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PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 461.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ALD. CHRISTIE IS WARM.

HE DOES NOT AGREE WITH CITY EN-
GINEER PETERS.

A Discussion in Wharf Building by the Aldermen—The Engineer's Plans Thrown out and New Ones Called for—Alderman Robinson's Fervent Inquiry Charms Them.

The meeting of the harbor improvement committee is something so remarkably jolly, companionable and humorous that the only wonder is that all the rate payers of the city do not take occasion to crowd to the doors every meeting of the committee.

Mayor Robertson, as his right, occupies the head of the table with clerk Wardrop on his left, the members of the committee occupying various positions all round the room. While the positions occupied are various, the men are various also, various in costume, complexion, style, speech, energy and ability.

There is the short broad form of Ald. McArthur and the tall, giant spare form of Ald. Stackhouse, while Ald. McGoldrick is a medium weight, and Ald. Wilson represents the bantams. Whiskers of all shades and cuts are seen and perhaps no committee that ever represented the city presented so many peculiar types of visage as the harbor committee of 1897.

What were they doing? They were discussing wharf building—that is they were telling Engineer Peters how the wharves at Sand Point should be built. Every man juked of these was a wharf builder and discussed cribs, batters, counterports, shelves, till the air had a salty taste, and even the clerks blotter had been turned into a miniature wharf.

It would be supposed that the engineer should decide what plan would be the best for the purpose of Sand Point, but no—his plan was laid on the table, all very neatly drawn in black and red—a plan that he said he would stake his reputation on—a wharf built after it would be fully capable of standing all strains that might come upon it.

Did the committee accept it? Oh, no. Each man had his own views, not one of them agreeing with Engineer Peters. That gentleman seeing how the tide was running quietly drew himself up into as small a compass as possible and henceforth took no part in the discussion.

The engineer's plan was for a wharf 43 ft. 6 inches wide at the base with counterports. All the committee, of the council denounced the counterports, and wanted something else. Dr. Christie wanted a wharf without counterports fifty feet wide on the base and the engineer was asked if he would assume responsibility for a wharf of that kind.

He refused to do so, but said it might stand all night, but he was not prepared to guarantee it. This set matters going somewhat lively. There was a sound of revelry in the air—war was inevitable and Dr. Christie fired the first shot, by moving that the fifty foot wharf be accepted.

It passed unopposedly. Then the engineer was asked how soon he could make new plans according to Dr. Christie's motion, and said in about a fortnight.

This raised the doctor's ire. "You can make them in four days if you like," he said I can get them done in three days if necessary," said the alderman-physician, picking up his cap and gloves and stalking to the door and passing out into the street.

A hush fell upon the committee, a hush as of calamity—so long and intense that it was evident the council saw already in imagination the collapse of another wharf. The hush continued unbroken, till the voice of Engineer Peters broke the awful quiet by saying: "That's the way he always acts—that's the way he has treated me for a long time."

Then Ald. Waring arose to propose his plan of wharf building—that instead of three long wharves two of five hundred feet each should be built.

This alarmed the mayor for he saw at once that this was an innovation and would do complete destruction with all their former plans, including Dr. Christie's motion. Here was a dilemma but happily Ald. Waring, though determined that his plan of wharf building was superior to that of any other member, did not put it to a vote, and the city was saved.

Then Ald. Robinson asked a very pertinent question, that caused the aldermen to scratch their heads, elevate their eyebrows and look startled. Was the like ever heard of? When Engineer Peters

drew his plans they had been drawn to suit the timber ordered by the council some time since. Would they suit the new wharf proposed by Dr. Christie? All hung on the words of Ald. Robinson when he enquired in accents that appeared unusually severe. "Will the timber suit the new wharf or will it be condemned, and be a loss to the city?"

When the full force of the question was noted, each alderman and his worship instinctively reached for his hat. They all knew that any further loss especially at this time when the election is so near would be fatal to them, and if the engineer's reply was in the affirmative they would get out of the room and not stay to further such a result. This was the way it appeared.

Luckily however the engineer replied: "Why the cribs will be the same size in the fifty foot wharf as in the 43 foot, and the lumber will do."

There was a very audible sigh of relief when this was heard and his worship asked Ald. Robinson "if that was satisfactory?" "Very satisfactory, indeed," was the reply—a reply re-echoed by everyone in the room.

"Now" said his worship, "let us get down to work."

"That's what we've been trying to do," was a reply from someone. "That's so" was the general response.

Then the aldermen began to discuss the plans laid on the table by Engineer Peters. He had gone out for other plans but the office was locked and he could not get them, but brought others that gave a general idea of the work.

The word "counterports" was a great stumbling block to all the committee—some called it counterports, some counterports—some used the very expressive but not so classical word "jogs" and much time was lost in getting lully read up on the technical terms used by the engineer.

The meeting opened at three and it was now five o'clock, so the dial on the post office indicated, and a motion to adjourn was made and carried.

The meeting was over—and the members of it dispersed wondering what business had been done in the two hours thus spent and how much further the building of the wharf at Sand Point had to be pushed. They are wondering yet, and the question comes to the front how many meetings like this will be necessary before the wharves are completed.

DIFFICULTY OVER PAPERS.

The Constables Claim That They Can't get Them Signed.

It is not at all likely that their will be any more trouble with constables and papers in the city court. For some time citizens have complained to Magistrate Ritchie that constables, when they are given executions to serve do not take particular trouble to see that they are correctly served on the persons for whom they are intended. In many cases when a constable has a paper for a man his first step is in the direction of the man's house where he at once proceeds to serve it. If the man happens obligingly to be in at the particular moment when the constable calls the paper is served on him personally, but if by any means he should be away from home his wife is generally the recipient.

One of the conditions of the City Court is that in order to ensure that a case will be placed on the docket for Thursday the summonses have to be served and the returns made on the previous Tuesday. Where this rule is not complied with the case must stand over and be entered on the next week's docket.

The citizens claim that when a constable serves a paper on a man's wife she very often neglects to notify him until the time for his appearance has passed. Then again constables very often fail to make their returns in time and this also causes a delay. It very often happens that creditors who are prepared to contest their claims go to the city court on Thursday only to find after waiting some time that their cases will not come up for another week. They object, but it makes very little difference and so they are obliged to lose several hours every Thursday.

It was this state of things that led to the complaints that have been filed with the magistrate by angry creditors who are thoroughly disgusted with the methods of business employed by the constables.

His Honor considered the case carefully and brought the matter up on Thursday last when the court room was well filled

with interested persons including many constables. He severely censured the constables from the bench for their negligence and inattention to business and ordered them to be more prompt in their dealings in future. The constables took his honor's reproof with an apparent good grace but now they are wondering just where his authority to reseat them comes in. They also charge him with negligence and say that he is to blame for a good deal of the delay on the grounds that they cannot get their papers signed in time. One constable in particular claims that he has visited the police court on Saturday afternoons to get papers signed only to be delayed until Monday morning by the magistrate's absence. This claim is not given much credence however as all who have had any business with the magistrate say he is ever ready to attend to his duties. At any rate it is sincerely hoped that his lecture of Thursday will have the desired effect as those who have to employ constables are very much dissatisfied and think that some solution should be found to the difficulty.

IT WILL BE A SUCCESS.

The Exhibition Committee are at Work on Plans.

HALIFAX, March 18.—The Nova Scotia provincial exhibition for 1897 is now a certainty, so far as determinations to hold it, and success of arrangements up to date, are concerned, the week beginning September 27 and ending October 2 will see the first exhibition held by the commission made up jointly of men appointed by the Farmers association, the city council and the local government. The prize list amounting to \$18,000 has been adopted. Any money prizes open to the competition of the world. The commission will try all it can to obtain many of the various side show attractions which have proved so strong a factor in fairs in other places.

The commission has had a tremendous fight to secure a site. Not so much to secure "a site," as to obtain control of the site on which they had set their hearts. This was the location which, good in other respects, was pre-eminently fitted for a race track, and a race track the commission made up their minds they would have. The legislative council made a sort of ambiguous amendment to the expropriation bill which throws some doubt on the legality of holding horse races during the fair while clearly prohibiting this except when the exhibition is on. The specialists may therefore be introduced at the exhibition, not of horse races, but of events which may be described in some such way as this: "Horses which are said to be able to trot a mile in 2 30 will be tested at a certain hour. More than one horse will be tested at the same time. The public will be admitted to the test at 50 cents each." This may be something the way the commission will have to advertise their horse races on account of "the old ladies" in the upper chamber of the provincial legislature. As an illustration—the commission call that horse racing enthusiast, Ald. McAlriddle their speed judge.

With the exception of this race track amendment the commission came out of the site fight completely victorious. The old expropriation proceedings were found faulty by the supreme court and the community was almost bowled out, when Attorney General Langley introduced a new act which specially expropriated the land required, the passage of the act being rendered more easy by the quiet little secret mission of Alderman Redden and Engineer Doane to Montreal to see President Gault of the Dominion Cotton mills company. Lawyer Harrington made a good fight for himself and his clients, but these have to go before the omnipotence of the provincial parliament and the influence of the exhibition commission.

They Deny all Rumors.

HALIFAX, March, 18.—The rumor of delocalizations in one or two societies in this city by a certain member or members and ex-officers thereof have been the talk of the town this week. St. Mary's young men's society members deny that any such sum as \$2,000 has been taken or indeed that anything is gone, but many of them say that no one knows how the matter really stands. In the Charitable Irish society it is understood a promise has been made to return the couple of hundred dollars in question, while in the case of the estate talked about it is a matter for the parties themselves to settle as best they can. It is pleasing to know that St. Vincent de Paul Society has lost nothing. It is hoped that the statements made that everything will come out right in the other societies shall prove true, both for the sake of the accused and for the societies themselves. Let the best be looked for.

MR. BURTON'S RETURN.

HE LEFT HERE LAST YEAR BUT DECIDED TO COME BACK.

When Detective Ring Impressed Upon Him the Necessity of Doing so—He was Very Popular With the Boys and Spent Money Freely in Different Ways.

Horace G. Burton a former resident of this city who found it convenient to leave for other fields in September last, is again with us. He returned on Wednesday last; not of his own accord 'tis true, but as a result of the great persuasive powers of Detective John Ring, which are very effective—especially when backed up by a warrant for arrest, as in this case.

Burton, who is in the vicinity of 35 years of age, came to this city a few years ago from Toronto Ont. and entered the employ of Messrs P. F. Collier & Co. the great New York publishing house as their confidential St. John agent. He was rather an attractive man, possessed of a very genial disposition, and as he was not afraid to spend a few dollars he soon became popular with the "boys." In addition to being popular he was a first class salesman and under his direction Messrs Collier's New Brunswick trade increased wonderfully. As he was paid a commission on all business done at this branch, besides his fixed salary, it will at once be seen that the increase of business also served to increase Mr. Burton's private purse to an appreciable extent. For a time all went well; business kept good and Collier & Co. were delighted with their clever clerk. The business was too quiet to suit Burton's tastes, however; he wanted excitement and he started in to get it as best he could.

After awhile one of the book-keepers in the head office of the company, in some manner discovered that sales to the amount of \$1800 which had been made in the St. John districts had not been accounted for. This aroused suspicion and an auditor was called in to examine Burton's accounts. As a result of the examination it was shown that in addition to the \$1800 Burton had taken \$340 sent to him from New York with which to pay the salaries of agents etc. and had appropriated it to his own use. The method of Burton's peculations was in itself peculiar. At first he embezzled small sums, not more than a few dollars at a time but as his needs became greater his appropriations proportionately increased. This was the existing condition of affairs on September 11th 1896. On that day Burton received a large cheque from the head office to be used in paying salaries; of this amount he pocketed \$529 49 which was sufficient to keep him going for a short time longer; one week later, came another cheque and this time the erring clerk had \$107 88. On Sept. 25th another check was received and again was Burton's exchequer enriched by \$180.72. As soon as his latest speculations became known Burton left the city. Messrs Collier & Co. were indemnified for their loss by the American Guarantee Company which supplied the necessary security for Burton. It was decided however that the embezzler should be made an example of, and acting together the Guarantee company and Messrs Collier & Co., hired detectives and put them on his track. From this city he was traced to Montreal but managed to elude the police of Canada's metropolis and crossed the border to the United States, bringing up at Cleveland Ohio. Ere long he discovered that he had been tracked to Cleveland, Ohio, and left there going to Sandusky. His stay in that city was short and much against his will, and he was obliged to seek a new field of labor. He then returned to Toronto where he for a time conducted an Employment Bureau. The police however were on the lookout for him and captured him. News of his arrest was wired to this city and Detective Ring was sent to bring him back. The detective and his prisoner left Montreal on Tuesday morning and arrived here the following day. Burton did not appear at all uneasy and is confident he can prove his innocence of all the charges lodged against him.

A Popular Clergyman.

HALIFAX, March 18.—The list of popular ministers in Halifax has changed within the past couple of months. A new star has come among us, and now the quartette is Rev. D. Hague, Rev. A. Gardier, Rev. F. H. Wright and Rev. Wm. Dobson. The last named is the star. He has not asked for any advertisement of this kind,

and perhaps would not like it; while perhaps he would. Anyway he is getting it, for when a man comes to one of the largest churches which under its former pastor, was never more than half filled, and in a couple of months makes such a reputation that it is every Sunday evening crowded to overflowing then he should have the benefit of the outside public knowing it. Such is what Rev. Mr. Dobson has done in Grafton street Methodist church, and he of right becomes one of "the big ministerial four" of Halifax.

THEIR CIVIC DIFFICULTIES.

Way Alderman Naddy O'Donnell Voted for the License.

HALIFAX, March 18.—According to the standard set up by Alderman Hubble there is only one "temperance" man in the city council, and that is himself. He is the only man who did not vote for some liquor license or other. Even Alderman Creighton was found voting for licenses once in a while at Monday's meeting, and what was equally strange—Alderman O'Donnell voted for two licenses in succession. By the way, an interesting feature of Ald. O'Donnell's vote for Major and Crockett's licenses is said to be the reason it was given. The story goes that it was made conditional for the support of those men for one of the candidates in a coming aldermanic contest that the alderman should vote for the granting of these licenses. This being the case the city fathers who were posted in the little transaction took a lot of delight in putting Alderman O'Donnell clearly on record, when "names" were called for.

Ald. Hubble and O'Donnell generally manage to vote together but there were signs of disruption on Monday, for the two colleagues fell early apart on one occasion, and on another also. Foster and Hubble failed very materially to see eye to eye.

The practical result of the meeting of the council was that licenses never before were so easily granted. The temperance people became tired after two sessions of the council and stayed away. The liquor men were not so readily played out and were there in force. Consequently it was as easy as rolling off a log to get a license. Aldermen who voted the orthodox temperance way at a former meeting, under the eye of temperance workers, when that gaze was removed, yielded to their filibustering tendencies and voted the licenses through without even winking. Ald. Hamilton, it seems, was quite right when he talked as he did on this peculiarity of some of the city fathers at the recent "temperance conference."

HOW THEY GOT THE LIQUOR.

Mr. McIntyre and Townshend Tell How the Officers got a Bottle of Ale.

Editor PROGRESS:—With your permission we desire to explain through your columns the dismissal of police officers Thorne and McConnell, at least to explain how it was that they secured liquor at our wholesale licensed premises on Nelson street last Saturday night.

On Saturday night last one of our employees, as usual, went to the warehouse to attend to fires for the night. The police officers seeing a light in the warehouse tried the door and finding it open walked in and, when they were in there they were handed a bottle of ale. In giving ale to the police officers our employee violated his instructions; as time and again he had been told that all the provisions of our wholesale license were to be carefully observed and that the Law was to be violated in no particular whatever.

Under the provisions of the Liquor License Act the action of our employee as described above made us violators of the Act and when a charge was made against us at the police court there was nothing for us to do but to plead guilty and pay the fine imposed, although as a matter of fact we were in no way responsible or to blame for the action of an employee who contrary to our positive instructions had committed the act which made us violators of the law. Our object has always been to observe the regulations in every particular and we greatly regret this unfortunate occurrence for which we are, not responsible except as principal of the agent who did the illegal act.

MCMINTYRE & TOWNSEND,
ST. JOHN MARCH 17, 1897.

On the Board of Control, Council, Police, Fire, Waterworks, Dredge, etc.

Thousands Suffering from

COUGHS and COLDS!

No Use Experimenting....

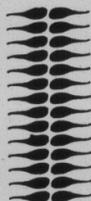
And wasting precious time with this or that remedy. You want the BEST. Be sure you get it.

Don't Lose Time.....

At the start. The cold won't. Let it be a fight from the beginning. The weapon you need for speedy victory is

HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY

TESTIMONIALS from people you know. A record of thirty years of success. The best remedy.



CURES Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs. Pleasant to taste. Soothing and healing.

Hawker's Liver Pills

Will Greatly Assist....

the Balsam in breaking up a cold. They will regulate the system and aid in reducing the feverish tendencies. They are purely vegetable. They do not gripe.

PILLS, 25c. per Box.

LA GRIPPE.....

now so prevalent, will yield quickly to the combined power of Hawker's Pills and Hawker's Balsam. Take them according to directions, and take them now.

BALSAM, 25c. and 50c. per Bottle.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS:

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The musical events of the week up to the date of the present writing, and, indeed the musical events of importance for some time past, were the concerts of Harrison's orchestra at the Opera house on Monday and Tuesday evenings last. Were the programme supplied by the orchestra, as such, perhaps, musically speaking, it would not be very different from other concerts they have given, but Miss Ollie Torbett, the young, well known and clever violinist with the Luttman quintette had been engaged for the occasions and supplied additional charm. Miss Torbett always delights her audiences with her gracefulness and skill in instrumentation, by her modest and unpretentious demeanour and by her sweet graciousness in recognizing the demands of her hearers in their desire for more. She played with almost wonderful smoothness an andante and Scherzo Capriccioso by David followed by "The Swance River" with much effect and the desire to hear every tone produced was so great that an absolute stillness pervaded the house, broken only by the sweet tones of the violin, and the piano accompaniment, skillfully supplied by Miss Lucie B. Mawson, the pianist of the company. In the second part of the programme Miss Torbett played a Fantasia on Swedish Folksongs, which introduced the air "I've left my snowclad hills etc." The Luttman quintette sang admirably well together and it is in their ensemble singing they are so successful, because outside of the leading basso and possibly Mr. Erikson there is nothing of any special value in their solo voices. By the way, too, the first tenor part was doubled, and the music they supplied was quartette singing. Their best piece it seemed to me was the serenade by Kjeralf.

The Fisk Jubilee singers give two concerts in the opera house so near the end of the week as to preclude the possibility of further notice at this time. Their work is already not unfamiliar to many musical people in this city. They have always heretofore given abundant satisfaction, and as I observe on their list of singers the names of those who have sung well on past occasions. I presume the high standard of their past work will be retained, if not surpassed, in their present visit.

The Chicago Marine band with Miss Sibyl Sammis as soprano soloist, will be the next thing in order on the 25 inst. Apropos of Miss Sammis and to satisfy many enquirers as to what kind of a singer the lady is, it may be well here to inform readers of PROGRESS that a description of the lady's voice and method will be found in another column in this department.

Prof. L. W. Titus' annual complimentary concert is rather more than three weeks distant in the future but it is even now being much considered and especially with reference to the fact that Miss Mary Louise Clary who is said to be the greatest alto in the United States is to take part in the programme.

Tones and Undertones.

Madame Emma Eames, the prima donna, has so far recovered from her late illness as to permit her removal from her New York hotel to Port Chester, where she will remain during her convalescence.

Isidore de Lara's new opera "Moina" was produced at the Monte Carlo Theatre on the 11th inst.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will give an autumn season at Covent garden in London this year beginning in October next.

Madame Nordica has agreed with Mr. Damsch to appear in three operas under his management in "Stigfried," "Tristan and Isolde" and "Lohengrin." Herr Kraus will sing with her.

Rosenthal has cancelled all his engagements in America for this season. He will shortly return to Europe and next fall will come back and make the tour which his illness prevented this time.

Some London, Eng., admirers of Wagner are considering a plan for the erection of a theatre on the Bayreuth model, in the suburbs of the English metropolis.

Madame Melba will not return to the United States and the Metropolitan Opera Company this season. Her health is not as satisfactory as was hoped for by her return to Europe. This she wires to M. Grau and it is confirmed by a message from Madame Marchesi her former teacher. At least this describes the latest phase of the situation.

Miss Marie Zahn, of the Castle Square opera company, Boston, and who was a member of the Gilbert opera company when she first came to this city a couple of years since, has been invited to sing a new ballad entitled "When I have a home of my own."

Miss Clara Lane of the Castle Square opera company, Boston, is the wife of J. K. Murray of the same company. Their home is in Waltham, Mass., where they have three little children who welcome them every Saturday evening.

Madame Nordica will appear as Elsa in the Grand opera in Paris on 12th April next. She sails for Europe on the 31st inst.

"Tannhauser" is the opera that is being given in Boston this week by the Castle Square company and the title role is being done by Payne Clark and Martin Pache. Marie Zahn is in the cast of the principals as the shepherd.

Mrs. Marie Harrison recently sang an aria from La Traviata at a concert given in Paris by Madame Marchesi's pupils.

Miss Eva G. Coleman a gifted and young American soprano soloist, who received an ovation at Carnegie Hall a few weeks ago, is lying dangerously ill at Albany, N. Y. She has been obliged to send a substitute to fill her position in the choir of the Bloomingdale Reformed church.

A new Easter anthem, entitled "Easter Morn" has just been completed by Miss Edith Rowena Noyes. Another entitled "From Gloom to Glory" has been written by Adam Geibel.

Mrs. Vanderwever Green, who is a former pupil of Marchesi, recently sang at the Caledonian choir concert in Toronto, Canada.

Miss Marie Donavin is the name of the soprano soloist now on tour with Victor Herbert's famous Twenty-second regiment band. A critical notice of her voice and her work says, "she freighted her frail voice and temperament too heavily with the dramatic content of Ah! fors e lui. She is nevertheless a young singer with an extremely pretty and pure, high soprano voice, well trained to coloratura work and emitted with evenness and ease. The texture of the instrument is extremely slight, but the quality is refined and musical."

Something about Miss Sibyl Sammis the soprano who appears with the Chicago Marine band in this city next week will be of interest to all musical readers. A notice of this lady written in a critical vein says, "Miss Sibyl Sammis who possesses a high mezzo-soprano voice, and who vocalizes with much facility showed some sterling artistic endowment. She sings with ease but the natural silvery lustre of her voice is blurred by throatiness in spots. This deserves attention. The young lady also needs more repose. She sung with an impetuosity which if not the result of extreme nervousness should be curbed. But this young girl has a good voice, emitted freely and has a remarkable fluency and correctness of florid work. She was well received and encored."

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

A play to which the name "Change Alley" has been given and which is founded on the South Sea Bubble is said to have been decided upon for the opening of the Lyceum (N. Y.) theatre season of 1897-98. The piece is by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson.

Tyrone Power who was here with "The Texan" and who introduced Edith Crane (more recently successful as Trilby) to a St. John audience is now a member of Augustin Daly's (New York) Company.

Olga Nethersole's New York engagement will begin on Monday evening next at the Garden theatre with a production of "Carmen." It is scarcely necessary to add that a new man has been secured to play Jose. Nathaniel Hartwig is the name of this season's victim.

On Monday evening next at the Empire theatre (N. Y.) the play "Under the Red Robe" will have reached its one hundredth performance. This is the play in the cast of which the St. John favorite Will S. Harkins is playing.

It is announced that for next season the

American tragedian Thomas W. Keene will add "King John" to his repertoire.

There are hints of trouble at the Lyceum theatre London, Eng., and it is said that Ellen Terry may appear in another house "in conjunction with a younger actor manager."

"Never again" is the name of a farce from the French by Maurice Desvallieres and Antony Mars that was produced at the Garrick, N. Y., last week. It is said to be "Forbidden Fruit" over again with change of name and characters.

The widow of the late Nelson Wheatcroft the actor, will continue the Empire Theatre Dramatic school in succession to her deceased husband. Mrs. Wheatcroft was formerly Miss Adelaide Stanhope, an actress of much talent.

Edward E. Rose the first manager of the Castle Square theatre, Boston, has acquired control of the Grand Opera house in that city and assumed the management last Monday.

The largest run that Julia Marlowe and Robert Faber, her husband, ever played in New York is in "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" which will close in that city next week.

A recent Brooklyn paper says "Lent is bringing some of the finest plays of the season to Brooklyn." Among their productions are "Rosemary" with John Drew and Maude Adams; "Spiritism" "Heartsease" with Henry Miller as star, and other less successful pieces.

Miss Miriam O'Leary (now Mrs. Collins), a former Boston Museum favorite, but who has been off the stage since her marriage a few years ago, will reappear with some professional friends at the Hollis theatre, Boston, on the afternoon of the 20th. April next, in a production of "The Two Orphans." The proceeds are for a most deserving charitable object.

Mr. Bancroft, the retired English actor, by his public reading of Dickens' Christmas Carol has made over \$15,000 this season for English hospitals.

Trilby had to be altered in Vienna because of the anti-semitic agitation. Svengali is made up as a Hungarian gypsy band leader.

"Admirable Guinea" is the name of a new melodrama by Robert Louis Stevenson and William Ernest Henley, which is to be one of the first plays produced in London next fall.

There was a riot in the Grand theatre at Marseilles, France, a short time ago because a number of women refused to take off their big hats.

"77" FOR GRIP

"Afraid-of-a-Cold."

The wise man at this time of the year gives much thought to overcoats, over-shoes and umbrellas and other things, which insure safety in spite of changes in the weather. Among the other things is a vial of Humphreys' "77" for colds, in the pocket.

They find that other preventive measures may be forgotten—that mistakes may be made about the weather—that exposure is often unavoidable, but "77" in the pocket meets all emergencies.

A certain proportion of the people are always afraid of catching Cold or Grip. The usual line of treatment prescribed by them is that early spoken injunction "take care of themselves." Circumstances are not always favorable or following this good advice—something more is wanted and it is found in "77". It is the only thing that these "afraid-of-cold" people can find, that will prevent Colds and Grip. "77" always breaks up stubborn Colds that "hang on."

Dr. Humphreys' Homeopathic Manual of Diseases at your Druggist or mailed Free. Sold by druggist, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for \$1.00. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John sts. New York.

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IN THE PARK.



When a person who knows nothing of bicycles desires to purchase a wheel the safest course to pursue is to talk it over with friends who already have wheels.

Any rider will usually swear by his wheel; but get under the surface—find out whether he really means it or seeks but to justify his judgment.

Ask where you will, of rider, dealer, mechanic—they will tell you the same story—Stearns bicycles are above criticism, possessing more general grace and desirable qualities, such as beautiful lines, stylish finish, lightness, yet perfect strength, ease of running, than any other bicycle.

Stearns riders are Stearns enthusiasts to the core. Send for illustrated Yellow Fellow Year Book.

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The Children's Organ-Grinder.

The Boston Herald tells a story of two little children living near Boston and their own special organ man. Every Friday afternoon the Italian appears under their nursery window, and just as regularly two blond heads bob up, and little hands are waved in recognition.

After several visits of this North End troubadour, the small audience made acquaintance with him, and would tell him to play this or that tune, and ask all about himself and his family.

Had he any little boys and girls? Why, yes, indeed. And then the children enlisted mama's good-will, and nice cookies were sent to the organ man's little boy, and after a while bundles of clothing and toys were waiting for the man; and all were received with the warmest of thanks.

On the day after Christmas, when the organ began to tunc up, the children were still in the midst of their holiday, but everything was dropped to welcome the Italian, and to give him his share of Santa Claus's bounty.

Then the poor fellow, in his turn, handed out a letter which his wife had sent to the children and their mother, thanking them in the quaintest terms for all their goodness. She could not write herself, the letter said, but her son was writing it for her, and she hoped every blessing would come to such kind people, who had made them all so happy.

It was a most touching epistle, though a good deal soiled and almost illegible; and its unexpectedness was not the least part of the pleasure that it gave the two children.

A discolored, faded or gray beard does not appear tidy, but may be made so by Buckingham's Dye for whiskers, which colors an even brown or black.

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RICHARD A. MCCURDY PRESIDENT STATEMENT For the year ending December 31 1896 According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

Table with columns for RECEIVED, DISBURSEMENTS, and ASSETS. RECEIVED: Received for Premiums \$39,393,414.20; From all other sources 19,104,281.07; Total \$58,497,695.27. DISBURSEMENTS: To Policy-holders for Claims by Death \$12,595,113.39; To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc. 12,542,456.11; For all other Accounts 10,781,005.61; Total \$35,918,575.11. ASSETS: United States Bonds and other Securities \$110,125,082.15; First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage 71,543,929.56; Loans on Stocks and Bonds 11,091,253.00; Real Estate 22,767,066.65; Cash in Banks and Trust Companies 12,630,390.00; Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc. 6,535,555.06; Total \$234,744,148.43.

Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities 205,010,633.72; Surplus 29,733,514.70; Insurance and Annuities in force \$918,698,248.45. I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department. CHARLES A. FREELER Auditor. From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

ROBERT A. GRANNISS Vice-President; WALTER R. GILLETTE General Manager; ISAAC F. LEVY ad Vice-President; FREDERICK CROWWELL Treasurer; EMORY McCLINTOCK Actuary; J. A. JOHNSON General Agent for Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland, WILKINSON, etc.

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HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale at the new stand and at the following news stands and centres.

- C. S. DUFFY, Brunswick street
- HARRISON & CO., Barrington street
- DAVIDSON STREET, 111 Hollis street
- LAKE & CONNELL, George street
- POWERS & THOMAS, Opp. I. C. B. Depot
- CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
- J. G. KLINE, Gortland street
- H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
- J. W. ALEX, Dartmouth N. S.

The Fisk jubilee singers were well patronized at the Academy last week. General and Mrs. Most gentry-Moore and party, Colonel North and many other officers of the garrison were among the audience. The negro melodies as sung by the company are quiet and well worth hearing, the voices blending in perfect harmony, but in the more modern music they were not quite so happy in their results. The "Laughing Chorus," which was given as an encore, was splendidly done and had to be repeated.

An individual piano recital was given last week at the Conservatory of Music by Miss Anna Fyche, assisted by Miss Muriel Blakemore, whose singing of Buck's "Suzee" was very enjoyable. Those individual piano recitals are looked for with a very large amount of interest. Their preparation requires so much application as well as talent on the part of the pianist that a very small minority of the students attain to this distinction. Miss Fyche is to be congratulated upon a very creditable rendition of a difficult programme. The two Wagner Lizzo numbers were a prodigious task in themselves, but Miss Fyche proved herself equal to the occasion. The recital show to be held on the 22nd inst, at 66 Hollis street, will be an attraction not only for the little ones, but for children of a larger growth. To examine the beautiful specimens of military and dressmaking will be in itself a liberal education in those mysteries, and what shall we say for the fortunate ones able to possess one of the exquisitely dressed dolls to be sold on that occasion. The collection, though necessarily small one, will include great variety of costume, and will form a feast of color and an object lesson to those interested in this most eclectic of all shows. Tea, etc., etc., will also be for sale and afford refreshment to the weary ones. The show will begin at 3 o'clock and the small sum of 10 cents will entitle any one to admission. A few fancy articles will be for sale.

Miss Sybil Sammie, a Chicago singer whose voice is said to resemble that of Mrs. Scatchell, will sing the "Pax's Song," from Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," at Brooks' band concert, March 25th. There will be three evening and two matinee performances. Almost unbounded enthusiasm has been evinced for Brooks' band in the large cities of the States. Although their music is principally of a popular order, their work bears such a musical stamp that it has been declared equal to "the mellow effect of symphony orchestras."

Mons. Bernhard Walter, who is now on the staff of the London Oratorio Society of Music, was playing in Toronto last Tuesday for the Caledonian choir. Mrs. Van der Veer Green, who was a member of Alban's first concert company here, sang at the same concert.

A novel entertainment is in course of preparation by about thirty young ladies under the direction of Miss O'Connell to be given in O'Connell's hall at an early date. Dances and music will be the attraction, but such dances! First will be the Grecian cymbal dance, somewhat similar to the exhibition given at the Nauvoo Fair last summer. The other dance to be given has never been seen in Halifax—the Swedish national dance in the costume of Scandinavia. The Grecian dance will be by twenty ladies in the garb of old Athens, and the contrast when the Norwegian and Swedish traditional dress is seen in the dances of that nationality by night led as will be striking. The dance itself, when done as it should be, is said to be extraordinarily taking. The musical part of the programme will be provided by Mrs. Kennedy Campbell, Professor Siebels, Geo. E. Beak and others.

A very large and pleasant "at home" was given on Thursday afternoon of last week by Mrs. Robert Beak. Everything was beautifully arranged and done, and a great number of guests were present. There was a small euchre party given on the same evening, and the poker party which is, like the poor, always with us, has raged every night this week. Some ladies have relinquished cards during Lent, but the man who has done so is yet to be heard from.

NEW GLASGOW.

[PROGRESS is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. H. Henderson.]

MAR 17.—The induction of Rev. W. M. Thompson of Durham into the charge of new St. Andrew's took place on Monday evening in new St. Andrew's church. A large number of ministers and people were present, and the church was beautifully decorated with plants and flowers. Rev. Mr. Penman preached the sermon, Rev. Mr. Falconer of Pictou read the induction ceremony, after which the members of the Pictou presbytery came forward and welcomed Mr. Thompson. Rev. Mr. Archibald then addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Tufts of Stellarton the people. The choir sang an anthem suitable for the occasion and the congregation had an opportunity of meeting their new minister at the close of the service.

Mrs. John Underwood gave another of those delightful ladies "knitting parties" to a number of her lady friends on Thursday evening. Those present were, Mrs. E. McNeil, Mrs. T. Cantley, Mrs. B. Meikle, Mrs. F. Marshall, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Geo. Douglas, Mrs. Fisher Grant, Mrs. J. Reid Miller, Mrs. Heywood MacGregor, Mrs. J. G. Graham, Mrs. Dr. Keith, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. J. Graham, Miss Chipman, Mrs. J. S. Fraser, Miss Laura MacGregor, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Forrest McKay, Mrs. J. McGillivray, Miss Tupper, Mrs. George, Mrs. Jessie McPherson, Mrs. Geo. Underwood.

Mrs. James Macpherson entertained her lady friends from four to six o'clock Friday afternoon. Mrs. Macpherson's table has been distinguished the last two years has remained.

Baby's Own Soap

IS NOT, as most soaps, made from "soap fat," the refuse of the kitchen or the abattoir.

VEGETABLE OILS supply the necessary ingredients—one of the reasons why it should be used in nurseries and for delicate skins.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

The masquerade carnival on Friday evening at West Side rink, was well attended. A large number of skaters were on the ice all in costume and wearing masks, and a general air of mystery pervaded until about 9:30 o'clock, when the unmasking of the different characters caused a great deal of fun and surprise. The well dressed Mac-mac Squares proved to be Miss Annie McKay, the young lady in black velvet and swansdown, a Study in Black and White, Miss Florence Bailey, the Gay Saltwater, Miss Bessie Fraser, Scullaron, the Knight of the Old Time, Mr. Srd. Howe; Erasmus, Mrs. John Underwood; Little Boy and Little Girl, Mr. Bob McGregor and Miss J. McColl; Mr. Jim Munro made a splendid Knight of the Seventeenth Century; Miss Jean Fraser, Red Witch; Miss Missy Fraser, The Gypsy Countess; Mrs. T. G. Fraser, Red Riding Hood; Mrs. J. McDonald, Mother Goose; Mr. Row ay, Turk; Mr. Geo. Fraser, Turk; Miss Kathleen Grant, What is It; and many others I cannot remember.

Mrs. John Underwood entertained a number of the skaters after the carnival with hot supper, dancing and ice cream.

Miss Annie Hyndman is very ill with pleurisy. Miss Argie Chambers entertained a number of friends on Thursday evening with cards and dancing. Those present were: Misses Ian and Jessie MacKay, J. Douglas, J. Graham, Harriet Graham, Margaret Mala (Amber), Anne Fraser, Sadie Fraser, Minnie McGregor, Bessie Carruthers, Millie Wright, Sarah Fraser, Clara Smith, Alice Best, Messrs. Wendall Graham, W. Cameron, T. McDonald, H. McKinnon, F. Sutherland, A. Douglas, Stuart Carruthers, B. Cameron, Clyde Fraser, R. Chambers, Russell Fraser.

Miss Clara Smith entertained a large party of young friends very pleasantly on Tuesday evening. Dancing and games were the chief amusements. Those present were: Misses Bessie and Jessie McKay, Kathleen Grant, Flossy and Kitty McGregor, Bessie and Nellie McLivray, Bessie O'Neil, Myr the Bailey, Lily MacLeod, Minnie McGregor, Bessie Roy, Margaret Allan, Jessie Douglas, Agnes Chambers, Fannie Roy, Harriet Graham, Bessie Carruthers, Sadie Fraser, Jennie Eastwood, Margaret Mala, Dalmeny and Ora Miller, Sadie Fraser, Alice Best, Messrs. George Moore, Frank and Harry Sutherland, H. McKinnon, W. McKinnon, J. Meikle, H. McNeil, W. McNeil, W. Graham, S. Carruthers, A. Douglas, J. Doug as, P. Fraser, T. McDonald, W. Chisholm, G. McKay, R. Fraser, F. Rice, B. Fraser, T. McDonald, R. Chambers.

WINDSOR.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.]

MAR 17.—Mr. E. H. Dimock and Miss Blanche McLatchy were quietly married at the home of the bride's father Mr. Robt McLatchy on Wednesday March 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Dimock returned from a short wedding trip to St. John on Wednesday evening of last week. The bicycle club of which Mr. Dimock is an active member gave them a loud serenade the evening of their home coming. Mrs. Dimock is "at home" in her pretty new house on Albert Street this week.

Hon. M. H. Goudge was in Halifax for a few days last week.

Mr. J. A. Forsyth has returned to Bos on after a weeks vacation, spent with her mother in town.

Mrs. Jamieson is visiting friends in Annapolis this week.

Mr. Wm O'Brien was in Halifax last Saturday. Miss Florence Shand has returned from a pleasant visit with her friend Mrs. Crowell in Bridgetown.

Anæmia means "want of blood," a deficiency in the red corpuscles of the blood. Its cause is found in want of sufficient food, dyspepsia, lack of exercise or breathing impure air. With it is a natural repugnance to all fat foods. Scott's Emulsion is an easy food to get fat from and the easiest way of taking fat. It makes the blood rich in just those elements necessary to robust health, by supplying it with red corpuscles.

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OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Miss Cunningham who has been the guest of Mrs John W. Blanchard for a few weeks returned home on Saturday.

Mr. E. Paulin was in Halifax for a day or so last week.

Miss Jessie Kilcup has returned from her trip to Montreal.

Mr. J. A. Woodworth was in Kenville for a day last week.

Rev. A. A. Shaw was in Truro over Sunday while in Truro he occupied one of the baptist pulpits preaching at both services.

Mr. W. H. Blanchard was in Halifax on Monday the 16th.

Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard's many friends are pleased to hear that she has recovered from rather a severe attack of "La grippe".

Miss Grace McCallum returned on Saturday from spending a couple of weeks in Wolfville.

Mr. Wesley Dimock of Lunenburg is spending a few days in town this week.

Miss Cummins of Loadonderry who has been visiting Mrs. I. Fred Carver, returned home last week.

Mr. Mr. Dawson was called to Tryon, P. E. I. this week on account of the death of his mother which event took place on Monday.

The Fisk Jubilee singers who visited Windsor on Thursday last week were greeted by a crowded house. The programme which was a good one was very highly enjoyed by the large audience nearly every selection being encored. Those who did not hear the singers are feeling decidedly "out of it."

Mr. Chas. B. Canning of Amherst is in town for a few days the guest of Mrs. B. P. Shaw.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Curry were in Dartmouth on Monday and Tuesday of this week guests of Mrs. L. C. Stewart.

Miss Alice Lawson has returned from a visit to Rockingham.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.]

MAR 17.—Mrs. C. C. Gregory, Antigonish was a guest at the "Prince of Wales," last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Chisholm Moncton, are guests of their relatives at the Lermont.

The evening given to the whist club and a few others, by Mrs. J. H. McKay last Thursday was the pleasantest in this connection enjoyed this winter. Mrs. McKay's drawing room, with its beautifully waxed floor, affords the best possible facility for dancing and with good music it is need less to say the game was thoroughly enjoyed, and well into the small hours. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Tait, J. Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Waring New York, Misses Lilla and Ida Snook, L. Rodin, M. Tabor, M. Bigelow, L. Cummings, M. Snook, Misses Bligh, Misses Thomas, Messrs. G. A. Hall, W. P. McKay, F. L. Murray, W. A. Spencer, W. MacEwan, W. A. Fitch, Dr. Black, F. Snook, G. H. Willard, H. V. Bigelow, J. Crowe, L. Crowe.

There were two very pleasant snow shoe tramps this week. On Monday night Miss Bigelow entertained a large party of friends in this way; the park of course and is a charming prospect, was the favorite ground. The appetizing supper provided by Mrs. Bigelow was thoroughly enjoyed on the return to the house. An impromptu dance concluded this most pleasant evening. Among the small number present, beside the hosts party were: Misses Margaret and Anna Leckie, Misses Bligh, Messrs. G. A. Hall, G. H. Williams, Cotton, F. L. Murray.

The benefit concert last Thursday evening in the Opera house, was a complete success. It was a large audience and one thoroughly appreciative. The opening number, a Phantasia in C minor, Mozart, was exquisitely rendered, and thoroughly

enjoyed. The soloists were all in especial good voice. Trice, quartettes and quintettes, all found favour with an audience thoroughly in sympathy. Mr. Carruthers a gentleman always welcome to a Truro audience, was in a particularly happy vein, and forced to respond to hearty encores. The orchestra under Mr. W. A. Fitch, surpassed itself, and Truroites only regret its rare appearances. M. Best Vernon is home from Dalhousie college and confined to the house with an attack of pneumonia. Frs.

PARSBOBO.

PROGRESS is for sale at Parsboro Book Store.

MAR 17.—Parsboro's "four hundred" with few exceptions are confined to their houses with more or less severe attacks of influenza so that even if there were not the Lenten season social functions to record there would be none. As many of the Literary club as were able to be out met last evening at Mrs. John's Corbett's. The absorbing question of woman suffrage is being hotly discussed in the club at present.

Rev. G. Atkinson Smith of Neil's Harbor arrived here yesterday.

Quite a number of persons went to Springhill by the special train last evening to attend the band concert in the skating rink.

Mrs. Alloway who has been the guest of Mrs. Robert Alkman returned home to Springhill on Monday.

Mrs. C. R. Reid is visiting friends in Pictou.

A new enterprise The Parsboro Record, a new little paper of opposite politics to the Leader has lately been started by Mr. Conolly.

Mr. G. Wallace of St. John spent Sunday in town.

Mr. McMurray whose mother died last week at Smezz has returned to Parsboro.

Rev. H. A. McLean spent part of last week at Truro.

MANLE'S EARLY Thoroughbred POTATO.

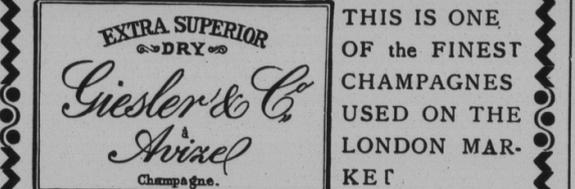
The Greatest Cropper The Finest Flavor

I raised 569 pounds, or over 3 1/2 barrels, from one pound in year 1896. JOHN H. KING, Smith's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

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FULL SIZE. Extra Good Cotton. Yoke front and back; Sailor Collar trimmed with hamburg. Cuffs trimmed with hamburg.

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Money received for investment in the General Trust Fund, at four per cent. in interest, withdrawable on demand.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Messrs. Ralph Thibault, and at the bookstore of G. S. Wall...

Grand II - Society has been very quiet since the Grand Old Festival, which so engrossed the attention...

The ladies and gentlemen who enjoyed the house party at De Monts hotel, under the chaperonage of Mrs. James Mitchell and Mrs. Frank Woods...

Mrs. Harris gave her annual ball for children in the Grand Army hall last evening. The dancing was as pretty and graceful as at previous balls...

Hon. James Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell returned from Fredericton last evening, and are most cordially welcomed home again by their friends.

Mrs. George W. Lord has returned from a pleasant visit in Waterville with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Johnson.

Rev. H. B. Woods is visiting in Calais his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Woods.

Among the visitors in Washington, D. C., during the past inauguration festivities were Mrs. E. D. Pike, Mrs. Frederic Clayton and Miss Louise King...

Mr. George H. Clark is visiting friends in Boston. Colonel W. B. King's friends will be glad to hear he is gradually recovering from his illness...

Mr. E. M. Stacy of Waterville, Maine, has been in town recently on a business trip. Miss Ethel Harrison arrived from Fredericton last night to spend a few days with her sister Miss Daisy Harrison.

Miss Kate Stevens returned from Woodstock on Saturday after a pleasant visit of several weeks with her friend Miss Brown.

Mr. J. L. Thompson Jr. has arrived from Danforth, Maine, and will spend a week with his parents Mr. and Mrs. James L. Thompson.

Hon. George F. Hill has returned from Fredericton. The Misses Lot and Saddle Borden are spending a week or two visiting friends in Dorchester.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson of Madocan, accompanied by their daughter, are visiting Mrs. Dermir of Botsford street.

Miss Alice Rippey who has been spending a few days with friends in St. John, returned home last night.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. and Mrs. W. B. Dwyer, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. Stiles, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Manser, Mrs. Burpee, Miss G. Augheron, Miss M. Angerton, Miss Stoddard, Miss Jordan, Miss E. Jordan, Miss Huntly, Miss Foster, Miss G. Augheron, Miss Munro, Miss Hume, Messrs. J. Manser, J. S. Bailey, C. Nell, F. Hay, J. Chisholm, W. Williams, Clark, Lee, G. Gibson, J. Hugh, Boudin, T. Beardsley, Lorne, LaB. Mibbled J. Fivellings.

Miss Alice Bull returned from Andover last Wed. night, having spent several weeks there the guest of her sister Mrs. Stovell Neale. Mrs. A. B. Bull returned from Casterville on Friday.

Miss Stevens returned to her home in St. Stephen last week. Miss Allerton returned to Fredericton last week. Dr. Chapman spent Sunday in St. John.

Rev. F. Todd left for his home in St. Stephen on Tuesday. Rev. Thomas Marshall returned to St. John on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Mabel Tapley is spending some weeks in St. John the guest of her uncle H. James Kelly. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Munro of Ficton N. S., spent a few days in Woodstock last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Murphy are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mr. B. F. McKay of the People's bank of Halifax arrived in Woodstock last week to fill a position in the bank here.

A party of young people drove out to Richmond corner on Tuesday evening where they were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Campbell at her father's residence. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Those present were, Miss Munro, Miss Henderson, Miss McAtee, Miss Maggie Ross, Miss McLean, Miss Stevenson, Miss Walker, Miss Mary Connell, Messrs. F. Hay, C. Nell, F. Blair, A. Connell, M. McLean, C. Moffat, J. Walker, and Williams.

Invitations are issued for a driving party on Thursday evening of this week. The party will be entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot Watson, Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Masie of Fredericton spent part of this week in Woodstock. The "O'Leary Turbett" Co. will give a concert in Woodstock on March 23th, in Graham's opera house. Lovers of music are anticipating a treat in this entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. James returned last week from a visit to St. John and Yarmouth N. S. ELAINE.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

MARCH 17 - A wedding in which many Moncton people will be interested, took place last Thursday at Smith's Falls, Ontario. The bride was Miss Florence Maley, daughter of Mr. George Maley of Kempville, Ont., and the groom Mr. Herbert Temple of Halifax. The ceremony took place in St. John's church of England at high noon and was performed by Rev. Don Nesbitt, assisted by the rector Rev. Rural C. P. Emercy. The church was filled with friends and relatives of the bride and her family, and was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride who looked charming was given away by her father, and attended by Miss Henderson of Montreal, as bridesmaid, Mr. Temple being supported by Mr. J. D. Frost of Halifax. After the ceremony the wedding party drove to the residence of Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Waggon, brother-in-law, as sister of the bride, where luncheon was served and a reception held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Temple left for Montreal, and other Canadian cities.

Mrs. Temple is a sister of Mrs. Grant Hall of this city, and is well and favorably known in Moncton where she has made many friends during frequent visits to her sister. Mr. Temple who is a brother of Mrs. J. Harry Watson of Moncton, and is also well known here; and the numerous friends of the bride and groom will join in wishing them every possible happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. David Watson of Montreal spent a few days in town last week, and were the guests of Mrs. Watson's aunt Mrs. Demer of Botsford street. Mrs. T. V. Cooke who has been spending the past month visiting friends in Montreal, Kingston, Quebec and other Canadian cities, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Hugh McKenzie C. E. of Cape Breton spent Saturday and Sunday in town the guest of his brother Mr. J. J. McKenzie of Botsford street. Mr. McKenzie left on Monday evening for Montreal to take a position with the Dominion Bridge company of this city.

Mrs. Grant Hall accompanied by her brother Mr. Miley and her little daughter left home last week for her former home in Smith's Falls Ont., to be present at the marriage of her sister Miss Maley. The many friends of Mr. Fred J. Walker of the Merchant's bank of Halifax, Backville, were glad to see him in town again last week. Mr. Walker spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Walker of this city.

RIDERS. OF HIGH GRADE WHEELS do not hesitate for a few dollars but usually look for special quality or features. Not only is the "King of Scorchers" Special Grade in quality, mostly hand finished and gauged, but it has more real improvements than any other cycles. Its patent bearings, with its special quality, make it worth \$15 more. While its 1897 feature, the DUPLEX TUBING, is alone worth \$10 more than any other cycle. Our cash price is \$110, but if you once ride or own one, no ordinary high grade wheel will do you. Send for our catalogue and investigate. Oiling once a season is sufficient, because it has absolute oil baths to each bearing. The wheels can be removed and replaced as often as desired without effecting the adjustment of bearings, because we have lock nuts to each bearing independent of the axle nuts. E. C Hill & Co, 101 Yonge St., Toronto, SOLE DOMINION AGENTS.

THE GREAT TWINS AND K.D.C. PILLS. Relieve and Cure The Great Twin Ills INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION. Write for samples, testimonials and guarantee. K. D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

THINGS OF VALUE. The "Hair spruce" is one of the most useful and beautiful evergreens in existence. The old Turner red raspberry is one of the best. In his VEGETABLE PILLS, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions, Female Pills are like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor. Dwarf oaks as garden ornaments are gaining in popularity. The Manettia vine likes a warm, sunny position. PARMEELE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carvell, Carwell & Co., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Meehan's Monthly tells that the monthly or ever-bearing strawberries, as a rule, have proved useless so far as a realization of a large and steady crop is concerned. Out of Berries - Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, irritated tongue, and general indigestion. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. This medicine cures constipation, is worth a pound of cure, and a little at a time at this point may save months of sickness and a large doctor's bill. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Professor Helges says Gloria Mundi is the largest apple known. You need not cough all night and die your four friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickie's Anti-Consumption Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, chest troubles, it promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

See: The Misses Brown usually sing duets, do they not? He: Yes; they divide the responsibility. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little kids. First artist: Where did Schuchwell get his artistic education? Second artist (savagely): At some school for mechanical drawing. -Gleaner and Tribune.

It is only necessary to read the testimonial to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator. Burbank is a California hybrid canna, with large reddish flowers. Money saved and pain relieved by the leading household remedy, Dr. HENRI'S EXTRACT OIL - a small quantity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut a bite or sprain, relieve lumbago, rheumatism, neuralgia, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast. The Princess of Wales is the queen of single violets.

Isaac Pitshand Shorthand. It is used by more writers than all other systems combined. It is the most up-to-date system, because the leading Shorthand inventors are employed in its revision and improvement. The "Shorthand Instructor" (part I, 50c, and part II, 75c), recently published, presents the latest developments of the Shorthand sciences. Send for them, and for catalogue of our Business and Shorthand course of study. S. KERR & SON.

Ike's Misinterpretation. Tourist - No doubt the stranger who called you a liar was badly perturbed when you freed him. Alkali like (who has been telling a reminiscence) - Wal, yes; but he was well enough to get out of bed, and leave the county in about two weeks. Linsed and Turpentine are every mother's household remedy for coughs, colds, throat and lung affections. Dr Chase has disguised the taste and made the remedy pleasant to take. Large bottle only 25c.

I believe there are enough who mean business to fill one good school. They are the ones I want. It is for that reason that we can give a thorough course in three months at a total cost of \$30 or less. You can learn by mail; circular free. Snell's College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line. AGENTS - "VICTORIA SIXTY YEARS A QUEEN" The book of the year. Over one hundred illustrations; elegant bindings; popular prices. Prospectus free to workers. Write quickly for particulars. - M. ROSE & SONS, Toronto.

QUEEN VICTORIA: HER LIFE and REIGN: great historic work, sells on sight to thousands. Lord Dufferin introduces it to Canadians in glowing words. Easy to make \$200 a week, some make twice that. Many make more in spare time than during day at regular employment. This year's great Sixtieth Anniversary Celebrations are booming it. Books on time. Prospectus free to canvassers. Territory going fast. THE BRADLEY GARDNER CO. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

A CHANCE! We offer for sale our COMPLETE MODERN STUDIO outfit, for making photos any size up to 8 x 10, almost new and everything first class. A chance for a Photographer or anyone wanting to start in a good paying business. To the latter we also give complete practical instruction in Modern Photography, by our methods; easy and simple for any one. Address the ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY COMPANY 94 Germain St., St. John, N. B.

WANTED Old established wholesale Horse waste one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWN 29, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the summer season. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our superior Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOED, 26 Front St. West, Montreal.

YOUR SPARE TIME. Men, women, to conduct business at home. Work is simple writing and copying lists of addresses received from local advertising. To be forwarded to us daily. No canvassing; no previous experience required, but plain writers preferred. Permanent work to those content to earn \$6 or more weekly in spare time. Apply to WARREN PUB CO., LONDON, ENGL.

Cleansing and Invigorating Baths. I beg to announce that, having rented the store No. 54 CANTERBURY STREET, near Princess, I shall be prepared, on and after the 15th of March, to serve at this place all kinds of Vapor and Hot Air Baths. Also Hot and Cold Shower Baths. A variety of Home Bath Cabinets to choose from. Call and see them. E. M. TREE, 54 Canterbury St.

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure. A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed. fills a much higher place in the estimation of even his friends, than when thoughtless and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of King.)

T. O'LEARY, Choice Wines and Liquors. 81-16 DUKE STREET, 50

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

AMHERST

[FRODOEN is for sale at Amherst by W.F. Smith & Co.]
MARCH 18.—The death of Mrs. Geo. M. Stevens which occurred on Sunday afternoon after a prolonged illness, was heard with much regret and hearty sympathy is expressed for Mr. Stevens and the family. Mrs. Stevens was a member of Christ church and a general contributor to charitable works and will be missed in a degree that can at present hardly be realized. The services at the house were then taken to Christ church where the Rev. V. E. Harris read the service. The casket was completely covered with beautiful flowers. The pall-bearers were Mr. Jas. Moffat, Mr. F. B. Robb, Mr. Wm. Dowlin, Mr. J. H. Crocker, Mr. C. M. Trueman and Dr. E. L. Fuller. Mrs. Stevens was a Miss Etter sister of Mrs. J. Albert Black, Halifax, and Mrs. W. I. Bell and Mr. A. A. Eiter of the firm of Eiter & Pughly.

The concert given by the Fiske Jubilee singers under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on Monday evening to be the best as regards quality and patriotism, that they have ever given in Amherst. Miss Etta Millican of St. John is staying with her friend Miss Ella Hillison Havelock street. Miss Blanche Nelson of Turro is being very warmly welcomed by her many friends. She is the guest of her cousin Miss Nellie Caspian Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Feabody who have for the past eleven years had the management of the Amherst hotel, left on Thursday for a short visit to New York after which they will return to St. John to reside.

Miss Agnes Munro returned on Friday to St. John to fill her former position as soprano soloist in one of the city churches. I understand that Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas will vacate their beautiful home "Ingleside" this week having rented it to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Logan who will take possession in the near future.

Hon. A. R. Dickey whose lecture "The greatest Englishman outside of Great Britain" had caused much speculation during the week was given on Friday evening to a large and attentive audience in the Parish hall. In Mr. Dickey's estimation it proved to be Rudyard Kipling. The next lecture of the course will be given by Judge Morse, his subject to be the History of the "Early Church in Amherst."

Miss Fleming is again the guest of her uncle Mr. E. Biden and Mrs. Biden, after a visit to friends in Backville.

ANTIGONISH

Miss Annie Cunningham left town Thursday for Halifax where she is the guest of her sister Mrs. Charles J. Seaman.

Messrs. Richard O'Donohue and John L. Mc. Kinnon have passed their law examination very well at Dalhousie, and will soon be admitted to the bar.

Mrs. Ronald McDonald a much respected citizen of the town died at her home on St. Ninian's street on Saturday morning after a brief illness. Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by her nephew, Rev. Dr. Thompson of St. F. H. college on Monday. Much sympathy is felt for the family in their sad bereavement.

The friends of Rev. Mr. Munroe are glad to hear that he is improving in health.

Mrs. L. C. Archibald has gone to Moncton for a few weeks to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory have gone to Fredericton for a few weeks.

Messrs. Angus and George McDonald returned to Boston last Thursday.

Miss B. McDonald has recovered from a serious attack of erysipelas which confined her to the house for three weeks.

Mrs. Brithers and her niece Miss Mary Ward returned from Windsor on Saturday where they have been visiting friends for over a month.

Miss Bessie Foster of the Central house left Friday on a visit to friends in Halifax.

Miss Allie Henry is on a trip to Halifax.

The funeral of Mrs. Bissett whose death last Sunday brought grief to a large circle of friends in Antigonish, was held at St. Ninian's Cathedral at 10 o'clock on Tuesday. Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Dr. McDonald of the college and was largely attended. Mrs. Bissett has resided in Antigonish since the death of her husband the late Dr. Bissett of Port Hawkesbury, and had endeared herself to her many friends by her amiable and loving disposition. She took an intense and active interest in all good works of the parish, though never in any ostentatious way. She was leading soul of St. Ninian's choir for a number of years and on all occasions would her beautiful and expressive voice be heard singing the praises of the Lord. She will be missed both from the choir and by the members, but oh how sadly in her own home circle by her fond mother, sisters and brothers. The funeral tributes were numerous and beautiful among which was a cross of roses and carnations from the society of the Sacred Heart, of which she was president, and a wreath of roses and sunflowers from the choir and a cross from her intimate friends. FORTIA.

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Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, in every possible form, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of G. I. Hood & Co., 24, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, and direction. 1s. 10d.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION

BOB FITZSIMMONS WEISTS THE HONOR FROM CORBETT.

The Fight at Carson City Graphically Described—Scenes and Incidents of the Battle—Mrs. Fitzsimmons' Part in the Contest—The Knock Out Blow.

Perhaps in no event of the last few years has so much interest been aroused here as in that displayed in regard to the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight of last Wednesday. Wherever it was possible for a particle of news to be gained there a crowd congregated and as the messages, good or bad, according to individual feeling, was received, the throng gave expression to their sentiments in the usual way.

It is not known that a great deal of money changed hands here—perhaps not more than between three and four thousand dollars and the bets were small. On Tuesday evening an American at one of the leading hotels staked \$1,000 on Corbett, and by 6 p. m. Wednesday the amount was paid to the lucky Fitzsimmons man. The following is an official account of the great fight.

CARSON, March 17.—Under a clear sky and in a valley 5,000 feet above the sea, circled by snow-topped mountains, which glistened in the bright sunlight, making a picture such as was never before seen on an occasion of the kind, James J. Corbett went down to defeat to-day before Robert Fitzsimmons, who became the champion heavyweight pugilist of the world. The victory was not gained without a struggle; in fact, victory did not seem possible for Fitzsimmons until the last moment of the battle. He was giving every indication of slowly going to pieces when he delivered a blow in a vital spot and followed it with two others which sent the Californian to the floor, with the agony of pain and despair printed on his face, and he was unable to rise within the limit which would save him. When the defeated champion finally arose, with the assistance of his attendants, and recovered sufficiently from his dazed condition to realize the calamity that had befallen him, he broke out with all the fury of an enraged animal, and discarding rules rushed at his victorious opponent and made a vain struggle to beat him over the ropes, only desisting when his seconds and friends forced him away.

And the new champion was borne to his dressing room amid the cheers of the five thousand people who were in the arena, accompanied by his seconds and trainers, and also by his wife, who watched the contest from a position within a few feet of the ring side, and who had taken in every detail, even at the time when it seemed that her husband would be knocked insensible at her feet.

It was a great contest, but notwithstanding the cheers for the victor, the majority of those who witnessed the fight could not but feel a sense of disappointment at the result, believing as they did, that victory was taken from Corbett at a moment when he seemed sure of gaining it himself.

The contest was accompanied by the usual delays which attend such affairs, due largely to a wait for the hour when the sun would be brightest, so that the new electrical device, the vetoscope, which was located at the ring side, would be able to obtain the best results. For two hours before the men entered the ring the crowds gathered in the arena, a temporary structure of vast dimensions, having the canvass covered ring in the center, with row after row of plain boards raising from each side and with no covering but the clear sky above.

It was a moment after noon hour when the principals and their seconds appeared, and both were greeted with great cheers. George Siler, the referee, arranged the few preliminary matters in a short time, and at 12.10 the battle commenced.

Little was accomplished by either of the men in the first round, but in the next few rounds Corbett had every advantage. In the fifth round he punished Fitzsimmons severely, battering him on the face and the body until the blood streamed from his face, and he finally sank to his knees to avoid further punishment, remaining there until all the allotted time had expired, when he arose and succeeded in continuing the contest for a few remaining seconds of the round. Nearly all the spectators thought the end was at hand then, but Fitzsimmons rallied and fought a game battle for eight more rounds, though there were several occasions during that time when Corbett seemed to have him going. He did land a number of blows on Corbett, and they were hard, too, but they seemed to have little effect.

At the opening of the fourteenth round and last, Corbett looked the winner. Though somewhat tired, he was still strong and was displaying more science and continued to pound the Australian and keep up the incessant blows. And then came the final blow and the end. The blow which ended the fight was a left-hand punch

RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, shapeless nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

Cuticura

It is sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston, Mass. "How to Produce Soft, White Hands," free.

ITCHING HUMORS Instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDIES.

delivered just below the heart. It was all the more effective from the reason that Corbett was leaning backward when it came. It caught him on the tensely drawn muscles just over the spleen, and must have caused the most intense agony. Corbett was more unconscious from pain than from the force of the blow. As he lay writhing and rolling on the floor, he presented a most ghastly appearance. No man in a last death struggle could have horrified the spectators more, and his agonizing cries of pain could be heard above the cheers for the victor. And then followed the wildest scene of the day, when he arose to his feet and with all the strength he had left, rushed at his opponent and tried to finish the contest. Those nearest the ring jumped over the ropes, in spite of all efforts of the police to prevent them and in a moment the entire enclosure was filled with a howling, shouting mob, and the noise and confusion were so great that the referee was hardly able to announce his decision, awarding the battle to Fitzsimmons. In the midst of it all, Corbett, who had been forced to his corner by his friends, broke away from them and rushed at Fitzsimmons a second time, but instead of attempting to renew the fight, he implored his victor to give him another chance and to accept a challenge from him. This was refused and warm words followed. Fitzsimmons was borne away with all the glory of his new won victory, and Corbett left to return to his home in San Francisco, carrying with him the despair of defeat.

The following is a complete account of the fight:

Round 1.—Both men sparred cautiously for an opening, Fitzsimmons being on the aggressive, Corbett keeping away. Fitzsimmons seeing that he must force matters went after his man and crowded Corbett back into the latter's corner. Both made vigorous swings with the left and both missed, both men staggering against the ropes. Fitzsimmons still kept crowding Corbett, and Corbett landed a right in the face, getting away without a return. A second later he repeated the dose and again missed.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

LITTLE BRAVES!

Old time a quarter-a-box "Purgers" are quitting the field in whole Battalions.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills at 20 cts. a vial are driving them out at all points.

Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take.

Sick Headache succumbs to one dose. Chronic Constipation dispelled with one vial, and stomach disorder of years standing absolutely cured. 40 doses, 20 cents at all druggists.

A... Sponge

Absorbs water best. Best sponge absorb the most. So with flour. "Tillson's Pride" is famous for its power of water absorption, hence most economical in bread-making. Of grocers.

THE TILLSON COY (LTD.), Tilsonburg, Ont.

SALE OF Fishing Leases

IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, Fredericton, New Brunswick, 24th February, 1897.

THE exclusive right of fishing, in front of the ungranted Crown Lands on the principal rivers of the Province of New Brunswick, will be offered for sale for the term of five years at this office, at noon on

WEDNESDAY, the 24th day of March next.

The famous Resurgence waters will be included in this sale.

Regulations governing this sale, and information regarding streams to be leased, may be had on application to D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner, at Chatham, N. B., or the undersigned.

A. T. DURN, Surveyor General, Fredericton, N. B.

IT IS FREE



Our booklet, "Paint Points," will help you in deciding what is the proper paint to use for your cupboards, baseboards, shelves, floors, buggies, wagons, boats, farm implements, barns, fences, chairs, houses—in fact, anything that can be painted.

There are great differences in paints. Some give a bright, glossy finish, others an oil finish that can be washed. The secret of painting is to know the right paint for your purpose, then use it. The old zinc bath tub is an eye sore. You can make it look like porcelain, and wear like porcelain if you use

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS BATH ENAMEL "Paint Points" tells what you want to know about paint. Tells the good and the bad points about good and bad paint. Tells about the brushes to use, and how to take care of them.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS are made for every purpose, not one paint for all purposes. Send for the booklet to-day—it is free. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

Rare Opportunity For Ladies to Invest Money.

IMMEDIATELY WANTED. Twenty ladies to subscribe \$500 each, in an enterprise that will pay three per cent quarterly, or twelve per cent annually. Principal and Interest will be guaranteed by Government Securities. Allotments will be made in order received. Right of rejecting any applicant being reserved. No Male applicants will be acknowledged.

Address (MADAME) D. CARROL, Financial Trustee, 67 St. Suplice St., Montreal, Que.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Having been urged to become a candidate for the office of Mayor of Saint John by a large number of representative fellow citizens, who have signed a requisition to that effect, I readily comply with a request which entirely concurs with my personal aspirations.

I have always taken a lively interest in all that relates to the city and having had considerable experience in the management of its affairs, I am not without reasonable confidence that, as its chief magistrate, I might be of some use in both guarding and advancing its welfare.

I may be pardoned for reminding you that my ancestors and nearest relations, as well as myself, have in the past, each contributed towards the development of property in this community, and I need only add that, while I shall always entertain supreme satisfaction in having passed my life in its midst, my proper ambition must remain unsatisfied until I shall have secured from my fellow citizens, the highest recognition of good citizenship.

I therefore respectfully request you to give me your votes for the office of Mayor at the approaching election, assuring you that, if elected I shall devote my very best efforts to the discharge of the duties of the most important as well as honorable position, and am always, Your Most Obedient Servant, CHARLES McLAUGHLAN.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

GENTLEMEN: I will be a candidate for the office of MAYOR

at the coming civic election on the THIRD TUESDAY IN APRIL, and respectfully solicit your support. If elected I will use my best endeavors to promote the interests of the city. I am yours faithfully, T. H. HALL.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co., Yarmouth, N. S. GENTLEMEN:—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was when found placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his hips being badly bruised and his body turned back from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely to his recovery, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work. SAUVAGES DUVAL, Eight Road, L'Islet Co., Que. May 20th, 1896.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Sole Agents in Canada for..... Gold Lick Sec Champagne, Vin Mariani (MARIANI WINE), The Ideal Tonic for Body and Brain.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR..... Wilson's Old Empire Rye 1851 GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE

It is sold everywhere in Quart Bottles and Empire-Tourists' Flasks, with Cork Lined Metal Caps, suitable for travelling. The best Rye Whiskey ever distilled in this country, and contains purely and only McDougall's V. O. 1890 WHISKY

of which we are sole controllers, having purchased the entire balance from the Bank of British North America. Aged in Oak Casks under Government supervision. An Official Government Excise Stamp Seals Each Capsule. LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., MONTREAL.

Sole Agents in Canada for..... Gold Lick Sec Champagne, Vin Mariani (MARIANI WINE), The Ideal Tonic for Body and Brain.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1897.

AMID ARCTIC SCENES.

DR. NANSEN GLOWINGLY DESCRIBES AN ARCTIC NIGHT.

He Says Nothing More Beautiful Exists, and Characterizes it as Dreamland Painted in Imagination's Most Delicate Tints and Chords.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's forthcoming work on his Polar drifting cruise, "Fethest North," (Harpers) will add very little to what we already know of the voyage of the Fram and the triumphant results of that daring venture into the ice king's realm; but, judging from the enthusiastic praise by British reviewers, the book possesses a literary value as a charmingly written account of an explorer's life and thought beneath the midnight sun.

"Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than an Arctic night. It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there. No forms—it is all faint, dreamy color music, a far-away, long drawn-out melody, on muted strings. Is not all life's beauty high and delicate and pure, like this night? Give it brighter colors, and it is no longer so beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice-fields there are cold violet-blue shadows with lighter pink tints, where the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do, those unchanging friends. In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating in the blue background. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again, in restless change, next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes. Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith; and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as a forlorn hope—they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. But now it is growing again; new lightning bolts shoot up; and the endless game begins afresh. And all the time this utter stillness, impressive as the symphonies of infinity.

Thus he describes the mutterings of the terrible Ice King down in his icy caverns: "First you hear a sound like the thundering rumble of an earthquake far away on the great waste, then you hear it in several places, always coming nearer and nearer. The silent ice-world re-echoes with thunders; nature's giants are awakening to the battle. The ice cracks on every side of you and begins to pile itself up, and all of a sudden you, too, find yourself in the midst of the struggle. There howlings and thunderings round you; you feel the ice trembling and hear it rumbling under your feet; there is no place anywhere. In the semi-darkness you can see it piling and toasting itself into high ridges . . . and flung on the top of each other as if they were feather-weights. But the ice splits in front of you, a black gulf opens, and water streams up. All round you are thundering and roaring, as of some enormous waterfall, with explosions like cannon salvos."

Ashore (on a field of ice) he exclaims: "How marvelous are those snowshoes runs through this silent nature! The ice fields stretch all around, bathed in the silver moonlight; here and there dark, cold shadows project from the hummocks, whose sides faintly reflect the twilight. Far, far out a dark line the horizon formed by the packed-up ice, over a shimmer of silvery vapor, and above all the boundless deep blue, starry sky, where the full moon sails through the ether. But in the south is a faint glimmer of the day, low down, of a dark, glowing red hue, and higher up a clear, yellow and pale green arch, that loses itself in the blue above. The whole melts into a pure harmony, one an indescribable. At times one longs to be able to translate such scenes into music. What mighty chords one would require to interpret them! Silent, oh, so silent! You can hear the vibrations of your own nerves. It seems as if I were gliding over and over these plains into infinite space. It is not an image of what is to come? Eternity and peace are here."

With little to do during these stoppages, besides 'doctoring the dogs,' Nansen employed his leisure in editing the Fram, a serio-comic illustrated newspaper, of which specimens are given to the reader. Cards proved a great resource, and there was an excellent library. The tediousness of the winter was, moreover, relieved by taking advantage of every opportunity for celebrating birthdays and other anniversaries, on which occasions the cook furnished banquets consisting of five courses. Even Constitution day was not forgotten, and demonstrative banners claiming a 'Normal Working Day' and 'Universal Suffrage' were carried in solemn procession around the Fram and saluted by the ship's guns. In addition to all this there were bear hunts (for bears were met with on the ice far beyond the eighty-second parallel) sleigh drives and foot races.

The crew was the most select that had ever started upon an expedition of the kind. 'The leader himself may fairly be described as a landsman, and in the first gale encountered he stood seakick upon the bridge, occupying himself in alternately making libations to Neptune and trembling for the safety of the boat and men.' The crew only numbered twelve, all told, and among these there was a lieutenant in the royal navy, four captains in the mercantile marine, of whom one acted as cook; a university graduate, who was rated as stoker; and the 'keeper' of a lunatic asylum, a concession, possibly, to those critics who looked upon our modern Argonauts as 'a shippie of fools.' The thirteen men lived together in the miniature saloon of the Fram on a footing of perfect social equality; they all took their share in the duties of the ship, not even the commander claiming exemption, so that the Russians and Samedys who saw him at Khabarova working in his shirt sleeves maintained that he could not possibly be the 'great person' which he had been represented to be, and yet strict discipline was maintained, and all orders were obeyed implicitly and with alacrity.

Meaning on this crew, Nansen writes in his journal: "And here on board are men who are leaving wife and children behind them. How sad has been the separation—what longing, what yearning await them in the coming years! And it is not for profit they do it. For honor and glory, then? These may be so; but it is the same thirst for achievement, the same craving to get beyond the limits of the known, which inspired this people in the saga times, that is stirring in them again to-day. In spite of all our toil for subsistence. In spite of all our 'peasant politics,' sheer utilitarianism is perhaps not so prominent among us all."

And again he jots down this personal meditation: "What is life thus isolated? A strange, aimless process; and man a machine which eats, sleeps, awakes; eats and sleeps again, dreams dreams, but never lives. Or is life really nothing else? And is it just one more phase of the eternal martyrdom, a new mistake of the erring human soul, this banishment of one's self to the hopeless wilderness, only to long there for what one has left behind? Am I a coward? Am I afraid of death? Oh, no! but in these nights such longing can come over one for all heavy for that which is contained in a single word, and the soul flees from this interminable and rigid world of ice. When one thinks how short life is, and that one came away from it all of one's own free will, and remembers, too, that another is suffering the pain of constant anxiety, 'true, true till death.' 'O mankind, thy ways are passing strange! We are but as flakes of foam, helplessly driven over the tossing sea.'"

THE STORY OF THE MUD. Gunpowder Mud That was Found in an Old Russian Town.

Lately the French and Russian people have had presented to them, as an instance of the irony of fate, a strange accidental comment on the wars and alliances of nations. As all the world knows, the French and Russian peoples have recently been engaged in the most extravagant demonstrations of affection towards each other. The Russians are also wisely engaged in developing their natural and commercial resources. In the course of this work they have had occasion to deepen the channel of the Bereznia River, a crooked and swampy stream, in which much dredging has been necessary.

Some of the "CHERRY CLOVER" cure Coughs and Colds, relieve Asthma and Bronchitis, prevent Congestion of the Lungs which so often follows severe colds. 25c. and 75c. at Short's Pharmacy, and Druggists generally.

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EXTRAORDINARY PURCHASE OF

Fashionable Silks, For Skirts, Blouses and Costumes.

THIS LARGE AND IMPORTANT PURCHASE OF NEW AND SEASONABLE SILKS is now open for inspection in our SILK ROOM, Second Floor. The values we are now showing have never before been approached in this City, and the prices quoted below are simply a few of the leading lines we have to offer, as they comprise but a small proportion of our immense stock.

24 inch BLACK SATIN DUCHESS, very rich, 75 cents; 25 inch PURE SILK BLACK SATIN DUCHESS, \$1.25. Rich Black Broche Satins, very heavy and durable, \$1.10; Black Fille Francaise (heavy cord), 85 cents. Rich Black Satin Merveilleux, pure silk, 85 cents; Black Taffeta Lining Silk, 65 cents.

This purchase also comprises the latest novelties in Blouse Silks for Spring and Summer. Checked Taffetas, pure silk, 65 cents; Stripped Taffetas, pure silk, 65 cents. Louisiana Checks (pin head), the latest novelty, 75 cents; Changeable Taffetas, 16 colorings, extra heavy, and pure silk, 85 cents. Yokohama Blouse Silk, natural color, 85 cents.

Ladies are advised to make their selection as early as possible. The stock is large, but the values cannot be duplicated.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

When the dredgers were lately at work some twelve miles above the town of Borisov, near the hamlet of Studianka, they began to strike mud of a singular quality. It was very black, and had a most peculiar and sulphurous smell. The chemist of the expedition was summoned, and after careful inspection, pronounced the "mud" to be chiefly composed of gunpowder! In some places this gunpowder was found to constitute a layer nearly two feet thick.

But this was far from being the only queer thing which the dredges brought up. Presently there began to appear skulls, bones and entire skeletons, both of men and horses. The workmen were in a state of terror at the gruesome loads that the great shovels brought to light. Then, so to speak, the story was continued, and its development took an enlightening form. Along with the bones there now appeared guns, sabres, bayonets, cannon-balls, buttons, drumsticks, and even tall, old-fashioned military hats in a fair state of preservation.

Then it became apparent to all, what the chiefs of the expedition already knew well, that the dredges were at work on the scene of the famous passage of the Beresina by Napoleon's shattered army, in November, 1812, on the retreat from Moscow. From Smolensk the French emperor had led forty thousand men, and were indeed, already no more than a remnant of the vast army he had taken out of France. At Studianka, when the Beresina was reached a bridge of pontoons, they were fallen upon by the Russians. The battle raged fiercely, and many thousands of French, with horses, cannon, ammunition and supplies, were hurled into the muddy stream never to appear again on the surface.

However, the French legions, though they were cold, hungry, decimated, beaten and disheartened, were not the men to sell their lives for nothing; and many Russians also found the bottom of the Beresina. Of the forty thousand French who had left Smolensk, only twenty-five thousand succeeded in crossing the river and resuming the terrible march toward France. The bodies of their comrades, and also of the Russians who were overwhelmed, were left at the bottom of the stream, which was well-nigh choked by the human debris.

Since that time France, with another Napoleon at its head, has again been engaged in war against Russia. But the fear of a common enemy has made the two nations friends now. In the midst of public demonstrations of an affection which seems to pass the love of brothers, these reminders of a time when the French and Russian peoples, if they indeed did love each other, were not permitted to show their love, come to the surface to satirize the festivities.

The bones of Napoleon's legionaries were given decent burial, and the guns, helmets, buttons and so forth were ticketed and sent to St. Petersburg as curiosities.

Leather-Scrubbing Machine

Henry Bright, of Costello, Potter County Pa., has invented an improved leather-scrubbing machine which will dispense with the present system of feeding the leather to the scrubbing cylinder by hand, which labor the inventor declares 'results in reducing the operator to a physical wreck in a comparatively short time.' The sides of leather can be fed to the scrubber by machinery, and advanced or drawn back at will, and water is supplied in fine streams or jets upon opposite sides of the leather prior to the action of the scrubbing provisions thereon.

Not all Alone. "So you want to marry Fred, do you?" said the father.

"Yes, papa," replied the daughter, with her arms about his neck. "And go away and leave me all alone?" "Why, no, papa! I know Fred will be willing to leave mamma with you!"

WORKING OVER POOR ORES.

Edison Has Accomplished the One Great Dream of His Life.

Edison has at last achieved success in a field that has long been his particular hobby and in developing which he has spent fabulous sums of money. This is the magnetic separation of low-grade iron ores by mechanical means, namely: the attractive power of magnets. Edison, New Jersey, now known merely as a post office, on May 1, the day set for the starting of the works, will become one of the largest shipping points of iron ore in the country, to average 1200 tons per day. It is said that practically the whole of the machinery of the immense plant there has been designed and invented by Edison, and it is owned by a stock company of which he is president and controlling stockholder.

In the northern part of New Jersey, running from a point near Ogdensburg to Pennsylvania, is a stretch of low-grade ore averaging about 20 per cent. Mines once very profitable have long been abandoned, as the ore is too poor to be operated by old methods.

The ore is mined by blasting and conveyed by electric motive power to the crushing apparatus, where it is reduced to the fineness of dust. Conveyors take it as it leaves the final rolls and carry it to the top of a mill, ninety-six feet high. From the top of the building to the ground are 400 electro-magnets the ore has to pass in its depth to the bottom. These powerful electro-magnets are four feet long and have poles four inches square. The magnets are arranged so that the falling ore and sand from the top of the building to the ground passes about two inches from the face of the magnet. As the dust comes down the particles of iron ore are attracted toward the magnet poles and are thus deflected from their perpendicular course, while the sand continues like rain in a vertical path. Below each magnet is a V-shaped board. The ore as it is attracted falls on one side and the sand on the other. Some of the ore clings to the magnet pole until accumulations become so heavy the mass drops of its own weight.

The iron ore is carried by means of conveyors from its receptacle below to the brickling plant, where it is dumped into troughs with screws and thoroughly mixed with a binder, and from there it goes to the brickling machine, where it is fashioned into briquettes weighing about a pound each. The mill through which the sand and ore passes is perhaps the dirtiest place in the world. The grain elevator does not compare with it. The air is filled with sand until an electric light a few feet away cannot be seen. The men who watch the machinery wear masks on the order of a fireman's smoke muzzle. The muzzle fits over mouth and nose, with sponges in the openings. These are saturated with water and glycerine. Moving about in the dust the men look like a lot of animals. The present capacity of the mill, which is to be doubled, is 300

tons of ore an hour. Of this from 20 to 25 per cent. is iron on the remainder sand. Mr. Edison is quoted as saying: 'We quarry, crush, and grind the ore from twenty six pounds of rock for 1 cent.'

BUCHANAN'S ROMANCE.

Discovery of an Interesting Letter Among Some Old Documents.

A box of old documents which had remained long unclaimed in a Washington storage warehouse was sold for a few cents the other day, and the purchaser, on looking them over, was delighted to find that they consisted of letters written to and by James Buchanan. Many of the letters had some value as autographs, but one was of especial interest, as it threw new light on an unhappy romance in the early life of Lincoln's predecessor. It has long been known that Buchanan died a bachelor because his engagement with the daughter of a prominent resident of Lancaster Pa., was broken by the girl's parents. Her name was Annie Coleman, and she died in 1810, a few months after the trouble occurred, it is said from grief over the loss of her lover. What excited her father's hostility to young Buchanan is not definitely known, but these most intimate with the two heard vaguely of anonymous charges which Mr. Coleman would not allow his daughter's suit to answer or even to hear. After Miss Coleman's death Buchanan wrote to his father asking permission to attend the funeral. The letter was returned unopened, and it was among these in the box brought from the warehouse people. In it the future President said: "You have lost a dear child. I have lost the only earthly object of my affections. My prospects are all out, and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, has been much abused. God forgive the authors of it. My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have one request to make, and for the love of God and your dear departed daughter, whom I loved infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing thy body before its interment."

As stated the plea was not even read, and Buchanan, finding the animosity of the wealthy Coleman family too much for a young lawyer in a small town to contend with, left the place and soon afterward entered upon the political career that ended in the White House.

Good Advice.

A caution which many persons would like to exercise if they had the courage was that embodied in two lines written by the famous organist, Doctor Hodges. "After his marriage he had frequent chess parties at his house, and his social circle increased rapidly in every respect, until it seemed to him that so much junketing might interfere with his work and the regularity of the household. Therefore he wrote and put up this couplet: All who wish to be welcome again, Must please to move homeward at half past ten."

A Cougher's Coffers may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to that cough. A slight cough is somewhat like the small pebble on the mountain side. It appears utterly insignificant, until a mouse, perhaps, starts it rolling, and the pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Fatal diseases begin with "a slight cough." But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "My daughter, seventeen years of age, was in very poor health by reason of weak lungs and a distressing cough. At last we gave her Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking three bottles, the cough was cured. She is now in excellent health, and rapidly." "This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's 'Curebook' with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass."

Sunday Reading.

WHICH IS BEST.

'Sister Parker, I feel low in my mind.' The voice was curiously at variance with the somewhat sombre reflection which it uttered.

'I see the right, and approve it, too; condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue.'

Eleanor could not help smiling at the vehemence of the answer; but as the face turned toward hers seemed to say, I could tell you more if you wished, she replied, inquiringly, 'For example?'

'For example? Oh, well, I could give you no end of examples, but here is one that serves as a type. Last month coming home on the 'Algeria,' I had for my vis-à-vis two ladies, and I just wish I could make you see them, 'with your mind's eye, Horatio!'

'The first woman was tall and slender, with fluffy hair, which softened all the outlines of her face, large brown eyes, and a complexion like the inside of a seashell. Then her manners were so charming—at least, added Madge, honestly, 'to those who were in her set, and she had such a high-bred enunciation, and it was just a delight to hear her; laugh and—' here Madge stopped to take breath, and seeing a half smile playing over her friend's face, she added, 'Oh, yes, I know I quite lost my silly heart over her; but if you only could have seen her, you would understand better.'

'And the other woman?' 'The other woman? Well, she was short and rather pudgy, and she wore spectacles, and her face was lined with wrinkles, and there was a general lack of color about her, and she was good, and she was a missionary.' Madge brought out these last words with a comical half-grown, and then added, 'Don't you see? Theoretically, I approve the good missionary, but practically, I pursue Mrs. De Peyster with my most ardent and unbounded admiration. Now what would you do with yourself if you were made like that?'

Eleanor hesitated a moment, then crossed over to her book-case, and took down a little dark-green book.

'Robert Browning? Oh, don't; really, Eleanor, it always gives me a headache understanding what that man means.'

But in her full, expressive voice, Eleanor began to read,—

Grow old along with me; The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first is made.

Our times are in his hand Who saith, A whole I planned. Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.

Eleanor closed the book, and an earnest expression settled upon her face. She spoke rapidly, as though it was no unfamiliar thought she was bringing to her friend. 'Don't you see, Madge, the fault is with your propensities? Life looks to you rather too much like a Chinese picture, with some of its details dwarfed and others unduly magnified. Of course there is an aesthetic pleasure one takes in a beautiful face, as in a lovely picture, and there is no reason why one should struggle against it. If your beautiful friend has a soul beneath all those charms of person, why, it is only natural that her power to affect and sway others should be immeasurably intensified. But after you have thrown into one side of your scales all those evident and much-esteemed weights of personal attractiveness, don't forget to put into the other side the less generally recognized ones of character and practical helpfulness. And then another thing, O my impulsive friend, and she again took up the little green book, 'the poet whose harmonies seem to many people rather haphazard and involved, strikes a true note and clear when he says,—

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all.

We must not judge the whole by a little part; we shall get our perspective all wrong if we make the youth of life so important, and give so little prominence to the maturer years. In our estimate of things we always give much consideration to the wearing properties: don't let us leave that out of sight when we make our valuation of our companions in life's journey.'

Just then the deep-toned bell of a church near by told the hour of six. Madge sprang to her feet and leaned over her friend, whispering laughingly, 'A Daniel come to judgement.' But the warm kiss which she bestowed on the upturned face, and the earnest look which took the place

of the fleeting smile, told Eleanor that the words which had not been altogether easy to speak, would not be lightly thrown aside.

Ten years passed away, and found the merry, light-hearted Madge a happy wife and mother. The years, however, had touched her lightly, and she looked 'absurdly young,' as her friend sometimes told her, as she ran in as of old, save that now her two little shadows, sturdy four-year-old Jack, and little Eleanor, a small fac-simile of her mother, were always trudging close at her side.

One morning, as Eleanor was deep in the preparation of a paper on 'Some Neglected Factors in Benevolent Work,' the door opened and her friend's laughing face looked in.

'Sit down? No, I thank you. I'm up to my ears in work. Jack and Nell are carrying on a sort of antiphonal whoop, and I expect my missionary to night. And, as if that was not enough, Mrs. Sturtevant has sent me a note asking me to call on a friend who is staying with her. I wanted to say, 'No, I won't, but as she is John's friend I suppose I must go. Dear me! how peaceful and still it is here. But there, I must, not stop a single moment more; and almost before Eleanor could reply, she was gone.'

It was three or four days before Eleanor saw her friend again, and then she walked into the room, settled herself in a favorite easy chair, and remarked:—

'There; to-day; for a wonder, I am going to stay just as long as I want. I have sent the babies off with Jane to their grandmas, and now do let us have one of our good old-fashioned talks. What have I been doing with myself? Well, Tuesday afternoon I arrayed myself in my best attire and sallied forth to the Sturtevants. I had not been seated many minutes before little Mrs. Sturtevant appeared, quite overshadowed, however, by the elegant guest followed her, and who, to my infinite surprise, was none other than the object of my admiration on the steamer 'Algeria.' Don't you remember how I gushed about her, Eleanor, and you read Robert Browning at me, and told me to grow old, and that youth only showed half—and so forth, and so forth?'

'Well, that wasn't very bad counsel, was it?'

'Ah, but the result is not always inspiring. For to be candid, my dear, I fear 'the best is not to come,' for our friend Mrs. De Peyster. What is the trouble? Oh, it is a case of 'sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh.' I cannot tell you the impression she made upon me. I suppose she might still be called rather a handsome woman, but to me an unattractive one. Art had evidently done its utmost for her in staying the encroachments of time, but in spite of it all she impressed you as one who was growing old, and who was growing old hard. Every gray hair and every deepening line represented a certain loss in quantity, and a corresponding increase of dissatisfaction. And why shouldn't it? It was a losing game with her and she knew it. She saw the precious treasures of her life, youth, and beauty, slipping away from her, and she was in inward revolt against it.'

'You ought to have given her a leaf out of your experience, dear, and shown her how life may broaden and deepen.'

'And encountered one of her well-bred smiles with a little sarcasm on the edges of it. Notwithstanding all her gayety and lightness, their seemed to be a vein of hardness beneath it all. Just as I rose to go I happened to refer to the children's whooping-cough, and she patted me on the cheek compassionately. 'Two children, did you say? Ah, there is where the roses have gone! I fancy I did look a little draggled, for 'tired nature's sweet restorer' does not regard whooping-cough with a friendly eye, and we had had rather a lively time the night before. But what was I saying? Oh, yes; about the babies. Well, I turned on her and said, 'Mrs. De Peyster, I wouldn't give up my children if I could have a complexion like Madame Rocamier's.' It wasn't very polite, I know but I couldn't help it, and the young mother's eyes grew bright with feeling.'

'And now about your missionary, Madge. Did she come as you expected?'

'Did she come? Do you need to ask? And, my dear she was the missionary whom I saw on the steamer 'Algeria,' and thought I ought to admire, and didn't. But I've got bravely over all my troubles in that direction now. For three whole days she blessed our home, and gave us such an uplift, John and me, as I hope will keep us from the low levels for many a day. I just wish you could have been with us the first evening. Miss Howard was too tired to go to the meeting, so we gathered round the fire, and she began to tell us of her life in India. She seemed, as some one has said of another, 'to forget herself so easily, and remembered every-

body else so instinctively.' If you tried to lead her to speak of her own privations and self-denials the conversation seemed to lag, but revived at once when she turned again to the earnestness and self-sacrifice of the young convert. She gave us an account of one young fellow, the oldest son of a high-caste native, a brother of one of their pupils, who gave up home, position ease, rather than longer remain a secret disciple of Christ. She told us all that his sensitive spirit suffered in the separation from his family and the social ostracism he endured, until a delicate body succumbed to the strain. And how that dear old face of hers lighted up as she told us of the last hours of his life, and of the exultant smile that stole over his face as his spirit took flight. Oh! I just wish you could have heard it all. John pretended to leave us two women for a talk by ourselves, and apparently buried himself in the Edinburgh Review; but I noticed he was just twenty minutes by the clock reading two pages, and when Miss Howard came to the story of that young man, he laid down his book and made no pretence of reading more.'

'The next morning he came to me and said, 'We'd better have prayers, hadn't we, Madge? Well, I don't quite like that, for the last month John has said he was in such a rush that he couldn't stop, and I was afraid he proposed it as an attention to Miss Howard. But Eleanor, I didn't think so after I had heard him pray, it was such a humble, contrite, fervent prayer. Miss Howard and I had to wipe our eyes when we got up from our knees, and I dare say the dear saint did not guess what a share she had in those earnest words. Last night when I was mending Jack's mittens, John came and stuck his beloved 'Natural Law of the Spiritual World' into my lap, and pointed to these words: 'The other-worldliness of such a character is the thing that strikes you; you are not prepared for what it will do, or say, or become next, for it moves from a far-off centre, and in spite of its transparency and sweetness, that presence fills you always with awe.' I believe that blessed woman has prayed so many of those far-off brothers and sisters of ours into the kingdom that she belongs to as much to the other world as this. And now, Eleanor, would you believe it? I have got her photograph on my bureau in a frame of John's choosing; and I look at that old faded, wrinkled face, with its sweet, responsive smile, many times a day, and every time I look at it I say to myself, 'God bless her.'

EIGHTY IN EVERY HUNDRED.

Suffer More or Less From That Most Offensive of Diseases, Catarrh—That Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonderful Remedy is Testified to by Thousands Who Have Been Cured Outright—Mr. Alex. Edmondson of Rossmore, Ont., Says:

'I have been troubled with catarrh for a great many years. Have suffered greatly from it. I had tried all the so-called cures, but never received any relief from them. Seeing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder largely advertised, I determined to try it, although very sceptical about any relief, but from the first dose I received very great relief, and to-day I can honestly say that it has cured me. I keep it constantly in the house, as we find it a quick cure for cold in the head. It gives almost instant relief. I have no hesitancy in proclaiming it the best cure for catarrh, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this malady.'

SHIP LIGHTING.

How Electrical Appliances are Now Utilized for This Purpose.

When electrical appliances were first installed aboard ship, lead incased cables, run in ordinary molding, were used almost entirely, and in case of iron ships the hull was frequently employed for the return circuit. The latter method soon passed out of use, for it not only increased the fire hazard, but was inefficient mechanically, and also liable to give rise to disturbing influences on the ship's compasses.

Lead incased conductors in ordinary molding were used on the first two United States men-of-war having electric plants—the Trenton and Omaha—but with unsatisfactory results in each case. In the latter ship, the electrical plant of which was installed by the writer in 1884, the lead incased port and starboard mains passed through holes bored in live oak knees, one hole to about each six feet of run, and the writer has a vivid recollection of the difficulties encountered in boring several hundred three-quarter and half inch holes through about eight inches of gnarled oak, very nearly as hard to pierce as some of the toughest metals. It is perhaps needless to say that the cost of labor and tools was no small item in the cost of installation.

Lead incased conductors were finally discarded, except in some special work, as the protection from injury to the insulation and from moisture, which the lead sheath was supposed to give, was found to be illusory. Dents caused short circuiting on the sheath of the conductors, while punctures, permitting the entrance of moisture, led to bad ground's as well as short circuits.

Dr. Chase's

Millions die annually through lack of care for the kidneys—the first sign of kidney trouble noticeable is a single pain in the back which gradually develops into that dreaded malady Bright's disease—one of the most alarming symptoms is highly colored urine giving bricklike deposits—do not delay when the slightest symptom has appeared—Kidney troubles are easily prevented in their earlier stages—if neglected they may become obstinate, chronic and perhaps fatal—medical science has proved that all kidney diseases arise from an excess of uric acid or kidney acid poison in the blood—One of Dr. Chase's kidney-liver pills if taken weekly will neutralize this acid and prevent any tendency to Bright's disease or Diabetes.

Have you any of these symptoms? Back Ache, Dull Heavy Pain in the Bladder or Base of the Abdomen, Pains in the Back and Sides, Unusual desire to urinate, Scalding urine with passage obstructed, Red or White deposits, Tired Feelings, Weakness, Dropsical Swellings, these are sure signs of kidney troubles.

YOUNG MEN With headache, weak back, deposits in the urine and other symptoms of kidney decay should not postpone using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. OLD MEN Troubled with stricture, impediments obstructions, stoppage of the water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a great reliever.

KIDNEY-LIVER

TESTIMONIAL

J. F. Browning, Carpenter and Joiner, of Kingston, Ont., writes the following testimonial: 'I was troubled with my kidneys for ten years and was compelled to arise four and five times a night to urinate. The pain in my back was terrible. I have used enough plasters and pills to stock a drug store, and obtained no relief. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless and advised me to go to Toronto Hospital. I had made up my mind to go when I read your advertisement in the Toronto Evening News calling your pill the great K. and L. Pill, which I took the meaning to be the KNIGHTS OF LABOR PILLS, and being myself a member of that order I had confidence in the name, and I pronounce them the Workingman's Friend, for since taking them regular for three months, I can say I am entirely cured, and had I taken them years ago, would have saved hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. Very truly yours, J. F. BROWNING, Kingston, Ont.'

Ask those who have tried and been benefited by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills about their wonderful curative powers. Don't be skeptical. One or two doses of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills may mean the saving of your life. They act gently and effectually, and do not in any way interfere with your daily avocation.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE

Bright's Disease, Liver Complaint, Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness and Dyspepsia. One pill a dose; 25 cents a box, or 5 for \$1.

PILLS

We will give \$500 to any person troubled with disease of the kidneys that Dr. Chase's Combined Kidney and Liver pill will not relieve or cure.

At the present day what may be called a composite system for the installation of the distributing conductors is employed. Equal security in all parts of the installation is the object kept in view, and to obtain this several systems are blended together as one. While molding and flexible conduits are used in the saloons and cabins, the conductors in the machinery spaces and holds are run in iron conduits, which are thoroughly insulated on the inside, and special fittings are employed in passing through the decks and bulkheads. Special water tight switches cutouts and fixtures are also used wherever there is exposure to the weather—E. G. Bernard in Cassier's Magazine.

LIKE SUFFERERS ONLY KNOW. R. Scriber, Carpenter, of Hastings, was a Great Sufferer from Kidney Disease—South American Kidney Cure Effected a Quick Cure—It is a Specific Remedy for Specific Disease—It Dissolves and Eradicates All Solid Matter From the System—Is Safe and Permanent.

For many years I have been troubled with kidney disease, necessitating the taking of much in the way of remedies. Two years ago they became so bad that I had to seek the aid of a physician. My urine was more like blood than anything else, and was very painful. Just at that time I began using South American Kidney Cure. It gave me immediate relief, and from that time till now I have had no difficulty. I can safely and honestly recommend this great remedy to all persons suffering from kidney trouble.

In Danger of his Life. The mountain-lion is becoming rare in the West, but some dangerous specimens are yet to be found. A Western exchange tells a story of two men who were working a claim in the remote mountain regions of Colorado, and shortly before the very cold weather set in, went to town to get supplies.

It began to snow before they could get back, and it was a week later when they reached the cabin. As they came in sight of it, they saw that the window was open, reapproached themselves for their carelessness, as the cabin would probably be full of snow.

One of them went to the window, and had just put his head inside when a huge mountain-lion sprang on his shoulder from its concealment inside.

The other man was opening the door, and when he saw the peril of his companion was afraid to shoot. For one awful minute the lion stood on his victim, growling and spitting defiance, and then, with a yell, sprang into the bushes near by.

Both men then fired at the beast, but their nerves were unsteady, and it made its escape. Apart from a torn coat, no damage was done to the man, but he fully realized how near he has been to death. It is safe to say that the miners took care after that to see that the window fastenings were secure.

RABBITS THAT CLIMB.

Curiosities in England, but Common Pests in Australia. A correspondent writes to the London Field that while he was hunting rabbits with ferrets in January he found rabbits on three occasions in willow trees which overhung the water of a mill stream. The miller said that it was not an unusual circumstance. Some months ago the Field told of other rabbits which had been shot, like raccoons or opossums, out of trees in England. In recent years cases of rabbits in trees have been reported with increasing frequency.

From Australia has come the most remarkable story of rabbits as climbers. The only way in which rabbits could be kept out of certain tracts of land in Australia was by the building of wire fences about them; the fences had crawling meshes so small that the beasts could not crawl through and being so high that they could not jump over. The rabbits have clawed at the wires until their nails gradually have become hooked. Some of the rabbits learned to scale the fences, and then great additional expense was necessary, for the top of the fence had to be bent over like a J upside down, with the hook out so that the rodents could not get over the top. Australia rabbits are said to be learning to climb trees for the leaves.

Itching Burning Skin Disease Cured For 25 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Burns, Itch, Ulcers, blotches any all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quiescent and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 25 cents.

EST. 1847

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KILLS.

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Notches on The Stick

"Matins," by Francis Sherman [Cape-land and Day, Boston, 1896] is, we understand, its author's first book of verse, and as such inspires hope that the hand that has given initial work which is so good will yet do much to enrich our native literature. Indeed, as the matter now stands, he is entitled to cordial recognition at home, and to that measure of appreciation which is a necessary stimulus to the production of a poet's best. The book is full of the feeling of that season when winter breaks, when the buds are filling, and the first soft winds breathe over the brown earth; and these hints of power, these exfoliations of fancy, and of chaste expression, these lookings forth of young eyes upon the world and into life and its meanings, awaken expectancy of something distinctive and enduring when the period of maturity arrives. We think that, when this promise is fulfilled, whoever shall hereafter appraise the Canadian muse will not be able justly to fulfill his estimate with the omission of the name of Mr. Sherman.

Others may deal with our author's work more in detail, and point out possible blemishes; our aim is briefly to outline his general characteristics. He has written modestly and carefully, as well as feelingly, and is entitled to our respectful consideration. He has not disdained the needful care and pains to weave elaborate measures; there is evenness of tone, without extravagance. There is occasionally the quaint phrase that gives flavor to his style, and he strongly inclines to archaic themes and measures. He loves the company of the Rossetis and other poetic mystics, and of William Morris, whose genius he celebrates. We find in his ballads some of the sunny ease and grace of story-telling peculiar to him who gave us the freedom of his "Earthly Paradise". He is a favorite companion with us amid the green lanes of English song, always benignantly wholesome. The book, christened "Matins," commences with an outlook on Life, and no irreverent or hopeless view is taken. The poet feels its mystery, but does not doubt its sacredness:

Swing open wide, O Gate,
That I may enter in
And see what lies in wait
For me . . .

He goes to prove his life but already he treasures it as uncorrupted gold, having prophecy of its worth:

I know what is behind
Your heavy brazen bars;
I heard it of the wind
Whom I dwelt yesterday:
The wind that blows always
Among the ancient stars.

Life is the chiefest thing
The wind brought knowledge of,
As it passed, murmuring:
Life, with its infinite strength,
And undiminished length,
Of years filled with love.

That this great gift is accepted religiously, may be inferred from such poems as "Ave," "At Matins," and the sonnet-sequence, entitled, "A Life."

O Lord, let me not see this thing is fair,
This Body Thou hast given me to wear—
Lest I fall out of love with death and dying,
And deem the old, strange life not hard to bear!

"Yes, now, even now, I love this body so—
O Lord, on me Thy longest days bestow!
O Lord, forget the words I have been crying,
And lead me where Thou thinkst I should go!"

The four sonnets, entitled "A Life," should be read consecutively, in order to get a just appreciation. However, we can find space only for the first and third:

Let us rise up and live. Behold each thing
Is ready for the moulding of our hand;
Long have they all awaited our command;
None other will they ever own for king.
Until we come no bird dare try to sing,
Nor any sea its power may understand;
Year asketh year some tidings of some Spring.
Yes, it is time,—high time we were awake!
Simple indeed should life be unto us.

What part is ours?—To take what all things give;
To feel the whole world growing for our sake;
To have sure knowledge of the marvellous;
To laugh and love.—Let us rise up and live!
Let us lie down and sleep! All things are still,
And everywhere doth rest alone seem sweet.
No more is heard the sound of hurrying feet
Through the land their echoes once did fill.
Even the wind knows not its ancient will,
For each ship floats with undisturbed sheet;
His handmaidens, the utmost western hill.
Ah, there the glory is! O west of gold!
Once seemed our life to us as glad and fair;
We knew no pain nor sorrow anywhere;
O crimson clouds! O mountains autumn-stoled;
Aero-s even you long shadows soon must sweep
We too have lived. Let us lie down and sleep!

From these meditative and introspective pieces we turn to the ballads and poems of fancy, of which there are several worthy of especial attention. "The Window of Dreams,"—which perhaps shows our author's imagination at the highest advantage—may be taken as a sort of allegory of that fatality which lies in day-dreaming.

"It was quite dark within the room
Wherein the Lady Alice sat;
One had not seen, who looked thereat,
The gathered dust upon her loom,
There was such gloom."

"The Lady Alice," like Mariona in the Mooted grange, is lonely; like Elaine, fascinated before Lancelot's shield, she abides in fantasy; and like the Lady of Shalott, involved in her web, she is in a maze of dreams. She looks out of her window and sees an enchanted wonder-world,—knights marching to battle—ships sailing at sunset—colored pennons flying, and many other beguiling objects:

"A ship that rode triumphantly
On wide blue waters, with the wind
Strong from the west that lay behind;
Its sail curved like a slender moon,
Born into June."

But, while the gazes abroad, all in the room becomes faded, corroded, decayed:

"The room was dark, and full of fear;
And so the Lady Alice stayed
Beside the window. Here she prayed
Each morning, and when night drew near,
Year after year,

"Beside her lay some unused thing:
"A trumpet that had long been mute;
A vellum book; a little lute
That once had ten unstrung strings;
And four gold rings.

"A piece of faded cloth—of gold;
And three black pennies that were white
As silver once—the great delight
She had of all these things of old
Was now quite cold.

"Only the things that she could see
Out of the window gladdened her. . . ."

At last, "against the window-side she slept," and the desolation thickened about her:

"Above the window, and inside,
Great spiders, who were spun across,
Where stone was, there was wet green moss
Wherein small creeping things did hide
Until they died.

"The leaves that looked toward the room
Were hardly anything but veins;
They had been wasted by the rains,
Like some dead naked girl in the bloom
Of some old tomb.

"But those outside were broad and green,
And lived between the sun and shade.
A perfect bowler they had made—
Bereath them there should sit some queen
Born to be seen!"

"The Relief of Wet Willows" is a ballad of the Pre-Raphaelite order, concerning "Seven men Who rode to Wet Willows and back again."

"The Kingfisher" sets forth the sorrows and sweet charities that spring up in woman's heart. The silent watching bird sees and understands. "The Builder," "A November Vigil" and "Summer Dying," are in their way very beautiful.

Of the brief lyrics, "The Quiet Valley," "The Mother," "Between the Winter and the Spring," and "The Foreigner," beside the one which we give entire, will be found to reward a careful reading.

BETWEEN THE FATTLES.
Let us bury him here,
Where the maples are red;
He is dead,
And he died thanking God that he fell with the fall
Of the leaf and the year.

Where the hillside is sheer,
Let it echo our tread
Whom he led;
Let us follow as gladly as ever we followed who
never knew fear.

Ere he died they had fled;
Yet they heard his last cheer
Ringing clear,—
When we lifted him up he would fain have pursued,
but grew dizzy instead.

Break his sword and his spear!
Let his last prayer be said
By the bed.
We have made us beneath the wet wind in the
maple trees moaning so drear:

"O Lord God, by the red
Sullen end of the year
That is here,
We beseech Thee to guide us and strengthen our
swords till his slayers be dead!"

"The Conqueror" is noble in tone, and full of pathos. The dying warrior wishes to return to his wife; for when, at morning, he left her, he said—
"At sunset I am coming home."
"When you return, I shall be here," she said.

But long and in vain must she await him:
The charm of the outward world, the
woods, the hills, the sky, are in many of
these poems. We see portrayed the common
forms of a familiar landscape,—the
dark, dark wood,
Hemlocks . . . and little pines
. . . And Solomn cedars.

At such a time as
The low, gray sky curveth from hill to hill,
Silent and all untenanted,
He can discern the approach of Spring:
See, as she cometh unrestrained and fleet
Past the thrush-haunted trees,
How glad the lilies are that touch her knee!
How glad the grasses underneath her feet.

Maidens, arise! I know where many flowers
Have grown these many hours,

To make more perfect this glad Easter-day!
Where tall white lilies sway
On slender stems,
Waiting for you to come and gather them;
Where banks of mayflowers are, all pink and white,
Which will Him well delight;
And yellow buttercups, and growing grass
Through which the Spring winds pass;
And mosses wet,
Well strewn with many a new-born violet.

The following five stanzas are from the poem entitled, "A Memory":

You must remember all that chanced that day.
Can you forget the shy awakening call
Of the first robin?—And the foolish way
The squirrel ran along the low stone wall?

The half-retreating sound of water breaking,
Hushing, falling; while the pine laden breeze
Told us the tumult many crows were making
Amid innumerable distant trees;

The certain presence of the birth of things
Around, above, beneath us,—everywhere;
The soft return of immemorial Springs
Thrilling with life the fragrant forest air.

But passages equally delicious might be
quoted from, "The Rain," "Among The
Hills," "To Summer," "The Path," "The
Last Flower," "After Harvest," "Heat in
September," and "Summer Dying."

Ah, might I say,
That I might hear one robin cry
Bringing the day;
That I might see the new grass come
Where cattle range;
The maples bud, wild roses bloom
And willows change;

Or under rough, gnarled boughs might lie,
Where orchards are,
And hear some glad child's laughing cry
Ring loud and far.

Mr. Sherman is a native and resident of
Fredericton—that city of poets—and from
"On the Hillside," we take a little vignette
which may be recognizable by wanderers
in that charmed vicinity:

October's peace hath fallen on everything.
In the far west, above the pine-crowned hill,
With red and purple yet the heavens thrill—
The passing of the sun remembering.
A crow sails up on heavy, flapping wing,
(In some land, surely the young spring hath her
will)
Below, the little city lieth still;
And on the river's breast the mist-wreaths cling.
Here on this slope that yet hath known no plough,
The cattle wander homeward slowly now;
In shapeless clumps the ferns are brown and dead.
Among the fir trees dusk is swiftly born;
The maples will be desolate by morn.
The last word of the summer hath been said.
PARRON FELIX.

FOURTEEN YEARS IN TERROR.

But Dr. Agnew's Care For the Heart Gave Relief in 30
Minutes and Three Bottles Effected a Cure Which
Baffled the Best of Physicians.

This is what Mrs. J. Cockburn of Wark-
worth, Ont., says: "For fourteen years I
have been a great sufferer from heart
disease; troubled very much with sharp,
shooting pains constantly passing through
my heart. Very often the spasms were so
severe that I would become unconscious.
My limbs would swell and become quite
cold. For these fourteen years I doctored
with best physicians without relief. Hav-
ing seen Dr. Agnew's Care for the Heart
advertised, I determined to try it, and be-
fore I had taken half a bottle I found great
relief. I felt the beneficial effects inside
of thirty minutes. I have taken three
bottles and it has done me more good than
any medicine or any physician ever did.
I can conscientiously recommend it to all
sufferers from heart trouble."

Portable Folding Rack.
A portable folding rack, which can be
carried in a drummer's trunk, will enable
travelling salesmen to display clothing,
cloaks, dry goods, etc., advantageously,
and to convert any room in a hotel into a
sample room.

If you are Subject to Cramps
You know how important it is to have a
prompt remedy on hand. Nerviline—
nerve pain cure—has a wonderful and im-
mediate influence upon this malady. It
relieves in one minute and cures in five.
Pleasant to the taste, and the best remedy
in the world for pain.

Playing Cards.
A new invention in playing cards is the
addition to the pack of one or more extra
cards, the face side of which is so printed
or ruled as to afford a convenient means
for keeping a record of the games.

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Genuine and Guaranteed
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THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE
WORLD

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Exhaust and Weaken

The business man should keep on hand a
16 oz. bottle of Johnston's Fluid Beef,
which can be prepared for use in a minute
with hot water heated over gas or spirit
lamp.

Johnston's Fluid Beef
Strengthens.

PLEASANT TO TAKE DROPPED ON SUGAR.



JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE
LINIMENT
CURE?
COLDS
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CRAMPS

Every Mother should have in the house for the many common ailments which will occur in every family as long as life has weal. Do not forget the very important and useful fact, that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment cures every form of inflammation, Internal or External. It is a fact, proven by the investigations of medical science, that the real danger from disease is caused by inflammation; cure the inflammation and you conquer the disease.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Could a remedy have existed for over eighty years except for the fact that it does possess extraordinary merit for very many Family Ills? There is not a medicine in use today which has the confidence of the public to so great an extent as this wonderful Anodyne. It has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it with entire satisfaction, and handed down to their children a knowledge of its worth, as a Universal Household Remedy, from infancy to good old age. For Internal as much as External Use. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician, Doctor's Signature and Directions on every bottle. Be not afraid to trust what time has endorsed. All Druggists, J. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Granby Rubbers

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

Don't Draw the Feet
They Fit the Boot

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Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, ISABELLA, "St. AUGUSTINE" (Registered), CLARET.

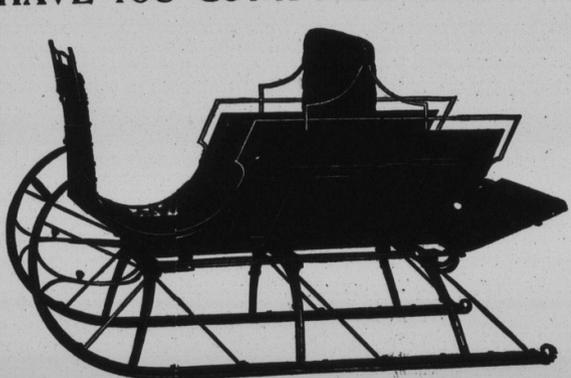
THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.
MARCH 16th, 1896.

E. C. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B.
DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefit from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house.
Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. C. SCOVIL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 632, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Merry Sleigh Bells

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Neatest and Handsomest Turnout made



And then on this SINGLE SLEIGH—just the thing for comfort and for fast driving. Strong and Durable.

For prices and all information apply to

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Fredericton, N. B.

Woman and Her Work

I am frequently called upon to answer questions about Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers; what they are like, what they are composed of, how soon they are supposed to have the desired effect of beautifying and clearing the complexion, how many must be taken before good results are apparent, and above all, whether I am really certain that they are harmless, and can be left off at any time without turning the patient into a yellow old woman. Now I am always pleased to answer any questions that I can for my correspondents, and it gives me great pleasure to assure them of my confidence in the preparations I have spoken so highly of, by the information that I am now finishing my fourth box of the wafers, while Fould's Arsenic Soap has become such a necessity to me that I cannot imagine ever doing without it again as long as I have fifty cents to buy a cake. I am taking the wafers as a tonic, and by way of tuning up a set of exhausted nerves. I would take them for the benefit of my complexion were it not that its dazzling brilliancy is such now, that to try and improve it would be like painting the lily, but yet I have no doubt that if I continue taking them, I shall like the princess in the fairy tale "continue to grow more beautiful than ever" and never, never, grow old at all. But to answer my correspondents' queries categorically Campbell's Arsenic Wafers are before all other things beneficial to the human system; they are by no means composed entirely of arsenic in the raw, as so many people seem to imagine, but contain no less than nine other ingredients besides the drug which gives them their name. It speaks volumes for their beneficial effect that conservative England has recognized their merits and that their sale across the water is enormous. It is another triumph for the potent little wafers that physicians everywhere are acknowledging their merits and prescribing them for their patients, especially in cases of eczema, and other diseases of the skin, and blood.

As to how soon the wafers are supposed to have the desired effect, that depends entirely on the constitution of the person taking them. Some people feel the benefit of medicine at once, while others are a long time before they notice any change whatever; if the stomach is at all deranged arsenic has very little effect on the system; and again some constitutions are much more susceptible to the influences of the drug than others. Therefore it will be well to see that the digestive organs are in good working order before beginning a course of the wafers and soap. Above all things I would counsel perseverance, no medicine can be expected to have the requisite effect as soon as it is begun; pimples, blackheads, sallow skins and wrinkles are all the growth of time, they did not make their appearance in a day, and therefore they cannot be removed in a day either. "Kit" of the "Toronto Mail and Empire" tells an amusing story of a woman who wrote to her and complained about the wafers; she said she did not believe they were any good, because she had eaten six, and saw no difference at all in her complexion. Another enthusiast in the search after a good complexion called on "Kit" and assured her that the much praised wafers were "no good" as she had eaten thirteen, and her wrinkles were just as deep as ever. "Kit" advised this doubting Thomas of the gender sex to go away and eat six boxes, according to directions, and then call on her again. She took "Kit's" advice, and had a vastly different story to tell the next time she came.

As I have said before wrinkles are caused by a wasting of the tissues which destroys the fine thin layer of fat deposited just under the skin, and acting as a sort of cushion, just as a fine layer of wadding would for the skin to rest upon. When this is destroyed the skin is a little too large for the surface it has to cover, and it consequently "bags" into wrinkles. Naturally it will take some time for any medicine to rebuild this delicate structure, and the arsenic wafers will do it if they are persevered in; but at the same time it is scarcely fair for the woman of forty to think that one box of wafers will eradicate wrinkles that have been forming for ten years, let her take six boxes, and then examine her face and see how the wrinkles look. It will only cost her five dollars, and goodness knows five dollars is not much to pay for setting back the clock of time ten whole years, and getting a brand new complexion into the bargain!

As to there being any danger in leaving off these preparations after having continued their use for a time, there is absolutely none; it must be remembered that in taking

the wafers one is not assimilating a lump of pure arsenic, if so, there would indeed be danger of white lips, pasty complexions, yellow blotches on the face and all such horrors, but as it is, such a contingency is carefully guarded against by using in conjunction with the arsenic, drugs which are especially intended for enriching, and at the same time purifying the blood. So much for the internal application of arsenic. The external action which tends to soften and refine the skin itself, reducing enlarged pores and giving it a satiny texture, is supplied by Fould's Arsenical Soap, which should always be used in connection with the wafers. In the advertising columns of "PROGRESS" will be found full particulars as to price, etc, of both wafers, and soap.

It is said that silk is to be more fashionable this summer than ever before, and every woman who has the least pretensions to fashion, must have at least one silk dress. From the rich brocade, to the simple foulard there is a variety of choice, both as to style, and price; we are assured that a good quality of silk can be purchased for a very moderate price, and this being the case, all we have to do, is simply choose our gown, have it made up in some pretty style, and rest assured that we are in the height of the mode.

The first display of spring millinery is always rather startling, the colors are usually new to us, and they seem more vivid than we expected with a tendency to indecision, a sort of jumble of color, which may be very stylish, and French, but which certainly is not in the best taste. Later in the season this brilliant advance guard of millinery disappears, and the colors and shapes that are really going to be worn by the best dressed women, take their places. As far as one can judge at this early date red, is the color which is likely to have the most prominent place in spring millinery, red straw, red tulle, and red flowers are all seen in one hat, while poppies and geraniums seem to be the favorite flowers. One pretty hat is trimmed with poppies in soft shades of green, with black centres, the hat itself is black, and green ribbon and black kilted chiffon finish the trimming.

Tulle with narrow satin straw sewn in several rows on the edge is much used for bows, and sequined net is also in fashion of the past few years, foliage will be a very important part of all the flowers worn, even lilies of the valley and Scotch thistles will be nestled in their own foliage. Yellow flowers will be more fashionable than they have been for years, and cowslips arranged to stand up at the back of the hat in a sort of comb will be a novel feature of some of the new hats. The fashion of wearing hats well tilted over the face promises to continue through the summer, and the sailor hat with plain straight brim and medium low crown is to hold its own, as it has done for some years.

A great deal of moire silk is shown, and the variety of the naterings is something wonderful, one never imagined that so many different patterns could be put into a design that seems so simple; the frosted effects in natering, are especially lovely. Of course there are all sorts of floral patterns, with both lace, and bow knot designs scattered through and the large flowers, which show faintly through the tinted grounds, are lovely, in light silks.

Some of the new silks show threads of Tinsel woven through them, but the very newest of all are the moire brocades which come in a variety of patterns, a favorite one being poppies in wonderfully delicate tints. White moire with the watering in deep points, is charming for evening dresses; cloudy effects over leaves and flowers, being also a favorite fancy. Foulards promise to lead the procession of silks during the coming summer, and their variety is endless; checks of every size and style from the pin head to the large broken plaid are shown amongst the new importations. A new silk which looks to be a sort of cross between a surah and a merveilleux, is promised a wide popularity, and another novelty is a moire taffeta, which shows a fine, cross-line stripe and is very effective in both light and dark colors. A curious design which is a revival of an old fashion, shows small black polka on grounds of bright colors in both watered and changeable silk. Bengaline again appears amongst the fashionable silks, and popinette, which is a material of silk and wool woven with a cord like briak poplin, except that the cords are very fine, and the fabric itself much lighter and thinner than the real poplin, is another novelty, and is shown in both light and dark colors.

Probably the most practical and serviceable of all the silk gowns for summer, is the foulard with a dark ground; such a gown is never too dressy and is always suitable for either afternoon or evening wear according to the way it is made up. Dark blue, with a design in white, is always cool and fresh looking, and possesses

Necessity is the Mother of Invention

The buying public expect a good deal now-a-days. To keep quality up while prices drop requires inventive genius.

Thrifty Management,
Buying with Ready Cash,
No Lot too Big if Price is Right,

Is our way. If we do better than any one else, you'll buy from us—that's business; if we don't, why, that's our fault. Give us a call and see what we can do for you. Our Shoes sell at sight.

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the advantage of never being out of fashion. Next in favor come the violet and plum shades, which though no prettier are newer than the blues, and make lovely dresses when combined with white, in chiffon and ribbon. Scroll patterns in white on the dark grounds are very much in favor and some of these new foulards have either a lacework stripe, or a cashmere design. One of the advance models in foulard dresses is in blue and white and made with the new skirt, which has the front and side breadths tucked down in lengthwise tucks down from the waist to the hips, the back breadths being gored and the fulness gathered into the belt. This skirt is quite loose from the foundation at the bottom, and is finished with a deep hem. The bodice is fitted to the lining by being shirred on fine cord just an inch and a half apart, and going around the figure. A fancifully cut yoke of Irish point lace over white silk extends into epaulettes over the sleeves, which are shirred into puffs to match the bodice, from the wrist to the moderately large puff at the shoulder. The collar and belt are of white taffeta ribbon. The accordion plaited skirt once so popular is shown again this season, and a very new and pretty model is in pale blue liberty silk made with a full bodice, and a wide collar of cream lace insertion, and cream satin ribbon in alternate rows, and finished at the edge with a lace frill.

ASTRA.

AN INSURANCE MAN'S STORY.

J. J. Henshry, Inspector for the Standard Life Assurance Co. at Peterborough, cured of Muscular Rheumatism by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure—It Turns the Midnight of Suffering into Mid-day Brightness of Good Health—These Are His Words. I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism in my arm; so much so that for days at a time I could not sleep. I walked the floor in pain the greater part of the night. I procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and found great relief after a few doses. It's a sure cure, and I heartily recommend it.

FIERCE ROBBER CRABS.

One of Them Makes it Hot for a Man Who Reached into its Burrow. A man in the Ellice group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean found a heap of teased out cocoon fibre and cocoon shells at the foot of a large persea tree. He recognized the work of a palm crab or cocoon eater and looked about him for the burrow. He found it and carefully felt it to ascertain which way it turned. He had his arm in to the shoulder when something seized his wrist. He shouted with pain and tried to pull his hand out, but could not.

A white man was fishing on a near-by reef, and hearing the shouts, came to the rescue. He tore the earth and matted

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion
Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,
And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of
Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS
.....AND FOULD'S.....
MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to
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roots away, and quickly saw that the owner of the of the burrow, a palm crab, had resented the intrusion of a hand and had crushed the bones with its grip. A sheath knife plunged through the pendulous tail caused the crab to loosen its hold. The curious man did not recover the use of his hand.

The palm crab, which is known as the robber crab, is one of the most powerful of the crab family, and is credited with all sorts of feats of strength and some feats of agility. Its tail is short, somewhat like a lobster's, and fat. The fat and the white of the animal render it a delicacy highly relished by the Englishmen, Panamatuans, Society Islanders, and Tongans.

The robber crabs are great fighters. When one of their kind enters the burrow of another the intrusion results in a nip-and-other damage done. The great strength of the nippers is due to their constant use in sheering open the cocoon shells to get the pulp on which the crabs feed. When a crab is confined in a tin box, the box must be carefully examined first and any loose edges soldered down and holes filled up. If the crab gets a place where it can use its nippers as shears and tongs combined, the box is opened up in short order. A man living in the Tonga group who neglected to examine a box carefully stored a crab in it on the porch. Next morning the crab and half the house monkey was gone.

These crabs are very fond of turtle eggs. They have eyes especially adapted to seeing cocoanuts in trees and trails of crabs on the ground. They can see in all directions at once. They are so fond of turtle eggs that when two or three of them meet on a nest a fight to the death follows. Louis Boeke was walking on an island in the Ellice group with a native companion, when the native burst out laughing. He had seen three of the robber crabs in one bunch with their thirty legs so tangled about one another that they could not release their holds on the approach of the men. All they could do was to roll their eyes about. One of the three had two of its armored legs crushed by the nipper of one of others. The native took a vine which grew near by, lassoed the lot, wound them about with it, and carried them off.

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nervine Withstands All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical—When They are Converted to its Use in Their Personal Allment They Become its Best Friend—For It never Fails Them.

Mr. Dinwoodie of Campbellford, Ont., says:—"I recommend South American Nervine to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine."

HE WAS LOST AT HOME.

After finding his way through Forests Lost in City Streets.

Men who can find their way through boundless forests and other trackless plains may easily be lost in the streets of a large city, a truth of which the Toledo Blade gives an amusing example.

On the last trip of the City of Mackinac with a cargo of horses for a lumber firm came a backwoodsman. He had a great reputation as a "land-looker." Without a compass, by the bark and moss on the trees, he had been known to traverse a quarter section without diverging twenty

feet from the straight line from stake to stake. He had heard much of the city, and thought he should like to see some of the wonderful things that he had been told about.

He found work at once, his duties being to deliver lumber to the retail trade about the city. The first day a man was sent with him to show him the way about the town. The next day he was sent out alone and did not return, and in the evening was found on the outskirts of the town with his load of lumber, so completely lost and unhappy that he had decided to stay there all night.

Three times he was sent to deliver lumber, and three times he was found in another part of the city. Finally he asked his employer for transportation home. Said he, "I do not like these places where the sun changes its position every five minutes, and one street is made to go in four or five different directions."

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

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

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

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Silver Gloss Starch, } FOR LAUNDRY.
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Millinery, Dress Making.



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MONOTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new set models. Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest classed supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

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ENGINEER CONNOR'S SON.

Some lives there are that seem to run in perpetual sunshine and roses. Some are perpetually in the shadow of tragedy.

When Jack Connor was promoted to the position of engineer on the Nashville and Chattanooga road, which cuts the State of Tennessee from north to south, he moved his family into the pretty little cottage standing side by side with the railroad track, in the little village of Antioch.

The houses stood side by side, and both doors opened toward the railroad. The village, indeed, was built so—straight down the railroad, for the train was about the biggest thing around Antioch.

Jack Connor's cottage stood on a hill, so near to the track that he could speak to his wife from his engine when she stood in the door, as she usually did, to see No. 6 go by.

The trainmen were pretty well acquainted with the Antioch people in general, but there was not one among them, from the conductor down, who did not know Jack Connor's son.

'Little Jack,' they called him; and the train never whistled for Antioch but they would look out for the little fellow hoisted on the wood-pile to see his father's engine go by.

He seldom went farther than the wood-pile; that was his mother's order; though the brakeman and the train porter would sometimes try to coax him down to the platform with apples and sticks of striped candy.

Sometimes his mother would take him down to speak to his father, and the little fellow would go almost wild over the big engine and the glowing furnace, the great bell clanging a hasty good-bye, and the shrill whistle, which more than once he had been permitted to "pull."

'Just naturally takes to the engine,' the fireman would often say; 'gets that from his pappy.'

And Jack did seem to have a natural love for a locomotive. Jerry Crane used to say:

'I can allus tell when the cysars are coming—there's a slapping of neighbor Connor's door, a click of the gate, and in a minute a little yellow head top of a big pile of wood and when I see it I allus say to my wife, "Marry, the cysars are coming." And she looks out, not at the railroad track, but at the wood-pile, and says she, "Yes, they are coming, Jerry."

Sometimes a neighbor would pass and speak to him:

'Any news today, Jack?'

'Father's aboard today, sir,' he would answer; or else, 'There's a bridge down between here and Chattanooga, sir; or, "No. 6 will be fifteen minutes late today, sir."

He always had something to tell, and it was mostly of the train or the track, engines or wrecks. Anything that concerned the railroad was interesting to Jack.

He had his father's head, the trainmen said, but the neighbors declared he had his mother's sunny, hopeful, helpful nature.

But one day trouble came to her door. Engineer Connor was brought home in a caboose, with both legs mashed and an arm gone, while his engine lay in a ruined heap under a broken bridge just beyond the Tennessee river.

Every man had jumped but him—fireman, brakemen, all but Jack.

'Jump, Connor, for your life!' the fireman had called to him when the timbers began to crack; and the man had laid his hand upon the throttle and said:

'You forget I'm engineer.'

And there he stood until the crash came. He was not quite dead when the boys found him, and all the time they were working with him he was praying, 'Just for life to get home,' they heard him whisper. 'Just long enough to get home and die with my wife and boy.'

His prayer was granted; he reached home and the two that he loved best on God's earth. Just before he died he reached for his pocketbook under his pillow and handed it to his wife.

'It is all I've got, Annie,' he said. 'I wish it was more, wife.'

Then he laid his hand on the little head with its crown of yellow curls pressing his pillow. He seemed to forget the boy was only a baby.

'Jack,' he said, 'I leave your mother to you. Take care of her, my man.'

Then his mind seemed to wander; he was on the engine one moment, the next with his family again.

'The company will do something for you by and by, Jack,' he said, 'and always remember—don't forget it, Jack—that any man in time of danger may desert—any man but the engineer. He must stick—stick—stick—to his post, Jack.'

'Here I am, mother,' he said, and she understood. It was then Jack's life began in earnest. The pet name of 'Baby Jack' no longer trembled upon his mother's lips. She called him instead 'My son,' 'My boy' or else 'twas 'Mother's man.' So is the heart wont to clothe with strength that which it leans upon. She trusted him entirely, and his quick mind recognized it.

The prohibition no longer confined him to the woodpile, but every morning when the whistle sounded, the cottage door would open, the gate click, and a pair of bright stockings flash for a moment in the sunlight as a pair of nimble legs went hurrying down to the platform.

'Piss! piss! I trash piss and cakes!' He had turned peddler. Such a tiny, industrious little peddler as he was, too; and with so many rough-bearded, warm-hearted friends among the train-men, Jack's business was bound to flourish.

One day the red stocking went dancing down to the platform with unusual speed; so fast, indeed, that the mother, who was following, had scarcely reached the platform when No. 6 pulled up, and Engineer Robinson dropped from the engine and caught the boy in his arms and tossed him up to the fireman.

'Catch the little engineer, Sam,' he shouted, 'I've promised to let him run No. 6 today.'

'Mother, mother! Can you spare me a whole day?'

She smiled and nodded.

'I'll come back at 5:10—the wheels began to turn—and the wood is in, mother—the train was moving—and the kindling—the rattle of the cars drowned his voice 'box full'—how the steam roared! Not one word of what he was saying could reach her now, but he talked on, and when the steam ceased to roar, and the train slid smoothly out, he leaned from the window. 'Good-bye, mother.'

She heard and waved her hand. And then Engineer Robinson pulled him back to look at some roasted chestnuts the "train butcher" had sent up for him.

It was a marvelous ride to the boy, who never ceased to wonder at the proud old engine and its magnificent strength. But for all the pleasure and freedom, there was a shadow all day on the boy's face, which neither the good things nor the wonderful stories which Engineer Robinson brought to his entertainment could quite dispel.

He would climb up to the engineer's velvet cushion and lean his elbow on the window-sill, and dropping his cheek into his hand, fall to dreaming while he watched the clouds or the trees flitting by.

Once the train stopped to wait for a delayed freight, and the engineer spoke to the boy, sitting silent at the window.

'Hello, Jack!' he said. 'You're not asleep, are you? An engineer can't sleep, sir; remember that. Whatever other folks may do, he's got to keep his eyes open.'

Jack's eyes filled as he looked at his old friend.

'Yes, sir,' he said, 'that's just what father used to say.'

Engineer Robinson turned to look out at the other window, down the track—the straight, treacherous track along which poor Jack Connor had traveled to eternity.

Young Jack talked on, softly but distinctly. 'And father said, the night they brought him home, sir, he said: "Every man may jump but the engineer—the engineer must stick to the engine." And he said, father said, away off it seemed to me, like you try to speak when the steam's a-sizzling, sir; he said: "Stick to the engine and stand by your mother, Jack." And I've been a thinking, Mr. Robinson,—the engineer leaned farther out, and the sleeve of his blue overalls brushed his face, while Jack talked on,—"I've been a-thinking all day as maybe I ought not to have left her by herself a whole day."

The engineer answered, without turning his head:

'Oh, she's all right, Jack; she's safe.' 'But you know what father said. "Stand by your mother, Jack and here I am away off on your engine, sir."

The delayed freight rattled by twenty minutes; the fireman threw in some coal, the steam began to puff, and No. 6 sped on its way.

The wind, could it have spoke, must have carried strange stories of what it saw and heard in its passage through the engine box that day; strange, gruff voices and tender words, bearded chin and childish cheek pressed together in sympathy and love.

No. 6 drew up on time at Antioch, 5:10 A door flew open as the whistle sounded four times, as if it said, 'Here I am, mother.'

A little form was lowered from the engine and went flying through the lighted doorway. As the train pulled out Engineer Robinson leaned from his window.

'Here I am, mother,' the joyful greeting rang out, and the engineer saw Jack go straight into the arms opened to receive him.

'Here I am, mother,—that became a very familiar cry among the nearest neighbors; and more than one eye filled up and ran over as little Jack Connor's voice, thrilling and hopeful, rang out on the frosty air of a winter's morning.

One evening he was late returning from an errand upon which his mother had sent him. The clouds were heavy, as if they might hold snow.

Mrs. Connor knew that Jack would be cold and tired when he returned, so she took his basket and went out to the wood-pile.

'I'll gather the chips,' she said 'and save him that much work.'

But she had scarcely begun her task when Jack came panting up the hill.

'Why, mother,' he called, 'didn't you know I was coming?'

He expected her to lean upon him; as he grew older the feeling grew, and he was always disappointed if she failed to do so. One morning she went out to her milking and a strange dog met her and sprang upon her. Scarcely knowing what she did she threw the milking pail at him, and screamed for Jack.

QUICKCURE Boils. Unnecessary pain is often caused by ignorance of what a boil really is. It doesn't come from the inside, as many suppose, and require to be "drawn out" by painful poulticing, etc. A boil is a microbe in the skin and can be removed without pain, without lancing or poulticing, by a simple little plaster made with QUICKCURE which destroys the microbe—soothes the pain—reduces the inflammation and heals the skin.

He came with a bound, seizing a club as he passed the wood-pile. 'I'm coming, mother.' Old Peter Glass, passing near, heard Jack's cry and ran down to see what was the matter. There he stood between his mother and the mad beast, flourishing his club and bidding the dog begone.

Peter relieved the loyal little fellow by killing the dog, which he afterwards declared to his wife was raving mad. 'But mad or not,' he added, 'it wouldn't a-biddered that boy's pitting right in to fight for his mammy. It always brings the tears to my eyes, somehow, when I come in contact with that mantel little chip of Jack Connor's.'

Peter Glass was not the only one whose heart softened for Jack Connor's son. Aye, many an eye wept and many a heart bled for him when the little fellow ceased to appear on the hill above the railroad track.

It was June, glad, sunny June, when Jack's mother went one morning to call on a sick friend, an old neighbor, at the station just above Antioch.

Jack thought he had never seen so fair a day—the sun shone, the birds sang, and the flowers were everywhere.

'You can come to meet me at twelve o'clock, Jack,' his mother said, as she kissed his cheek. 'I'll be sure to come on that train unless something happens.'

'I'll be here, mother,' said Jack, 'to every train until you come.'

The sun still shone when the train came in at noon. Jack thought the whistle sounded mournful, somehow. And the engine "read up" sooner than usual, so that the train came in "slow and solemn like."

And the telegraph operator had laid his hand in a very gentle way on the boy's head as he hurried past him. And Engineer Robinson never once looked out to speak to him. The fireman, too, turned his face the other way and was busy with his shovel. The brakeman leaned on his brake and never lifted his eyes as the cars pulled up. Jack thought it all very strange.

'Here I am, mother.' The conductor cleared his throat when the well-known welcome rang through the train. Passengers turned from the windows and put their handkerchiefs to their eyes, as if the sight of an eager little face aglow with expectation and delight were painful to them.

'Here I am, mother.' He was scanning every face eagerly, longingly, when the conductor stepped out.

'Jack,' he said, 'she isn't aboard.' A shadow flitted across the bright countenance. The conductor took the boy's hand in his and held it close.

'Jack my boy,' he said, 'you must be a man. Your mother has not come,—will not come, Jack. Your mother is dead my son.'

And the sun still shone, but not for Jack. He never knew the terrible story, how in stepping from the train his foot slipped and he fell beneath the wheels which passed over her body. He never knew—nor from that day he never knew anything, except that he never came back to him.

Day after day when the whistle sounded a little figure was seen to climb the wood-pile—Jerry Crane's wood-pile now—to watch for his mother.

'Here I am, mother,' the shrill, clear voice would ring out. And when the train had passed on some one would explain: 'It's poor Jack Connor come to meet his mother.' They grew accustomed to seeing him there as the days drifted into years.

'Every train until you come back,' he had said and day or night, winter or summer, the trainmen would see the cottage door open, and knew it was Jack waiting for his mother.

One day they missed him; he was ill, raving with fever. Jerry Crane's wife bent over his pillow; the poor little life was going. At 10 o'clock he opened his eyes.

'Is No. 6 in yet?' he asked.

'Not yet, Jack,' they told him. He smiled and closed his eyes again.

'She'll be here on that train,' he said. 'I must go down to meet her when No. 6 comes in.'

At eleven he started and sat up in bed. 'Is she in yet?' he asked. 'Is No. 6 in?'

'Not yet, Jack, dear,' they told him, and he dropped back among his pillows, where he lay for an hour talking first to the engine, then to engineer Robinson. Then his mind wandered to his father and the night he died.

IN A GLASS CASE. The Elements That go to Form a Man—All Essentials But One. Two or three young men who were visiting in Washington City recently, went into the National Museum. Passing a cabinet they glanced at the label on it, on which were the words, 'The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds.'

'Where is the man?' one of the young men asked. No one answered him. In the cabinet were arranged an odd assemblage of heterogeneous articles. Among them were two large jars of water; also jars containing different kinds of salts; other jars in which were phosphates of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and other chemicals.

Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with gases—hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; a square lump of coal, and more bottles separately labelled phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium. In a little jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and near by was a lump of ill-smelling brimstone.

The materials in these cabinets are given in exact proportions as combined in an ordinary man.

'It is very curious and interesting so far as it goes,' said one of the young men. 'But where are the retorts and tubes, and the fires, and the chemist?'

The young men stood silent, staring at what seemed to them a gruesome assortment of carbon and sugar and gas and iron with a certain awe and disgust.

'And that is what I am made of?' one of them said. 'That is all that goes to make-me?'

'That is all,' said a bystander, smiling, and walked on.

But the young men did not smile. The cabinets had set before each of them, for the first time probably, the awful problem of his own being.

'If that is all that is needed,' said one, 'so much gas, so much lime, so much iron, we should all be exactly alike. There is something more which they cannot put into cabinets.'

'Yes,' said another under his breath, 'that added by the unseen Power, Who puts into these senseless elements that which makes man a living soul.'

They stood a moment, and then passed on in silence. To each of them his own soul and his God had suddenly become real, before these cabinets, filled with all the essentials for the making of a man—but ONE.

SO MANY GONE! Professional Etiquette Responsible to a Certain Extent. Friends and Relatives Filled with Remorse. Paine's Celery Compound Could Have Saved the Majority. It Saves Life When All Other Medicines Fail.

The winter months have brought bereavement and dark clouds of sorrow to many homes in Canada.

Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers have been removed by the grim reaper death, the majority of whom might have been saved, had their friends given them Paine's Celery Compound instead of the worthless and, in many cases, life-destroying medicines that the sick ones were forced to swallow.

In many families a too slavish obedience to medical dictation kept the true agent of life from the sick and dying ones. Past records of victory achieved by Paine's Celery Compound were set aside; it was unprofessional to introduce the life-saving Compound in any way!

Ah! Remorse is now doing its quiet and effective work, and those most closely interested are suffering for their neglect.

Will you, reader, allow some dear relative or friend to pass from life without making an effort to save the perishing one by Paine's Celery Compound? The chances of life-saving by Paine's Celery Compound are great, mighty. Even though your friends have suffered long, and neared that point when the family physician can do no more, even then there is hope if Paine's Celery Compound be used.

The life-saving work, the desperate cases overcome in the past, is the bright and living proof that Paine's Celery Compound makes sick people well.

The truly honest physicians of the day are quietly and unceasingly recommending Paine's Celery Compound as the best spring medicine that ailing men or women can use. Its wonderful popularity has induced some to bring out imitations that are vile and worthless. See that you get 'Paine's,' with the stalk of celery on the bottle label and carton.

Two Married Men. 'Why do you insist upon taking your wife out for such long walks in this rough weather?'

'The doctor has told her that she must be very careful not to talk when she is in the cold air.'

'Say, who's your doctor.'

OF 3 L DIE IT'S DISEASE of the kidneys, urinary N BE DONE? ONCE. one absolutely sure the test of time.

is so good for WEAK, PALE LE—it gives Fresh, Strength. PUTTNER'S: al and best.

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FFERIN. All modern in with hot water and lighted to and from the station moderate.

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