maisie has told me,' I said gravely. 'Lucy, it is right to be frank. I have discovered that my little playfellow, child as she is, has the best love that I can give to any one. She looked at me in surprise. Then she laughed sweetly.

'I see,' she said. 'You want an excuse. You might invent one without taking my poor little sister's name in vain.'

'It is no excuse,' I said firmly. 'We looked at one another for a minute in silence.'

'Then,' she said, 'I did not hurt you, I am glad.' She stamped her foot passionately. 'No, no, I am not. I am sorry—sorry, do you hear?' I shrugged my shoulders.

'There is no more to say?' I suggested.

'No more to say,' she echoed faintly. I walked to the door. 'Fred?' she cried abruptly. 'I must say it. Listen to me if you will not forgive.'

'Forgive?' I asked. 'What have I to forgive?' She looked at me in apparent bewilderment.

'Do you know that I never told my people of your explanation; that I let all the blame rest on you?'

'My letter!' I cried. 'My letter.'

'The letter you sent to Maisie.'

'She gave it to you?'

'Of course she gave it to me,' said Lucy opening her eyes wide. 'Why not? I ought to have known. My brave little girl!'

'Maisie told me that she never gave you the letter, Lucy; that all the blame was hers.' I walked to the window and looked for a time in silence, broken by Lucy's sobs.

'She told you—that—just to screen me,' she said, brokenly.

'Yes, I could not say more for the moment. Presently I walked back to the fire. 'God bless her,' I said softly. 'Let us say no more about it, Lucy, and be friends for her sake.'

Lucy wiped her eyes and looked into the fire. Then she spoke with her eyes averted from me.

'When we quarrelled it was only what I had for some time intended.'

'Your reason?' I said mechanically. I did not really care.

'Some else was a better match. I—I did not like him so well.' I bowed. It was immaterial. 'I knew that my people would disapprove of my breaking our engagement for this reason. They were fond of you.'

'I was fond of them.' Their behavior had hurt and surprised me. In the letter I had particularly asked Lucy to show them my explanation, whether she accepted it or not.

'Consequently I was glad, or thought I was, when I heard something about you which gave me a chance to quarrel.'

'It was false, as I told you in the letter.'

'As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on you.' She shivered.

'Do not trouble about it any more,' I said, not unkindly. 'The bitterness is over now.'

'Yes,' she said, 'it is over.' I refused him after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know.'

'I shook my head.

'I do not wish to know.' She nodded to the fire. 'But I forgive you, Lucy.' She nodded again. There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and I heard someone say, 'The doctor.' So I waited to hear what he pronounced.

After a few minutes he came down stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

'It is a natural sleep,' he said. 'The pulse is steadier and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope.'

The tears came to my eyes at last and Lucy came and put her hands on my shoulder.

'You can win her back to life, Fred,' she said; 'our little girl. Stay till she wakes.' I had already resolved to stay.

I went upstairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt beside me.

'Lucy has told me all, Fred,' she whis-

pered. 'You—you will not tell the others?' 'I will not,' I promised.

'When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me.'

'Better, dear?' asked her mother.

'Why, yes,' she laughed feebly. 'It must be Fred. Do you know, I believe he would make me grow well if he were often here with me.'

'He will be, little sweetheart,' I said softly. She turned to me with a happy cry and I whispered in her ear what I knew and other things that were only for her and me. They were the things that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters.

We do not talk of them very often for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand and leave us alone together, and now and then our thoughts peep out. I remember that they did so on the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the 'better match' after all. Maisie came to see me out, of course, and helped me into my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my arm around her and kissed her several times, instead of the usual once and not quite in the usual brotherly way.

'There will be another wedding, one day,' I said, 'Won't there, little sweetheart?'

She buried her head on my shoulder and whispered, 'I hope so.'

Meanwhile people speak of me as a confirmed bachelor, and laugh when I tell them that I am waiting for 'Miss Right' to grow.

But 'Miss Right' is 16 now and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long, and our good nights are steadily growing longer and less fraternal. Dear little Maisie!

A NEW MAN WITH A HOPE

He is in a Co-operative Scheme, and is Sorely Troubled Also.

A man with an extremely tired look came into Chicago on a suburban train a day or so ago. It was a morning train, so his apparent weariness attracted some attention.

'He has done a day's work already,' explained an acquaintance, nodding towards the tired man.

'How does that happen?' the man addressed asked.

'He belongs to the Longwood Co-operative Home Association,' was the reply.

'What of it?'

'I guess you don't know about the Longwood Co-operative Home Association,' returned the man who was well informed. 'I tell you it's a corker. There have been co-operative concerns before, but this beats them all. I have heard of the people of a neighborhood combining to establish one kitchen for all, and in some cases, even a common dining room, but at Longwood they are heating the green grocers by raising their own vegetables. That's why the man you saw was so tired.'

'Working in the garden?'

'That's it exactly. It's his turn and he has had to put in an hour or so with the hoe before leaving for his office. Did you ever toy with a hoe to any considerable extent?'

'No.'

'You should try it some time. For a man who is confined to an office all day it is splendid exercise. Just at the start it may leave you somewhat limp for the rest of the day, but in time you'll get used to it, and you can always console yourself with the thought that it is doing you a world of good. That's what this man has been telling himself. His back aches and his arms are a bit sore, but he knows that it will wear off after a bit—probably next fall when the garden has to be abandoned. Still, they all tell me that the cooperative scheme is a great success.'

'All of them?'

'Oh, yes—not all at the same time, you understand, but each in turn. You see, they are divided into watches, as you might say, and each watch takes its turn looking after the garden. Thus it happens that every man has an occasional opportunity to look on while the others work, and when he is doing the spectator act he will tell you that the plan is all that can be desired. Indeed, I am informed that they are already planning a \$10,000 club house with a larger garden.'

'The men?'

'No; I believe most of the enthusiasm is displayed by the women at present. And this is strange, too, for it is the men who are getting most of the healthful exercise. Still, so long as the men do the work necessary to keep the garden going and the women continue to be satisfied with each other's culinary management the scheme must be voted a genuine success. But the real test will come later.'

'When?'

'When the temperature gets up in the nineties. I'm watching for that with considerable interest. If the cooperative gardeners can weather a week or ten days of top temperature I shall expect Longwood to go thundering down the corridors of time as the place where one of the great problems of life was solved.'

'But what will they do in the vacation season?'

'Oh, they won't be able to take any vacations away from home. They wouldn't

dare leave the garden. But as an experiment it certainly is worthy of attention. Don't you think so?'

'I think,' was the answer, 'that people everywhere should keep their eyes on Longwood.'

FRIGHTENED HIS WIFE

Forty Cents Almost the Cause of a Catastrophe.

Before Mrs. Browley was married she scoffed at the misguided girls and women who kept personal accounts. Her argument was that if you know how much money you had and it was all gone what was the use of piling on the anguish by having your folly and extravagance in black and white to stare you in the face, especially as you had no more money at the end of the month than you had without an account book?

But since she has been running a house she has achieved not one but nearly a dozen account books. There is one devoted to the grocery man, another to the butcher, personal accounts take a third, and so on till she spends nearly all her glad young life balancing sums. It is a matter of pride with her that they shall come out even, and so there was woe last month when 40 cents refused to be accounted for.

She and Mr. Browley had a grave and lengthy discussion over the missing 40. Each accused the other of frivolling the sum away and neglecting to enter it upon the proper book. 'Sundries,' Mr. Browley insisted strenuously he was not guilty. Mrs. Browley looked pained and urged him to confess. He left for downtown vowing vengeance. It was late that afternoon when Mrs. Browley was entertaining a roomful of aristocratic callers that a telegraph boy appeared. The maid brought in the fatal yellow envelope, and at once the bride knew that her husband had been fatally injured and was sending for her. Some one revived her with smelling salts, a lady in purple velvet fanned her with a hastily snatched lamp shade, and a third visitor with more presence of mind than the rest opened the telegram. The message read:

'Honest, now, what did you do with that 40 cents?'

In Extenuation.

A little girl between 4 and 5 years of age came running in from sliding one day and exclaimed to her mother: 'Oh mamma did you see me go down? I went like thunder.'

To her mother's astonished question as to whom she had heard say that the little one replied, 'Well, mamma, you know you said one day "as quick as lightning," and it always thunders after it lightens, doesn't it?'

Salisbury, May 9, Amos McLeod to Alice Maud Russell.

Moncton, May 8th, Ernest Seaman to Maud Fowler.

Ethelburg, April 24th, Isaac G. Goudon to Algar de Faj.

Hopewell, May 8th, John James Robertson to Jessie Campbell.

Springhill, May 1st, George Adams to Harriet McCauley.

Bridgewater, May 1st, William A. Lohme to Mary E. Corkum.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 8, Walter Davis, to Laura Drummond.

Carleton, N. B., May 6th, Fred W. Brownell to Annie Eva Harned.

St. John, N. B., May 6th, John Fairweather to Nellie Dallas.

Bridgewater, Mass., April 24th, B. R. Kinney to Stella D. Durfee.

Someville, Mass., April 22th, Fred E. Bala, to Emma Marie Ouseley.

Waterville, Kings, May 1st, Ernest A. Elrickwood to Ida May Ward.

Windsor, N. S., May 7th, Robert M. Cutler to Rosina Maria Ouseley.

Upper Wood's Harbor, N. S., May 4th, S. F. Brannen to Olive S. Garron.

Upper Wood's Harbor, N. S., May 2nd., George A. Wood to Lilla M. Malone.

Cole Harbor, Halifax, April 30th, Maynard A. Talloch to Edith A. Seale.

Lewis Mountain, West. Co., April 23th, Bedford Rodgers to Bessie S. Steeves.

DIED.

Tidd's, John Riley, 77.

Truro, May 9, John McGee.

Yarmouth, May 3, Eliza Perry.

Halifax, May 3, John Foley, 75.

Hants, May 2, Robert Cross, 102.

Halifax, May 8, Eleanor Anson.

Halifax, May 8, James Burke, 80.

Halifax, May 8, Gilbert Shaw, 70.

Yarmouth, May 9, Geo. LeVie, 69.

Moncton, N. B., Ralph Fankler, 72.

Pictou, May 7, John A. McDonald.

Chatham, May 10, James Allan, 78.

Windsor, May 9, Frank Halter, 13.

Liverpool, May 2, Fred Whynot, 12.

Yarmouth, May 3, Eliza Tooker, 86.

Colechester, May 8, Margaret Haley.

Digby, May 7, Fido Gidney, 16 mos.

Yarmouth, May 2, Hannah Bent, 80.

Baltimore, May 9, Thomas Feat, 50.

Bridgewater, May 2, Mrs. E. L. Elrick.

Halifax, May 8, Susan Robinson, 83.

Chicago, May 6, Jane Kilam, 6 mos.

Moncton, May 9, Thomas Steeves, 37.

San Francisco, April 8, John Mother.

Corwallis, May 1, Jane Taulrow, 45.

Amherst Shore, May 2, Ida Pipes, 21.

Halifax, May 12, Mrs. Mary Payer, 88.

Springhill, May 4, Berth Spence, 8 mos.

Chicago, May 6, Pauline Kilam, 6 mos.

San Francisco, April 2, Frank Chase, 41.

Halifax, May 11, Florence Wrennall, 6.

Port LaTour, May 7, Orlando Taylor, 71.

Middle Stewiacke, May 4, John Teas, 88.

Cumberland, April 26, Jane Crawford, 69.

Thamesville, Ont., Mary E. Charlson, 88.

West Berlin, May 4, Mrs. Geo. Conrad, 73.

Yarmouth, May 9, Mrs. Geo. Melanson, 80.

Moncton, May 11, Duncans McDougall, 24.

Kings Co., May 6, Adelaide Newcomb, 67.

Colechester, May 3, Catherine Sanderson, 88.

Jollymore Settlement, May 7, James Inuit, 21.

Middlefield, April 30, Edgar Jonirey, 1 mon h.

White Rock, Hants, May 2, James Collins, 43.

North Sydney, May 6, Rena I. Whistler, 3 mos.

New Haven, Conn., May 6, Elizabeth Boulton, 82.

Springhill, May 3, infant son of Mr and Mrs. Rossy.

Urbanville, Hants, May 8, infant son of Mr and Mrs. Geo. Rose, 3 mos.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

VICTORIA DAY

MAY 24th, 1901.

One fare for the round trip between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur. Tickets on sale May 22 and 24th, good to return May 27th, 1901.

2 Special Trains to Suburban Points, May 24th, Only. 2

Lv. St. John 9:10 a.m.; Ar. Welsford 10:15 a.m.

Lv. St. John 1:00 p.m.; Ar. Welsford 2:00 p.m.

Lv. Welsford 11:35 a.m.; Ar. St. John 12:55 p.m.

Lv. Welsford 5:55 p.m.; Ar. St. John 7:00 p.m.

A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A., C. P. R.
St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 7:00

Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12:15

Express for Sussex..... 13:30

Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17:00

Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22:15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:15 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, dining and sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8:30

Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12:45

Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 13:30

Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 14:00

Accommodation from P. du Chene and N. B. 17:00

Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTING,
Gen. Manager

Moncton, N. B., March 6, 1901.
CITY BUILDING OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

MARRIED.

Digby, May 8th, Willard Ryan to Olive Marshall.

Brenton, May 7th, Charles Clarke to Jane Lea Cann.

Pictou, April 9th, Orlum McIntosh to Ida May Miles.

Liverpool, N. S., May 1st, Henry Last to Edith Feener.

Liverpool, N. S., May 1st, Daniel Shradet to Rosie Whyton.

Falmouth, April 24th, Owen B. Porter to Lillian Street.

The trials of country news- ated on the N- rance of the rmarks of th paper and cism of Editor interesting re interested in the news- paper depend port. The sur- tion has been the following taken from t are interesting regret.

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